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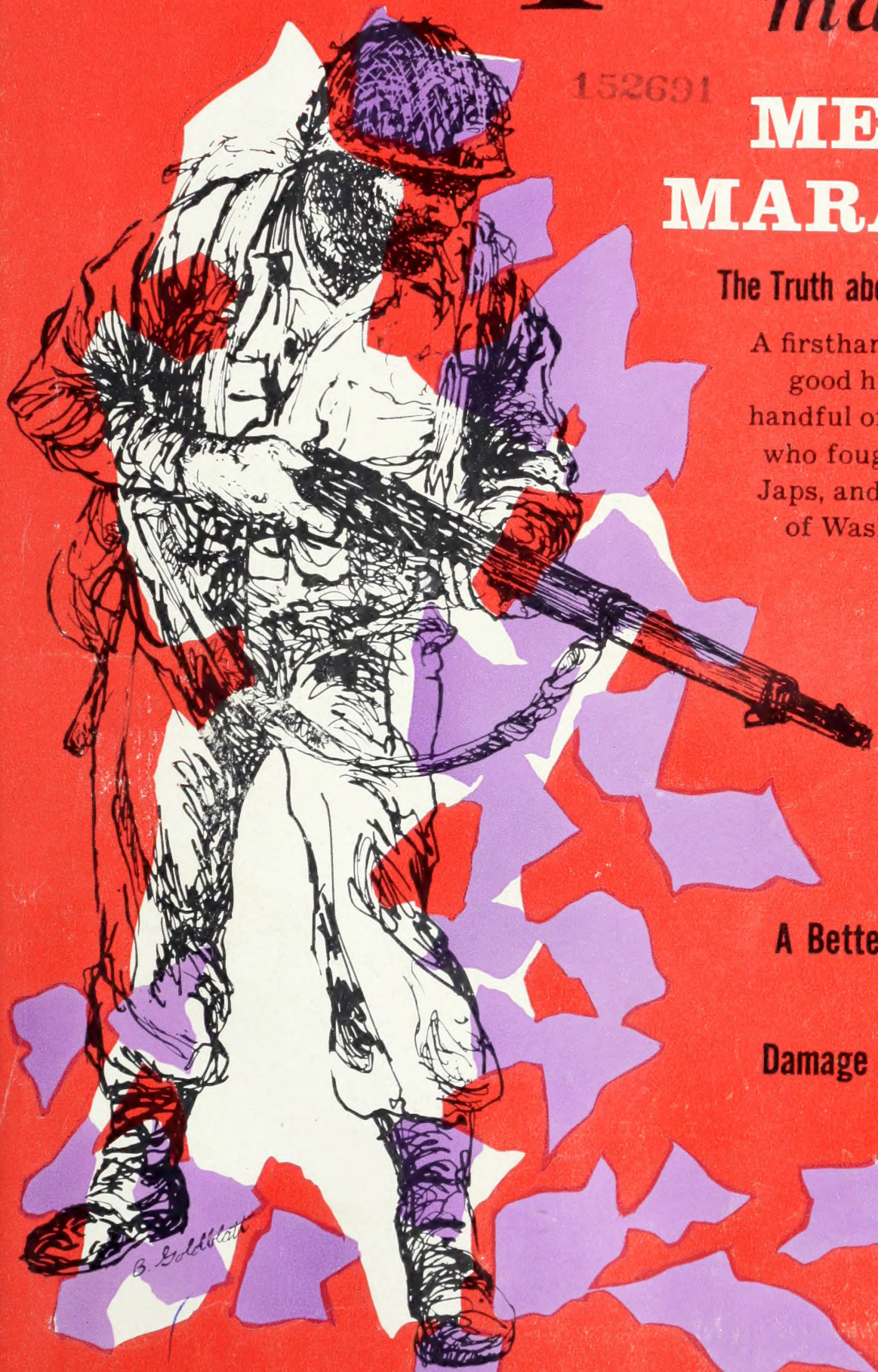
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JANUARY 1957 ► FIFTY CENTS

Harper's magazine

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MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

The Truth about an Incredible Adventure

A firsthand account of the heroism, good humor, and endurance of a handful of ill-assorted foot soldiers who fought the jungle, fought the Japs, and also fought the bungling of Washington and their theater command . . . and won

by Charlton Ogburn, Jr.

The Great Hunt for Educated Talent

John W. Gardner

A Better Way to Adopt a Baby

Keith Monroe

Damage Suits: A Primrose Path to Immorality

Morton M. Hunt

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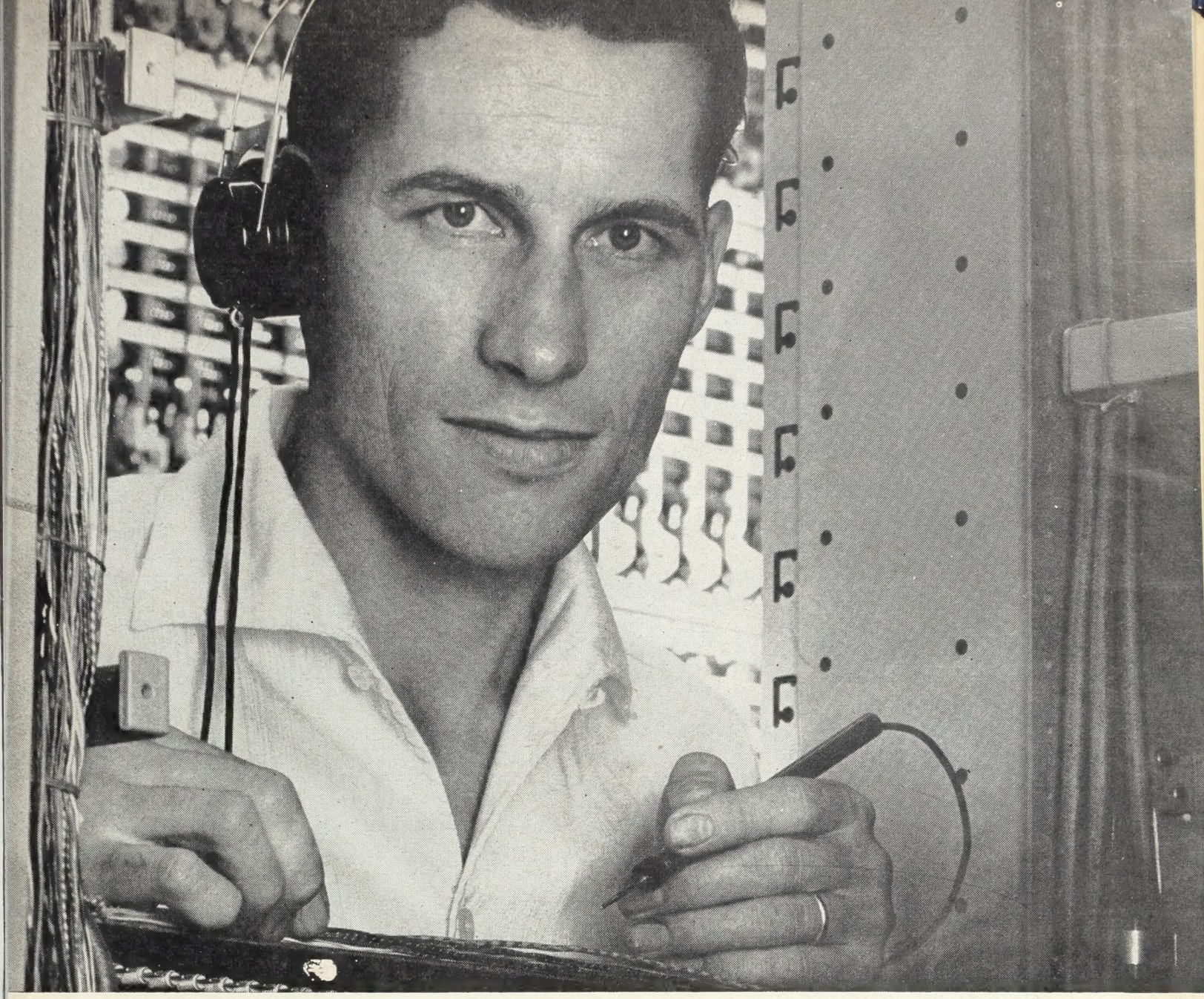


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lping to speed your telephone call. Telephone man Byron Jensen tests intricate equipment that gets your number quickly and accurately.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

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He keeps an electric brain thinking clearly

You benefit from skills like his whenever you use the telephone

Instructing Boy Scouts. Byron, a troop chairman, shows scouts how to orient themselves with a map and compass in the beautiful Wasatch Range near Provo, Utah.



Every time you make a call over a dial telephone, you start an electric brain "thinking" in one of our offices.

First, it tells you when to start dialing by means of a tone. Selects your number automatically from many thousands or millions. Then rings your party or tells you the line is busy.

Such equipment is indeed remarkable. But with all its electronic magic, it still needs the help of people. Day and night, there is continuous checking and maintenance by telephone office craftsmen like Byron Jensen.

"A big part of the job," he says, "is to keep trouble off the lines. For every one of those calls is important to someone. And some can be very important.

"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many of his evenings and week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying. "Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community."

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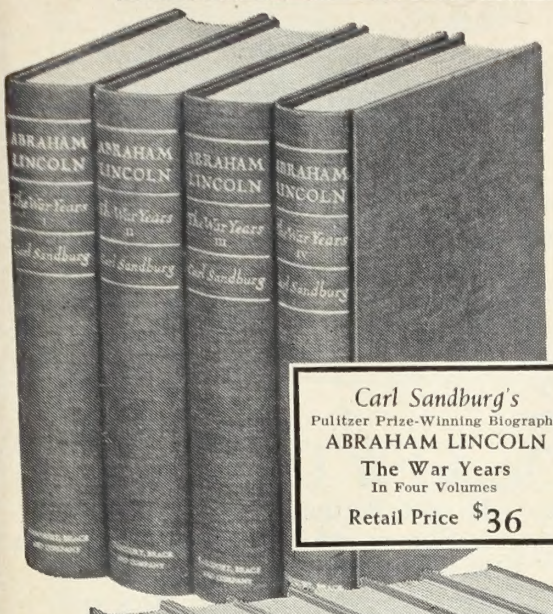
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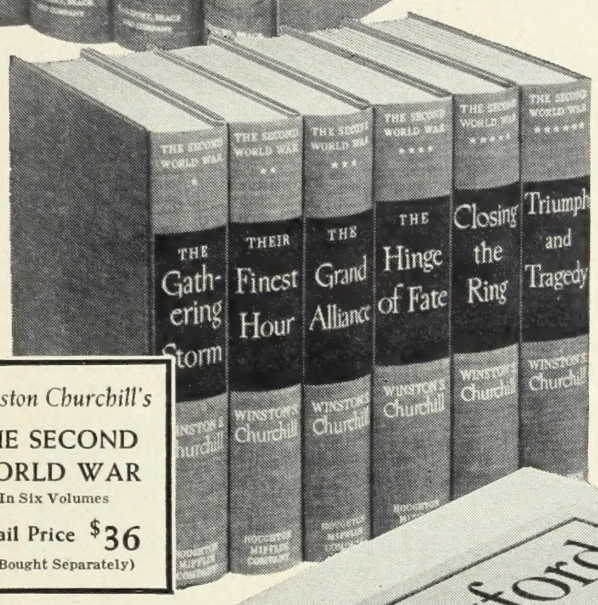
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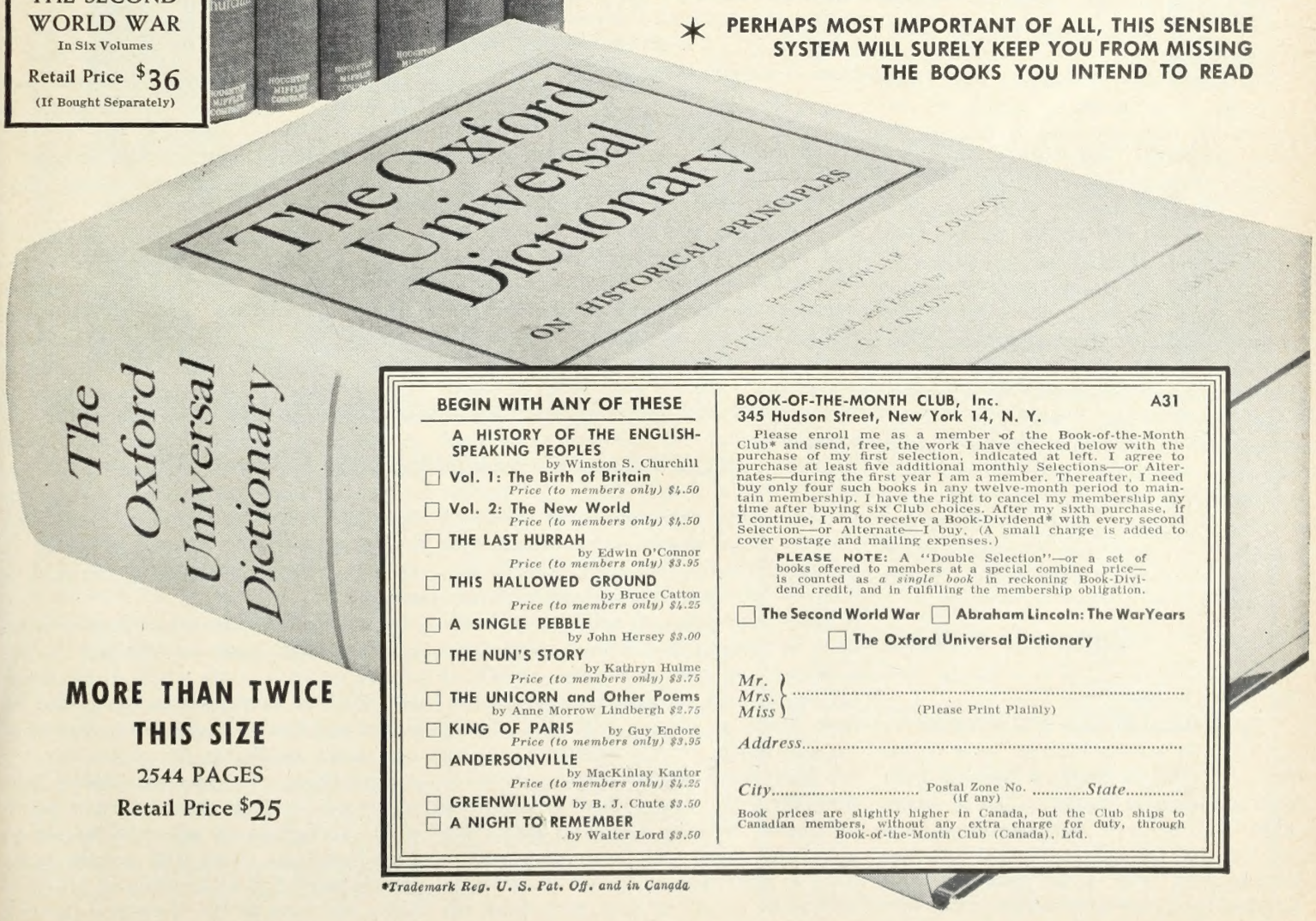


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LETTERS

Eggheads in the Kitchen Cabinet

To the Editors:

John Fischer's excellent column on Eggheads [November] was marred by one sentence: "A long while ago, during the heyday of Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin and Madison, they [the Eggheads] held posts of command; but these were lost, apparently for good, in the Jacksonian Revolution."

The precise opposite, if you will pardon me, is true. I don't know of any Eggheads in posts of command in the heyday of Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and Madison other than Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and Madison. On the other hand, Jackson's famed "Kitchen Cabinet" was the first truly Presidential Brain Trust. All were college-trained men and all were primarily concerned with ideas. They were Amos Kendall (Dartmouth); Roger Taney (Dickinson); and Francis Blair (Transylvania).

Like Roosevelt's Corcoran, Cohen, and Tugwell, these brilliant minds of unquestioned integrity held at first no official position. Gradually, however, Jackson slipped them into positions of power, Kendall moved with assurance in and out of the White House long before he was given a minor position in the Treasury, where he cleaned out the crooks, most of whom were later sent to prison. Finally, Kendall became Postmaster General. Kendall and Taney were Jackson's "Corcoran & Cohen." Blair, editor of the Washington *Globe*, never held a government post under Jackson. All three helped to make Jackson one of the truly great American presidents. They were Grade A, Jumbo-size Eggheads!

Hugh Russell Fraser
San Antonio, Texas

Governor Shivers

To the Editors:

I know Allan Shivers and many of my friends have known him for most of his life. . . . [He] is really a humble man with tremendous energy. Like so many others, I have never seen this "cockiness approaching arrogance." Contrariwise, he has been most kind, generous, and helpful. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Hardeman has misconstrued a "positive approach" to matters as arrogance. . . . Many of the admirers of Governor Shivers hope that he will go to the United States Senate. . . .

Apparently Mr. Hardeman has tried to wash Allan Shivers out of the political picture of the future in exactly the same way that some misinformed free-lance writers did in England relative to Mr. Churchill. Shivers has a heart as big as his body. . . .

Albert Anderson Morey
Chicago, Illinois

Religious Boundary Dispute

To the Editors:

Congratulations on publishing the Hedley article "Frontiers of Religion" [November]. I am a *Harper's* fan and enjoy the many "frontiers" it explores. My only disenchantment has been with occasional articles on religious subjects. It always seemed to me in the past that you were "kicking dead horses" and that no one within the organization was aware of the real contributions made within the "orthodox camp" (Christian Scholars). . . . With the Hedley article your magazine is complete.

John O. Mellin
First Presbyterian Church
New York, N. Y.

I read "Frontiers of Religion" with great interest, and finished it with several serious misgivings. He was concerned to present not only a popular summary of some recent religious scholarship but also to propose a solution, by way of symbolism and myth, of the problem of religious knowledge in Christianity. His solution impresses me as being a rather flat restatement of Paul Tillich's view (in *Systematic Theology*, vol. I) which I also find . . . unconvincing. One explanation of Hedley's thinness lies, I think, in his conspicuous misunderstanding of Karl Barth's theology as having a basic affinity with mysticism. Mysticism, generally, is based upon the notion that there is a "religious *a priori*" in human nature, which, if cultivated, can eventually lead the human spirit to union with the divine nature. Barth, on the contrary, taking his lead from Kierkegaard, maintains that there is "an infinite qualitative difference" between God and man. Not only is no union with God ever possible, there is moreover no "point of contact" in human nature as such with God, except insofar as God gratuitously creates, moment-by-moment, such a connection.

Religious knowledge is then, for Barth, faith; not as assent to the plausibility or "vaulting imagination" of a myth of the God-man, but as the trusting response to God's disclosure of Himself in Jesus Christ.

One might say that Barth began his serious theological thinking at a point toward which Hedley thinks current Christian theology is groping.

William D. Geoghegan
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Me.

For the Birds

To the Editors:

What a delightful article by John Sack, "Almost Strictly for the Birds," in your November issue! Mr. Sack *must* be delightful also to write as he does. Thanks to Mr. Sack for writing it and to you for printing it.

Lola Albright Carson
Encina, California

The Harm Good People Do

To the Editors:

A good friend of mine waved the October issue of *Harper's* at me the other day with the words, "You are vindicated." She was referring to your article, "The Harm Good People Do."

Since February 1955 we own and operate a candy store and luncheonette in Fairlawn, N. J., opposite the Warren Point Grade School. . . . We started a full line of magazines by about May 1955.

Early this spring a Bergen County Prosecutor Office's letter arrived advising all magazine dealers under his jurisdiction of a drive against "offensive" cartoon literature. This was followed up by the visit of two detectives who picked six of those books and magazines at random and told us to take these off the rack and not to display or sell them from now on. We duly made a note of these and have not handled them since because we were brought up as law-abiding *Bürger* and were told and directed by a law-enforcing agency and its officers.

We—maybe more so than others in the same position—obliged immediately since we only left Nazi Germany in 1941 and were used to being told by police and Gestapo what to do and what not—more so the latter.

Everything went fine until about May or so we received the visit of a priest of St. Ann's Church, which is located in East Paterson, about half a mile away. He demanded that we remove all literature offensive to his "League," handed my husband a list of the approved and



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LETTERS

forbidden. . . . They had a heated and most argumentative "discussion." My husband refused to oblige, insisting that it was nobody's business but his, what he sells in his store. . . .

Soon we noticed the now so familiar sign on all other stores' windows proudly displaying their "co-operation." Which was the same time when the St. Ann Church paper started to publish a weekly notice that " 'The Fair Spot' [us] opposite Warren Point School is the only store in our parish which does not co-operate." . . . We never gave in. Even though we were visited again by private people asking if we would "reconsider."

Some curious, new faces to us came to look around and wonder what was the matter with us or the store, not finding anything wrong. . . . Once we were sort of secretly advised that the matter of our unco-operation may come up at a PTA meeting and certain parents would try to induce the faculty of the school to boycott our store. Frankly, had it come to a boycott from faculty and children, the "Church" would have had us, since we could not afford such a business loss. Fortunately it did not get to this point; maybe through intervention . . . of the wonderful principal and faculty, we do not know.

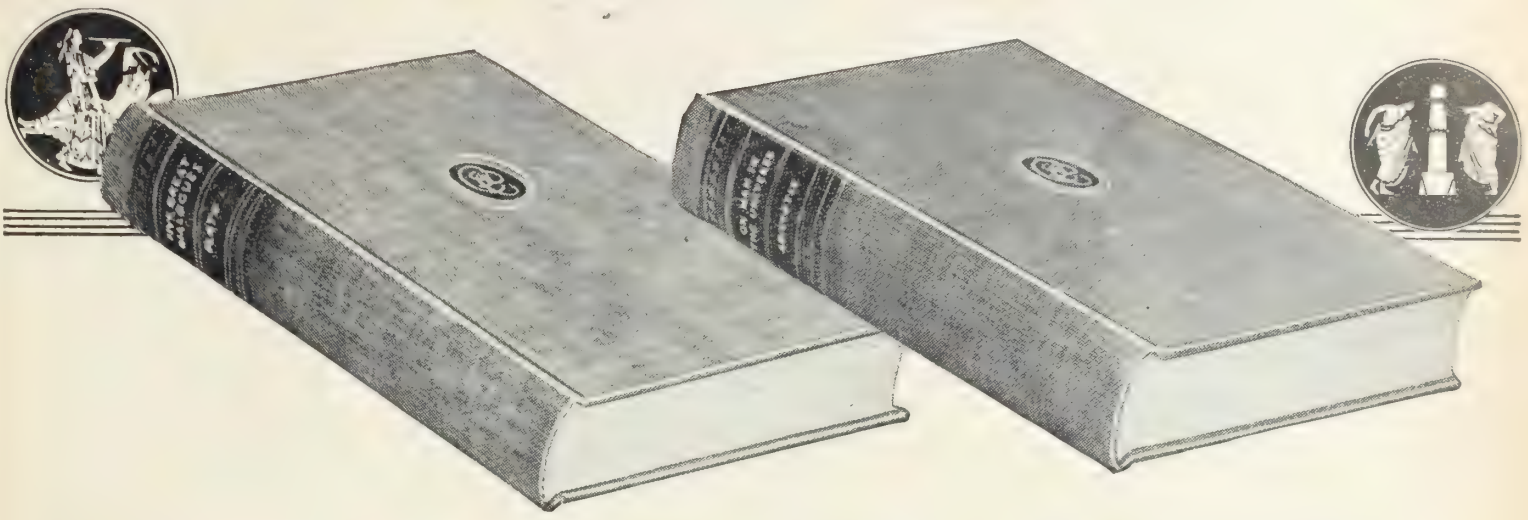
. . . we fully agree with the idea that certain groups of magazines should not be printed. But, on the other hand, I recall when we were questioned for our citizen papers, that one of the answers was "Freedom of Press." . . . We do not think it is the business of any spiritual group to order the store owners to remove certain articles from their shelves, or in any other way to dictate to them how to conduct their business. . . .

Thank you very much for writing the article and for listening to me. I am glad that it is not we who misunderstood or misinterpreted the principles or ideals of this great country.

ANNE M. PRAUS
Fairlawn, N. J.

I wish to compliment you on your editorial. . . . With my Catholic education and background I am aware of the efforts of certain groups within the Catholic Church which try to improve prevailing moral standards by censoring books, movies, and magazines. Although their intentions are noble, their strategy is awkward. If these groups would use half as much energy in attacking immorality in the armed forces and the conflicting laws on prostitution in America, then pressure would be brought directly on the breeding grounds for the evils that give authors their ideas for certain novels, plays, etc. Yellow fever was conquered in Panama some decades ago, not by swatting at mosqui-

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LETTERS

toes, but by destroying the swamp areas where the disease bred. . . .

THOMAS P. BYRNE
New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Weans

TO THE EDITORS:

Amidst the confusions of these turbulent days, the story (I question the classification) by Robert Nathan "Digging the Weans" [November] shines out like the evening star—pure, gemlike, and twinkling.

JANET HUSTON
Truro, Mass.

University of Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:

Bayard Webster's article on "The Fall and Rise of the University of Maryland" in your October issue will come as a shock to any person interested in education. . . .

It is true that the Middle States Association report included severe criticism of certain conditions it found on Maryland's campus. It is equally true that the content of similar reports on other institutions . . . invariably includes criticisms which in the hands of any scandalmonger with access to the columns of the press would make the uninitiated tremble over the general state of American education. . . . The 1954 report on Maryland was no exception to that rule. However, as you must know, the report was leaked to the Baltimore *Sun*. . . . The public clamor that followed . . . made inevitable the demand of the state legislature that the full report be published. How well that initial leak served the 1954 political objective of the *Sun* is a matter of record. . . .

At his fall convocation in 1954, Dr. Elkins stated in his address: "The University of Maryland was fully accredited upon examination by the accrediting committee, and it is fully accredited now."

Mr. Webster is at his worst in his comments on one of the "odder features" of Maryland's "odd curricular expansion." To support his charges he cites "many educators" and "some of the faculty members." . . .

Mr. Webster could readily have found the reasons for, first: the provision of off-duty college-level education in the Armed Forces; and, secondly: the part played by the University of Maryland in providing that educational opportunity. . . .

[He] is guilty of additional error when he attacks the standards of instruction and student performance maintained in all areas under the direction of Maryland's College of Special and

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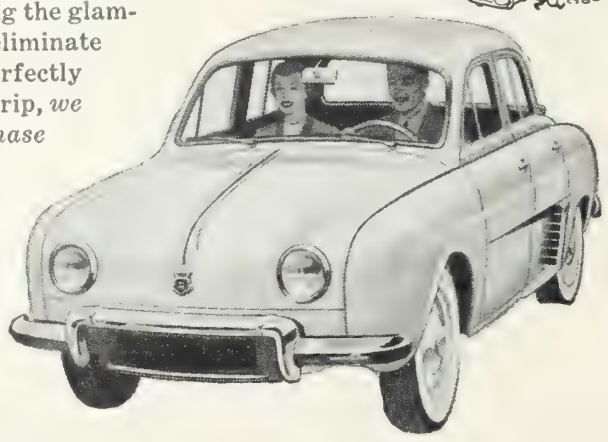
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LETTERS

Continuation Studies. . . . In more than two years of my service as Director of the European Division, Overseas Program, there has been no instance in which a transfer student has had Maryland Overseas Program credits denied by any Stateside registrar . . . at least in the sense that Mr. Webster implies. So far as I can determine . . . this rule has likewise held true since the launching of the Overseas Program in 1949. The one obstacle encountered in our early years was administrative in nature, namely the initially mistaken belief . . . that our courses were of the correspondence or extension type. . . .

Like Mr. Webster I can find former Overseas Program teachers who are ready to make derogatory comments about our program. If I were looking only for hostile criticism I would start with faculty personnel whom we have released for cause.

HERMAN BEUKEMA
Brig. Gen. USA Ret'd.
Director, Overseas Program
College Park, Md.

. . . I think it difficult to answer General Beukema's letter, mainly because it is hard to pin down his charges, but I'll try to comment on a few of the specific ones. . . . The General makes a point of saying that the U. of M. was always fully accredited. This, as the article stated is quite true, but it is also true as the article stated, that the U. of M. was put on probation for two years and (during that time) its accreditation was not "reaffirmed." . . .

"Many educators" and "some faculty members" equal approximately 100 faculty members and educators throughout the state.

[As to transfer of credits] the wording in my article may possibly be unfortunate. What actually happens . . . is that college deans of admission and registrars may not specifically deny credits acquired in the Overseas Program, they just refuse to admit the student on one of the several grounds they have readily at hand.

The *Sunpapers* are given the villain's role. . . . It might be of interest to know that the publisher and editors of the *Sunpapers* did not know I was writing or had written a piece on the U. of M. until they saw it in the magazine.

I am sure that the Overseas Program in the absolute is worthwhile . . . but I think it is highly questionable for a state university in a small state to lend its resources to an educational program in which the great majority are taking courses leading only to a B.S. degree in Military Science. I do not think it is in keeping with the classical meaning, purpose, and function of a university.

BAYARD WEBSTER
Pikesville, Md.

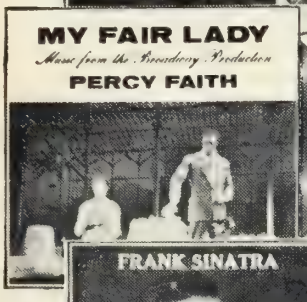
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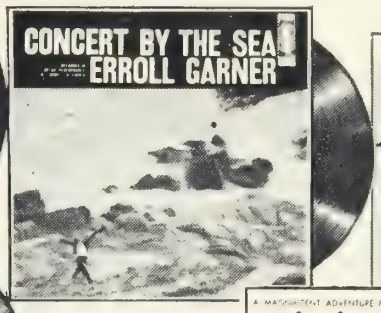






















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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

"World's Finest Investments"?

ON PAGE 84 you will find an advertisement for U.S. Savings Bonds. It is one of a series which this magazine—like most others—has been publishing over the last fifteen years, without charge, as a public service. It describes these bonds as ranking with "the world's finest investments."

When they were first issued, back in 1941, that statement was true enough—though not exactly in a financial sense. Nearly all of us bought them then, as many as we could afford, as a patriotic duty. We regarded them as an investment in the war effort, and that clearly was the best investment any American could make.

But the war has been over for a long while, and a lot of things have changed. We are now being urged to buy Savings Bonds, not as a patriotic duty, but as an ordinary investment. Perhaps, then, it is time to look at them with a chilly fiscal eye, and see how they measure up by ordinary, hard-headed investment standards.

If you put this question to bankers, economists, businessmen, and investment counselors—as I have been doing for the last three months—you may be in for an uncomfortable shock. You are unlikely to find any one of them who regards U.S. Savings Bonds as literally ranking "with the world's finest investments."

You may also conclude that the government could, by making one simple change in the terms on which these bonds are issued, convert them into a far more attractive investment—and, incidentally, make its advertising far more accurate than it is today.

The truth is that today U. S. Savings Bonds are a relatively poor investment. Better investments—equally safe and paying a higher rate of interest—are readily available. Moreover, anyone who bought Savings Bonds a few years ago has already, in effect, lost part of his capital; and if he holds on to them, he very possibly will lose more of it in the years ahead.

This bad news apparently has not yet reached millions of Americans. At the close of 1956 they owned more Series E Savings Bonds than ever before—a total of $38 billion. Most of these bonds belong to small investors. Because they trusted government assurances like that on page 84, many of these people have put virtually their entire nest egg in Series E bonds, without realizing that its real value is being eroded away year by year.

Other millions of Americans—more skeptical, perhaps, or cannier in handling their money—evidently have caught on to what is happening. For since 1946, more Savings Bonds have been cashed in than have been sold. During that period the average sale of Series E bonds has been slightly less than $4 billion a year, while the amount turned into the Treasury for redemption has averaged more than $4 billion. (Nevertheless the total value of such bonds outstanding remains at an all-time peak, because of the accumulation of interest on bonds not yet redeemed.)

What is happening to the millions of small investors who still put their faith in U. S. Savings Bonds?

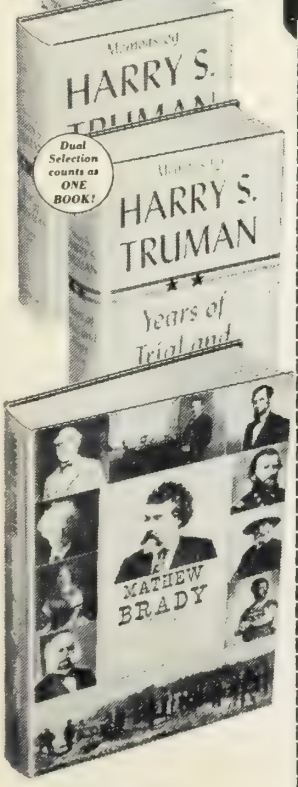
Well, for one thing their savings are not earning as much money as they should. Savings Bonds pay 3 per cent interest—or sometimes a little less, depending on when you bought your bond and when you cash it in. If you had put your money into an insured savings association instead—for example, most local building and loan associations—the return would range up to 4 per cent. The income on your investment, therefore, could be one-third larger. And the risk would be no greater, because the federal government guarantees savings accounts of this kind up to $10,000. (If you want to invest more

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In some ways this type of investment is not quite so convenient—tax-exempt securities usually are not sold in denominations of less than $1,000, for instance—and their face value may fluctuate, as Savings Bonds do not; but, by way of compensation, every dollar invested may earn roughly twice as much.

BUT there is a much more serious reason why U. S. Savings Bonds do not, in fact, "rank with the world's finest investments." People who own them not only are losing potential income; they also are losing a good part of their capital.

The explanation, of course, is inflation. The real value of the dollar has been declining constantly ever since the first Series E bonds were issued in 1941. It is still sliding—and it seems likely to keep on sliding for as long as our best economic soothsayers can now foresee.

Suppose you had bought a $75 Savings Bond in 1941. When it came due ten years later, you could cash it in for $100. Thanks to the wonders of compound interest, the *apparent* value of your investment would have grown by one-third. Meanwhile, however, inflation had been nibbling away at the *actual* value; the dollars you got back in 1951 would buy far less groceries than the dollars you loaned the government ten years earlier—as every housewife can testify, with tears in her eyes.

As a consequence, the real value of your bond, when you cashed it in, turned out to be not $100, but $57. In effect, then, you had received no interest whatever on your money for ten years; and you had lost $18 of the capital you had originally invested.

That decade covered World War II and its aftermath, when inflation was at its worst. No doubt you accepted your loss cheerfully, as part of your contribution to the war effort. But the same process has been going on—though more slowly—ever since. If you had bought that bond in 1946 and cashed it last month, your loss—measured in terms of real purchasing power—would be all the interest, plus $3 of your original capital. Is it honest to describe a result like this as one of "the world's finest investments"?

Aside from any question about the accuracy of the Treasury's advertising, these figures—all based on official price indexes—raise some interesting issues. Does the government have any moral right to ask its citizens for money on these terms in a time of long-continuing inflation? When it knows that it will pay off with shrunken dollars, isn't it really obtaining money under false pretenses? Or, to put it another way, doesn't the government have a moral obligation to repay its debts in coins just as valuable as those it borrowed?

So the Republican party, at least, has always insisted. That is what the late Senator Taft was talking about when he argued that "sound money" was, at botton, a moral issue—and he made a pretty persuasive case.

In fairness, it must be said that the Eisenhower Administration has made a real effort to stop inflation and stabilize the value of the dollar. It has had the courage to follow a "tight money" policy even when that was politically unpopular; and it has been immeasurably helped by the fact that—unlike the two preceding Administrations—it did not have a shooting war on its hands.

Yet it has been only partially successful—and there is a strong probability that it will be less successful during President Eisenhower's second term. During his first three years in office, consumer prices held almost level; last year they crept up about 2.2 per cent; and there are many indications that prices will continue to climb, at about this rate or a little faster, indefinitely.

There are two main reasons why this is likely.

One is political. Both business and labor have learned to like a little inflation. It keeps the boom rolling, profits fat, wages high, and jobs plentiful. Almost certainly neither this Administration nor any other could afford to take the drastic measures which would stop inflation cold. Such measures probably would have to include higher taxes; even tighter credit; a shutting off of subsidies to the farmer and other tax-fed industries; postponement of such expensive public works as schools, reclamation projects, and the new super-highway program; and maybe a sharp cut in defense expenditures. The result would be some unemployment and at least a mild recession—and this the country would not stand for.

One of our most respected economists, Dr. Sumner Slichter of Harvard, has translated these political facts of life into precise economic terms: he suggested that inflationary doses of about 3 per cent a year are necessary to keep business activity from falling to politically unacceptable levels. And many economists have noted that, up till now, no country has ever been able to maintain full employment for any considerable period without an accompanying inflation.

(Continue on page 17.)

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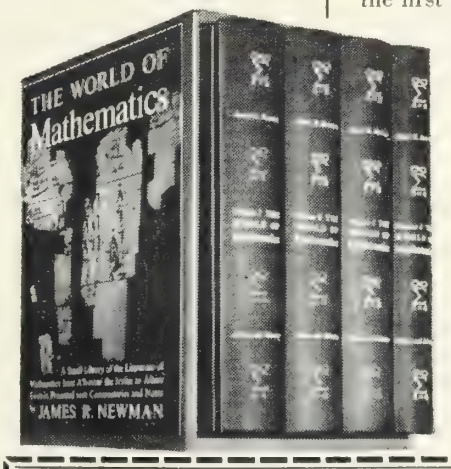
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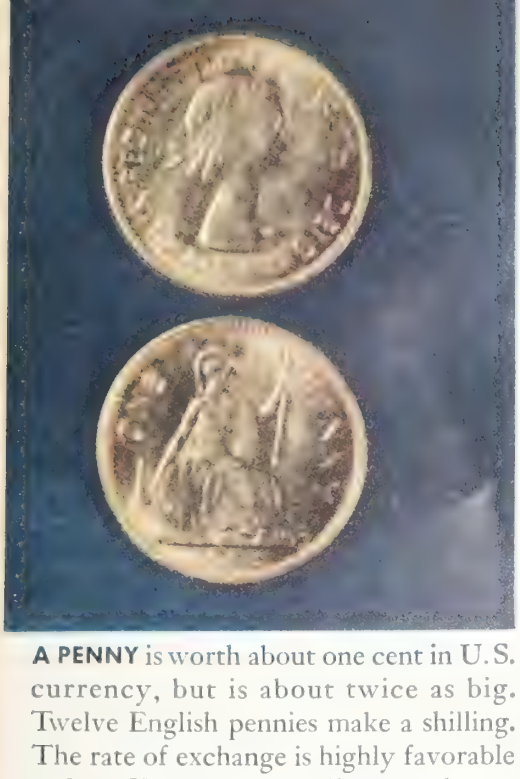
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Debutantes' Ball at the Casa de España in San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico. Just beyond this ballroom are a library, an art gallery and a swimming pool. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt. ▶



Tourist's Guide to British Money

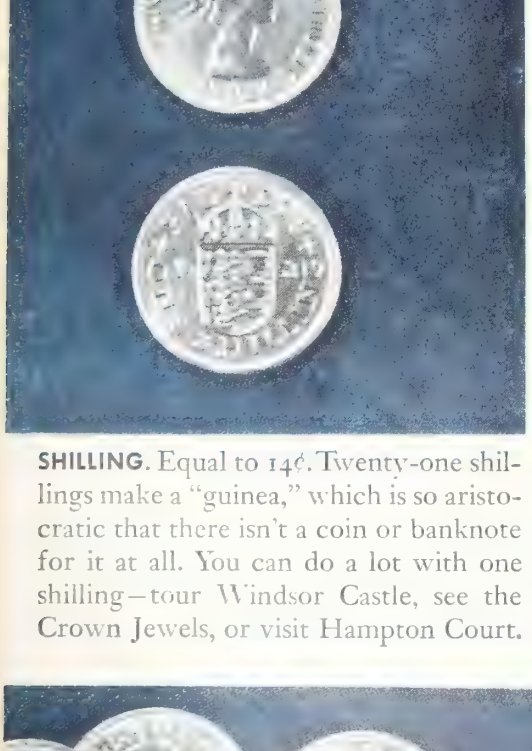
(Take it with you when you go)



A PENNY is worth about one cent in U.S. currency, but is about twice as big. Twelve English pennies make a shilling. The rate of exchange is highly favorable today. You can actually spend two grand weeks in Britain for under $200.



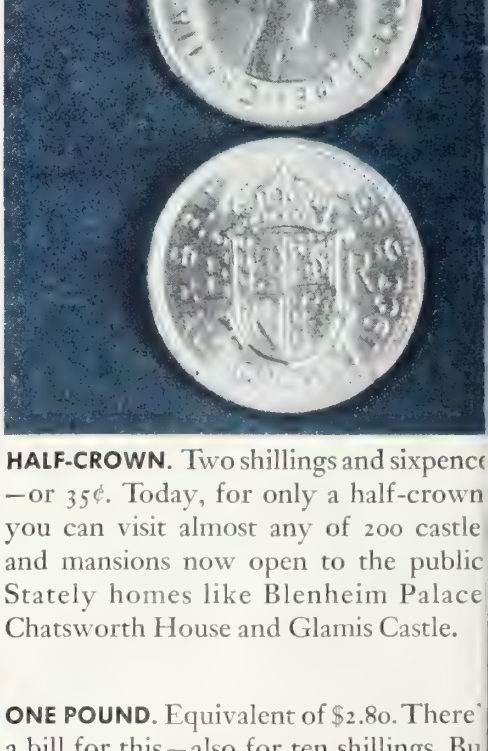
SIXPENCE. The silver sixpence is the equivalent of 7¢, and a delightful little coin it is. The slang word for sixpence is "tanner." Traveling by rail in Britain costs you less than 2¢ a mile, compared with 3.37¢ a mile in the United States.



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There is another reason—a purely economic one—why prices are likely to creep upward indefinitely, not only in America but in all industrial nations. This is the world-wide shortage of raw materials.

An industrial society consumes raw materials—iron ore, oil, copper, nickel, manganese, wood pulp, coal, and dozens of others—in fantastic quantities. Because the United States is the most heavily industrialized, we use the biggest share; although we number only about 6 per cent of the people on the globe, we consume about 50 per cent of the world's entire output of raw materials. Already we have used up a large part of our own resources, and have to import many things—iron ore, for example, and crude oil—which we once thought we had in bottomless abundance. As Peter F. Drucker pointed out in the April 1956 issue of *Harper's,* in another twenty years we may be the world's foremost "have-not" nation.

Meanwhile, other countries are industrializing rapidly. They will demand an ever-increasing share of the earth's raw materials—and the supply is rigidly limited. Of course new deposits of ores and oil will be found from time to time, but they will be progressively remoter, deeper, and more expensive to extract. And their prices will be bid up still higher by the competing demands of the newly-industrialized nations, and the frightening growth of the world's population.

Over the long pull, therefore, it is hard to see how a steady increase in the cost of most raw materials—and the goods manufactured from them—can be avoided. Perhaps this is what Donald B. Woodward, chairman of the finance committee of Vicks Chemical Co., had in mind when he recently predicted that "we shall experience a rising price level for the rest of our lives."

Another economist with a remarkable record for accurate forecasting—Dexter M. Keezer, vice president of McGraw-Hill—has said that he would not be surprised if the annual increase in prices throughout the present decade averaged "more than 4 or 5 per cent a year."

This set of facts would seem to suggest two conclusions—one for the government, another for the private citizen who wants to protect his savings.

The government might well consider whether—in simple honesty—it ought not to stop issuing the present type of Savings Bonds. In their place it might substitute "purchasing power" bonds, similar to those already being used in Sweden, France, Israel, and Finland. These securities do not have a fixed redemption value. Instead they are linked to the cost-of-living index, so that the pay-off price increases in step with the general rise in living costs. Thus the investor gets back, not the same number of dollars he invested, but the same amount of purchasing power. If prices climb 25 per cent while he holds his bond, he will cash it in—not for the $100 he paid for it—but for $125, plus interest.

This new type of Savings Bond would truly "rank with the world's finest investments." More importantly, it would enable the government to deal fairly with the citizens who finance it, even though it is not capable of halting the long-range inflationary drift.

If, however, the government should feel that this would be a public confession of defeat in its battle against inflation, then it should at the very least raise the interest rate on Series E bonds to a level which would make them competitive with other comparable investments, such as insured savings accounts.

IN THE meantime, the prudent investor can do something to protect his savings against inflation. As a first step, he might cash in some of his Series E bonds. I have not been able to find any economist, banker, or investment counselor who is willing to recommend that any considerable amount of money should be tied up in these securities, except under certain special circumstances.

(If your character is so weak, for example, that you cannot save unless money is withheld from your paycheck, then the purchase of Series E bonds under the Payroll Savings Plan probably is a good thing for you. At least it is better than no savings at all. Again, a small reserve for emergencies might reasonably be kept in Savings Bonds, since they are almost as convertible as cash, while insured savings accounts sometimes can be

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Where to put your money is, of course, a lot harder question, and each individual will come up with a different answer, tailored to fit his personal circumstances, his own judgment, and the views of financial advisers he knows and trusts. The kinds of securities mentioned earlier—insured savings and loan accounts, and high grade tax-exempt bonds—are only a partial solution. They yield more income than Savings Bonds, but they are no better as a protection against inflation.

For some investors, well-chosen real estate offers an attractive answer. It probably would increase in value at about the same rate as the general price level rises. But relatively few people are equipped to choose and manage real estate wisely, or to invest money in such large chunks.

ANOTHER popular solution—common stocks—needs to be approached with considerable caution. At this writing, in mid-November, a good many wise old financial heads believe that the stock market is high, and that some temporary down-turn is at least fairly probable. They may be wrong. This is not a tip sheet, and certainly there is no thought here of making any guess about the possible course of the market. What is suggested is that anyone considering buying stocks just now ought to base his decision on particularly careful study, plus the advice of seasoned and reputable investment counselors.

Assuming, however, that it is possible to buy solid common stocks at a reasonable price, either now or within the next six months, then the prudent investor might well decide that this is his safest hedge against long-range inflation. Historically, high-grade stocks have in general increased in value at least as rapidly as the price level has risen; and there is no apparent reason for believing that they will not continue to do so, over a long span of years.

In the short run, of course, all stocks are subject to constant ups and downs; and individual issues, no matter how wisely chosen, sometimes go sour. (I heard of one shrewd old capitalist who died about 1890, leaving his entire fortune tied up in streetcar company stocks, with in-

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structions that they should nev sold; his heirs now have trouble ing car fare.) So obviously no ble man will sink his savings in s unless he is willing to take a risk he will also remember that he is ing a risk on inflation if he le his money in government bond

In any case, no one would cho to put *all* his savings into com stocks; investment counselors usu urge that at least a basic res should be kept in insurance, ins savings accounts, and the like. beyond that, investment in conse tive stock equities—either direct through mutual funds—is worth amining seriously. Especially st in well-managed raw-materials ducing companies, with an proven reserves.

It would be interesting to k how Secretary of Treasury Geo Humphrey invested his own very c siderable savings before he joined government. It would be surpris if any substantial part of them been salted away in the U. S. Sav Bonds which he now advertises such unguarded language.

COMING NEXT MONTH

At a time when tension between E land and America is acute, **D. Brogan**—an English historian w knows more about us than most of know about ourselves—tells h America has changed since 19 when he first came here. He likes is amused by us, and has confide in our future and tells us "Wha Happening to America." It's n what you'd think.

"Is better," the Russian lady gui said to **Sterling A. Callisen** in t Hermitage Museum in Leningra "we begin, as planned, at the begi ning." In a week of exhausting le and-eye work the Dean of Educatio of the Metropolitan Museum, one the first American visitors in sever decades, "did" the Hermitage, an what he saw made his (and it wi make your) eyes pop out.

Philadelphia has just pulled off on of the most remarkable pieces of cit development ever seen in America In "How Philadelphia Did It," **James Reichley** tells the story of hov conflicting interests, diametrically opposed ideas, plus a large dose o public spirit have made the Penn Center project unique.

The life insurance business in the United States has often been called a trusteeship for the millions of families and individuals who count on it for protection against income interruption. Here the Institute of Life Insurance tells the story of the role played by life insurance in adding not only to personal security but also to national progress in America.

In the Interest of 103,000,000 Americans

Down East, in Maine, a sixty-five-year-old man and his wife wind up local affairs in preparation for retiring to Florida.

In offices of the nation's large airlines men revise flight schedules against the day when new fleets of planes signal conversion to the jet air age.

In the nation's capital a sleek streamlined train, New York bound, picks up speed as it crosses the yards at Union Station.

In southern Illinois a tremendous new hundred-million-dollar plant supplies the power for an atomic energy installation on the other side of the Ohio River, and incidentally makes of a tiny hamlet a thriving, busy town.

In a small town in Wyoming a woman prepares to pay off the mortgage on the sheep ranch left to her by her husband.

On the West Coast a widow tells her tall young son yes, it will still be possible for him to finish college and go on to medical school.

And from coast to coast millions of families buy, build, and improve houses and farms, in keeping with the American dream of owning a home of one's own.

The Common Factor

An economist might be able to put his finger on the single factor common to the background of each of these mid-twentieth-century American situations.

Can you?

It is life insurance, acting as a creative mechanism. It is on the one hand the combined small savings of the many millions whose first objective as policyholders is to provide their dependents with financial protection against family income interruption. It is on the other hand the prudent investment of these savings by the life companies in nation-building skyscrapers and college buildings—power plants and railroads—highways and airlines—small retail enterprises and large factories—homes and farms from one end of the land to the other.

Life insurance is a business in which more Americans have an intimate and important stake than any other in the country. And each year the number sharing the stake grows and grows. In 1956 the nation's families, dealing with more than 1,140 American life insurance companies with home offices in all forty-eight states and the District of Columbia, raised their ownership of

life insurance to a new record level. By the year's end, more than 103,000,000 individual policyholders owned well over 250,000,000 policies. The policies represent more than $400 billion in protection—or in the neighborhood of $7,500 per family.

Since World War II, ownership of ordinary life insurance—largest single component of all life insurance in force—has more than doubled. Group life—second largest bulwark of the business—has grown almost five-fold during the same period, and now covers one out of every two members of the nation's work force. The smaller policies, represented by industrial life insurance, have expanded by 45 per cent. And the newest form of coverage, credit life insurance—by which installment plan payments are protected in the event of the purchaser's death before payments are concluded—has been breaking its own record with each succeeding year.

The Picture in Perspective

To see it clearly and to see it whole, however, the life insurance picture today must also be viewed from the perspective of past performance and greater future family security. True, Americans are among the best-insured people in the world, and today more of them own more life insurance and annuities than ever before. But they are putting proportionately a little less of their income into their policies than did the previous generation. The ratio of premiums to income after taxes—at 3.8 per cent in 1955—is .2 per cent less than it was before the Depression.

What's more, the gain since 1929 in total life insurance in force—from $102 billion to $400 billion—is not as impressive as it might seem on the surface, quite apart from the depreciated dollar. In fact at the end of 1929 life insurance in force worked out to only about fifteen months of family income after taxes, and today's still equals only seventeen months of income.

Viewed from that angle, it is clear that many more strokes are needed on the canvas before the picture of family financial security through adequate life insurance is as bright as advancing America would like it to be.

Unchanging Functions in a Changing World

The first and foremost function of life insurance today is essentially what it was when the Presbyterian Church established the first life insurance company in the United States some two hundred years ago. That is, of course, to cushion the economic effects of loss of income following the death of the family breadwinner.

But other values built into a policy are important, too. Premiums paid for protection over the years, for instance, add up to a store of personal savings upon which the policyholder can draw in emergencies. Or he can convert this cash value of his policy into retirement income when his family protection needs grow less.

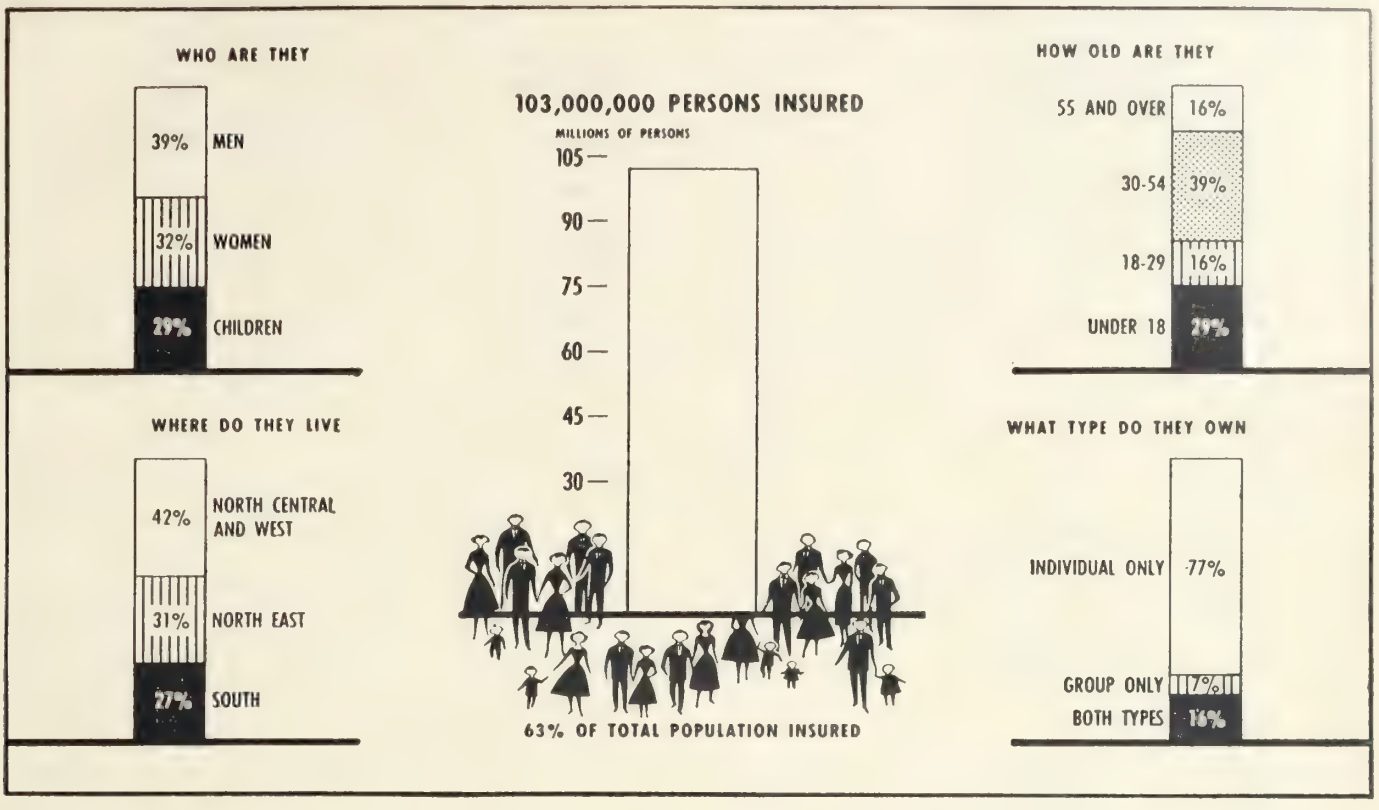
In the meantime, each policyholder's yearly premium swells the stream of the nation's life insurance savings into a mighty river. A major function of the life companies is to channel these savings into productive investments in business, industry, agriculture, and government. These investments earn interest that helps the companies to reduce the cost of insurance. Furthermore, the people's savings put to work in this fashion help to maintain and accelerate the growth of the country's entire economy. That in turn means a higher standard of living for everyone.

There are additional significant effects of life insurance in today's economy. In times of inflation, for example, premiums drain off extra consumer purchasing power that might otherwise add more fuel to the fire. In time of war, the life insurance companies can be depended upon to marshal their assets in support of extraordinary government expenditures. During World War II, for instance, at one point nearly half of all life company assets were invested in federal securities.

And at all times the companies co-operate in promoting the health, safety, and longevity not of policyholders alone, but of all the American people. Witness their contribution of almost $9,000,000 to the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund during the last eleven years, to further heart research.

The Dynamics of a Popular Institution

For many American families, the benefits of life insurance have been apparent since the first commercial companies were chartered in the first half of the last century. But it was not until industrialization and urbanization signaled the passing of the traditional self-contained family



Characteristics of Life Insurance Policyholders, 1955

1955 Survey conducted for Institute of Life Insurance by Survey Research Center, University of Michigan

economic unit that the concept began really to take hold. During this century the increase in the awareness of the modern family's need for life insurance protection has been steady. As a result, in terms of combined assets, geographical distribution, and number of companies and agents, the growth of the business has been phenomenal.

The explanation for the phenomenon lies in the fact that life insurance has performed basic and essential social services for the American people. The business as a whole has grown because it has served so many so well for so long. Its flexibility has spurred the development of new kinds of policies to meet new or newly appreciated needs. To name a few of the newer life services, there are family income insurance, credit life insurance, education insurance, and home mortgage redemption policies, all designed to broaden the security of the mid-twentieth-century family.

Flexibility is also largely responsible for the fact that the vast majority of life insurance companies attained their present positions by organic growth rather than by mergers, by working individually to meet or anticipate different and changing consumer demands.

In 1900 there were 84 American life insurance companies, located mainly in the Northeast and Middle Atlantic states, with combined assets of $1,742,000,000. Today there are over 1,140, with at least one company in every state, main offices in over 275 cities from coast to coast, and combined assets of more than $95 billion. Growth in the number of companies established since 1940 has been at a faster rate than ever before in the history of life insurance. Growth in the share of the total business done by the smaller and newer firms has been steady since the turn of the century.

The older companies traditionally have made available to the newcomers much material bearing on mortality experience, underwriting practices, and administrative and management problems. This co-operation has undoubtedly been a factor in getting the new companies off to a good start. Thereafter their vigor helped them expand in new and old areas of the ever-broadening life insurance market, so that the rate of growth of these newer companies has been

considerably faster than that of the older and larger companies. Moreover, among the older and larger companies themselves there has been considerable shifting around in relative ranks over the years.

Contributing their share to the process of advancement has been a growing army of highly trained agents employed as part of each company's effort successfully to attract and serve the consumer. There were 128,700 full-time agents at the end of World War II. There were 189,600 —5,500 of them women, incidentally—only a decade later. And through special courses and other educational opportunities they were far better equipped to advise families and individuals about custom-tailored life insurance programs, and to be of continuing service as the needs of their clients change.

The life companies vie not only with each other in their quest for new business. They also compete for their share of the consumer dollar with all other types of savings opportunities, including banks, savings and loan associations, mutual funds, private pension plans, government bonds, home ownership, and so forth. Thus, although savings have grown at a more consistent pace in life companies than in any other institution, they account for only about one-tenth of America's total annual savings.

Under the Microscope

Even so, the life companies have been and are the guardians of precious billions of the people's dollars. That being the case, it is natural that within the past fifty years the life insurance business has come in for its full share of government scrutiny, to guarantee that it is living up to its responsibility to serve the public interest.

But scrutiny of the many operations of the business neither begins nor ends with special governmental inquiries. It has been said that life insurance is an enterprise that is conducted with the shades up all over the house. For it is a matter of record that the watchful eyes of insurance commissioners or superintendents in every state and the District of Columbia are continuously on every major aspect of the insurance business.

So it is that legal supervision as well as managerial choice restricts the companies to certain types of investments. In addition the position of the companies as trustees for their policyholders makes them seek primarily safety of principal, together with as large and stable investment income as is compatible with safety. Over and above that consideration, the companies' responsibility to the nation as a whole, as a major source of investment capital, makes them weigh carefully the potentialities for general social and economic progress that exist in any given investment opportunity.

Within these limitations, the list of productive investments made by the life companies is an impressive footnote to the unique chronicle of the nation's tremendous growth during the past century. In point of fact, life insurance funds have always flowed to those sectors of the expanding economy where they were needed most. As the railroad and later the public-utility industry became seasoned, for example, substantial amounts of life insurance funds were channeled into those areas. Similarly, life insurance funds are important factors in the development of pipelines, aviation, turnpikes, manufacturing enterprises, urban and rural housing, and small business.

Forecast: Fair and Broader

If the life insurance buying record of the past decade can shed any light on what we may expect in the next, a look into tomorrow is encouraging. By 1965 life insurance in force in this country may well exceed three-quarters of a *trillion* dollars, almost doubling today's figure. Translated into less astronomical figures, that means that the average family will own $12,000 in life insurance in 1965, compared with about $7,500 today.

That substantial gain in voluntary financial protection could not stand as an isolated phenomenon on the American scene. It must be one of many important reflections of the economic and social development that can and will distinguish this nation further as it moves forward into the latter half of the twentieth century. But it will also be a reflection with personal meaning to almost every man, woman, and child in the land. For broadened life insurance programs will contribute largely to a greater individual family security than the country has ever known.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Genius, Talent, and Liberace

IN "The Great Hunt for Educated Talent" (p. 48), John W. Gardner does not define his key word; he does, however, insist that the talent for which American society is scouting today must be interpreted broadly—to include "men and women of high ability and advanced training," not just in science and engineering, but in politics, culture, industry, education, and other fields.

The meaning of talent—as well as the value society puts on it—have changed a good deal in this century. It is ironic, in view of our present strenuous efforts to corral quantities of able young people for advanced training, to find that only yesterday, "talent" was regarded as a surplus commodity. For example, W. L. George, writing in *Harper's* in 1918, commented on what he called "the twilight of genius" as follows:

"Our period is perhaps poor in genius because it is so rich in talent. There is so much talent that one can buy any amount of it for forty dollars a week, and a great deal more for two lines in an evening paper. Talent is the foe of genius; it is the off-shoot from the big tree, which cannot itself become a tree, and yet weakens the parent stock."

Mr. George attributed the decline of genius to the advent of democracy, which, he said, multiplied opportunities for the common man while reducing them for the uncommon man. Talent, as he saw it, was the ability to make a worldly success; its rewards were cash and publicity. On this scale, the most talented man in America was Liberace last week, and Elvis Presley today.

Obviously, Mr. Gardner's talent hunt belongs to another world. In a recent speech at the University of Michigan, Russell Lynes defined the word in still a different light and assessed its quality on another scale.

"Talent," Mr. Lynes said, "is often restless, it is ambitious; it is frequently troublesome to the individual who has it and miserable for the people who have to live with it." Talent has social importance, but its value is that of a thorn in the flesh: it keeps society uncomfortable, restless; it prevents complacency and makes us conscious of our needs and our deficiencies.

But talent needs something more than just a chance to express itself, Mr. Lynes commented; it needs discipline. "Talent is not a rare quality; the urge to be creative is a common urge; but a creative talent that is disciplined by intelligence, diligence, and an almost unholy respect for form is rare indeed. . . .

"When we ask for talent, we are asking for trouble. . . . Really 'high-level' talent is interested in pushing back frontiers, in opening doors to human experience, in creating more problems to be solved. . . . We must be willing to accept the unpopular fact that the ultimate good as the many see it is rarely identical with the ultimate good as the talented man sees it."

Contradictory as these three views of the meaning and value of talent appear to be, there is a common denominator. In their equally critical approaches, W. L. George and Mr. Lynes and Mr. Gardner are concerned about *quality* in the talent that our society scrambles after. George found that democracy was undermining genius by multiplying and overpaying its vulgar offshoot. Mr. Lynes argues that talent without discipline is worthless. And Mr. Gardner warns against cultivating a new rabble of skilled opportunists and educated fools.

. . . As president of the Carnegie Corporation, **John W. Gardner** has welcomed and watched over many experimental programs in higher education aimed at identifying and training talent. The Corporation's Annual Report for 1956, to be issued later this month, outlines several imaginative current projects in this area—from a study of library service



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training at Western Reserve University, to an experiment in remedial English at Tuskegee and an institute in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for new college presidents. Mr. Gardner's article is adapted from his introduction to the report.

Mr. Gardner joined the Carnegie Corporation after the war and became its president in 1955 and president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching as well. Trained at Stanford and the University of California, he taught psychology before entering the Marines for wartime duty, and later served with the OSS in Washington, Italy, and Austria. He holds the rank of major in the Reserve. He has been consultant at various times to the United Nations and the Department of Defense, and he is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

. . . When Major General Frank D. Merrill died a little over a year ago, he had been a civilian official in New Hampshire for six years, and his World War II service in the China-Burma-India theater provided newsmen with a colorful obituary. But the grandeur and misery of the almost forgotten regiment known as "Merrill's Marauders" are only now told (p. 29) in adequate detail by **Charlton Ogburn, Jr.,** who was a lieutenant with that small and fearsome band.

Mr. Ogburn is a novelist—the author of *The White Falcon* and of a forthcoming book, *The Bridge*—and a government official. He was born in Atlanta, and before the war went to Harvard, worked in publishing and documentary films, and had a taste of the Amazonian jungle in a gold-mining venture. When the Marauders disbanded in 1944, he was transferred to military intelligence and later to the State Department. He went back to the Far East once after the war to work with the Security Council's Committee of Good Offices in the Dutch-Indonesian dispute.

. . . There was a time not long ago when the advance of automation was regarded in some quarters as a menace comparable to creeping socialism, 1984, or an invasion of robots. But that moment passed and the process—defined by A. H. Raskin as "the harnessing of electronic brains to mechanical muscles"—has already proceeded so far that many enterprises "find it more expensive . . . to dawdle than to accommodate themselves to the new technology."

To the ordinary man, the process is still largely a mystery, but with "Erma, the Automatic Banker" (as described by Bruce Bliven on page 45) now about to take over a California bank, the mystery is due soon to become as acceptable as the familiar miracle of television.

Mr. Bliven retired a few years ago to California from an active life of editing the *New Republic* and writing in New York, but his output of articles and his lecturing program have kept him about as busy as ever. Last summer he gave the annual Phi Beta Kappa address at Stanford, his alma mater, on "The Mid-century Pessimists." His most recent article in this magazine was "A Few Words from the Shelf" in the September issue.

. . . As a writer on business and sociological subjects, **Keith Monroe** became acquainted with the work of the Adoption Institute in Los Angeles, the pioneering agency which he describes on page 54. He has been a member of its board of directors for five years, and the cause is so dear to his heart that the barbed remark occasionally thrown at the Institute by other agency representatives, "Oh yes, you're the agency with the highest fee in the country," merely makes him work harder to promote the human values of the project.

Mr. Monroe's articles on many other subjects have been widely published; but this is the first time he has written about this adoption plan.

. . . "First Voice" (p. 59) is one of a series of stories by **Robin White** about an American missionary family in India. This family was in the East for old-fashioned evangelical and educational purposes, long before the time of Chester Bowles on his bicycle and our Point IV technical experts, but a measure of mutual understanding between East and West was already taking root.

Born and brought up in South India, Mr. White, a Yale graduate, now makes his home in Connecticut, except that this year he is attending Stanford University on a fellowship at the Creative Writing Center. His short stories have appeared in a number of big and little magazines, and another about the mission family will be published in *Harper's* later this year.

. . . Though **Fred Lape,** Arcadian poet of Esperance, New York, is probably at this moment tunneling his way to the chicken house through three feet of snow, it is cheering, in a way, to read his "Twentieth Century Pastoral" on croquet (p. 57) and recall that the joys of summer in the country are mitigated too. Mr. Lape is the author of *Barnyard Year.*

. . . The law's delays are getting longer year by year in this country. In New York County, for example, the wait for trial in personal injury cases was forty-one months in 1955—which means, we figure, that if you file suit this year, you can expect your day in court some time in 1960. A primary cause is the plethora of damage suits which, as **Morton M. Hunt** demonstrates (p. 67), have become for a legion of greedy American citizens "a primrose path to immorality."

Mr. Hunt has been writing as a free-lance for seven years and he now averages 140 articles annually, about half of them in science, medicine, and psychiatry. He was 1956 president of the Society of Magazine Writers. He was moved to investigate damage suits and to write this article when he served on a jury himself and watched a boy of thirteen forced by his father and his lawyer to tell lies in court.

. . . **Sylvia Wright** has authority among *Harper's* readers for her articles on many things—including woman's status ("Whose World? . . . and Welcome to It"); kitchens and cooking ("My Kitchen Hates Me"; "How to Make Chicken Liver Pâté Once"); words and their ways ("The Death of Lady Mondegreen"); and novel-reading ("What Was Good Enough for Mr. Rochester"). This month Miss Wright opens up a new route to success in picking a mate (p. 71).

Miss Wright's articles and poems

have appeared in many magazines, and she is now at work (the hardest kind there is) on a book of humorous essays.

. . . In his forthcoming book on the United States Senate—*Citadel*—**William S. White** explains that within the terms of the book all the members of this Institution have a timeless aspect, and he makes no pretense of being up to the minute about *is* and *was*. Senator Lehman, who retired at the close of the 84th Congress, and Senator Johnson, who will again be Majority Leader in the 85th, both speak in *Citadel* in the Olympian past-and-present. The same is true in the concluding article of Mr. White's series on "Who Really Runs the Senate?", adapted from the book, which appears this month under the title of "Men of More Than Distinction" (p. 73).

Mr. White's device of examining the Senate as an eternal Institution whose members are forever panting and alive, if not forever young, resembles that quite successful trick by which E. M. Forster divested himself of the chains of time and "literary periods" in his critical study, *Aspects of the Novel*. Mr. Forster visualized the great English novelists as "seated together in a room, a circular room, a sort of British Museum reading-room—all writing their novels simultaneously." Similarly, in Mr. White's Senate Chamber, Joseph R. McCarthy will be haranguing till the end of time, and so will Daniel Webster.

Citadel will be published early this month. Mr. White is on the Washington staff of the *New York Times* and is author of the Pulitzer-prize-winning biography, *The Taft Story*.

. . . In her monthly "Books in Brief" and "Forecast" **Katherine Gauss Jackson** has not mentioned one book that has been most on her mind for many months. This is *The Papers of Christian Gauss*, to be published by Random House later in January. It will include diaries, European journals, lecture notes, a satire on America in 1965, and extensive correspondence with Edmund Wilson and Scott Fitzgerald—by the late, well-loved Dean of Princeton, Mrs. Jackson's father. She has been co-editor with Hiram Haydn.

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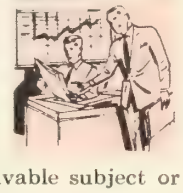


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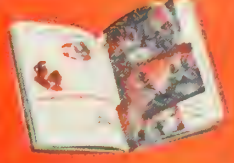
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The Truth about an Incredible Adventure

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

The first intimate report on the least known campaign of World War II . . . how it was bungled by Washington and the theater command . . . and how it was finally saved by the heroism, good humor, and incredible endurance of a handful of foot soldiers.

TO US, the war looked different. To nearly everybody else, the American performance in World War II looked like a monumental achievement in planning, organization, and command. The United States had to create armies, fleets, and air forces more or less from a standing start. It had to move them to half a dozen major fronts, strung halfway around the globe. It had to supply them—plus its hard-pressed allies—across two oceans. Finally, it had to use this power effectively against powerful, wily, and desperate enemies, who appeared to be in a fair way to conquer the rest of the world. All this America succeeded in doing; and at the end one got the impression of a nation overflowing with the capabilities that count in modern war.

Not everyone, however, got this impression at all times and places. Indeed, less than eighteen months before the final victory the American effort in one particularly vast theater seemed alarmingly thin. There—at the end of our longest line of communications—our combat ground forces consisted of only one regimental-sized unit. The nearest American combat infantry force was three thousand miles away. At one stage, the fate of operations over a huge area hinged on the ability of a few hundred of those infantrymen to stay on their feet another few days—a task which at that moment struck most of us as all but impossible.

When a campaign unexpectedly comes to such a pass, a military man might (I suppose) suspect that there had been a miscalculation somewhere. Such an inference might also be drawn from an investigation report made a little later, which recorded an "almost complete breakdown of morale in the major portion of the unit."

The infantrymen involved had, for their part, no doubt about it. Their impression was that things had somehow got off on the wrong foot, and had stayed on that foot—or worse feet—ever since.

THE story of Galahad—the code name given the organization during its operations, to the intemperate amusement of its more literary members—throws some light on how not to run an army.

It also throws some light on other things less easy to define. For Galahad, in spite of everything, did not give an altogether unsatisfactory account of itself. It marched some five hundred miles over jungle-covered hills and fought five major and thirty minor engagements (by the War Department's reckoning) in a campaign that saw the enemy cleared from an area the size of Connecticut. At the end, after it had been pulled back for recuperation, the proportion of its survivors who were AWOL or in the guardhouse was, to say the least, abnormally high. The rest were dispirited or embittered. Yet, as a cloudy day is sometimes redeemed at sunset, a glow was cast upon its last days by an order conferring upon it the Distinguished Unit Citation—which amounted to a decoration for superior performance of duty for every man in its ranks.

I might have had some premonition about the organization from the haphazard way in which I fell into it. It came about as a result of a remark I chanced to drop in the mess line after a cold night in Mississippi in September 1943—for nights can be cold in early autumn, even in the deep South, when you are sleeping on the ground. I said that I wished I could be sure of doing my fighting in a warm climate. As it happened, my neighbor in the line was a lieutenant in the Adjutant General's section. The consequences illustrate the frightening role that pure accident can play in one's life.

"Do you?" he said. "Maybe it could be arranged. We've had orders from Washington asking for volunteers with jungle training—I don't know what for. Probably for a jungle-training center in Panama or some place. Why don't I send your name in?"

"I don't see how I could claim to have had any jungle training," I ventured.

"Oh well. You could say that Mississippi is like a jungle in spots. In fact, isn't life itself really a jungle?"

A few days later it was rumored that the call for volunteers was not, after all, entirely routine and innocuous. I do not know who started the rumor. Perhaps it was someone who had read all the way through the orders from Washington. The lieutenant in the Adjutant General's section surely had not done so. That I deduced when, ten days later, I found myself at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation and learned that I had volunteered for "a dangerous and hazardous mission."

What else the mission might be, no one in the barracks where I was quartered with other junior officers had any idea. Later that evening, however, several of us were given the qualification cards of a thousand other officers and enlisted men who had volunteered, and were detailed to form a battalion out of them by reveille. Another battalion was to be formed, we heard, from the cards of another thousand who had volunteered from the Caribbean Defense Command. I was to remember later a remark by a fellow lieutenant in the detail:

"This is one way to form an organization—on the docks. If they try to use it before it's had a chance to grow together, we'll find out how good the method is."

After working most of the night, we held a formation in the morning of the men that went with the cards. In any body of troops, I suppose, the ones who are likely to give trouble stand out. It was certainly true of this one. I thought I had never seen a less tractable-looking assemblage.

I glanced at the round-faced, youthful officer beside me—Captain Senff. "The only thing stupider than volunteering is asking for volunteers," he allowed amiably in the accents of North Carolina. "We've got the misfits of half the divisions in the country."

That night, when I had charge of the orderly room for a two-hour stint, I got to see some of them individually. The post MPs brought in a steady procession of them—more accurately an unsteady procession. They were not only drunk but AWOL, for since we were sailing the next day we had been confined to the area. In the conventional, prim division I had come from such license would have been inconceivable. However, a tone of amazed indignation is difficult to maintain indefinitely, and soon I was merely taking down names. I saw myself spending the next few weeks as chief witness in a succession of courts-martial. In fact, nothing was ever said about the delinquencies I reported. This was an organization, it developed, that was never going to have a chance to catch up even with the important things; it had no time at all for the niceties.

A headquarters was set up in the main saloon of our transport, which turned out to be the *SS Lurline* traveling incognito. It was here that I was brought up in my turn to be presented to our acting commander.

"Quite a distinction for us," he observed, "having a Signal Corps officer for a communications platoon leader."

I thought it time to unburden myself of a fact that had been bothering me; I explained that I had been in field-wire and message center but knew nothing of radio.

Colonel Charles N. Hunter was a highly competent professional—a West Pointer, with the true soldier's capacity to eliminate the human factor from a situation. My smile of disarming candor manifestly failed.

"Then, Lieutenant," he stated with a singularly direct gaze, "you had better learn."

Radio turned out to be, for all practical purposes, the only communications equipment we were to have. Fortunately, my platoon happened to include some highly competent operators and repairmen.

CHARACTERS IN UNIFORM

WHAT surprised me most about the men with whom I found myself was that, among the wilder and rougher types, there were so many sober and normal-seeming Americans. It was hard to believe, however, that a call for volunteers for a hazardous mission would bring out a cross-section of the population, and I wondered what it was that set these men apart. In the course of a 42-day voyage, I began to form some idea.

Whatever else they might be—adventurers, idealists, drunkards, journalists, wealthy ne'er-do-wells, old army types, cotton speculators, American Indians (we had three or four), Niseis, Southern farm boys, and Northern slum products—they were individualists with little taste for being told what to do, and scant patience with the routine and monotony of training camps. Each had something egging him on. In some it was a nomadic instinct that is never reconciled to the settled life. In the two youngest members of my platoon—Eve, the fresh-looking, blond boy from the Middle West who turned out to have the blessed gift of a Way with Mules; and my radio technician, an intent New Yorker of Italian parentage—it was perhaps the simple high-mindedness of youth. In the oldest member—a quiet, steady, slow-smiling New Englander who was to outlast many of his juniors, a house-builder in civilian life—it seemed to be the unresting conscience that goes with craftsmanship.

Then there were the junior officers with whom I shared a stateroom. Winnie Steinfield was a young doctor for whom frontiers had a powerful attraction—any frontiers—and whose instinct was to go beyond them. (He was to cross the ultimate one ten years later in a small boat in a storm off the coast of Maine.) Lieutenant Scott had been a fire marshal and a dedicated hunter who was drawn irresistibly by the chance to pursue the toughest game of all. Phil Weld, whose family had given Harvard its boathouse, was, I suspected, in the *Lurline* for fundamentally the same reason that his forebears had been in the *Mayflower*—though with a gayer and not perceptibly reverent spirit.

Finally, there was Lieutenant Caldwell, the Tennessean, whose explanation of why he was there, although probably not the true one, won him great admiration. He had been taking a junior officers' course at an infantry training school and his class, as he recalled in his dry drawl, "had had an exercise in weapons placement out in some ol' piney hills." Young Caldwell, it appeared, had taken the occasion to catch up on his sleep and accordingly was somewhat at a loss when he was called upon, along with the others, to submit a written terrain evaluation.

"So Ah just put down 'About ten dollars an acre.' They gave me the choice of joining up with you fellows or standing a court-martial. And so, ol' gallant Caldwell—here he is."

Our battalion commander was a puzzler to me. Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd Osborne had fought through the Philippines debacle and, escaping, had reached Australia after a voyage of over fifty days in an open boat. What his condition then was, I hesitate to surmise. When he boarded the *Lurline* he weighed all of 120 pounds, and he resembled an assistant professor of mathematics. It finally came out that he had a characteristic that must be rare among those who have actually been through war: he liked fighting. Months later during a period of tranquillity unusual at that time, he was to make a lasting impression upon me by observing plaintively, "I don't see much chance of any contact with the enemy, but of course we *could* cross the ridge and have a fight with B battalion." He gave a mild laugh, and of course he was joking, but all the same . . . the idea *had* occurred to him.

This shipload of soldiers had no designation. We were not even classified as, for example, an infantry regiment. We were just two battalions of something or other. This tended to be disconcerting, even to an assortment of individuals with little in common but an aversion to conformity. In a way, it was as if we did not really exist.

We had no idea where we were going. On a map of the world I had bought in San Francisco (to be prepared for any place), I plotted our course as best I could across the empty, endless Pacific on the basis of guesses as to our speed and direction. I was greatly pleased to find I was only a few hundred miles off when we made our first

landfall at Noumea, New Caledonia. Partly there and partly at Brisbane, Australia, we picked up a third battalion, this one composed of veterans of the Southwest Pacific campaign.

By that time, we had been issued a booklet that gave us an idea of what was in store. It was an account of Brigadier Wingate's force of British, Gurkas, and Indians—the renowned Chindits—and of the extraordinary march they had made the year before halfway across Burma and back.

Though we made two ports in Australia, no shore leave was granted. "Not for this bunch!" our headquarters was reported to have declared fervently, and although our outcry was piteous, everyone conceded privately that any other decision would have been foolhardy. This view was shared even by those who managed to sneak away for a turn ashore anyway, by wriggling through portholes or shinnying down hawsers (it was never quite clear how). At Fremantle, however, we were given a break of sorts by being marched through the city in a formal parade.

This was the only parade the organization was ever to put on. It seems fitting that so many of its members should have come back from it reeking like breweries without having broken ranks or even having lost the step. This was a testimony both to the dexterity of our rank-and-file and to the generosity of the Fremantlese, who joined the march in great numbers bearing foaming pitchers.



HOW NOT TO TRAIN TROOPS

OUR destination was a desolate area of central India, where we were to have two months' training in infantry weapons and guerrilla tactics. Here, even if enough liquor could have been turned up to get drunk on—and it could not—there was nothing for a celebrant to damage but thorn-scrub; while such elderly females as appeared once in a while were clearly safe even from men who shot vultures under the impression they were turkeys and ate them. (Do not ask me how it was possible for this to happen. All I know is I saw it.)

We heard that the decision to form our organization had been taken at the conference President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had held in Quebec. We got the impression that the two Chiefs of State were the last, as well as the first, to have any precise idea of how we were to be used. As far as we could tell, it had not even been settled whether we were to be under direct British or American control. While the issue remained in doubt, we profited from His Britannic Majesty's patronage by being issued a rum ration. It was not enough to make the desert bloom—but the evidence that a military command could be human did something for our spirits, and the rum itself helped counteract the effects of the tea our pirate cooks boiled in 20-gallon drums.

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Commander of the Southeast Asia Command, paid us a visit. In preparation, mimeographed copies of an elaborate scenario were distributed to us. This called for various spontaneous demonstrations of enthusiasm by the hurrahing troops, but it was never used. An advance party, after making our acquaintance, had all the copies recalled and decided to let the occasion run its natural course. It did so—and was quite successful.

General Joseph W. Stilwell—who was Mountbatten's Deputy as well as Commanding General of the Chinese Army in India—never came to see us at all, although eventually we were to be placed under his operational control. If we had not been the only American infantry between New Guinea and North Africa, I suppose we should not particularly have expected him to appear. As it was, our feelings of being detached from the known world were deepened.

This was also the beginning of our suspicion that Stilwell was interested exclusively in the Chinese army he had trained, of which two divisions were then being deployed in northern Burma, our destination. From the record that was later written, it is clear that he had reason to be preoccupied with his Chinese divisions and his relations with the Generalissimo in Chungking. All the same, it is hard to believe that his headquarters could not have avoided conveying an impression that finally—when the end was near—provoked our commanding officer to charge that favoritism was being displayed toward the Chinese at our expense.

We trained hard, but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up into teams we would be reorganized. Presumably the plans for our employment were being changed. I was to learn later in life that, perhaps because we are so good at organizing, we tend as a nation to meet any new situation by *re*organizing; and

a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency, and demoralization. During our reorganizations, several commanding officers were tried out on us, which added to the discontinuity. Meanwhile, Colonel Hunter, whom everyone respected, held the organization together.

We still lacked a designation of any kind. The authorities, in their preoccupation with Tables of Organization, would doubtless have been surprised to learn what an unsettling effect this had on the men. The British seem to have a better understanding of these matters. They recognize that a name like the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons or the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and the history that goes with it, can do something for an organization that a mobile back-bar cannot. (Not that we had a mobile back-bar either.) Perhaps the British awareness of the importance to an organization of a sense of corporate identity also leads them to avoid reorganizations.

On the night of Christmas Eve, the men cut loose, or, as Winnie Steinfield expressed it, they "sought release through an externalization of inner tensions." A rifle shot rang out, then another. The example was picked up all over the camp. Within minutes it sounded as if every weapon in our considerable armory of small arms was being discharged—rifles, carbines, Tommy guns, Browning automatics. Tracer-bullets from machine guns were crisscrossing on their way to the horizon like red-hot bees. Magnesium flares hung over the scene, casting their white glare upon it while colored signal lights zoomed into the firmament.

Officers sent out by the enraged battalion headquarters to apprehend the miscreants were later found—by officers sent out to find *them*—dancing about like satyrs, firing their revolvers into the sky. A British major whom we had invited to stay over for the night, after apologizing to him that since nothing had been planned it would be a quiet occasion, surveyed the appalling scene with the *sang-froid* of his race.

"I cawn't help wondering what it's like hyah," he observed, "when you're *nought* having a quiet occasion."

One day we were assembled and informed that we finally had an appellation. The United States Army had outdone itself to find a name to make hearts beat faster; it was going to send us into battle as the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional). After the last formation that day, I heard a Pfc in the next platoon addressing the ranks in a fair imitation of his sergeant's voice: "Listen, you monkeys. The Army has bestowed a great honor upon you, and it ain't one you deserve. I don't know what 'composite' means, but no one who'd ever seen what lousy soldiers you gold-bricks make would call you even provisional."

MULES AND MERRILL

WE HAD been told that five hundred mules were on their way to us from the United States, and meanwhile we had been lent a few British mules to practice with. It was not until almost the end of our training period that our own animals began to arrive. The mules, augmented by a few saddle horses, were to be our sole means of transport—and, to understate it, one of our major preoccupations. Half our men had never seen a mule before and not one in fifty had ever touched one—or had any burning desire to do so.

The true inwardness of the situation was brought home to me at the outset of our first practice river-crossing. I had the job of taking the lead mule across (my whimsical battalion commander, Colonel Osborne, had learned that I had been a book reviewer before rallying to the colors). I found myself offshore in the Betwa River, fighting cheek-to-jowl with a mule whose head was as big as my torso, trying to launch him toward the opposite bank. (The technique, as I discovered, was to keep the animal turning in circles until he tired of trying to head back, and struck out across the river. Thereupon, it was advisable to slip down his back and cling to his tail; if once he got away from you the brute would leave you behind no matter how you struggled to catch up.) Coasting along—alone but for the straining mule in the broad waters of an exotic Indian river with the shore of the Princely State of Gwalior on the other side—it struck me that I had come a long, long way.

The mules were evidently one of the two things we had been waiting for. The other—a commanding general—now also arrived. Because of the warmth of his personality, the evidence he gave of genuine interest and confidence in us, and his convincing air of knowing his business, Brigadier General Frank D. Merrill, our new commander, instantly made a favorable impression that was to grow stronger with time. He told us that we should not have long to wait. Soon thereafter we were piled into a couple of trains. After ten days, including two in a river boat on the Brahmaputra, we reached the end of

the line near Ledo, Assam, at the northeast corner of India.

At eight o'clock in the evening of February 6, 1944, we were scheduled to set off on our long march into Burma, but at that time, amid scenes of turmoil such as various artists have considered characteristic of Hades, we were still being issued mules and packsaddles. In fact, at precisely H-Hour the occupants of the bamboo edifice housing the First Battalion headquarters were clinging to the rafters, while an overwrought saddle horse down below was kicking it to pieces. It was not until after midnight that the chaos of that last evening was converted into a long and only dimly visible column and, in a sudden and impressive silence, we set off down the Ledo Road.

By prodigious efforts on the part of American engineer units, an unreckoning use of equipment, and the toil of what must have been thousands of native laborers, this amazing road had been pushed 120 miles over precipitous, forested hills. It ran from the end of the Indian road net to the northwestern tip of the central valley of Burma, which was also the point of farthest Japanese advance. The plan was to extend the Ledo south and east across the country, through the northern Burmese railhead at Myitkyina, to a juncture with the famous Burma Road that led into China. The object was to open a supply route for China-based operations against the Japanese. Chiang Kai-shek's armies and the United States air force in China were at that time dependent for supplies upon what could be flown in from India over the Hump. The task of the 5307th was to spearhead the two Chinese divisions that—operating from Indian bases under Stilwell's command—were trying to push the Japanese southward to make possible the advance of the Ledo Road.

The first night of our march we kept going until well after dawn, and we resumed in the afternoon. At our second night's bivouac—a gloomy engineer encampment of *bashas* on the slope of a clearing cut in the dank forest—one of the men in my platoon could not be located at mess call. He was a short, dark individual with something Mongoloid in his features, suggesting descent from a Hunnish ancestor, and had always been somewhat of a problem. I am not sure why this was, except that he never seemed to fit into the scheme of things and was always looking at you with puzzlement because you could not make anything of him. When we discovered him, the evidence was plain that he had put the muzzle of his Tommy gun in his mouth, pulled the trigger, and blown the back of his head off. The event was not discussed but there was a sense that we had crossed a kind of dividing line.

Two or three days later we crossed a more concrete dividing line. After winding slowly up the longest grade of that toilsome road, we reached the 4,300-foot saddle of Pangsau Pass. On the other side of it lay Burma. To the west, on the far horizon, more nearly resembling a stratum of cloud than mountains, were the snowy ridges of the Himalayas. Behind, stretching down into the valley—the only time I ever saw it in full view—was a long line of heavy-laden men and animals that in time acquired the name of Merrill's Marauders. This designation—said to have been coined by a newspaper man—made an instant appeal to the troops. The same could not be said of the official code name that was bestowed upon us at this time, though there were those who maintained that it required inspiration of a high order to think of the name Galahad for an organization like the 5307th.



COLUMN'S MOVING!

OUR arrival at the end of the Ledo Road after a march of eleven days marked the beginning of a campaign of three months' duration during which we had no contact with the world except by radio and plane and never saw a road or motorcar except those possessed by the Japanese. Whatever came to us in that time came by air; all our supplies, including even the grain for the animals, were kicked out of planes a couple of hundred feet up. The breakables sailed down on parachutes and too often came to rest in the top of a tree seventy feet high.

The terrain of northern Burma is divided into corridors by parallel ridges running north and south. It greatly favored the Japanese, for in those defiles a battalion could hold off a division. The Chinese were finding it hard going. What we were to do was to go wide around the Japanese right flank—over the ranges, through the nearly impenetrable forest, across the rivers—and undercut their defenses by attacking with-

out warning from the rear. This maneuver the 5307th carried out four times, to such effect that the commander of the Japanese 18th Division, which held the area, is said to have believed that the three battalions of Americans actually amounted to two divisions.

The strategy of which we were a part was well understood by all of us; for it was characteristic of the organization that most of the privates in it had managed to add a map to their belongings and insisted upon being kept informed not only of how their platoon's mission fitted into the company's, but what place the battalion had in the grand plan of the Southeast Asia Command. The maps gave us the only vista we had, for the actual terrain made us virtually blind. Except when we crossed a few acres of open ground where the local hill people—the Kachins—had a cluster of bamboo huts, or descended into the main valleys where our objectives lay, we moved through matted forest and ten-foot *kunai* grass that shut out even the sky.

On every trail the Japanese had outposts or patrols. Sometimes the first evidence of their presence came when they opened fire on the head of the column. Again, we would find signs of them—fresh tracks—and the whisper would be passed down the line from man to man, "Take a five-yard interval."

Off in the forest a band of monkeys would set up a din of whooping, humorless laughter. Breaking out of the silence, it was incredible and unnerving. Then it would abruptly cease, and that was perhaps even more unnerving. The column would halt while the scouts were sent out. The only sound then would be the soft stomping of the mules and the clink of a harness ring—and the questioning, plaintive, four-note whistle of a bird in a treetop. "*Whee-oo,* WHEE-*oo,*" it went, at ten-second intervals. There was always that bird. I have only to whistle its call now to bring the whole mood back, including the earthy, faintly acrid smell of the jungle floor.

In the breathless stillness, the first rattle of firing was incredibly loud. It had the effect of a horrible moral shock. It was as if the pleasant trappings of the earth, the blue sky, the shimmering leaves of the bamboo, the trickly little stream, were all whisked away and you saw a death's-head leering into your face.

After the first burst, the silence would close in again like the well-oiled door of a cage. Then explosions would follow one upon another as the Japanese brought their grenade-throwers to bear.

From the head of the column, the order would be passed back, "Weapons platoon forward!" Then, a minute later, coming up from the rear: "Clear the trail."

You got the mules into the dense growth alongside to let the mortar crews move through. Their heavily laden mules were the biggest of all, without doubt the biggest that ever came out of Missouri. From up front would come bursts of automatic-rifle and machine-gun fire and then the detonations of mortars. From the middle of the column you could never be sure whose they were unless they began to hit around you.

"Medics forward!"

The wounded who could still stand were mounted on horses. Litter patients were sent to the rear to be picked up by the Chinese regiment that was following behind and would provide bearers to carry them until our advance had reached a paddy field on which the little liaison planes could land. A detail remained behind to bury the rifleman killed in the first burst and to erect a bamboo cross.

"Column's moving!"

You picked your way around a couple of dead Japanese lying like dolls on the trail and pushed on.

And so it went, from one place name on the map to another: Lanem Ga, Tanja Ga, Wesu Ga, Lagang Ga, Janpan, Auche, Warong, Manpin, Sharaw, Weilangyang, Hsamshingyang, Tingkrukawng, Ritpong, Namkwi. . . .

The major engagements came when we descended from the hills. The first indication the Japanese would have of our arrival would come when they ran into an American roadblock of battalion strength far behind the front on their main supply route. Their reaction was habitually violent. They would attack in waves. The number that were killed by the 5307th is not known, but the toll at Walawbum, Shadúzup, and Nhpum Ga alone was estimated at 1,700.

In order to achieve surprise, we often had to leave the trails altogether and hack our way through solid vegetation. One stretch of four miles once took us two days. That was on the way to Shadúzup—a mission the First Battalion, to which I belonged, had by itself. Altogether it took us two weeks to cover the whole distance of fifty miles. The last day we waded down a river—a tributary of the Mogaung—through water which was sometimes waist-high.

We reached the Mogaung itself, on which Shadúzup was located, at dusk. From a hill overlooking the river, we could see the Japanese bathing and washing their cooking pots. Peering out through the trees, we must have resembled a band of Iroquois gazing down upon an unsus-

pecting encampment of settlers; certainly we were wild-enough looking by then. Before dawn, the battalion crept down from the hill, silently forded the Mogaung, and fell upon the Japanese with Tommy guns and bayonets.

The Japanese speedily collected themselves and counterattacked all day in a vain effort to dislodge us. For thirty-six hours they poured artillery shells into our positions—whinnying, high-trajectory 70s that you could hear coming for an eternity, whip-lash 75s, and thundering 150s. For all too-brief intervals Mustang fighter planes from India would come overhead and keep the Japanese batteries quiet. But most of the time, having no artillery of our own, we had to sit and take it—until the Chinese regiment we were spearheading could come up with its pack howitzers and take over from us.



WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES

AT NIGHT we were helpless. We could only make ourselves small and pull our helmets down over our ears. Toward dawn of the last night, just after a shell had turned a tree into a shower of sparks a few feet from the foxhole where I crouched with the brassy taste of fear in my mouth—every time a shell burst it was as if a dry cell had been touched to my tongue—a clear voice, ringing out of the darkness, spoke for all of us:

"Where the hell are those other five thousand, three hundred and six composite units?"

The next morning I was impressed when one of the more profane stalwarts of the communications platoon confessed that he had spent much of the night praying.

"And you see," said I, "your prayers were answered."

"Not by a damn sight they ain't been! What I was praying for was a shell fragment in the fleshy part of the leg."

This wistful jest was heard with growing frequency as the campaign progressed. The prospect of being spared merely to endure more of it seemed less and less satisfactory. Not to know, from one instant to the next, week after week, when the silence would explode around you created a suspense difficult to describe. It made everyone look alike, for all faces—and they were equally emaciated to begin with—wore habitually the same expression of furtive intentness, of the strain of trying to exercise a sixth sense. Every time a twig crunched underfoot it jarred your nerves because of the way it echoed inside your helmet; the echo made it sound as if it came from off to the side, from where an ambush would be.

Maybe some kinds of danger are stimulating and ennobling, but if so, this was not one of them. You felt it as sordid, debasing, evil, a steady contamination. It was corrosive, like an acid eating at the heart and nerves. Every minute was an enemy to be outlived; the weeks were lifetimes. The number of mental breakdowns in the organization mounted to several score.

In other parts of the Army, men might talk of women. We talked of food. We were perpetually famished. K rations, on which we depended, were calculated merely to prevent starvation. We never received enough in one air-drop to carry us to the next; three days' rations had to do for four days or even five. However short on food we might be, we had to march. No matter what, the column had to go on. Jungle sores appeared on our bodies, the result, probably, of the lesions left by the leeches that fastened on us during the night. Many of the men could hardly walk (they had to anyway) because the sand that seeped into our shoes from our continual river crossings wore the skin off the soles of the feet. Dysentery and fevers were epidemic and left wraiths in their wake. Those with dysentery could eat nothing while the disease raged, which was for about a week, except the little cubes of chocolate we were issued as "B rations." This was a windfall for the others, of course, who were able to trade off their chocolate for real food—cans of pork and egg yolk and "cheese units"—that the dysentery sufferers could not get down or carry, weak as they were.

Fighting the enemy took it out on the unit, fighting disease and the hills took out still more, but maybe what took out most of all was the battle of the mules.

The mules had become as worn out as the men. When the monsoon rains began to turn the surface of the trails to butter, the only way the animals could mount the steep slopes was by galloping up on momentum. They would go bounding up like huge rabbits, the exhausted muleteers struggling to keep up. When they slipped and fell—which was often—they could not rise until they had been unloaded. Then they could not be reloaded except at the top of

the hill, which meant that their 200-pound packs had to be manhandled up the slope by men already burdened with heavy packs of their own. The muleteers became virtually dehumanized. Sometimes the struggling animals reached the crest only to topple over and go crashing down the precipitous flanks of the ridge, as like as not breaking their backs or stabbing themselves to death on broken bamboo. In any event, the column had to push on.

The world beyond the hills of northern Burma was something we could think of only with incredulity. We kept moving through a kind of green limbo, as if we had become detached from the human race. How could we ever explain what it was like? The danger and the hardship were not the important things, we would tell ourselves, and we would all nod wisely. In my first letter when I got out, I wrote anxiously that it was not all bad. There was lots of joking and laughter.

What were the jokes? One would say, "Whenever I close my eyes, I see a tenderloin steak . . . French fries—" And another would interrupt, "You're lucky. Whenever I close mine, I see a mule's behind. Also when I don't." That was about the way the jokes were, but, like everything else, they were part of something that seemed terribly significant, something we felt we had to communicate, that we must explain when we got back. Life could never be the same for those who had learned what we had learned. We had learned it during the long talks on quiet evenings around the embers of a fire in a shallow pit, over which we heated water to make cocoa with the shavings of a hoarded chocolate bar, when the murmured conversation would range over the day's events and what life is for, while the Burmese hills stood black and silent around us. We learned it when the firing began and each of us read in the face of the man next to him the same undisguised, horribly anxious fear he himself was struggling with, something each shared yet each was utterly alone with. When we got out, we would tell what it was.

It is sometimes this way in a dream. You see life in a new and queer perspective or bathed in a strange and revealing illumination. The mysterious design of things is made clear and you understand . . . it is so simple and unmistakable . . . it is on the tip of your tongue, you have almost got it . . . and then you wake up and it is gone and there is only the tantalizing flavor of the dream left. So it was with us. Only last month I ran into a former major of the Third Battalion, and it was the same as it had been among us when we first got out. There was the same exchange of puzzled, questioning glances: can *you* say what it was? And you never can.

THE BATTLE OF NHPUM GA

BECAUSE the Area Command back in Assam was the origin of the orders that kept us moving, we had a natural and wholesome antipathy toward it. This was not improved when, in the course of the campaign, the Command responded to a list of recommended promotions we sent in by suggesting that we interest ourselves less in promotions and more in fighting. This reply made a lasting impression on lieutenants from over-strength divisions (of whom I was one) who had been in grade so long that Colonel Osborne proposed to issue oak-leaf clusters for our gold bars.

Another memorable message reached us in the midst of one of our most arduous treks, when we had been unable for several days to reach India by our radio; the vegetation had been so dense that the bamboo refused to fall when we cut it and we could not clear a space for our antennas. Finally it thinned out and we were able to spot a liaison plane quartering over the jungle, obviously looking for us. I flagged it from a tiny clearing and it dropped a message. The message inquired acidly when we were going to conclude our scenic tour of northern Burma and get to Shadúzup.

It was after Nhpum Ga, however, that the unit developed a real and smoldering hostility toward the Command that was never to be extinguished.

Nhpum Ga was a village of a few huts on top of a hill where our Second Battalion had been ordered to stand and block a Japanese advance. What had happened was that while my battalion, the First, had been going around the Japanese flank to Shadúzup, the Second had been sent even farther around, down the valley of the Chindwin, to strike the Japanese still deeper in the rear. As it turned out, the Japanese were just then preparing to mount precisely the same kind of offensive up the same valley to outflank the Chinese. With this offensive the outnumbered Americans collided head-on. After killing, at point-blank range, some two hundred of the enemy who charged it through the *kunai* grass, the battalion was ordered to pull back some twenty miles and hold the valley.

It arrived at Nhpum Ga under artillery bombardment and in a state of exhaustion. It was promptly surrounded and for two weeks fought for its life. Even drinking water had to be

dropped by plane. The First Battalion was ordered to move to the scene by forced marches. Not until we of the First arrived, ravenously hungry (we had not been able to get our last food-drop) to augment the Third Battalion—which was holding an airstrip five miles farther up the valley—was a force able to break through to the battle-torn hilltop where so long the men of the Second had been fighting back to back among a litter of dead horses and mules. Fifty-seven had been killed; 300 wounded.

By that time, the 5307th had lost about seven hundred men, mostly wounded or sick, of its original three thousand. The rest were as good as finished. What had kept them going toward the end was the promise—the original source of which was never determined—that after the Nhpum Ga operation they would be pulled back to rest and reorganize before being sent back into combat the next dry season.

Then the blow fell. Far from being brought back—the 5307th was to be sent on a tougher mission than any it had yet had. It was to lead an advance to Myitkyina, an important Japanese base on the Irrawaddy far to the southeast.

THE DULL EDGE

BETWEEN General Stilwell's headquarters and us there was, not unnaturally, a difference of perspective. To Stilwell, Myitkyina (which is pronounced *Mitch*inah) was a vital objective. If it could be taken, planes flying the Hump would before very long be able to refuel there from the pipeline that was being laid along the Ledo Road and hence the volume of supplies they could carry to China would be substantially increased. Our costly victory at Nhpum Ga was later called by the official Army history—in the volume entitled *Stilwell's Command Problems*—"one of the hardest-fought American engagements in Burma." But it was, the history added, "from the perspective of China-Burma-India Theater headquarters a battle between a few battalions. Farther south, around Imphal, whole divisions were grappling for a prize that might change the course of the war in Asia." (It was at this time that the Japanese offensive against India, which had carried over the mountains of the Burmese frontier almost into the Indian lowlands, was just beginning to lose its impetus.)

Stilwell, it must be acknowledged, had a good deal to worry about. The Imphal offensive threatened, among other things, to cut the railroad to Assam that supplied his forces. The British had never been in sympathy with a campaign in north Burma, and Stilwell suspected the Generalissimo in Chungking of going behind his back to order the Chinese divisions in Burma to go slowly and avoid losses. As *Stilwell's Command Problems* also makes clear, he was concerned, too, by the Generalissimo's refusal to launch the offensive into north Burma across the Salween from China, which Stilwell considered so important, or to release another division from China for the offensive against Myitkyina.

The official history further points out, however, that as a result of Nhpum Ga, "the fighting edge of the most mobile and most obedient force that Stilwell had was worn dull. From this fact were to flow consequences of great magnitude."

What the 5307th felt was that while Myitkyina was doubtless important, so was Shanghai, and—to begin with—no one really believed the unit was to be sent against the one any more than against the other. When it appeared that in fact it was to be sent against Myitkyina, not a soul doubted that the Area Command was either wholly ignorant of (or wholly indifferent to) the organization's condition—or was out of its mind. General Merrill had had a heart attack during the siege of Nhpum Ga and was reported seriously ill. We felt helpless in the absence of anyone to represent us back in Assam, where, it was rumored, jealousy among Stilwell's subordinates of the renown General Merrill had achieved was a factor in the situation. Doubting that it would be able to make Myitkyina even if there were no Japanese in the way, the 5307th was convinced that someone had blundered. Unlike the Light Brigade, it did not scruple to reason why. It reasoned why with bitterness, though without much strength, of which it had little left. Worst of all, it felt betrayed.

There was no alternative, however, but to go on. After two weeks at Nhpum Ga, it backtracked twenty miles up the valley to a rendezvous with two untried Chinese regiments that were to make up the main strength.

I have two memories in particular of that historic encounter. One is of Lieutenant Weld, still retaining an air of Beacon Street and the Cape though clad only in soiled and ragged underwear, jovially panhandling for rice among the Chinese troops. (Phil was tall and active and required more food than the rest of us. To keep going, he would salvage the so-called dextrose tablets from the K rations that the rest of us would throw away unless we were positively starving; these objects had the appearance and

consistency of the little tiles on bathroom floors and tasted just as you would expect them to.) The other memory is of being summoned by Colonel Hunter to the lean-to serving as headquarters for the operation, where he sat with the commander of the Chinese force. I was reminded for some reason of Marco Polo and Kublai Khan, though not for long.

"The walkie-talkies the General has received don't work," said Colonel Hunter. "See if you can fix them."

I had a horrible feeling that upon the outcome of my efforts would depend the future psychological balance of power between the two commanders and I felt faint. I prayed harder than I had prayed the last night at Shadúzup. There was only one thing I knew about walkie-talkies: if you inserted the two batteries head-and-head and tail-and-tail—which would seem the natural thing to do—the set would not function; head and tail was the ordained arrangement. I opened the first set . . . and I was saved. They were in the wrong way. There was nothing else the matter.

General Merrill was sufficiently recovered to return and take command of End Run, as the Myitkyina operation was termed—with a double meaning not intended. The 5307th, as usual, was split up for the trek into its three battalions, though it was now reduced to half its original strength. To our battalion, the First, was attached the Chinese 150th Regiment, to the Second the Chinese 88th, and to the Third 300 Kachin levees. The three columns thus formed moved separately, though in proximity, toward Myitkyina. The Americans marched with what habitually served them in place of morale, a sort of what-the-hell-did-you-expect-anyhow? attitude. More than that, we had, to sustain us, the explicit promise that when we had performed this last task we should be flown back to a well-appointed rest camp in India. However, for the first time there began to be stragglers, men physically incapable of keeping up with the column in the heat—which had become intense—and indifferent to the danger of prowling Japanese.

END RUN ON ALL FOURS

IT WAS sixty-five miles to Myitkyina and the terrain that had to be crossed was the worst so far, including as it did the saw-toothed Kumon range. The trail over the hills, which crossed the highest pass at 6,000 feet, had not been used in years and in some places had to be redug out of the sheer slopes. In addition, the rains were becoming harder and more frequent. The mules simply sat down now for the steeper descents, sliding fifty yards at a stretch in the oily mud. Going up, steps had to be cut in the trails to give them a foothold. Even so, the surface was so treacherous that the losses from the animals slipping and plunging to their death down the mountain sides had become serious. One column lost twenty of its mules in a stretch of a few miles.

At one point, the weather became so bad the column was brought to a dead halt. It simply could not move. We camped where we stood, which for most of us was on a steep hillside. The trail was a slide grooved with the hoofmarks of mules that had shot the length of it like otters. I remember vividly one of our radio operators standing in front of the spread poncho under which some of us were brewing coffee (the poncho villa, as we referred to it). He was clad in filthy fatigues and was wasted by fever, but his mustache twitched with an irrepressible insouciance, like a mouse's whiskers, and he had all the style and jauntiness of a Parisian boulevardier as he twirled the stick he carried and then, leaning back upon it theatrically, lifted his voice against the drumming of the monsoon shower in a version of the song "Pennies from Heaven:"

"Every time it rains, it rains little drops of water."

However, it was not this occasion alone but another as well, I suspect, that fixed him in my mind as a not unworthy representative of the tattered 5307th. The other time was near the end and he was being evacuated—for general disability, I suppose. It was my task to relieve him of the seventeen-jewel watch he had been issued and was now endeavoring to make away with. Expropriation of one kind or another is common enough in armies, but I like to think that only a member of our organization would have been capable of quite the astonished indignation with which he confronted me as I insisted upon his doing the honest thing and turning over that watch—I, a companion he had trusted and now was revealed as in league with the inimical world comprising everyone not in the 5307th, one of *them!*

At the outset of the march to Myitkyina, a new enemy attacked, and in a way it did more damage than any other, for it was mysterious and unforeseen. It was a fever no one could identify, and it struck without warning, felling its victims virtually where they stood. Before it finished

with us, 149 men succumbed and had to be evacuated. Many of them died later in the hospitals of Assam, where eventually the fever was identified as an unfamiliar kind of typhus. One of the fatalities was the other lieutenant in my platoon. He left behind him a silence of which I was acutely aware, one that he had filled for so many weeks with repeated renditions of the first lines of a ditty that went something like, "I want a paper dolly just to call my own." There was still the bird that went *"Whee-oo,* WHEE-*oo,"* however.

We also heard jungle cocks crowing in the distance. It always took an instant to realize they were not domestic fowl, and the realization when it came made the wilderness seem all the wilder. There was also a creature the men called an artillery bird, a kind of hornbill, that paralyzed the column whenever it flew overhead because the whistling of its wings was like the whistling of a 70-millimeter shell.

The main ridge of the Kumon looked insurmountable and very nearly was so. It was so steep that we had to crawl up part of it on all fours. We camped on the summit, in a thin, ghostly cloud-forest where the trees were covered with mosses and lichens. It was cold, with a biting wind. For once—I do not know what had been the matter before—we were able to pick up a United States Army broadcast and heard a recording of Marian Anderson singing the Largo from Handel's "Messiah." I have seldom heard anything that moved me more. It was like an assurance—the first in many weeks—of a purpose in the universe that transcended fear and hunger and sickness.

The Kumon range was the most formidable natural barrier on the route of march. However, even after we had put it behind us, the toll from disease and exhaustion continued to mount. So, of course, did the toll of battle casualties as the dazed, half-demented columns plodded on.

The end was near for me, however. One night we camped in an abandoned village on an open elevation. The battalion headquarters, if it could be so called, occupied a *basha* raised on posts about five feet above the ground. In addition to Colonel Osborne, the battalion commander, Colonel Hunter, who commanded the column, was there, so that altogether my ignominious fate did not lack for an adequate audience. We had a fire going on a dirt hearth—which, as I realized with misgivings, must have made our shelter stand out for some little distance around like a jack-o'-lantern. I had taken off my shoes on entering so as not to track mud onto the floor. Then there came that awful rattle of firing that was always the preliminary. Obviously, a body of Japanese—Heaven knew of what size—had struck the perimeter. In a moment the mortars had opened up and were thundering all around us. It is possible, even probable, that I led the exodus from the shack. I did not take time to put on my shoes before jumping, and I landed on a gaping cheese can. It laid my heel open nearly to the bone. I stumbled on out of the circle of light and hit the ground. Lying there in the dark amid the whine of bullets and in a drizzle of rain, holding my heel together to try to stay the flow of blood, I said to myself with an objective distinctness I still remember that this was assuredly the low point of my life so far.



The battle quickly subsided. It turned out that we had been mortared chiefly by the Chinese regiment we had with us which, as time went on, gave increasing evidence of being made up largely of trigger-happy children. The Japanese were dispersed, our casualties were treated, the medics taped up my heel, and in the morning we set off—for Myitkyina.

The indulgence accorded to invalids of having their packs put on the mules was granted to me, and by improvising a crutch I was able to hobble along for nearly a week. But the heel was infected and growing worse, and since I was of little use to anybody, I was included with about thirty others who were left behind for evacuation at an abandoned clearing that looked as if it would serve as a landing strip. It barely did serve. Two planes were lost in taking off, and in addition we had to beat off an attack by a Japanese patrol—fortunately a small one. At length, however, the operation was completed, and that night, after flying in hours over ground it had taken months to cross on foot, I was back in India lying in a real bed after a meal of real food under a real roof and was almost out of my mind with the luxury of it. But best of all was the news that came a few days later. Two battalions of the 5307th had in one last dash reached the airfield at Myitkyina, taking the Japanese completely by surprise, and had secured the approaches.

The hospital began rapidly to fill up as the DC-3s shuttling between Myitkyina and Ledo brought back the wounded, sick, and exhausted. There was elation in the wards as the long stream of white-faced, incredulous-looking refugees swelled. The final success had been

achieved, and the campaign at last was over.

This was the first elation the unit ever knew and the last, and it was short-lived.

DISASTER BY MISTAKE

NEWS arrived that an attempt to take the town of Myitkyina unaccountably had failed. Later we heard the details. Two battalions of the Chinese 150th Regiment that had been sent to capture the town had taken a wrong turn and, meeting Japanese rifle-fire, had in returning it fired upon each other, each mistaking the other for the enemy, and had thus defeated the enterprise. The next day the whole 150th Regiment was sent forward and, incredibly enough, the mistake was repeated, but on a grander scale. We heard the story from a new evacuee. The two battalions that had gone into the town from different sides drove each other back out again, he explained, and into the arms of the reserve battalion which, thinking they both were Japanese, opened up on them with everything it had. One more effort was made by the 150th. This time it was stopped by heavy Japanese fire and, having by then suffered almost seven hundred casualties, had to be withdrawn.

That was on the twentieth of May, three days after the 5307th—looking "pitiful but still a splendid sight" as Merrill later wrote—seized the airstrip. (They had had to forgo a supply-drop to do so, although they had been without food for several days.) Myitkyina was at that time fairly lightly held—Stilwell later estimated the garrison at 1,000—but the opportunity to seize it at little cost had been lost. The reinforcement of the Japanese began.

As it came out later, both sides at the battle of Myitkyina had wildly erroneous ideas of the other's strength. The Allied command persisted in the belief that the defending force numbered only 500, even when it had been built up nearly to its maximum strength of 3,500. This made it aggressive. The Japanese were unduly cautious because their mistake was in the other direction. They had the impression they were faced by a force of 30,000. Actually, the Allied force consisted at the start only of the survivors of the 5307th, the two Chinese regiments that had made the march (the serious depletion of which was already well advanced), and a third and part of a fourth Chinese regiment which had been flown in together with some British anti-aircraft troops. Across the Irrawaddy was another small British force—part of a new version of Wingate's celebrated Chindits that had been flown in to the south some time before—which was wasting away as rapidly as the 5307th and for similar reasons and hence was unable to carry out its mission of blocking Japanese traffic from the east. This assortment of troops, while theoretically closing in on Myitkyina, had the Japanese on three sides.

The Japanese in the town were well dug in and in addition were protected by the roads that, elevated above the level of the paddy fields, served as earthworks. The defense, moreover, was favored by the heavy monsoon rains that had turned some of the surroundings into lakes.

An attack by a battalion of the 5307th on May 21 was pushed back to its starting point and one by the Chinese a few days later did no better. The evacuation of the disabled members of the 5307th was now running at between 75 and 100 a day. The last action fought by a Marauder battalion, as such, was on May 27. The men were then so worn out that some of them were not even able to stay awake to defend themselves, and the battalion commander lost consciousness three times while directing the engagement. By the end of May, only 200 of the 3,000 men with which the 5307th had gone into combat were considered fit to remain at Myitkyina. To be considered unfit and warranting evacuation, a man at that time had to run a fever of 102 degrees or better for three consecutive days.

"The earlier optimism," *Stilwell's Command Problems* notes, "was replaced by a brief period of extreme alarm, caused by the rapid disintegration of Galahad and the Chindits' evacuation of the block they had placed across the railway near Hopin. Only twelve men were left in the Second Battalion of Galahad, while the Chinese 150th Regiment was down to 600 men. American reinforcements of any men who could hold a rifle were rushed in from every possible source."

Among these reinforcements were two battalions of American engineers who "had not seen a rifle since their basic training days and had simply been taken from their bulldozers and power generators to fight as infantry combat teams." The rest consisted of 2,600 men, mostly infantry, who had arrived at Bombay from the United States on May 26 and were flown by installments to Myitkyina for combat after an average stay of a week at a training center. At Myitkyina, they were formed into three battalions, each seasoned with veterans of ours.

Pathetic and harrowing accounts of the fate of the "reinforcements" came back to us in the hospital wards. New evacuees told of men receiving instructions in their weapons in the planes

taking them to Myitkyina—the "Cassino on a shoestring," as the official history was to call it—and of how they were unnerved at the start by having to dive for cover on disembarking because the airfield was then under Japanese artillery fire. Instruction in weapons continued at Myitkyina; on one sector of the front it was sometimes difficult to know whether a rattle of firing meant a Japanese attack on the perimeter or a practice session on the improvised range by a detachment of newly-arrived Americans. More realistic practice was provided by taking the newcomers to Namkwi, a nearby village, where they could be pitted against the Japanese occupying force and disengaged if the situation became too hot.

Allied dispositions around the besieged town —and it was not always clear who was laying siege to whom—consisted of strong-points with gaps between them, and this made for murderous combat. There was infiltration and counter-infiltration, constant patrol clashes, uncertainty as to the whereabouts of friendly and hostile forces, and the ever-present threat of units being cut off. It was no wonder that the raw American troops sometimes went to pieces. Many were simply terrified, and there were instances in which engineer units broke and ran under fire, abandoning their wounded. Fifty individual cases were recognized as "psychopathic." One lieutenant of whom we heard suddenly discovered, upon being ordered to take a patrol out, that he was a conscientious objector (which did not spare him a court-martial).

The occurrence that brought home to us most tellingly the peculiar horror of the Myitkyina fighting was one that involved a company of engineers. On its way to take up a position, the company met a patrol of Asiatic soldiers it took to be Chinese. The two units come together and exchanged friendly greetings. It was not until the leader of the other force asked that the company lay down its arms that the inexperienced American captain realized that he had fallen into a Japanese trap. A dreadful toll was taken of the American company by Japanese machine-gunners before the survivors escaped. The company was never re-constituted.

VICTORY BY THE UNFIT

THE engineers in time became first-rate combat soldiers, but not before they had suffered heavy casualties. There was no component of the Myitkyina force that was not hard hit. The detachment of Chindits on the Irrawaddy was reduced to 25 by attrition before the remnant was evacuated. The Chinese did not escape either. They fought and died heroically. Within three weeks of the first assault upon Myitkyina, the 150th and 89th Regiments were able to muster only 1,000 men between them, in addition to which only two other Chinese battalions could be scraped together.

It was only too plain that many of the Chinese troops were to begin with wholly unprepared for the kind of combat that took place at Myitkyina. At a time when supply was particularly tight and a dozen disabled planes on the Myitkyina airstrip gave graphic expression to the situation, we heard that some of the Chinese units were recklessly firing off by night all the ammunition that could be flown in by day.

"They lie back in their foxholes and turn their machine guns loose like hoses," one of the Americans told us. "You'd think it was a damned amusement park, to see the tracers." The disgust of the 5307th was surpassed, however, by the fury of the adjoining Chinese regiment, which threatened to attack the offenders unless they behaved.

Before we had ever set out for Myitkyina, we were convinced that Stilwell's headquarters was overreaching itself. What we thought the results would be, I do not remember. I am sure, however, that we never anticipated quite what sort of reckoning there would be. Receiving only fragmentary information, we were not, in the first couple of weeks, aware of the dimensions of the reckoning as it unfolded. We had barely digested the news that the evacuation of the 5307th could not be completed, when we learned that orders had been issued that any of us who could walk were to be sent back to Myitkyina. We were stunned. As the official history was to put it, "This order was in sharp contrast to the men's expectation that after reaching Myitkyina they would have a long period of recuperation." It was indeed.

On the heels of this order, the convalescent camp was combed and 200 were adjudged sufficiently recovered to be sent back in. Of these, 50 were pronounced unfit for any kind of service upon arrival at Myitkyina and were returned. (The remaining 150 were among the veterans assigned to the new battalions who shared in the six Distinguished Service Crosses earned at Myitkyina by members of the 5307th.)

Then began a time when the Marauders, who had done so much fighting, were themselves fought over. On one side was Stilwell's headquarters, which was placing "extremely heavy moral pressure, just short of outright orders . . . on medical officers to return to duty or keep in

the line every American who could pull a trigger." On the other were the medical officers themselves—the unit's own and the local hospital authorities—who were determined not to certify as fit for combat men who were broken physically and mentally.

General Stilwell was later reported to have been appalled at the overzealous interpretation given his instructions by his subordinates. On this point I cannot testify. On one occasion when these subordinates succeeded in loading several hundred convalescents into trucks, the medical officers took after the convoy in Jeeps, intercepted it and forced it to return.

In the end, the doctors won. The pressure at Myitkyina was progressively relaxed, and thereafter no more wholesale movements of troops from the 5307th back to combat were attempted. And at long last, yielding to mounting pressure, the town fell. In the meantime, the 5307th had been totally wrecked.



THE REASONS WHY

IT HAPPENED that I was picked—I forget why, but perhaps it was because I had been designated adjutant of the rest camp, for some reason—to write a report for the Army's morale division explaining what had happened.

I could testify from my own experience that it was impossible for men to make any kind of recovery when release from the hospital automatically meant return to combat while they were still suffering nervous and physical exhaustion. I found myself with a strange debility that sometimes made me feel I could not get out of my chair. It was like being drugged. It could not be explained by the cut in my heel, which had largely been cured, or by the malaria from which I had just recovered, and I concluded it must be mental, the result of the all-pervasive fear of being sent to Myitkyina.

The only thing to do—for the frightening ailment seemed to be growing—was to take the bull by the horns. So I got myself flown to Myitkyina—and was sent back again by Colonel Osborne, who said his purpose was to get the 5307th out of the place, not reassembled there. (The Myitkyina airfield, surrounded by trenches and red, green, blue, and white nylon supply-drop parachutes strung up as tents, resembled a fair grounds in hell.)

That was only part of it, however. To begin with, the 5307th was a volatile compound. What had held it together through the long campaign was danger, isolation, and impatience to get a detested job done. Toward the end, it kept going on promises, first the promise of a respite after Nhpum Ga, then the promise of a comfortable rest camp with real shower baths after Myitkyina. The default on the first promise left an ineradicable mark. The results of the second did not matter so much. The rest camp turned out to consist of mud-floored huts surrounding a few overgrown cow pastures, and the showers were two old oil drums and some lengths of rusty pipe that were dumped off the back of a truck one day with the injunction that we could make anything we wanted to out of them. It was merely annoying to reflect that the base-area troops a few miles away, who had yet to spend a night out of their beds, had finished, concrete shower-stalls which no one had suggested they share with us. The effect was more serious when some of our early evacuees who had been on furlough brought back stories of electric fans and refrigerators that rear-echelon officers at New Delhi had abstracted out of the supply line for their offices or even private use—which explained why our sick and injured had in many cases to swelter in airless wards, without cold drinks.

Above all, when I wrote the report, my mind went back to an observation made by Tom Senff, the officer beside whom I had stood at our first formation. On this last occasion we were watching the column trudging into a bivouac area one evening on the way to Myitkyina. The way the men looked, they made you think of gaunt-faced, fanatic-eyed, and for the most part bearded Indian holy men.

"They look as if it were the end of war for them, don't they?" he said. "But, you know, all they need is a pat on the back, a little recognition of what they've done—maybe a parade—and they'd be back in here next season ready to do it all over again."

What happened was just the opposite. At the end, they were made to feel inadequate and shamed.

Many swallowed their feelings—and many did

not. With the first general releases from the hospital, the building where the men's private belongings had been stored was ransacked and the contents either stolen or destroyed in sheer wanton violence. The signs of demoralization multiplied. The rest camp, as it filled up, was little better than a shambles and at night was enlivened by gunfire—for no one had seen fit to challenge the men on the retention of their side arms. Almost all the unit's officers were either at Myitkyina or in the hospital, and the policy of the local MPs was—wisely, I think—to keep out of the way as much as possible. Back pay and stolen articles were converted into beer or, which was much worse, a product of the Assam Distilleries labelled "Bull-Fight Brandy," which had been proscribed by the military authorities because it turned men into maniacs who would as soon assault an officer as look at him. (I had myself to swing a chair at two of them who were trying to demolish the little Red Cross building one night.)

Work details were impossible to assemble and discipline impossible to enforce; there was nothing with which to threaten the rebellious except the guardhouse, and this would have appealed to most of them as a luxurious alternative to Burma. AWOLs were wholesale, and as furloughs began to be granted, the MPs in Calcutta had their hands full. Those in the rest camp lived like bands of castaway pirates, gambling and pitching empty beer cans out the windows. Inspecting officers arrived from various echelons and went away with pursed lips. However, either for reasons of pity or apprehension, no effort was made to impose discipline from the outside. I doubt very much if it could have been done.

Thievery was rampant, in fact was one of the worst problems. In an innocent effort to combat it by stimulating the organization's pride, I procured a two-foot square of sheet metal and some oil paints from an ordnance depot and spent a couple of days laboriously constructing a large replica of our dramatic and colorful insignia. This insignia, which local Indian tailors were beginning to reproduce for us on shoulder-patches, was one by which we set particular store since we had designed and conferred it upon ourselves (no one else had appeared likely to confer one upon us). I hung my handiwork from a telephone pole outside the orderly room. All day, as word of the ornament spread, groups of soldiers came to gaze up at it and stop by to express their extravagant admiration of it. It was stolen the first night and never recovered.

No doubt, with General Merrill's recovery and the return of Colonel Hunter from Myitkyina, the 5307th could have been pulled back together again—with an effort. But by then a new regulation had been issued by the Army authorizing the return to the United States of all those with over two years' foreign duty. This applied to two-thirds of the 5307th's strength. Of the remainder, those who were still fit were incorporated in a larger force that, the following winter, was to complete the task the Marauders had begun and reach the Burma Road. I myself was ordered back to the United States for another kind of duty.

THE 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional) never even had a final formation. It simply trickled away. But before then, we had had our moment. At the high point of our delinquencies, the Distinguished Unit Citation was bestowed upon us from Washington. The order read:

> After a series of successful engagements in the Hukawng and Mogaung Valleys of North Burma in March and April 1944, the unit was called on to lead a march over jungle trails through extremely difficult mountain terrain against stubborn resistance in a surprise attack on Myitkyina. The unit proved equal to its task and after a brilliant operation of 17 May 1944 seized the airfield at Myitkyina, an objective of great tactical importance in the campaign, and assisted in the capture of the town of Myitkyina on 3 August 1944.

As far as we were concerned, the Army had made it up to us.

When I left, carrying in a suitcase what remained unfilched of my possessions, there appeared to be nobody around to say good-by to, except a lieutenant outside the orderly room. I think it must have been young Caldwell of Tennessee, for I seem to recall that he wore the broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hat Caldwell had found in a bazaar and habitually wore with the courtliness of a Southern planter. I seem also to recall that the wave of the hand with which he indicated the area of the camp was languid and majestic, in the Caldwellian manner.

"The time will come," he observed, "when you will feel you were with the Green Mountain Boys and Mad Anthony Wayne's Indian fighters and Morgan's Raiders. And being as big an idiot as I am, you will wonder how anyone as fearful and unworthy as you could have been included in such a glorious company."

Young Caldwell was wise beyond his years.

By BRUCE BLIVEN

Drawings by Tom Funk



ERMA, *the automatic banker*

Some people love her—even though she does weight 25 tons, has a memory like a herd of elephants, and threatens to make most bankers as obsolete as the celluloid collar.

LIKE many other people, I am allergic to bankers. When I get in front of a barred cage I somehow feel as though I were inside one. It doesn't help me much, either, to put me instead before a desk, or a long flat counter. I sit there and brood about bankers: what right have they to look so neat and tidy, when my hair is flying, my collar points are waving in the breeze, and my shoes are scuffed? Why should the bankers be able to do mental arithmetic so fast and so accurately, and to keep their pencils so nicely sharpened, when mine are always broken? At such a time I am in no mood to hear the banker's invariable reply to a request for a loan, which in substance is, "Do you need it? If you need it, you can't have it."

The only fun I ever get in connection with banking is to find and report a mistake in my account—I mean, of course, a mistake in the bank's favor: let's have no idealistic nonsense about this. Such a mistake happens a lot less often than I am inclined to think, and usually in the spring, when the boys and girls who operate the adding machines naturally begin to look out the window and think the long thoughts of youth at that time of the year.

When I heard that a machine has been invented that will, broadly speaking, do away with the profession of banking, I was delighted, and went at once to make its acquaintance.

The Electronic Recording Machine, Accounting, as it is called, lends itself easily to a feminine alphabetic nickname—Erma. She can be found for the moment at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California. To be sure I had a couple of other reasons for being interested, besides a natural aversion to bankers: Erma is the first application of really elaborate automation at what might be called the retail level, as well as being one of the most fantastically complicated instances of the new technique ever devised. She was built to order for the Bank of America, this country's largest financial institution, over a period of five years, and at a heavy cost.

The Stanford Research Institute is itself a fabulous place, a great center where more than 1,200 highly skilled experts invent and develop all sorts of things for the benefit of mankind. But sternly resisting a lot of fascinating bypaths, I went straight to the building where Erma dwells. There I enjoyed the benefit of being introduced to her by Thomas H. Morrin, Director of Engineering for the SRI, the man more responsible than any other for bringing Erma into being, a process that took the services of many experts—at times, as many as a hundred working simultaneously. Mr. Morrin is a youngish man who looks like an egghead version of Herb Shriner (a statement calculated to make both of them mad). He is obviously in love with Erma, the twenty-five-ton beauty who has played Galatea to his Pygmalion, and I must say I don't blame him.

The first thing you see as you enter Erma's big, square, low-ceilinged room is two forty-foot rows of gray steel cabinets. From the front they look tidy enough, but their insides are a mass of what seems to be hopelessly confused, varicolored electric wiring, like bushel baskets full of Easter angleworms. At one side there are several mechanisms more or less resembling gray steel rolltop desks, with their tops open. There are seats for four operators, each of whom has before her a bank of adding-machine keys.

Now let Mr. Morrin take over. The questions from here on are by me, the answers by Mr. M.

Just what is Erma?

Erma is a device for performing almost all the functions of a bank—except handing out flowers to the lady depositors on opening day. She carries in her electronic memory full details on 50,000 active bank accounts. When a deposit



is made, or a check is drawn, an operator records the amount on one of the keyboards, and that is the *only* human operation that is involved. (Even that one is not needed, if the check is written in special magnetized ink; big corporations using the facilities of the Bank of America will probably soon start doing this.)

Each customer of the bank is given a number, which is printed in magnetic ink on all his checks and deposit slips. This number includes identification of the branch bank where he is a depositor.

The girl puts the check or deposit slip into the machine as she writes down the amount of money involved. Erma then looks up the current balance in, let us say, John Smith's account, and adds the amount of the deposit, or subtracts the amount of the check—all in the fraction of a second. She then remembers the new balance until it is changed again.

What happens if this check overdraws Mr. Smith's account?

In that case, the machine stops work and flashes a red light. An official—one of the few human survivors of the new age in banking—can then look over the situation and decide what to do.

Part of your funds might be in a "hold" account, so that cashing the check would cut into them too deeply. Or you might have stopped payment on a check. Either or both of these facts can be fed into the machine, and Erma will remember them—for months, if necessary—and flash her red light when the situation arises.

Assuming this is not all necromancy, how does Erma do it?

By recording bits of statistical information on magnetized tapes or drums, a process essentially the same as in any tape recording. Erma has two magnetized drums, each of which will store 300,000 bits of information. Your current balance is on one of these drums, and today's transactions are handled there. A little later this information is transferred, automatically, to a series of magnetic tapes, where it is stored serially by account number. A section of the tape is left vacant for your account, the amount of room depending on the average number of checks you write.

Suppose I suddenly start writing a great many more checks each month?

The machine will remark this fact, and will arrange to increase the amount of space available for your account.

I notice that several operators are working at the same time feeding information into the machine. What happens if two of them should depress their keys at the same instant?

This is not very likely, since recording each transaction takes only half a second. If it did, however, Erma would hold up one transaction half a second longer before recording it. The operators would never know the difference.

With all this machinery, how do I know that there won't be an electronic error wiping out my balance, the whole eleven dollars?

Nothing made by man is perfect, and Erma does make mistakes. She makes about one error in every 100,000 transactions. The average bank clerk does this about every two or three thousand transactions.

When the girl depresses the keys to record the

amount of your check or deposit slip, the sum appears on a tape within easy view. Thus the accuracy of the transaction is checked at the very beginning.

How do you get the information out of the machine for the clerks to write out my monthly balance for me?

We don't; remember, this machine does *all* the routine functions of a bank. The magnetic tapes which carry all your transactions since the first of last month also carry, in the same form, your name and address. At the end of the month (or on any other specified day) Erma runs the tape through a high-speed printer which prints on a statement form your name, address, all the facts about the checks cleared during that month, and your final balance. Erma does this at the rate of ten lines per second—and we expect this soon to be increased to fifteen. This means that the average monthly statement is completed in three seconds.

Then all that the clerks have to do is to sort out my checks and put them into the envelope with my statement?

Wrong again; Erma automatically sorts all the checks received, by account numbers. She sorts them first according to the last digit to the right, reading the magnetized numbers in Arabic numerals or in code. Then the checks are run through again, the second digit from the right is read, and so on, until the checks have been sorted by your entire number and the number of the branch bank. Erma does this at the rate of ten a second; the speed is so high that the feeding and stacking have to be done pneumatically, not mechanically. The rate of error is about one in 100,000; Erma recently sorted 300,000 checks with no errors at all.

Erma must use an awful lot of electricity?

Yes.

What happens if there is a power failure in the middle of a transaction? I guess you are in a mess?

No; as a matter of fact, Erma has been trained so that if there is a power failure, she stops between transactions.

THIS seemed to me so completely impossible that I stood staring at Erma in stubborn disbelief. I was looking, at the moment, at the bank of "input" keyboards. Above them is a panel with lights to show whether anything is wrong and if so, where. Let's face it, Erma is a complicated mechanism; this panel contains 5,000 bulbs. At this moment, Erma winked at me enigmatically. I'm no electronics engineer, and I don't know just what she meant by this.

Every important new machine means some technological unemployment. Past experience suggests that this is temporary, and is offset by the increased prosperity of our civilization as a whole. In Erma's case, I am informed, nine people can do comfortably the work that fifty people are doing today, even though there is already a substantial degree of automation in banking. Four operators and one supervisor are needed to put checks and deposit slips into the machine, running at full capacity; four people, on another shift, are needed to superintend the high-speed printer and the check-sorter. Eventually, it is obvious that forty-one people who might otherwise have been employed, won't be. The Bank of America has ordered thirty-



seven replicas of Erma, to take care of the needs of 1,850,000 customers; but the Bank, like everything else in California, is growing very fast, and competent personnel are hard to find. Its officials say that no one already employed will lose his job because of Erma. In fact, thousands of new people will be hired, even during the period of change-over.

While I'm in love with Erma, I can see that this is probably a temporary infatuation on my part. Eventually, my old hostility will rise again, to be soothed only when the bank begins to make mistakes in its own favor. I can't very well wait for 100,000 of my deposit slips or checks to clear; sometimes I go months without that many transactions in my account. Mr. Morrin is obviously trying to keep Erma from learning when it is spring and from getting that dreamy look in her transistors; but a machine this smart is bound to notice, sooner or later. My day is coming.

John W. Gardner

The great hunt for EDUCATED TALENT

The president of the Carnegie Corporation reports on what the shortage of educated talent promises for the uncommon man, for the universities, and for business.

EVERYONE is familiar with the hopelessly difficult plight of the young graduate of a technical institution. On the day he finishes college he may be forced to make a painful choice among the fat salaries offered him by dozens of corporations. Without experience he can command from $360 to $500 a month. He sorts out the firms that compete for his favors.

"We don't screen them," an official of one of the great industrial firms has said: "they screen us."

Not everyone, however, realizes that the talent hunt extends far beyond technicians and engineers. We are, it is plain, in the midst of a revolution in society's attitude toward talent. For the first time in history men and women of high ability and advanced training are not merely finding a market for their gifts; they are being pursued, flattered, and fought over. Never in the history of America have so many people spent so much money in search of talent. Never before have educators worked so hard trying to identify gifted youngsters, and, when they have found them, tried so conscientiously to nurture their abilities.

Throughout the ages human societies have always been extravagantly wasteful of talent. Today we can no longer afford to be. Among the historic changes which have marked our era this may in the long run prove to be one of the most profound.

If you are in any doubt that the search for the uncommon man is in full swing, ask the nearest executive what he is doing to find good men. Last year General Electric had recruiting teams on two hundred campuses. Great law firms that twenty years ago waited regally for bright law-school graduates to knock at their doors, now match wits with other firms to entice the young to their paneled offices. Government agencies comb the colleges for promising young men and women. You no longer hear the anecdotes about the cocky, impractical college graduate who came on the job bursting with confidence and muffed every assignment. It is now the employers, not the young men, who have their hats in their hands.

Both groups have what is certainly an absurd faith in the utility of a college degree. ("Business," says the National Manpower Council, "strongly prefers the college graduate."). But there is nothing absurd about the fact that the world of work needs educated talent and is willing to pay handsomely for it.

Twenty years ago the old and distinguished institutions of higher learning thought their only responsibility was to act as coolly as possible toward applicants; now they scour the nation for superior students. $55,000,000 in scholarship programs helps them to attract and train talented young people, and the colleges and universities are aware that virtually the total future leadership of our society—political, cultural, industrial, technical, professional, educational, and agricultural—has become their province. Indeed, one of the most important consequences of the rise of educated talent is the wholly new position of the colleges and universities in our national life. As the cradle of our national leadership, their role is increasingly weighty and powerful.

The great talent hunt is not without its problems. It is bound to change the nature of some of our institutions and strain others. Let us assess the forces that have led to the hunt, see how it is being conducted, and try to predict its future course.

The nature of our life and times provides the background for the talent hunt, and the demand runs far deeper than the much advertised shortages of the moment. The problem created by the low birth rate of the 1930s is part of the present difficulty. This will pass. Some of our current shortages are a direct result of our intensive military research and development. This may or may not pass.

But there is a far deeper current that has been running for centuries and is now growing into a great wave. Our present demand for talent is not, as some people insist, a mere by-product of prosperity. It is the nature of our society that has churned up the wave of demand—the rapid rate of our technical innovation and the social complexities that have come in its wake. We are only beginning to understand that one of the marks of a modern complex society is an insatiable appetite for educated talent. It is not just technologists and scientists that we need. We desperately need gifted teachers, professional men, scholars, critics, and seers.

THE MAN WITH THE DEGREE

BUT let us go back a generation and more and see what has happened to change the American attitude toward talent, and why.

As few as fifty years ago the only fields that *required* advanced training were medicine, law, the ministry, and the scholarly fields. Only a tiny number of leaders in other fields could boast college degrees. Today the "man with a degree" is taking over every central and significant activity in our society.

The figures are revealing. Since the turn of the century, the population has nearly doubled, but the number of bachelor's and first professional degrees has multiplied about eleven times, and the number of doctoral degrees about twenty-two times. A look at the eighty years between 1870 and 1950 reveals that the number of professional workers has grown three and a half times faster than the population, and three times faster than the labor force generally.

The most dramatic change has, as you might expect, taken place in science and technology. In 1870 scientists and engineers were so little in demand that they represented only 3 per cent of professional men. Now they constitute 20 per cent. In 1870 a scientist, engineer, or technician was only one worker in 1,100. In 1950 he was one in sixty.

It is not so easy to measure the demand for high ability and advanced training in managerial and administrative jobs, but there is not the slightest question that business and industry now recruit their top leaders from the ranks of highly educated men.

"Education," says Lloyd Warner, who recently completed a study of business leadership, "has become the royal road to positions of power and prestige in American business and industry."

One needs only to look at the astonishing rise of professional schools of business to confirm this observation.

Roughly two-thirds of American college graduates already take their degrees in some form of professional education. The old-line professions such as law and medicine have vastly strengthened their position in the past half-century. They have raised standards of professional training, and have learned effective ways of advancing their own professional interests. Fields such as teaching and engineering, which were not universally recognized as professional fields fifty years ago, are now well established in that category. Meanwhile, newer fields such as social work and accountancy are energetically raising their standards, strengthening their associations, and demanding full professional status.

And the professions are playing an increasingly important role in public administration at all levels—federal, state, and local. The highly trained man now sits behind a government desk, not just as an "expert" in statistics or economics, but—for better or worse—as an administrator of public affairs.

This growth of the professions is a striking social development. If the present trend continues, it is quite possible that within a few years a very high proportion of all educated talent will be professionalized.

AS THE demand for educated talent has grown, so, of course, have the prominence and influence of our educational institutions. The college population has increased more than fifty times since 1870 and there is reason to believe that it will at least double and possibly triple in the next twenty years. While the number of schoolteachers has doubled since 1910, the number of college teachers has multiplied ten times. Higher education is now available in more than 1,800

institutions scattered over the face of the nation. In 1952 the physical plant and plant funds of these institutions were valued at 9.7 billion dollars. Anyone who thinks he has kept abreast of the tremendous growth of higher education might try naming the thirty-eight American universities with enrollments of over 10,000 students. Few well-informed Americans could name even half of these giant institutions.

But size and numbers tell only a small part of the story. The colleges and universities have rooted themselves in important and little recognized ways in our national and international life. Everyone links the names Salk and Enders with the polio vaccine, but few go on to think of their home bases, the universities of Pittsburgh and Harvard. The engineering professors are at home in industrial plants near their campuses. A university's agricultural specialists advise farmers throughout the state. Those universities that are working on defense contracts for the federal government have developed gargantuan research laboratories—like Berkeley's radiation lab and its cyclotron—and expend hundreds of millions of public dollars a year.

Outside our borders, experts from American universities are conducting projects in nearly every country of the free world. Anyone who travels in the far places of the world today is accustomed to the fact that no matter how remote the village or countryside, he may encounter an engineer from Purdue, or a public-health expert from Johns Hopkins, or an anthropologist from Cornell, or an agricultural expert from the University of Maryland. In Bonn he will find a former president of Harvard serving as American Ambassador. Men from our universities are advising foreign governments, working devotedly for our own government, carrying on fundamental research, applying new discoveries, and in endless ways affecting the shape of the future.

There is no question that our colleges and universities have achieved remarkable prestige, and that they are being given tasks of unprecedented range and importance. Furthermore, they hold the key to professionalization. When the members of any occupation want professional status they start by trying to establish courses in their field in the college curriculum. As Robert Merton has pointed out, the universities play a central role in establishing the legitimacy of a new profession—from hotel management to forestry. And in the process they establish standards of training, of professional practice and values which will govern future professionals.

The demand for talent is now so familiar to us that it seems wholly unremarkable. Yet it is a profound change in human affairs. Throughout history, mankind has given only a very few of its gifted individuals the chance to develop their gifts. Generally speaking, those individuals whose talents have been discovered and cultivated have been like chance out-croppings of precious rock; the great reserves of human talent have lain all undiscovered below.

Without the major changes in social organization that followed the Industrial Revolution the present role of educated talent would not have been possible. Almost all societies before the Industrial Revolution were "societies of status," in which what counted was not *what a man could accomplish,* but *who he was.*

DO WE REALLY VALUE EXCELLENCE?

THE American people, spurred by religious, political, and social views which laid enormous emphasis upon individual opportunity, moved farther and faster than any other nation in rejecting this kind of status society. In the United States, to an unprecedented degree, the individual's social role has come to be determined not by *who he is* but by *what he can accomplish.*

A society which has done away with the distinctions of a status system, however, has not just by so doing solved the problem of dealing with human differences. It still must decide what its attitude will be toward *excellence,* and this is something about which we have never quite made up our minds. In some matters we seem unstintingly committed to recognize excellence, to cherish high standards of quality and, in the words of William James, "to disesteem what is cheap, trashy, and impermanent." But in others we enshrine the mediocre, fear and scorn superior performance, and tie down every Gulliver who appears.

A tension between these conflicting views is inherent in our thinking and way of life; only recently has necessity swung the balance markedly toward the preferment of excellence.

Some people, particularly in the academic world, have been worried by what they believe to be popular hostility to people of high ability and advanced training. Such "anti-intellectualism" does exist in some measure, but it is not a major factor in the future of educated talent in the United States. The forces which have made for acceptance and assimilation of educated

talent have been so overpowering that they have swept all opposition before them. It is the rule rather than the exception that our society has accepted, encouraged, nurtured, and even coddled the man of gifts and training.

REWARDS AND HAZARDS

WHAT are some of the consequences of the new position that educated talent has achieved?

One is already obvious: We shall give far more attention to the development of human capacities than we have in the past. Stung by grave shortages in various fields, we have already started the search for gifted youngsters. Sooner or later we shall have to find more adequate ways to educate the ones we find.

We will also have to try to salvage the able youngsters who are now lost to higher education —those who are prevented by financial need and inadequate motivation from continuing their education. We will have to find a way to give the gifted student active guidance at elementary and high-school levels to show him (and his parents) the potentialities which he has for further education. We will have to increase scholarship assistance for needy young people. In these and innumerable other ways we shall have to discover and make full use of all the sources of talent in the population.

Far more intense competition in the educational system will also result from the new position of educated talent. The cash value that the world attaches to a college degree cannot escape the notice of youth.

Youth knows, for example, that the armed services recognize a college degree as a good signal that a young man is potential officer material. They are also aware of the value which the world attaches to high grades. The recruiting teams who appear on the campus each year to interview the "top quarter" or "top half" of the class have left an indelible impression on many a sophomore and junior.

This intensified competition is going to extend even farther down the line and will make itself felt in all of our schools. The never-ending talent hunt, the incessant testing programs, and the emphasis upon achievement is bound to point up individual differences in youngsters at very early age levels. The consequences of this are by no means wholly attractive. Indeed, in some respects they make one shudder. We can only hope that ways will be found to soften the edge of competition and minimize harsh comparisons. We must hope, too, that we shall have the wisdom to avoid a tyranny of the aptitude tester.

The rise of trained talent will greatly increase the emphasis on the importance of graduate training. Higher levels of expertness will be identified with advanced degrees.

Although the total plant for higher education is vast in size, facilities for graduate training are still very limited. In 1950, there were 148 American institutions of higher education offering programs that lead to the Ph.D. And a surprisingly small fraction of these carries the major burden of training our professional, scholarly, scientific, and technical leaders. Of the 3,000 physicists with doctoral degrees listed in the 1949 edition of *American Men of Science,* 85 per cent received their degrees from one or another of thirty-three leading institutions. In other words, the tremendously important national job of training our highest echelons of professional, scientific, and scholarly talent falls to a very small group of first-line institutions.

We are bound to see more and greater emphasis upon specialization. This poses a familiar dilemma. The tremendous rewards for specialization encourage narrow training; and for certain purposes of science, business, and government, this is useful. But a world of ever-ramifying specialties soon cries out for generalists. Someone must be able to see beyond his immediate job and be able to cope with the larger relationships.

With this in mind, the most forward-looking of our colleges and universities are making active efforts to ensure that every specialist will build his specialty on a base of general education so that he will have some flexibility and breadth as a background for specializing. What the future is going to demand is specialists who are capable of functioning as generalists.

There are other reasons for avoiding narrow specialization. The youngster who trains himself as a narrow specialist, in the belief that there will always be a demand for his specialty, may be in for a nasty jolt. Our world changes so rapidly that no one can promise that today's specialty will be needed tomorrow. The way in which a group of specialists is required to function may change overnight and the demand for them may disappear; a new professional field may take over the functions of an older one; skills that have been acquired by long hard work may be out of date in a decade. To be safe a man must have professional training that is broad and flexible enough so that he can survive the ups and downs

of demand and adapt himself to changing situations. If he has such breadth and flexibility, a highly trained man can look to the future with considerable confidence.

There are, as I have mentioned, those who fear that the present educational boom is wholly a product of the economic boom. They are afraid that our heavy college enrollments could not survive a setback in the economy. It seems to me that this fear is unwarranted. During the Depression of the 1930s, college and graduate school enrollments did not drop. They rose. The yearly expenditure for scientific research and development more than doubled during that decade.

This is not to say that the educated man enjoys a pleasant invulnerability to economic setbacks, but men of high ability and advanced training will probably suffer less than any other sector of society from hard times. It would be foolish to say that they will not suffer at all. As a matter of fact the data at hand indicate that the college man outstrips the non-college man with astonishing ease in every measure of worldly success. Taking good times and bad, he is more apt to be employed, gets better jobs, earns more money, and gets ahead faster.

THE COLLEGES' ROLE

AMERICAN higher education has profited immensely by the affection of the American people, but it also has experienced considerable stress as a result of that affection. The more the American people have loved the colleges and universities, the more they have demanded of them. And they have not hesitated to heap Herculean tasks upon institutions of higher education.

On the whole, our colleges and universities have found the strength and leadership to accomplish the vital social tasks that have been pressed on them. It is fortunate that they have, because they are now facing a challenge greater than any they have known so far. The tasks ahead of them are so staggering that sensible people will inevitably ask whether the nation can afford the enormous expense that the growth of its educational system will demand. Our educational institutions are already groaning audibly under their financial burdens. And now they are faced with the necessity to treble in size. Can America foot the bill?

The simplest response is to pose another question: What percentage of the gross national product has been expended upon our educational system, and how rapidly has it increased in recent years?

The astonishing truth is that it has not increased at all and that it is very modest. The one anomalous feature of this entire picture of vast growth and vitality in education is that the American citizenry has not faced up to paying the bill. While our educational institutions are suffering from underfinancing and are paying their teachers distressingly low salaries, our total expenditures for higher education stand at eight-tenths of one per cent of our gross national product. This percentage is today at the lowest point it has been since 1951, though during the past five years nationwide attention has focused on the financing of our colleges and universities. We spend about one and one-half times as much on tobacco products each year as we spend on higher education and about two and three-quarters as much on alcoholic beverages.

But the problem of financing, grave though it may seem, is not the only problem that faces the colleges and universities. In the excitement of pyramiding new tasks on them, the American people will do well to remember some old tasks.

Most of all, they will do well to remember that the first concern of higher education is the intellectual development of the individual student—not because we have to meet shortages of technicians, and not because there are jobs to be filled, but simply because we believe in the value of giving each young man and woman a chance to realize his individual potentialities.

They will do well to remember, too, that *excellence* is the proper concern of colleges and universities. Since they are now wholly committed to the task of educating our national leadership, they have no choice but to do it with distinction.

Under the pressure of huge enrollments ahead, we shall be tempted to let up on standards. Posterity will not forgive us if we do. Nor will the judgments which the world makes of America's capacity to exercise leadership be tempered because we were too *busy* to produce truly great scientists and truly wise statesmen.

We must turn out liberally educated men and women. Individuals of ability and advanced training are not only going to perform all of the highly specialized and highly technical roles in the society, all of the scholarly, scientific, and professional roles; they are going to manage the society. Whether they are top business executives, government administrators, professional men, teachers, technological experts, or scientists, they are going to guide and shape our future.

This means that our colleges and universities must produce not only specialists, but men with wisdom and breadth and a sense of values commensurate with their roles of leadership. Intelligence untempered by wisdom, competence unguided by a sense of values—these could be our downfall as surely as could ignorance and incompetence. In short, we must turn out men whose technical skills are matched by their breadth of comprehension, by their grasp of their own heritage, by largeness and liberality of mind.

In the years ahead the able youngster is going to receive very special attention. He is going to have lavish facilities placed at his disposal for the development of whatever gifts he may have. Such special treatment entails deep obligations. If we do not give our able youngsters a profound sense of this obligation, if we do not give them an abiding sense of responsibility to the society which has dealt with them so generously, we shall have done an injustice both to them and to the nation.

It cannot be said too often that more college degrees may not necessarily bring any increment in virtue or wisdom. Whether we shall have a steady flow into our leadership ranks of wise, liberally educated men and women with the creativity and the sense of values which the future demands—or whether we shall have a paralyzing flow of skilled opportunists, time servers, and educated fools—depends wholly upon the sense of values which guides our efforts.

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

H. M. STANLEY'S greeting, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" is one of the best-known remarks of the last century and is a classic example of Victorian banality. Even during Stanley's lifetime it became such a cliché that people began to wonder if he had really said it, but to Stanley there was no more bitter truth than that he had done so.

Many things were more important in his life than his search for Livingstone, and most of his biographers, quite rightly, make no more than a passing mention of it. He was only thirty when he was sent out in 1871, and there were still several years ahead of him before he was to begin on the real work of his career—the exploration of the Congo and the founding of the Congo Free State.

But throughout his life nothing was ever so important to him as his meeting and friendship with Livingstone, and even at the time he recognized it as being the supreme experience of his life. When he returned to civilization and was laughed at for saying "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" he was cut to the quick and would have denied saying it if he could, but it was already too late, for the expression had caught the popular imagination.

It plagued and haunted him for the rest of his life, and he was reminded of it even on the most solemn occasions. One of these was in 1890, nineteen years later, when he was at Oxford to receive an honorary degree. A large number of undergraduates had gathered to attend the ceremony, and as silence fell and Stanley knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, one of them suddenly called out, "Dr. Stanley, I presume?" It was inevitable and obvious, and everyone laughed. But Stanley was humiliated, because he had no sense of humour and had never been able to understand what the joke was about. It was a great personal tragedy to him that at the proudest moment of his life he himself had created it.

—From *Dr. Livingstone, I Presume,* by Ian Anstruther, to be published in February by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.



Keith Monroe

A better way to Adopt a Baby

A California corporation has pioneered a way to sell babies—on a plan which is both ethical and self-supporting. Adoption agencies all over the country are now moving in this direction, to the benefit of thousands of mothers, infants, and childless couples.

EIGHT years ago, a few doctors and businessmen in Los Angeles invented a new kind of adoption agency. It scandalized some social workers, and perplexed the state government, but it worked.

It was a corporation, in the business of selling babies.

At least its critics called it so. Defenders replied: "This is a *non-profit* corporation. It deals only with buyers who pass a strict investigation. Its price is the same to all. What's wrong with that?"

Evidently nothing much was wrong, for the Adoption Institute still gets its license renewed every year by the state, and now completes as many as eighteen transactions a month. In each transaction someone pays $750 to the Institute, and receives in return one tiny squalling bit of humanity.

The deal is quite respectable and joyous. It is praised by courts, churches, and, above all, by the childless couples who thus acquire a child without trafficking in the black or gray market for babies, and without waiting for years, as so many applicants to old-line adoption agencies are forced to do. An adoption through the Institute takes only nine to twelve months.

Actually, it was the old-line agencies' log jam in providing babies that gave birth to the Adoption Institute. As Dr. William Benbow Thompson, a Los Angeles obstetrician who has worked with adoption agencies for thirty years, explains it:

"In 1947 social-work concepts seemed crystallized, as far as adoption practices were concerned. The pattern was one of meticulous matching between the intellectual, physical, and racial backgrounds of the available baby and the hordes of prospective adoptive parents. This took time. Moreover, there was great concern lest a hidden trait in the child might become manifest later. So the baby was checked by many psychological tests. . . . All too often, by the time the decision could be made, the baby was eighteen months old or more and had been denied the warmth of family love during his most formative months.

"It was because a number of us wished to make agency attentions available for our clients, and felt that the services at hand were not satisfactory to either the adoptive parents or the natural mothers, that the Adoption Institute sprang into being."

The Institute was organized by angry people —angry at the delays and at the increasing number of Los Angeles County citizens who were going into the black market to buy bootleg children who might turn out to be physically deficient, or whose adoption might later be contested and nullified for many reasons.

The number of babies born out of wedlock in this country each year leaped from 87,900 in 1938 to 150,300 in 1952. Nobody knows what the number is at present. Thirty-three states no longer mention illegitimacy on birth certifi-

cates, and even the remaining fifteen aren't sure of their totals, since many such births are secret. Some qualified officials think illegitimacy in the United States may run as high as one in every twelve births.

An unknown number of the issue of these luckless conceptions are handed to someone, like bundles of laundry, without any legal process or signing of papers. They go through life without any birth certificates. And for those who get some sort of legal adoption, a huge percentage get it outside the channels of social agencies. In California it was 88 per cent when the Adoption Institute was formed.

Among the seventeen men and women who founded the Institute were John Greer, a management consultant; Dr. Joseph M. Harris, co-chief of obstetrics and gynecology at a large hospital; A. Bernard Shaw, a public-relations executive; the Reverend Kermit Castellanos, an Episcopal minister; Mrs. Dorothy Gallagher, a volunteer worker and trustee of several social agencies; Donald Dewar, an attorney and corporation president; and two prominent pediatricians, Drs. Alonzo Cass and Russell Sands. Some of them had worked amid the wreckage of "independent" adoptions; several had helped arrange such adoptions and sometimes had been sickened at the results.

"Why," these crusaders asked, "can't an agency support itself by charging fees from the people it serves?"

The question had been raised before. As early as 1940 the Child Welfare League of America had published articles on the subject, and some agencies had experimented with small fees. But many entrenched powers in the adoption field insisted that "Money shouldn't be a factor when human lives are at stake; agencies would be corrupted and commercialized by such practices." And, although the Child Welfare League is working for repeal of such restrictions, in many states it is still illegal to charge a fee.

The first executive director of the Adoption Institute, Mrs. Beatrice Pruski, a veteran sociologist, had a different idea. "An agency operating on fixed fees would be less tempted by financial considerations than one dependent on contributions," she wrote. "A community-supported agency, with its less definite source of income and continual pressure from those who raise its money, is under greater temptation to place children where it may expect sizable contributions later."

Whether or not this is strictly true may be open to question. But the philosophy on which the Adoption Institute was founded was that people who can afford to pay should be asked to—just as they would for the birth of their own child—leaving the state to provide, as it does in other cases, for those who cannot afford a fee.

The agency was a shoestring operation at first. Its founders gave or lent $5,424, which comprised the total capital. They hoped that by charging each adopting couple $570 the Institute could break even. They were wrong. By 1950 the Institute owed $2,500 in back bills and salaries. After long soul-searching—and loud arguments with the state authorities who thought a rise would price customers out of the market—the fee was raised to $750. The Institute has been solvent ever since.

There were other arguments, too, with the state's Department of Social Welfare during the first few years. Many of the Institute's board members were voluble critics of "bureaucracy" and the "welfare state." They resented what seemed to them the officiousness of the state inspectors. The inspectors, for their part, sometimes wondered whether the state had licensed a gaggle of crackpots.

Nearly every year when the Institute's license came up for renewal there were skirmishes. Then gradually the businessmen and the state workers made their peace. In 1951 the Department of Social Welfare announced: "The Adoption Institute has made an outstanding contribution in proving that a safe adoption program can be operated on a fee basis. We trust the current program can be expanded."

FINDING THE BABIES

THE Institute was trying to expand, but it was handicapped by a shortage of adoptable babies. Unmarried mothers didn't know about the agency. The board members decided to try—as agencies in several other cities had successfully tried—to beat the black marketeers at their own game and seek out these girls.

Admen on the board placed test advertisements in various media and checked results. They found they could attract a steady stream of pregnant girls with a listing in the classified telephone directory and a small ad in local newspapers worded like this:

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Considering adoption of baby. State-licensed agency. Information confidential. Call week days 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. WE 8-3777.

Most of the girls who came were overjoyed at the chance to give their baby a good start in life—to entrust it to sympathetic experts who would pick a family skillfully and follow through to make sure all went well. Few were much interested in money. All they wanted was enough to pay the costs of their confinement.

This is available to almost any needy girl, resident or non-resident, under California law. The Adoption Institute helped girls get it, with no strings.

"Don't relinquish your baby to us until you're sure you want to," the case-workers told the girls pleasantly. "Relinquishment means you'll never see the child again, nor know who has it."

Even if a girl was eager to sign away her rights, the Institute made her wait until she was out of the hospital and fully recovered, mentally and physically, from childbirth.

Realizing that a gray-market adoption would enable her to know the child's whereabouts, or that a black-market deal would put more money in her purse, a girl occasionally chose one of these. The case-workers argued against it, but never tried to coerce her.

If a girl decided to raise the child herself, the workers gave her their blessing. Like most sociologists, they believed that a girl forced to give up her baby unwillingly might be scarred for life. Of every hundred girls to whom the Institute talked, about twenty-one decided to keep the baby. About three decided to "place it independently." Of the remaining babies, about fifty-seven were adopted through the Institute. The remainder were not readily adoptable, because of some medical or legal drawback, and were eventually turned over to other agencies equipped to wrestle with long-term cases.

The Institute usually limits itself to quick, easy adoptions. This is the only way it can exist on a $750 fee. Because other Los Angeles agencies try to serve all comers, their average cost per adoption is around $1,350, which the public pays in taxes or charity. Therefore, the 707 adoptions which so far have been made through the Institute, at no cost to the public, might be said to have saved Los Angeles almost a million dollars.

Most of the Institute's cases cost it considerably less than $750. But some have cost as high as $3,000. If a baby born under Institute auspices turns out to be less than a "blue ribbon" child, the Institute nevertheless cares for it until some other plan—usually transfer to a long-term agency—can be worked out. Moreover, the Institute is frequently out of pocket for girls who think they want to relinquish their unborn child, but change their minds after delivery. The fee of $750 is simply a prorated share of total agency costs.

More babies would be available—and therefore costs would presumably be lower—if there still weren't so many doctors who scorn welfare agencies and play *deus ex machina* to bring together sterile couples and girls "in trouble." They think they can do as good a job of placement as agencies. But statistics refute them.

Odds against success are twenty times heavier in independent adoptions. A recent study in California showed that less than one per cent of the children placed by agencies are removed from the adoptive home before adoption is completed, but 20 per cent of the children placed independently are so removed.

Kindly souls who fix up independent placements are trying to help adult friends. They seldom worry about the youngest person involved. They dispose of a baby as they might a kitten or a puppy. At a recent symposium of doctors and lawyers, one man told of a woman who got a baby through a friendly attorney, and later beat the child to death. Another told of two doctors who placed babies with sterile patients, only to see both couples divorced in a year.

An article in a law journal told of other independent adoptions which were nullified in the courts. One attorney had thrust a baby on a couple aged sixty-eight and forty-six. Another settled a child with a good family, only to discover that the biological father—who was in jail—wanted his child and had a legal right to it. Still another gave a baby to a woman suffering from syphilis. A doctor set aside a baby for a divorcee who was in prison, serving time for grand theft and embezzlement. "Pending her release, the doctor cared for the infant in his own home, so that it could be placed with this fine woman," the account ended.

PICKING THE PARENTS

WHEN the Adoption Institute began placing babies at an average age of two and a half weeks, established agencies were shocked. Yet only three babies placed by the Institute have turned out to be abnormal. In these cases, independent doctors verified that the flaws would not have shown up by any standard test in less than a year. In 1952 the state govern-

ment gave another ringing endorsement: "The Adoption Institute has made a major contribution to the field of adoptions in setting a pattern of early placement which is now being followed by an increasing number of licensed agencies."

There is never a long waiting list at the Adoption Institute. When a couple apply, they are invited to a meeting with nine other couples. There they spend two hours with Ben Hoffman, a career man with twenty-one years' experience in social work, who is the current executive director.

"You are in competition with twenty-five other couples," Hoffman tells them. "How do we decide which couples to choose? Suppose you had to surrender a child of your own to be reared by strangers. What things would you want to be sure were present in that home? What things would you want to be sure weren't there?"

In open discussion, the group agrees that personality and emotional traits would be supremely important. As for yearly income, anything over $4,500 is adequate, and $6,000 is the average among couples who are approved.

Hoffman explains that preliminary study of a couple will cost them $20. If they survive this, the Institute will make a more exhaustive study, taking three months and costing another $60. Soon afterward, it will give them a yes or no. If the decision is yes, they'll be considered for every baby who is being placed. As soon as one comes along who matches them physically reasonably well, they'll pay $570 and get the baby. All this should take no longer than a year from their first application. During the following year the Institute—which still is the child's legal guardian—will keep a fatherly eye on them. When the court grants adoption papers, the family pays the Institute a final $100.

The Institute has only a few rigid and unvarying requirements for adoptive parents: the husband must be under forty-five and the wife under forty; they must both be of the same religious conviction as the natural mother, unless she specifically waives this; they must have been married at least two years; they must live in the Los Angeles area; and they must not demand a baby of high intelligence.

The Institute believes that no known test can determine an infant's intelligence, and it wants to find parents who can accept a child for whatever he is and see that he gets the right opportunities, regardless of the difference between his IQ and theirs. Any attempt at "temperamental" matching is also ruled out, since temperament is so largely influenced by environment.

The staff which investigates the prospective parents and selects the babies for each couple is made up of professionally trained psychologists, pediatricians, and social workers, who must meet standards set by the state. And the matching they do is largely a matter of physical characteristics: height, weight, facial skeleton, coloring of hair, eyes, and skin.

All prospective parents are warned that they may pay $80 and never obtain a child, but no couple is "canceled out"—the Institute avoids the word "rejected" for fear of inflicting spiritual wounds—except by the consensus of three interviewers after at least four visits. And the biggest risk is the first $20. The preliminary study cancels out three of every five couples—not because there is necessarily anything wrong with them, but purely as a statistical process of picking the best homes available for a limited number of babies. Of families who survive this study, 99 per cent pass the intensive study too.

Upon learning, in the first meeting, how they will be scrutinized, about 25 per cent of the applicants withdraw. The others are prepared to be investigated. This is one reason the In-

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FRED LAPE

Twentieth Century Pastoral:

Croquet

MY Aunt Ella always said
nothing showed humanity better
than a game of croquet under the elms.
But that was before cocktails and elm
beetles.

Croquet was such a genteel game.
You never lost your temper.
You hit a ball and hit a ball
and went to eat your supper.

But now the beetles strip the elms
and taxes strip the people.
The sun comes blazing on the ground,
and Ella's niece is flushed with liquor,
and someone always tries to cheat,
and everybody's angry,
and while we calm ourselves for dinner
we know why wars are predictable.

stitute is able to speed up the whole adoption machinery: the group meeting takes the place of many hours of individual interviewing, while the frankness of the staff enables many applicants to screen themselves out at the very start and prepares the others to expedite the investigation. Perhaps, too, there is something to be said for more efficient internal administration which comes from the presence of successful businessmen on the board.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

TODAY, if you ask an adoption authority outside California what he thinks of the Institute, he is likely to reply with a cautious mixture of tributes and reproof. Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League of America, sums it up this way:

> The praise given to the Adoption Institute for pioneering in the use of group meetings is definitely merited. . . . To our knowledge, the Institute was the first agency in the United States that supported itself wholly through fees. Almost half the agencies in the United States now charge a fee. However, it would be misleading to imply that the Institute has had any major influence in respect to fee charging.
>
> There is still some concern as to whether the professional practices of the agency are entirely sound. From my extremely limited knowledge of the agency, I believe it is certainly attempting to make them so, but there is a valid basis for reasonable doubt. The agency has not always been wise in its public relations. . . . Another thing the Institute did which was good, and which in 1947 only two or three other agencies were doing, was to eliminate waiting lists; applicants either got a baby or they did not. This did not mean, however, that a higher percentage got babies or that this solved the basic problem of too many people for too few babies.

Mr. Reid's last phrase gets at the heart of the whole adoption mess. As recently as the 1940s adoption agencies were combing the countryside for people who would adopt a child, and waging campaigns to popularize adoption. Then suddenly—for reasons which no one can pin down precisely—adoption became fashionable. All over America, agencies were caught with their facilities down. In California less than 1,000 children a year were being adopted before 1942.

By 1949 the number had quintupled—yet the agencies were handling fewer than before. Baby-bootleggers did most of the business.

Today it is estimated that 80,000 children a year are adopted in the United States. In twenty years this can be more than a million and a half young citizens whose character and integrity will have an influence on the nation as a whole. For society's sake, as well as their own, they deserve agency-protected adoptions. More, bigger, and smarter agencies are urgently needed.

However, as Mr. Reid says, there won't be enough babies to go around, no matter what the agencies do. Would-be foster parents outnumber the readily adoptable babies by 17 to 1, according to one survey. This is fortunate, not only for the babies but for other less readily adoptable orphans. Competition can sift out the best homes and also find parents who will warmly receive a blind or crippled child, an older youngster, one with a mixed racial background, or some other handicap which, in the past, would have condemned him to an orphanage. By expanding and speeding up, adoption agencies will take thousands of children off the black market and out of the institutions.

California's baby-bootlegging has weakened every year since the Adoption Institute started. Only 65 per cent of the state's adoptions are independent now. This is one of the best records among heavily-urbanized, transient-ridden states where unethical adoptions flourish (although it looks bad in comparison to such farm states as Wisconsin, where 85 per cent of adoptions are made through agencies).

After eight years of life, the Institute no longer has the embattled air of earlier days. Its current director feels secure enough to write, "The State Department of Social Welfare at times did have justifiable concern about what the Institute was doing: the use of the Rorschach test by an unskilled psychologist, some questionable casework, undue influence by some board members. These are normal ups and downs which a new agency has in becoming settled."

The Institute is still, apparently, the only adoption agency which is completely self-supporting. It is still, as representatives of other agencies like to emphasize, "the agency with the highest fee in the country." But the trend is moving in its direction. Most agencies are now striving valiantly to speed up service. They hold group meetings, place babies as young as five days, and accept fees to cover part of their costs. The black market and the gray market seem bound to fade as adoption experts, and the public, discover that there are ways to work together to buy a baby legally and ethically.

A Story by ROBIN WHITE

Drawings by Harry O. Diamond



FIRST VOICE

When I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do.
—N. T. Apocrypha, Wisdom of Solomon, VII, 3.

MY OLDER brother, Aaron, always did things the hard way. He had a flair for the dramatic, a sort of love of all things Indian, and it suited him: it was his style of living. Consequently, I was not surprised one morning when he announced his intention of becoming a Sannyasi, a holy man.

It was on a Sunday, shortly after the onset of the monsoon, and we were all seated around the breakfast table of the sprawling mission bungalow in Meigudy. Last night's rains had left everything washed bright, and the cool moist air, sifting in gently across the pillared verandas, was pervaded by an earthy smell of moss-coated plaster, old brick, and damp tile steaming under the morning sun. There was a certain pleasing sharpness to life—especially in the way the light sparkled on leaves and glinted along the blank white walls where ponderous rosewood furniture stood in chiseled outline—that made it difficult to think of the vari-colored insects which, not so long ago, had flown in on diaphanous wings from the darkness and the rain and now lay in an amorphous heap beneath the extinguished night lamp.

Father had just finished reading devotions, and since he insisted on a respectful silence before letting us eat, the butler stood with folded arms near the door, waiting for Mother to give the signal to serve the food by ringing the little elephant bell next to her fingerbowl. Everyone was waiting for her to hurry up and ring it and end the period of respectful silence, but she did not. There was a disciplinary action to be taken first: Aaron had been late coming down to breakfast. As a matter of fact, Father had to delay devotions nearly five minutes for him; and when he did finally wander downstairs he appeared at the table without a shirt.

Of course, it was too late then for Father to send him back after one, so with a grim look of disapproval, he proceeded to read from the Bible. Sometimes he would hand the Bible around and each of us would have to stumble over a little bit of it aloud. But this morning he kept it to himself, his voice stiff with restrained anger. None of us was thinking much about devotions because of Aaron. At least I wasn't. I kept wondering what Father would say to him when it was over. However I took care to keep my hands in my lap and my attention focused on the plate, except for one or two

sly glances at Aaron. I could tell something was bothering him just the way he sat, dressed in yesterday's dirty khaki shorts, barefoot, both elbows on the table, an abstract, pensive look in his eyes as he fingered his napkin ring.

Now Father hates to have anyone be late for Sunday morning devotions. He also hates to have any of us come "improperly clad" to the table. So I figured Aaron was just trying to bait him. He's an expert at that, Aaron is. Everything he does annoys Father. It seems to come naturally. You never turn around but what you see him busy getting the old man's goat.

As soon as the reading and prayers were over, Father set his books aside, shifted his chair, and looked sternly down his long nose at Aaron.

"Will you stop that incessant fiddling with your napkin ring!" he said, separating his words for emphasis.

Aaron jerked his head to throw his black hair away from his forehead, and giving the ring one last vigorous twirl, sat back in his chair, the skin of his forearms peeling away from the high polish of the table with a soft tearing sound. I waited for something to happen as the ring clattered insolently to a standstill.

"Where's your shirt, young man?" Father asked stiffly.

When Aaron did not reply, Mother admonished, "Aaron, dear, you know how your Father dislikes having you come to the table without a shirt."

Ordinarily this would have been the signal for Aaron to grumble some excuse and do as he was told. Instead he merely sat there, contemplating his fingernails with masterful indifference to Father's expanding anger. Then, just as I felt sure Father would explode and we would have a huge scene, Aaron looked up.

"I'm going to become a Sannyasi," he announced. "My mind's made up and that's what I'm going to be."

Barney started cackling right off before anyone could say a word, hunching up his narrow shoulders and clapping both hands over his mouth to hold back the laughter. In a way it was fortunate because freckled, toothy, good-natured little Barney was Father's favorite, and it lent a humorous air to what might have been a serious clash of wills.

"Salaam, svami," Claze said hoarsely, putting her palms together above her head and bowing low over the table in a mock version of the way pilgrims pay homage to a holy man, *"salaam, ayyar, salaam, salaam."*

The butler was convulsed and rushed out onto the veranda to tell the cook and gardener.

"Why on earth do you want to be one of those dirty old things?" Mother asked sympathetically, seeing that Aaron was in a frame of mind to be humored. "Surely there are a lot better things still left to try."

She was referring to the many different roles Aaron had already tried during past vacations: blacksmith, potter, musician, farmer, fisherman, laundryman, barber—almost every occupation Meigudy offered. The thing about it which impressed me was his love of realism. There was no halfway measure for Aaron. He either went all out or not at all. Usually these experiments of his lasted a day. Then he would grow tired, or disappointed, or he would say it was not what he was looking for.

The family took it as a big joke, one of those accentuated character traits which hurt no one and so should be tolerated. Of course it frustrated Father terribly, but Mother had persuaded him that the best way to handle Aaron was to laugh and pay no attention. I was more inclined to take him seriously—perhaps because Mother always said how much alike he and I were. At any rate, I generally took his side out of a feeling of respect. I mean if he and I really were as much alike as everyone claimed, then it was only logical that I should protect my interests. This idea of becoming a Sannyasi, however, was the first distinctly Hindu role Aaron had played, and I hedged at committing myself one way or the other because it seemed to alter the whole tone of his explorations. All the same I did have to agree there wasn't much else left for him to try.

"Whether there are or there aren't better things left for him to try, Hazel," Father said, speaking to Mother but looking at Aaron, "it makes no difference. He'll march right up to his room this instant and put on a shirt!"

"Do go along, dear," Mother coaxed.

With an expression of tragic forbearance, Aaron left the table. Mother and Father were both mildly amused, thanks to Barney's persistent cackling. They might not have been had they known what they were in for. But none of us knew then, and so with considerable peace of mind, Mother crossed off the incident, rang the bell, and chota got under way.

Aaron did not come back to the table. He went upstairs all right and we could hear him thumping around opening and closing drawers noisily. When he came down he used the outside stairs, and I saw that he was headed in the direction of the servants' quarters. He had with him a bundle of things and it was a safe guess

that he was bent on Sannyasi-ing as soon as possible. I wanted to go out and help him get started right then, but Father looked at me and said, "Now, Samuel, you sit still and finish up. One Sunday morning Sannyasi to a family is enough."

BY THE time I was allowed to leave the table, Aaron had disappeared, and except for a bundle of his clothes which I found in one of the empty godowns at the servants' quarters, there was no trace of him. Feeling listless, I wandered about the mission compound looking in all the special places he and I knew. I even took my bicycle and rode for a ways along the Sivaganga Road, which leads out past the Red Lands and the leper hospital. When I could find no trace of Aaron there, I tried the Hindu temple down by the river, and then the mission church, a tall white structure which rises above the huddled thatched roofs of the bazaar section and the market square. No one had seen Aaron.

At eleven I returned to the bungalow to join the family for church. Father was pacing the veranda. He had dressed in a vashti, as was his custom on Sundays, and he kept pulling his watch out of his shirt pocket, looking at it, and putting it back again. I leaned my bicycle against the wall and came up to him.

"Samuel," he said, "where's your brother?"

"I don't know, sir," I said. "I've been looking all over."

"We'll just have to start without him, Ernest," Mother said to Father. "Now run along and wash your face, Samuel."

Clare stuck her tongue out at me as I went in to do as I was told because she and Barney were already washed. "Nuts to you, too," I said. I was really feeling that low about not finding Aaron.

After I had washed, I came out on the veranda to wait. There is a solemn air about Sunday morning on the mission compound which is at once both peaceful and depressing. The first bell for church had already rung. This was the period of silent lining up for the procession that would start with the second bell; and over all there was a sort of baffling hum of whispered voices that seemed to proceed from no particular spot as the girls, dressed in clean bright-colored saris, emerged from their hostel, and the boys stood around clearing their throats on the gravel drive near the community well.

Presently the warden blew his whistle and the procession from the boys' hostel rounded the corner of the bungalow and headed down the drive toward the main gate. The boys were arranged in pairs according to size and age, the youngest going first, the eldest bringing up the rear with the teachers. Except for one boy wearing khaki shorts, all of them were dressed in white vashtis and pin-striped blue and white short-sleeved shirts with the tails hanging out. As they passed the bungalow, Father and Mother, dressed like an Indian man and woman, marched down the steps to join our head deacon, Mr. Themalan, and the teachers. Clare and Barney hurried after them and I brought up the rear, reluctantly.

At the girls' hostel, the procession waiting there moved ahead to lead the way. If ours had been a Hindu group, the whole thing would have been reversed, with the eldest and most important men going first, the boys coming next, and the women, if they were included at all, bringing up the rear. It was the way the ancient Hindu armies of the Vijayanagara went to battle; it was the way Hindu families now walked the streets. To me such an arrangement seemed very logical, and I often thought of our Western custom of letting the women go first as arising from some inherent ancestral weakness in the men that required the women to precede them in case any danger lay ahead.

Everyone walked in a sort of reverent hush, enforced by the teachers, and the air was filled with the rustling of silk saris and stiff starched vashtis and the padding of bare feet on the ground. All went well as we crossed the compound, and then at the gate there was a sudden outbreak of excitement. The girls started "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" and for some reason the teachers seemed confused as to whether they should call for silence or let the noise continue. Father was already disgruntled by Aaron's absence, and this undisciplined noisiness made him flush with irritation.

Strangely, the excitement did not subside but continued on down the line, like a wave, and as each couple neared the gate, heads leaned forward, eyes turned sharply to the left, and there would be a new murmur of awe and surprise. When our end of the line reached the gate we at last saw what it was all about. There, on the broad stone footing of the gatepost, sat Aaron. He had stripped down to a loin cloth—realistically dirty—and a rough necklace of prayer beads. Beneath him he had spread a reed mat, and upon this he sat, cross-legged like a stone Buddha, his hands placed palms up on top of each other in his lap, back erect but relaxed, eyes focused on the tip of his nose, lips

parted slightly, body smeared with ashes. He had always been lean and angular, but now, seated in such a position with only a loin cloth on, he looked positively gaunt, as if he had been born a Sannyasi. I was certainly most impressed, and Father was so flabbergasted that for a moment he could not speak. He and Mr. Themalan and Mother stepped quickly out of line to handle the situation. And of course Clare and Barney and I stood around to see what would happen.

"What's the meaning of this, Aaron?" Father asked.

Aaron remained silent.

"Now you answer me, young man!"

Again Aaron would or could not reply.

"He is being a Sannyasi, Mr. Fisher," said Mr. Themalan, "of the sort that won't talk."

At that moment the second bell, which was late, began tolling from the bazaar, and listening to it, I had the dreadful feeling that Aaron—the Aaron I knew—was dying.

"Or move," I said with a threatening confidence that made Father jerk around and look at me.

"We'll see about that," he said.

"Aaron, dear," Mother said, squatting down beside him and touching his arm, "do get up. It's time for church."

There was still no indication that Aaron had heard or was even aware of us. I really had to hand it to him. He was determined—much more so than Father, whose indignation was tempered with surprise and indecision. I honestly don't believe he had expected Aaron to go this far. It had the effect of catching him off-guard because dealing with something like this was outside his frame of reference and there were no rules to guide him.

"I'll not have my eldest son making a fool of himself and the entire mission," he started to shout, letting his voice dwindle to a hoarse whisper. "Get up this instant, do you hear, boy!"

For all of two awkward minutes Father stood, disgruntled and confused, exhorting Aaron to rise, while the procession slowly came to a halt out of curiosity. Through it all Aaron sat, steadfast as a rock, without blinking or flinching or shifting the focus of his eyes from the tip of his nose. Even Father's efforts to budge him met with no success. Aaron was so relaxed that it was impossible to pick him up, and Father had to call the gateman. The gateman, however, refused to co-operate or in any way be induced to touch Aaron, saying that if the Chinna Dorai was bent upon becoming a Sannyasi, it must be an act of the gods, and who was a humble gateman to interfere? Father turned to Mr. Themalan.

"Give a hand here, won't you?"

The Deacon blinked but did not move. "Why not let him be?" he said. "He causes no harm. If you move him he will only be angry and return when you leave."

Mother expressed much the same opinion. "After all," she said, "he'll probably be wanting to try something else this afternoon. Moving him now might make him do worse, and here at least the gateman can keep an eye on him."

THERE were a lot of Hindu people standing on the other side of the road watching, and their presence made Father too embarrassed to risk any further action in his good clothes. Unwillingly he had to admit temporary defeat. He had been challenged and humiliated in front of the entire mission, and he spoke sharply as he turned and shooed us along to church.

I was so impressed with Aaron's performance that I had trouble during the sermon keeping my attention on what I was doing and lost three games of short straws to one of the robber caste boys sitting next to me. After the service was over, I hooked it back the short way to the compound as fast as I could. Aaron was still sitting in the exact same position, only there was one significant change: someone had placed an offering of three green limes and a ball of cow-dung adorned with a pumpkin flower on the ground before him, and in his clay begging bowl a mess of cooked rice and curds was collecting flies and drying in the sun.

The gateman had come out of the reading room and opened the gates for the procession's return. He saluted me as "Chinna Vellai Svami," or little white god, implying that Aaron was the big white god. I accepted his salute and asked him how the offerings got there, and he said the limes were for Aaron's victory over Father and the mission, the cow-dung and pumpkin flower to protect him from future disturbances, and the rice and curds from a young mother across the street whose baby had been vomiting for three days and had stopped being sick the moment the white Sannyasi had appeared at the gate.

When Father returned with the procession from church and saw Aaron still there, he turned his head the other way and marched by. The schoolchildren did not exclaim this time, but

some of the more serious-minded ventured a salaam at Aaron because of the offerings. None of this seemed to touch my brother. It was as if by some miracle he had succeeded, or was in the process of succeeding, to retreat within himself to some other abode of such great calm that nothing could disturb him.

I hung around to watch a while, and at lunch time I went back to the bungalow. It was generally agreed that heat and hunger would impose a natural limit to Aaron's experiment, and that his endurance would fade in time for lunch. Mother even ordered the servants to hold up the meal until Aaron came back so we could eat together the way Father liked. But by two o'clock her self-confidence had worn a little thin. Barney was getting fussy, Clare had robbed the meat safe, the servants were complaining, and Father's stomach was rumbling loudly. It was therefore unanimously agreed that we should eat without Aaron.

"Well," said Mother, "I'm sure he'll be along any minute." And we sat down to luncheon.

Aaron's place remained empty throughout the meal. Mother decided a servant should be sent to summon him. Accordingly the butler was dispatched. He returned without Aaron, but there was a sort of misty religious look on his face.

"Amma," he said, with something like reverence in his voice, "the Svami cannot be approached."

Mother nodded, almost as if she had expected that reply, and Father got up from the table without folding his napkin. Barney was sent up for his nap, Clare went to her room to read detective stories, and Mother lay down on the wicker cot under the fan because she was getting another of her migraines. Consequently I was left alone. There is nothing worse than being left alone in a bungalow during the hot part of the day. The servants close all the downstairs shutters and doors to keep out the heat, and the rooms are filled with a sort of dismal, sticky twilight.

After a bit of wandering around, I pulled on my sandals and opened one of the doors. Mother heard me and came to the stair well with a cough syrup bottle full of raw coconut oil.

"Take this to Aaron," she said, "and see that he rubs it on his shoulders."

I stuck the bottle in my hip pocket and went out into the blinding heat. News of Aaron's victory over Father and his purported cure of the sick baby had spread, and when I reached the gate I saw that more offerings had been placed on the mat in front of him. I supposed they were due to new reports of miraculous cures, but I didn't find out for sure because the gateman was sleeping in the shade of the reading room with his khaki turban pulled down over his face. I touched Aaron on the head.

"Here's some oil," I said. "Mother wants you to rub it on your shoulders."

Aaron sat like a stone upon a stone, exuding heat and smelling strongly of dried sweat. It



was much too hot to be about and there was a deadness to the air that was conducive to the buzzing of flies. I stood holding out the bottle for a while. Then with a shrug I squatted beside him and began rubbing him with the oil. His skin had always been deeply tanned. Even so there were spots along his shoulders, chest, and forearms which I knew were so sensitive with burns that if they had been on me I would have howled. But Aaron's eyes never moved, and the slow, almost indistinguishable rhythm of his breathing remained unchanged. I was truly awed.

The butler had brought lunch out to Aaron on a tray, and after I had finished rubbing on the oil, I said, "You ought to eat your lunch Aaron." Again he did not reply, so I thought I ought to put some of it into his mouth. I lifted the brass tumbler to his lips and it was like trying to make a statue drink. His lips remained slightly parted, but the water all ran out the corners of his mouth and down his chest.

"Suit yourself," I said, angry because he didn't even look at me. I was fixing to go home at this point, but with nothing else to do I decided to stay around and brush the flies from his face. In his previous experiments he had never been quite so realistic and determined as this. I had the feeling as I sat there fanning him for the next two hours that perhaps I had been a witness to a long train of fruitless searching, that here at last the search had met with success, and that somehow Aaron had stumbled upon a vast and irresistible wilderness which he was in the process of exploring. It was only a feeling on my part, and it made me uncomfortable. I didn't like to think of my brother as being serious about this. I wasn't surprised or annoyed or anything like that—just upset in a peculiar way that made my own life seem inadequate. I felt this most keenly when, after an hour, a woman came out of one of the houses across the street and, approaching Aaron cautiously because she was suspicious of me, bowed low, salaamed, as Clare had done earlier, placed a lime on the mat and hurried away.

I DIDN'T try to talk to Aaron after that. When I was sick of fanning him I went home. News had spread across the compound of course, and at the boys' hostel where I go every afternoon in the cooler hours to play soccer and volley ball, the boys didn't want to play but crowded around as some of the teachers cornered me and began asking questions about Aaron. Was it true he had cured the sick? Had he been told in a vision to become a Sannyasi? And what was this strange power that could make him become so perfectly withdrawn that even the Peria Dorai could not rouse him? I had no answers for them. I had not expected everyone to be so interested in Aaron's experiment. His previous efforts had had little effect on the mission community. He was admired locally for his clever sense of humor, his ability to act and impersonate; but this struck everyone as being something more than an act. It seemed to scratch beneath the superficial calm of our well-organized Christian community and reveal in the raw the centuries of environmental influence which was, after all, basically Hindu.

Any vestige or semblance of toleration vanished when Aaron did not come home for supper. Mother waited the meal again, but for a shorter time.

"I was going through Aaron's things," she said when we were seated at the table, "and I found this." She handed an old leather-bound booklet over to Father, who opened it and began leafing through the pages of Tamil script illustrated with ink drawings on how to become a yogi.

"It's a book on Yogasanam," Father said.

"I know," Mother said. "And I've been thinking . . . about Aaron's being late for breakfast this morning . . . the way he's been staying up at night . . . his careful sense of timing in all this . . ."

"You think he's been practicing to become a Sannyasi, Hazel?" Father asked.

"How else do you explain the peculiar trance he has achieved . . .? and that book . . .?"

"I don't know, Hazel," Father said. "Perhaps he has an accomplice."

Mother pressed her fingers against her forehead and looked at her plate. "I'm afraid, Ernest," she said. "I'm afraid it's far worse than that."

We ate grimly and silently. After the meal was over, Mother and Father walked out into the night to see Aaron. Father carried the lantern, and Clare and Barney walked directly behind him. The shadows of their legs in the lamplight stretched away monstrous and ghostlike against the darkness. The purpose of our excursion was quite evident to everyone, and the schoolchildren who had been watching us all day long to see what we would do, now came to the windows and doors of every building. I had the feeling that even the trees and the walls were capped with curious, watching eyes.

At the gate, Father set the lantern down beside Aaron. He stood there looking at him for a

moment. "Well," he said after a while, "do you plan on coming in?"

"Listen, Aaron," Mother said, seeing that Aaron was not going to talk even though it was dark, "this has really gone on quite long enough. It's not healthy for you to be out here. If you want to be a Sannyasi, why don't you come back and do it at the bungalow?"

I stood around watching while Mother and Father wheedled and cajoled and pleaded with Aaron—all to no avail. "Very well then," Father said, "we'll have to carry him back."

They tried picking him up, but apparently someone other than myself had oiled him recently with an oil that was so slippery that neither of my parents could get a grip. Angrily Father took out his pocket knife and cut a little switch from a nearby tamarind tree. "Get up," he said to Aaron. "For the last time I'm telling you to get up."

Mother turned to us. "Go back to the bungalow, children," she said. "This isn't good for you to watch." We started to retreat and then stopped abruptly at the first whistling smack of the switch on Aaron's back.

"Get up," Father said grimly, and again his arm rose and with a whistling smack the switch descended. For a few awful moments the strokes began getting harder and faster as Father's anger mounted to frenzy and he seemed to lose control of himself. Then suddenly Mother was throwing herself in the way and grabbing at Father's arm. "Ernest! Ernest!" she kept crying. "For heaven's sake stop it! What's the matter with you?"

There was a long pause as my parents stood looking at each other. Then Father dropped the stick. "What am I going to do, Hazel?" he said. "What am I going to do?"

Mother kept shaking her head from side to side with her hands over her face. "Not here, not like this, not in front of the children," she said, as if to herself. Then taking a deep breath, she straightened her shoulders and looked at Father. "Pull yourself together, Ernest," she said. "You've got to pull yourself together." She began talking rapidly. "There's only one thing to do, and that's to let him work it out of his system. We can't drag him home, and certainly the servants won't touch him. Even if we could find someone to help, it's plain Aaron has his mind set on this. He'll only come back out. As for food, someone else has already seen to that." The thought of the offerings in front of Aaron made her weep a little.

"What if he stays out here?" Father asked in a shaking voice. "What if he never comes back?"

"Now Ernest," Mother said comfortingly, "I'm sure we're doing too much worrying about this. Just let him work it out of his system. A few days and nights of it and he'll be back. I'm sure of it, Ernest. You'll see."

CONTRARY to Mother's prediction, Aaron did not come back after a few days and nights of it. Instead someone built a thatch lean-to over him and his shrine became established, the ground in front of him swept clean, moistened with cow-dung solution, and decorated with a design drawn with powdered lime. Three times a day the butler brought food out to him. Aaron never touched it during the light hours, nor did he alter his position. But somehow every morning part of the food would be gone, the water glass would be empty, and his body would be clean, oiled, and ready for another day. As far as I could discover, someone had appointed himself caretaker of the mission Sannyasi.

The boarding-school children and teachers saw us make nightly trips out to the gate, and invariably we returned without Aaron. Every time we went out there to see him, and every time we returned to the bungalow empty-handed, the will to act died in my parents. Aaron thus experienced victory after victory, perhaps unknowingly. It had the effect of making his will seem strong, and his reputation ceased to be purely local. In fact his reputation grew to such an extent that the one time Father tried to have him forcibly removed to the bungalow, a large throng quickly gathered in the streets to protest. Even the Christian population joined together and signed a petition requesting Father to let the white Sannyasi alone.

And so for the next two months Aaron sat out there—through Christmas and New Year's, and through all kinds of weather. His young beard grew out scraggly, his flesh turned a deep chocolate, and his hair became long and ragged and reddish-brown with dust. It was impossible for us, as a family, to come to grips with the reality of the situation. Father's determination and aggressiveness had been revised out of existence, and he seemed to wander about from one task to another in an empty, forgetful frame of mind. Mother, on the other hand, lingered for a long time on the verge of nervous collapse. She refused to lose faith in Aaron's sanity, and yet the shock of it had opened up great cracks in the foundation of her faith. As a result her mind was ground out to a sharp, biting edge

and she was unusually abrupt with everyone.

My parents often talked in the living-room long after midnight. They had already canceled all their tours and stayed away from mission meetings in Mathurai for shame. And at night they would simply talk, talk of doing one thing or another, of taking drastic action, of having Aaron secretly brought back to the bungalow, of calling in doctors and police. But the anxiety which prompted such discussions stemmed from indecision. It was a vicious circle that tied a knot in the life of the family: we all went about our business with an air of futility because none of us could put Aaron from mind. It was as if by chance he had stumbled upon something that answered an urgent need basic to him, and in the process of fulfilling it he was destroying us bit by bit, as each day the family crisis deepened.

The indecision did not stop with the family. In its own insidious way it undermined the very foundations of the mission. There was nothing you could put a finger on; for externally at least life went on the same as ever: only it was not the same. My parents' listlessness extended to the school like a creeping paralysis, and everything changed subtly, by imperceptible degrees, and became slower. I could feel it—we could all feel it. We seemed to be standing on the rim of a great precipice, and at any moment that rim would crumble and fall away, and there was nothing anyone could do about it because we were all held to the spot as if entranced by our own inability to act.

I THINK Aaron may have sensed this. At any rate if he did not, then I can offer no explanation for what subsequently happened: in the second week of January he finally gave up. Having found what must have been an answer for him, having beaten us and surmounted all obstacles to reach some distant goal in the wilderness, he gave it up and came back, and I can only think that he did so out of generosity, sensing what we must be going through.

It was past midnight and we all were in bed and, I suppose, asleep. I was awakened by the sound of footsteps climbing the back stairs through the door Mother had kept unlocked ever since Aaron stayed away that first night. And then, framed against the lighter darkness of the sky, Aaron appeared on the edge of the veranda. He came slowly across to his bed, and for several moments he stood looking down at it, shaking his head. It had been waiting, clean and ready, for two months.

Stiffly he raised the net and lay down.

I knew it was not my business to move or to say anything. It was his fight and he had the right to speak when he wanted to. But curiosity got the better of me.

"Well," I asked, anxious to hear him say something, anything, "what did you learn?"

During all these past days he had not used his voice, and I could tell by the way his hands now gripped the white-painted iron bed posts that he was struggling to communicate with me, struggling to speak, to tell me what was tearing him apart inside. After a long while he finally managed to find his voice, and the sound of it, ripping, bursting up from his lungs was like the sharp, anguished wail of a new-born child.

"Don't ask!" he cried, "don't ask!"

I waited patiently for him, thinking that in his own good time he would enlarge on the subject. But he had done with talking. I lay listening to the night and looking up at the deep impenetrable darkness of the sky that, with the moist and yielding earth below, formed our common womb. I wondered how it must have been for him out there alone night after night, fighting for something that could never really be his because he was only born in the East, and not of it. And then for the first time I began sensing how beaten he must feel at this very moment—not victorious as we had all thought, but so beaten that he couldn't even cry. He had searched diligently—the hard way—for his answer, and found that ultimately there was no answer but the inward peace of a child in the womb, of the body in the grave; and having found that, having loosed the silver cord, having fought fiercely toward a horizon and goal that kept receding, he had at last been forced to give it up for us. We were the alien link in this country, the alien link that had drawn him back to an alien security. For us he had been reborn, and the tears were not mine but his. I could only feel a deep and painful sympathy for him, mingled with the joy of knowing he was back.

Finally I got up. I lifted the mosquito netting and walked barefoot across the now cool cement floor of the veranda, through the black and empty rooms of the bungalow that would someday join the ranks of crumbling and forgotten buildings, to the front veranda where my parents' bed, isolated in its maternal shroud of netting, loomed pale and ghostly in the night. Gently I reached in under the net and shook my mother's shoulder.

"Ma," I said, "he's back."

Morton M. Hunt

DAMAGE SUITS:

a primrose path to Immorality

Suing somebody for damages is becoming a new —and peculiarly American—form of Big Business. It is also clogging up our courts, corrupting the jury system, and undermining our precious tradition of honesty and fair play.

EVEN in a time when large lawsuits are hardly news, the imminent suit against New York City on behalf of Mr. Eugene V. Douvan is worth noticing. Mr. Douvan filed claim against the City not long ago for half a million dollars, and when he died in early September his lawyer increased the claim to a staggering $650,000.

Now, what did the City of New York do to Mr. Douvan that could be worth such a penalty? The City made him pull over to the curb when he was driving on the approach to the Lincoln Tunnel, one Friday last June. In the person of Patrolman Graham Fischer, the City then told him he had crossed a white line, took his license from him, and disappeared for a while (half an hour, according to Douvan's lawyer). This, allegedly, brought on in the 52-year-old real-estate operator a heart attack for which Douvan asked half a million dollars—even though he admittedly had had a heart condition previously.

Three months after this happening, Mr. Douvan underwent surgery for his heart, and died shortly after the operation. Counsel promptly upped the ante to $650,000. Of this grand total, $400,000 is asked for the damages to Douvan, while $250,000 is claimed in order to teach the City a lesson.

All in all, a remarkable claim—especially when you consider that heart attacks occur as often in bed at night as during the stressful daylight hours. Yet the claim is not actually unusual. It is, rather, typical of the spirit of our age.

We live in a time when the damage suit—in particular the lawsuit for personal injuries—has become a national pastime. Americans are suing other Americans, business concerns, and governmental bodies for larger sums and for a wider variety of complaints than ever before—and collecting more than ever before. The personal injury lawsuit has become a big business. In the process, the cherished native traditions of honesty and fair play are being eroded away, for an accidental injury is now all too often viewed as a golden opportunity to harvest a windfall—all the more so because verdict money is tax-free. The standard advice to one who plans to ignore a minor accidental injury is, "Don't be a fool—you can collect."

But this may be peculiarly American. Compare us with our English cousins: personal injury suits make up three-quarters of all tried cases in United States courts, and only 5 per cent in English courts. Either the English don't hurt each other—or they refuse to view every injury as a chance to convert pain into money.

The total annual take of plaintiffs is unknown, but the gross value of personal injury claims paid by insurance companies has multiplied six-fold in twenty years. Undoubtedly, more injured people are rightfully getting fair compensation as part of this process. What may be far more important, an increasing number of inflated and opportunistic claims are also being made, and succeeding. A considerable number of plaintiffs, lawyers, and jurors have come to feel that the defendant's ability to pay is the main point at issue. Even if the injury be invisible, even if the defendant's fault is hard to prove, the key issue

is this: can he afford to pay? If so, let him. Jurors thus often play a kind of Robin Hood role; but however noble theft may seem in the legend, it is still theft. And when it becomes common practice, it can destroy the social order it preys upon.

SOCK THE CITY

THESE are grave accusations. I do not intend them to apply to all who seek redress, through legal action, for injuries done to them by others. It is right that they do so, and right that they should be compensated. But a long and painstaking series of interviews—plus a study of the actual cases that have been making legal history—has convinced me that under the guise of redress for injury, there is considerable and perhaps irreparable harm being done to the morals of America.

Consider the ethical virtue of the "sock-the-city" verdict, as it might be called. Six years ago a 39-year-old barge worker toppled, dead drunk, onto the tracks of a New York subway station. An incoming train screeched to a halt, but failed to stop short of him, and killed him. His widow sued and won on the grounds that the City was at fault; it should have maintained such operating conditions that no train could run over a drunk who fell on the tracks. It was no contest: she was a real, tearful woman, and the City was a vast, cold abstraction. She collected $101,649.86.

A few years ago a seven-year-old boy wandered onto a fairway of the Detroit municipal golf course, was hit by a golf ball, and lost an eye. The City of Detroit was held negligent for not having been able to keep small boys off its golf course. Verdict: $53,000.

These are not exceptional cases; their counterparts can now be found happening throughout the land. Only an inhuman monster could fail to sympathize with the widow and the boy. But does sympathy justify subverting the law? When such misfortunes are salved by the courts, justice takes on the hue of welfare work; instead of dispensing fairness, it dispenses gifts to the unfortunate.

Much the same thing is happening in the field of "product liability"—the liability of a manufacturer if his product hurts someone. In the nineteenth century manufacturers were almost immune from such suits; but that unfairness was rectified long ago. Today the pendulum has swung the other way; big companies are increasingly viewed as attractive targets, and juries are so generally hostile to them that most companies settle 90 per cent of the claims against them rather than risk a defense.

Railroads and transportation companies also report a constant growth in the number of suits filed against them, though accidents have not kept growing in number. Many are "nuisance suits," designed to win a quick small settlement. In Boston recently 240 persons filed claims after a collision between a streetcar and a truck—but the streetcar had a top capacity of sixty-eight. Similar examples have been reported from all over the country.

The habit of suing has already begun to be self-defeating in one way—it has caused a colossal traffic jam in the nation's courts, particularly those of our large cities and counties. The delay between the date when suit is filed and when it comes to trial has more than doubled in Los Angeles Superior Courts in the past ten years, and now averages 13 months. In comparable courts in El Paso the delay is 18 months, in Milwaukee 24 months, in Queens (New York) 44 months, and in Worcester (Mass.) 46. The average nation-wide delay in counties of over 750,000 population today stands at 22.5 months.

This is bad for everyone—the injured, the court personnel, and especially for businessmen with contract disputes. In a number of places, the backlog of personal injury suits has made people with commercial litigation flee the courts, and resort to arbitration. Few businessmen can afford to keep a dispute simmering for four years; the result is that the tie-up in effect deprives them of their fair chance to have that "day in court."

Another ominous tendency is the skyrocketing size of awards given for injuries. No one can deny that injuries were too meagerly compensated fifty or sixty years ago. A leg was then worth about $1,000. Loss of life cost the negligent defendant only about $10,000. Today the loss of a leg often brings $10,000 or $20,000, and some recent verdicts have run to $100,000. In Chicago not long ago the loss of a forearm brought $188,333 and in a number of cases loss of life has brought $200,000 and $300,000. The highest verdict of all was brought in two years ago when a Chicago painter who lost both legs, one forearm, and part of a hand in a railroad accident was awarded $420,000. Over a thousand verdicts in excess of $50,000 have been noted by one law journal during the past eight years, and the annual crop keeps growing in size.

To fatten the potential awards, plaintiffs and juries sometimes employ curious and grisly reckoning. A seaman hurt on shipboard died

after eleven hours of suffering; the jury gave his widow and children $75,000 for his death—plus $40,000 for his eleven hours of pain. Even that per-hour rate was soon topped when another jury awarded $133,150 for a death, and added $5,000 for thirty minutes of pain suffered while the man was dying.

Is $5,000 a good price for half an hour of agony? Probably none of us would voluntarily so sell our time. But if a man does suffer pain, is it ethical to try to convert his suffering into cash? To be sure, a widow and children deserve compensation for the loss of a husband's earning power, but what becomes of that widow's sense of values when she tries to get paid for the bygone pain? More practically, if such generosity becomes the rule, can our economy survive the impact without some major change? For by our modern way of life we produce an annual crop of 9,000,000 accidental injuries and 90,000 accidental deaths. At $5,000 per half hour, who or what can pay for the pain that is the inevitable accompaniment of life and death?

HE WHO GETS SUED

THE changing attitude toward damage suits shows up most startlingly of all in the way our courts have been reinterpreting the meaning of liability. Today any one of us can be sued for dozens of kinds of "negligence" of which we never dreamed ourselves guilty.

In an Eastern suburb a family went on vacation, accidentally leaving a cellar window open. Two neighboring children crawled inside, turned on the faucets, ruined the rugs and furniture, and then got drunk and sick. Can you guess who sued whom? The parents of the young drunkards sued the home-owners for negligently enticing the children via the open window into a harmful situation; and they collected.

In Chicago eleven-year-old Lee Roy Kahn climbed up to play on a pile of lumber stacked on a lot where a house was being built. The lumber slipped, Lee Roy got hurt, and the court affirmed a jury verdict of $20,000 against the builder and the lumber dealer.

Such is the working of the principle of the "attractive nuisance." Whatever may lure children into trespassing and dangerously playing—regardless of signs and fences—can be an attractive nuisance. He who owns it has to keep the children out, or pay for their hurts. Three-fourths of American jurisdictions already have special rules of this sort, and in some courts the rules are almost beginning to include adults. Isaac Maynard, the painter who won the verdict of $420,000, received his multiple hurts when a freight car, in the shade of which he was eating lunch, was moved by other cars rolling into it. Maynard had reached that shady spot by taking a path across a lot owned by the railroad; because the path existed, the railroad company was supposed to know that outsiders used it, and therefore take special precautions to exclude them or protect them. The typical ruling in such cases is that "all men should be held to have reasonably anticipated all occurrences which are probable"—a requirement more properly made of God than of a human being.

The demand for omniscience can take on ludicrous qualities. Several years ago in San Francisco two amateur ball teams were playing the final game of their series. One team wore uniforms of the Double Play Tavern, a nearby saloon that sponsored the unpaid players for publicity. In the last half of the ninth, with the score 0-0 and bases loaded, the batter hit a pop fly; Paul Hjort, the Double Plays' left fielder, caught it and then dropped it—losing the series. Furious with himself, Hjort picked up the ball and heaved it out of the park. It hit Renata Bonetti, a girl of about twenty, as she walked across a nearby filling station. She sued the Double Play Tavern, and won. Now, in what way was the Tavern guilty of negligently hurting her? This way: the Court of Appeals ruled that Hjort's wild fling was "within the scope of his employment" and *should have been reasonably anticipated by his employer!*

A plaintiff can even sue today for injury done without actual contact—an area traditionally closed to suit. In an historic case decided less than ten years ago, a Houston switchboard operator collected for nervousness, headache, lapse of memory, and the like, which she claimed resulted from the shock of seeing her mother killed by a truck. Unusual in 1946, this kind of decision is becoming routine. Says Ray Murphy, general counsel of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, "One can imagine future cases in which bystanders at the scene of an accident may faint or sustain shock, and where scores of claims can result from a single occurrence."

As recently as 1951 it was important legal news when a New York court permitted an infant to sue for damages he suffered during his ninth month in the womb; previously an unborn child—even after birth—had no right to such action. But this trend has changed so radically that in Georgia a woman recently sued—and won—on

behalf of her stillborn child for damages incurred when the foetus was a month and a half old, and in no sense a human being.

DO WE LIKE IT THAT WAY?

THE point is not that judges are wrong to reinterpret common law in this fashion. Judges interpret the law in the light of the morality of their own times. If our courts are broadening liability to a frightening extent, it is because too many Americans like it that way.

Many people will deny or contradict what I have reported here. "The number of personal injury suits," United States District Judge Alexander Holtzoff told me, "has increased because the number of automobile accidents has increased tremendously." Many damage-suit lawyers echo him, pointing out that car registrations and mileage driven yearly have nearly tripled in twenty years. But the facts belie this innocent whitewashing. The National Safety Council figures show 36,000 auto deaths, 1,291,000 auto injuries, for 1934—and 36,000 auto deaths, 1,300,000 auto injuries, for 1954. There *are* more auto injury suits in court today—*not* because there are more injuries, but because there is widespread insurance, and suing has become feasible and attractive.

Plaintiffs' lawyers also like to say that the growing size of verdicts is due only to inflation. Melvin M. Belli, Sr., one of the nation's most vocal negligence lawyers, goes even further. "Verdicts," he asserts dogmatically, "have not kept pace with or risen with other economic values." This is plain nonsense. Taking New York state data as an example, the average Supreme Court jury verdict in the year 1939-40 was $3,149; in 1954-55 it was $11,576—an increase of 267 per cent. Over that same period of time, the consumer's price index increased 91 per cent.

In the view of NACCA—a fast-growing professional association of claimants' lawyers, which advocates and teaches the techniques of gaining higher awards—the general change is a sign of social progress and growth of justice. "The poor man of yesterday," says Dr. Albert Blaustein, NACCA representative and professor of law at Rutgers, "was a coward. . . . He was sure the vested interests would be against him because he was a laboring man. . . . [Today] he has more realization of his rights and is more inclined to go to lawyers to enforce those rights."

There is a good deal of truth in that. But it is only part of the story. For along with the healthful change, many Americans—workingmen included—are now learning the cash value of dishonesty.

The New York County Supreme Court recently inaugurated a project called IMT (Impartial Medical Testimony), in which independent medical experts, beholden to neither claimant nor defendant, examined the claimants and weighed medical evidence. During the first two years nearly three hundred cases used the services of IMT doctors. *The impartial medical experts more often found against the medical claims than found in favor of them.* What can this mean? Only this: more than half the cases must have involved exaggeration, if not actual falsification, as to the extent of injury.

Juries—if they know there is insurance money available—cannot be relied upon to judge fairly the merits of a given case. So true is this that, in all but two states, lawyers are forbidden to tell the jury that insurance exists, and even the inadvertent exposure of that fact is liable to cause a mistrial. Moreover, NACCA is on record as wanting juries to be told when insurance exists, and even for giving plaintiffs the right to sue the insurance company directly.

In the area of workmen's compensation we have long since stopped requiring that an employer be proved negligent. An employee gets paid for an on-the-job injury, whether it is wholly his fault or not. Even an employee who hurts himself during horseplay, even an employee who breaks an ankle playing softball during lunch hour, can get workmen's compensation payments.

It may be that in the broad field of those personal injuries which are not associated with our jobs we are pushing in the same direction. Perhaps we will stop asking who was at fault in any accident, and be content to force home-owners, car-owners, landholders, and businessmen to pay up, so that none who get hurt may be uncompensated.

That fits into the whole security-minded mood of our times. As a NACCA spokesman tartly remarked, my approach toward damage suits "is definitely against the trend of the times."

If so, I am content to remain out of step. Whatever the merits of taking care of all the injured, it seems to me a poisonous and corrosive practice for this to be handled in the courts of justice, and called by the name of justice. To assess the insured or wealthy innocent man for the benefit of the injured is to perform a social good by an immoral means. And where the means is destructive of the national ethic, the good it yields can never be good enough.



Picking your Mate with a Menu

By SYLVIA WRIGHT

Drawings by Vic Volk

LIKES and dislikes in food have always been considered inexplicable, pleasantly unchartered oddities and a part of personality. But, as it must to all oddities, comes (alas) an explanation. According to Dr. William Kaufman, a doctor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, one's likes and dislikes are based on the emotional values of food. Dr. Kaufman has established some interesting categories, which I like because they offer a new way of getting the jump on other people.

The first category is security foods—milk and milk-products. We increase our intake of these in times of emotional stress. It's clear that Mother is involved here.

There are reward foods—chocolate, hot dogs, candy, or nuts. We eat more of these "if we are thwarted, or if we have failed to gain the approval of others, or if we feel sorry for ourselves."

Fetish foods include things like highly advertised cereals, which we eat more of "if we need extra strength to compete successfully with others. Some children don't feel strong unless they have Wheaties, Breakfast of Champions; some adults believe they can't sleep without first taking Ovaltine. Many laborers feel that if deprived of daily servings of red meat and potatoes, they would become too weak to work."

Grown-up foods include coffee, tea, or beer, and are favored by people who "have the unconscious need to emphasize their adulthood."

There are pleasurable association foods: "When we are sad or lonely, we may have special need to recapture symbolically some treasured moments of past happiness." Dr. Kaufman gives as an example "baked beans, which remind us of our beloved Aunt Clarissa."

Show-off foods are another category. People who, says Dr. Kaufman, "are impelled to attract the attention of others . . . may eat odd things such as live goldfish . . . or fried grasshoppers. . . Others more modest in their aspirations may prefer to establish local reputations by gorging themselves publicly on watermelon, clams, pumpkin pie, or hamburgers. The less imaginative . . . merely splash generous amounts of ketchup, mustard, or black pepper over everything they eat."

Prestige foods include "caviar, truffles, expensive but smelly cheeses, and dry champagne of a certain vintage year."

There are also foods to which people have "unfavorable emotional reactions," for example, those with built-in conflicts, which were "the original 'parent-fight-child' foods, such as spinach and carrots." Then there are foods that produce "unfavorable emotional reactions," including, not surprisingly, "spoiled foods, off-color foods, off-taste foods."

This may seem complicated at first. For instance, as long as it is cheap and doesn't smell, cheese is a security food. Smelly and expensive—prestige. Red meat is a fetish food, yet hamburgers are show-off, which seems to indicate it is the hamburger bun which is intrinsically exhibitionist. The truffles are also confusing. I have always understood that the true truffle lovers were truffle hounds or hogs. Possibly they want prestige, too.

But the complications are worth facing up to and even delving into because they present such enthralling possibilities. Having a meal in a restaurant with someone else has heretofore been



a social occasion in which guarded or unguarded confidences might or might not be exchanged. Now, willy-nilly, masks will drop. This is going to be most helpful when you are lunching or dining with a strange young man, a circumstance, owing to obsession with one's own mask, in which it is harder than usual to assess character. It is also a situation on which a good deal of advice has been given over the ages, but nobody except Dr. Kaufman has advised noting what the other person orders. Spying like this may seem a little sneaky if you are not a doctor, but in this age of security-consciousness, it is a good idea to collect every crumb of information you can.

Well, here are a few indications of how to go about it. Suppose your date orders Welsh rarebit, containing cheese and beer. Presumably the cheese was relatively cheap and not smelly, so it is a security food. The beer is grown-up. This means he wants to emphasize that he is an adult, but the whole thing upsets him. Pretend you think he is an adult, too.

He gaily commandeers some American champagne. He wants to show off, but doesn't have the courage of his convictions. An essentially cautious type (maybe even stingy), so be careful yourself.

He has a chocolate fudge sundae with salted almonds. This indicates a serious personality problem. He is feeling doubly sorry for himself, because of his insecurity. Maybe *you* should stop showing off.

He puts ketchup on his baked beans. He wants to recapture that wonderful moment when he showed off, and Aunt Clarissa was sympathetic. This is encouraging—you have made an impression.

He has pot cheese with sour cream. You will be surprised, but this is a Don Juan. Note that he chooses a double security food. As you doubtless know, Don Juans are very insecure people who have a constant need to prove themselves. Let your conscience. . .

He has a little Roquefort cheese. He has been under emotional stress so long that it's beginning to spoil. This person doesn't get any fun out of telling how awful everything is, but tells it anyway so you won't get any fun out of it too. I would advise steering clear. But if he orders New England clam chowder, he is showing off about it. He is, consequently, more extroverted, and you may go happily down the years together hand in hand with his emotional stress.

He has red meat cooked with wine. Either he has a fetish about being a snob, or is a snob about fetishes. New England boiled dinner was good enough for his grandmother. Fun to play with, but won't get serious.

He orders a big bowl of a highly advertised dry cereal with milk or cream. He has a fetish about being under stress. Of course, he may really want to send for a set of five scale-model plastic Fords, or an atomic beanie. Consider whether he might not be too young for you.

If he has coffee ice cream, he is very split, trying to be an adult and heading back to the womb at the same time, and may also be too young for you.

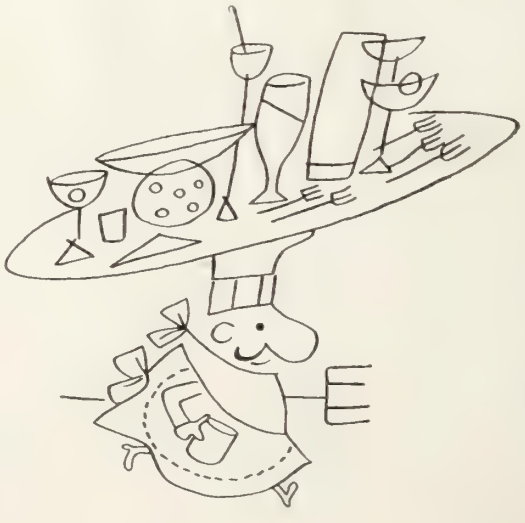
Creamed spinach. He is fighting with his mother. Take his side, cautiously.

Chocolate cake with whipped cream. He is feeling sorry for himself because he wants to beat up his mother. This does not look good.

Crème renversée. He wants to turn his mother upside down. Worse.

Crème brulée. Very bad. Run.

That will do for a starter. In any case, you have only a day or two in which to put this into effect, because as soon as everyone knows about it, people will start choosing foods in reverse, and the real snobs will take care to order glasses of milk. And they'll begin watching you.



William S. White

Author of the forthcoming book,
Citadel: The Story of the U. S. Senate

Men of more than Distinction

Who really runs the Senate?, II

Why a Senate leader usually defies both the President and his party chiefs . . . how he handles his job . . . and what strange ingredients go into the making of a "good" Senator.

THE Senate always has had two duly chosen leaders, one for the majority and one for the minority. But the questions as to how and when (and sometimes whether) they really lead are open to a variety of answers. In this business there is no constant. The ways of the place are passing strange and the personalities and purposes of the various leaders are highly individual and highly at variance. There is in fact not even any fixed and general concept of just what a leader is and just what he *ought* to do, except that when the Senate is in characteristic mood and tone there is general agreement on what he is *not* and what he ought *not* to do.

In all but those rare and comparatively brief periods when it is thrust into the background by extraordinary circumstances, such as the imperatives of a great war or the transient dominance over the whole political structure of a Franklin Roosevelt, the Senate expects of its leaders:

(1) That he who is a member of the party holding the White House will not so much represent the President as the Senate itself.

(2) That he who is a member of the party that lost the Presidency will represent not so much that party as the Senate itself.

(3) That each will consider himself primarily the spokesman for a group in the *Senate* and not so much for any group in the country or any non-Senatorial political organism whatever, not excluding the Republican and Democratic National Committee organizations.

In abnormal times (and the Senate though capable of behaving well in crisis is alien to all crisis action and dreads the mere thought of it) all this view of what is properly to be expected of a floor leader will be perforce altered. It will be altered simply by the unfeeling hand of overpowering circumstance, much as the ordinary life of a young man is turned quite about at the moment the mail brings him that well-known communication from the draft board in which are extended to him certain greetings from the President of the United States.

On such occasions the Institution concedes what it cannot sensibly deny—that is, that for the time being the leaders must cast their glances outward and cease being absolutely Senatorial. Though endlessly yearning for a return of the old days, as the young man undergoing basic Army training in the swamps of Louisiana yearns for the ultimate discharge, the Senate leader, too, must in the meantime make his sacrifices and allow his whole manner of doing things to be wrenched out of shape.

Just as the Senate during the War Between the States in part suspended the historic guarantees of unlimited debate and even agreed during the first world war to tinker with its rules, so in other times of passion and peril it will allow *momentary* revision of the functions of its leaders. There was such a time when Mr. Roosevelt in his urgent haste to save the economy was causing in the House the passing of bills of which the only immediately available simulations were rolled-up newspapers.

The Senate, it goes without saying, never went nearly so far as this, not even in an era in which

Congress generally was perhaps at its lowest point of power and the Executive at its highest. Nevertheless, in the first such clear instance in history, there arose a highly over-simplified public notion of the duties of Senate leadership based on the assumption that a leader of Democrats in the Senate *necessarily* owed obedience to a Democratic President. The compulsive actions of the Senate itself, which even at that hour intellectually rebelled in the deepest sense, for a time had the effect of promoting what the Senate felt to be a profound heresy.

For however pragmatically useful such an arrangement may be said to be, it is in fact demonstrably heretical unless one wishes to overturn the triune system of government that is fundamental to all. But, heresy or not, the notion has shown uncommon virility among the public, as witness the late Congress in which men very high in the Eisenhower Administration honestly felt that Senator Knowland of California simply had no *right* as the Republican leader to denounce Administration policy on China.

REPULSE OF THE PRESIDENT

THE Senate itself has been wholly unimpressed; doggedly it has remained engaged upon the task to which it had dedicated itself for some years. This purpose was, as far as possible, to expunge from its history what its principal members felt to have been the regrettable abasement of the Institution in the Roosevelt time.

Knowland, therefore, far from overextending his credit in the Institution as Republican leader, became in a way ever more acceptable to it during the Eisenhower years. This was not because his China views were thought to be *right* but rather because there had appeared upon sensitive Senate antennae the faint preliminary shocks which it was feared just *might* signal another gathering attack from a powerful White House on the privileges of this or any Senate leader. To strike at those privileges is, in a true sense, to strike at the privileges of the Institution itself; no man there is an island to himself.

In nearly the whole of the Truman Administration, in the first two years of the Eisenhower Administration, and then, in the Eighty-fourth Congress, in the latter half of that Administration—through all this span of time the Senate was recovering the ground of prestige that had been for a time ceded before overwhelming force in the Roosevelt era.

Thus, the most recent Congress may fairly be described as affording, ideally, a typical field for examining the operations of Senate leadership, as an instrument, in its traditional cast. This is not to say that the *personnel* of this leadership, Knowland for the Republicans and Johnson for the Democrats, was itself typical or average.

In the institutional sense, however, the mastership of both parties was in the hands of men holding the classic view of their rights and powers, however they differed from each other and from their prototypes of the past as to how to implement these rights and powers.

Knowland, as was true of Taft before him, never for a moment forgot the basic Senate conviction that he was the Republican leader of the *Senate*. He sought, as far as he could, to promote there such policies of the President as he could in good conscience endorse or accept; but he let it go at this point. In dealing with what is traditionally a more disciplined party than the Democratic party confronting him across the aisle, the tactics of his leadership were, as is so often the case among the Republicans, both reserved and lacking in open urgency.

In unspoken accord with Johnson across the aisle, Knowland took no step that did not on balance promote the claims of the Senate against those of the White House. In this indispensable respect the two, though one had his party's chief in the White House, formed models of the perfect leadership as the Institution sees it.

But while it was Knowland who was pictured across the country as the great rebel against constituted authority, the greater rebel and the even more thorough Senate man, in fact, was Johnson. For where Knowland from the Republican side was proclaiming the Senate's substantial separateness from the current Republican White House, Johnson was quietly moving from the Democratic side to proclaim its *independence* from *any* White House and, indeed, its independence to a point from his own party.

His real purpose was at the start primarily only tactical, to strengthen the political center by a series of accommodations first within the Democratic rank and file and then between this now consolidated Democratic rank and file and the Republican rank and file. The *effect* of what he did, however, was something else again. It amounted to a very long extension, even by Senate standards, of the historic claim of the place to an independent political life within

the theoretically merged trinity of Constitutional powers—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial.

Taft, the great Republican, in the last months of his life, using the stuff of Senate tradition as the most important of his raw materials and adding to this some typically Taftian notions, had set out to make an extraordinary rationale of his place in the scheme of things. Rejecting without a moment's hesitation any notion that *he,* as a Senator's Senator, should *represent* the Republican President, General Eisenhower, Taft hit upon the plan that in certain very important matters *he* would actually *lead* the President.

Johnson, then newly arrived to leadership on his side of the chamber, watched with the most sympathetic perception this Taftian policy, which had, of course, enormous attraction to any true Senate type. When fortune put the Democrats in control of the Senate in 1955, the Texan pupil was prepared to adapt and then to outdo the evolution that the Ohio mentor had so lately brought about.

All this Johnson approached with scrupulous caution. He was not only a young man, then only forty-six years old, but he had served only six years in the Institution, which is on the whole inclined to regard such a span of time as no more than a mere beginning. He was at the head—primarily through the benevolent though admiring patronage of the powerful chief of the Southern clan, Senator Russell—of a party that was in great difficulties. The party and even its membership in the Senate (for this ultimate fact of general political life not even they could escape) had suffered deep divisions from about midway in the second term of Franklin Roosevelt. And these divisions had been rubbed up in the Truman years.

Johnson, moreover, was himself, of course, a Southerner. But while at the last moment he would always be one, he had the greatest necessity to make not merely a peace but a genuine comity of association with the non-Southerners among the other Senate Democrats. These demanded of him more than merely Southern attitudes, though the Southerners were quietly conscious that in the end they had first claim upon him. Finally, he had the ever-present human problem that would confront any young man called suddenly to lead men so much his elders in years, in service, and (so they thought at first) in truly experienced appreciation of the Institution.

Faced with all this complex of affairs, and knowing that one major false step would destroy him as a leader, Johnson had to find a way to bring together the Democratic right (George, Byrd, and company) and the Democratic left (Humphrey, Lehman, and company) and to do this in such a way as not intolerably to endanger the vital interests or fundamental convictions of either.

Here was a problem, indeed, in the proper exercise of the Calhoun Doctrine of the Concurrent Majority!

Manifestly, the first necessity was to find *some* areas upon which all could agree, and these areas when found, were necessarily somewhat thin, sometimes rather dusty with age, and always deeply traditional. (For example, it was not hard to lead the whole Democratic side of the Senate to adopt and restate the ancient general Democratic accusation that the Republicans were the party of "the rich." To all the Democrats this was accepted doctrine.)

REPULSE OF THE PARTY

BUT the more success crowned these efforts at safely bringing together the Democrats *within the Senate,* the more disappointed and perturbed became the non-Senatorial Democrats generally and particularly the normal partisan Democratic instruments such as the National Committee. The National Committee was not enchanted. Nor were the aspirants for 1956 Presidential nomination. Where, in this state of affairs, was a truly broad complex of issues to be made?

The non-Senatorial Democrats began to make complaint that Democratic unity in the Senate was all very well; but what of the millions of non-Senatorial Democrats as against the few in the Institution? What of the national, the state, the county and city and ward organizations? What sort of record was being made in the Senate for these sinews, these repositories of the blood and guts, of the party? Who could win a campaign in '56 on co-operation?

Johnson for his part, now driven by unfolding events perhaps farther than he would have chosen had he had his way, retorted, in the grand Senatorial manner, that the Institution would make high policy as it saw fit. The party organisms would kindly confine their work to what the Senate saw as their traditionally proper sphere—that is, to routine digging, research, money raising, arrangements for television broadcasts, and the like.

It fell out, therefore, that 1955 and 1956 saw a great and progressive philosophic alienation between the Democrats of the Senate and,

in a sense, the Democrats of the United States, especially those of the North. Johnson now began developing a philosophy by which the Democratic leader of the Senate was responsible *only* and not merely primarily to the Institution. He had no hesitation in asserting that it was no part of his responsibility to prepare material, in the form of issues or otherwise, for a national Presidential campaign. It was his job to guide the Senate.

From all this, of course, there arose a cloud of intriguing implications; for present purposes the relevant point is this: Knowland and Johnson, true Senate types, had between them struck an informal bargain to protect and defend the true faith. But Johnson, fortuitously or not and unintentionally or not, had also done a great deal more. He had not merely preserved the Senate's view of the proper leadership; he had immeasurably extended the doctrine that the leadership, and above and beyond that the Institution, was *an end in itself.*

Though the meaning of what he and Knowland did was of a pattern, their separate *means* were different. Where Knowland as leader largely took up the aloof posture of the commanding general back at headquarters, leaving the details of field leadership to subordinates, Johnson went down to the very platoons.

Endlessly he was at it, cajoling, flattering, entreating, blandly threatening, sometimes saying words and taking actions that would have been forgiven in none other than a Senate type. The elders in his party he sought to spare the hard spade work; he would call upon them to rise in debate only in the last moment of extreme crisis. The younger men he drove and lashed, as he drove and lashed even the ordinarily faceless Senate staff and committee employees.

But where Johnson risked all for the sake of intraparty accommodation, Taft before him had been a great Senate leader precisely *because* his whole spirit was alien and hostile to party accommodation. Taft, in a small chamber where men are close, had been a great leader *because* he was, in a way, always pointedly alone. Going a bit further back, Alben Barkley of Kentucky, later to become Mr. Truman's Vice President and still later to be returned to the Senate, had been a *good* leader because he was convivial, garrulous, cheerfully ready to take his lumps from day to day. Scott Lucas of Illinois had been a *good* leader because, like Johnson of Texas later, he believed in party accommodation—but not a great leader, because the weapons of accommodation did not neatly function in his hands. But Barkley, also a good leader, was untypical in this matter of accommodation; it was his habit to press on without compromise to the end.

THE GRAND FORUM

THE making of a good Senator is in some ways similar to the making of a work of art. There are few short cuts; the longest way round is the surest way home. The career must usually rest upon what is slowly developing and enduring, if not necessarily what is popularly "right" at a given time, rather than what is quick and spectacular. It must, moreover, be based upon a field of action that is inherently suitable to the Institution over the long common slope of its being. The air of reflectiveness is the breath of life in this place. Eminence may be reached by a concentration on frenetic and untypical Senatorial activity but it will never be sustained in that way. In the period roughly from 1950 to 1955 a handful of Senate "red hunters," most of them quite junior in the place and hardly any of them influential in its inner workings, were incomparably more publicized than the eighty-odd others not so engaged. McCarthy . . . Jenner . . . McCarran . . . These and a few others, busy with accusation rather than with law-making and policy-making and debate, were the headline names. But the period was an aberration and before 1955 was out not even the Great Investigator, McCarthy himself, could compete for attention, outside or inside the Senate, with its traditional men.

For the good Senator is the product, and necessarily so considering the character of the place itself, of what has general and fundamental meaning in political life. Daniel Webster of New Hampshire is one of the great Senate men of history, in spite of his frank dedication to the vested interests of his state, because of his preoccupation above all with a subject of properly Senatorial stature, the unthinkability of secession and the preservation of the Union. It was not that his course always was popular or even necessarily correct; at times his view angered much of the North as altogether too broad-minded while it enraged the South as intolerably close-minded. It was simply that his issue was big enough and grand enough for the forum in which he sat.

Webster in short was concerned with a great and lasting question, the proper relationship of the states to the federal power. Taft of Ohio was a great Senator for similar reasons. For all

his shortcomings (the majestic wrong-headedness that was perhaps as damaging in its way as were Webster's pompous vanity and self-indulgence) Taft too was a man not of an hour or of a day but of a space in history. His concern was with nothing less than the relationship of the *individual* to the federal power—in the fields of labor, finance, civil rights, housing, health, and nearly all the rest. Whether his conclusions were correct did not so much concern the Senate as that they so fittingly ranged over such wide areas of life. His inconsistencies, particularly in matters of foreign affairs, were, whatever else they may have been, *large* inconsistencies.

The late Vandenberg of Michigan was a good Senator because of his historic role in changing the minds of a large section of his respectable Republican following to the point where it would willingly contemplate delivering the party to an internationalism it had theretofore greatly distrusted.

And not only were these exemplars occupied with general and lasting subjects; they also were intently and consecutively and tirelessly so occupied. None of them attempted the dispersion of effort that has handicapped and even ruined many Senatorial careers; each knew precisely where he was going. Equally important, each knew the limit to which by old and unspoken Senate customs he could press his designs; the limits of tolerance.

But when a much more recent Senator, Humphrey of Minnesota, came to the Institution he had already far overrun that line of the tolerable. He nevertheless became a good Senator because of what happened afterward. As a reform Mayor of Minneapolis he had become the hero of a liberal movement indigenous to the upper Middle West and as a delegate to the 1948 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia he was shortly to become one of the heroes of the liberal movement nationally.

At that convention, the Democratic party appeared even to its oldest and most loyal partisan leaders to be in very poor shape for the Presidential contest shortly to come. Mr. Truman had not by that time been recognized for the major contributions to history that he had made, as he is not now fully recognized for these and the other contributions that later he made. No political estimate was more general than the estimate that the Democrats were very likely to lose the 1948 elections and that such a loss would become a moral certainty if the convention further inflamed a Democratic South-North division over civil rights.

All was accordingly arranged among the party leaders, in both factions, to deal softly in the platform with this highly sensitive issue. The platform committee duly brought out a carefully diluted document. Humphey, a member of the platform committee and then only an aspirant to the Senate, would have none of this. He took to the convention floor, where it could not and did not lose, an appeal for a civil-rights plank far more acceptable to the North than to the South.

Many will recall what followed: the angry march out into the rain of some of the Deep Southern delegations, the enfevered scene on the convention floor which even the most faithful considered a sure prelude to Democratic disaster in the following November. It did not, to be sure, turn out that way: Mr. Truman won after all and the Democrats regained Congress.

The point now, however, was that Humphrey, even before reaching the Institution in that November, had broken the most adamantine of all the unwritten rules. He had rejected the greatest political *raison d'être* of the Institution, the function of political compromise, and in the process he had made rude gestures toward those who were shortly to be his powerful Senatorial elders.

The road lay lonely and hostile before him, in consequence, when he appeared in the Senate to take the oath of office. The Outer Club was open to him, only in the sense that all who belong to the Institution must belong to it. The Inner Club, at this point, lay immeasurably beyond any reckoning of hope for him.

HOW HUMPHREY GOT "IN"

WHAT then, in the pursuit of this particular case history in the making of a Senator, saved Humphrey—or, more specifically, what was it that from this beginning made him a good Senator after all? Primarily, these things, at least, could be said of him: His intolerable activities at Philadelphia had in any case occurred before he had been schooled in the Institution. And it had to be admitted that his issue, however painfully he had insisted upon drawing it, was not a merely trifling or truly un-Senatorial one. Finally, to a body of old men Humphrey was quite young and there was a certain tendency to forgive error in the young.

More important than all these considerations, however, in his slow ascent to grace was the clear, but far from simple, fact that he had in him so many *latently* Senatorial qualities.

Not long had he been around before it became evident that, notwithstanding his regrettable past, he had a tactile sense of the moods and the habits and the mind of the place. Where another newcomer of the class of '48, Kefauver of Tennessee, seemed somehow usually to do the wrong thing at the right time, Humphrey seemed progressively to do things right. Where, for example, Kefauver suffered from a sad-eyed ebullience of highly personal effort that however worthy was notably disparate—from investigating crime to supporting some unlikely project like Atlantic Union—Humphrey unerringly set his purposes to be in harmony with the forms and spirit of the place.

He did not at all abandon his liberal designs (though as to civil rights the unyielding facts of life in the Senate forced him to move upon a zigzag course). He largely confined himself, however, to such suitably traditional liberal issues as higher farm subsidies and more generous labor laws. But he pursued these designs in complete awareness that in this body the best of motives will languish away unless one is able to marshal for them at best the support and at worst the fairly benevolent neutrality of at least some of the true Senate types.

Having recognized the nature of the problem Humphrey went about finding the human means with which to meet it. Unhurriedly—easy does it—and more or less naturally he fell into the habit of forgathering with the Democratic leader, Senator Johnson of Texas, and through Johnson there shortly developed a line of communication, however strained at first, with the other Southerners. With these Humphrey kept up a running and good-humored private debate, in the Senate lounges and on private occasions.

As he came really to know them, and particularly the able Senatorial politician who is Johnson, he began to suspect that there was, even on such matters as civil rights, less of blood-in-the-nostrils in their approach than he had supposed. And they came to suspect the same thing about him.

Indeed, Humphrey had found, and now he illustrated, one of the ultimate truths of the Senate. This is that one *cannot* forever refuse there to make any compromise at all and remain a good, or effective, member. The art of high negotiation is an absolutely necessary part of Senatorial equipment. For the Institution, as it was at its beginning, is something more than a parliamentary body engaged upon parliamentary work. It is likewise an assemblage of diplomatists, in which each state in a sense sends Ambassadors to the Federal Republic, and the function of Ambassadors is not simply to reach proud, violent disagreement; it is, of course, to find acceptable agreement.

Humphrey, the vehement heretic of yesterday had now embraced, perforce and indeed happily as his understanding grew, the Doctrine According to the Senate.

Because he was no longer looked at doubtfully by the Senate types (for an important illustration of this point) he was able in the Eighty-fourth Congress to bring off, by a *unanimous* Senate vote, one of the most cherished objectives alike of the liberals and of the true conservatives. This was the establishment, over the initial opposition of the Eisenhower Administration itself, of an independent commission to review the operations of the Government's loyalty-security program.

A man not so *acceptable* simply could not conceivably have done this, however fine might have been his bill.

THE GIFT OF DETACHMENT

THUS, the making of a good Senator involves several intangibles: A credible emanation of ultimate good faith in what he is about, one of the main criteria of good faith being the absence of petty exhibitionism. An understanding acceptance of the requirement of compromise, and therefore a willingness to abide dissent. A concentration upon the coherent and important and an avoidance of the diffuse and doubtful. A deep skill in sensing what may and may not be done. A gift if not for friendship at least for amicable association with other minds and with the interests of others.

And then, of purely human qualities there are yet more. The really good Senator must be a man of such sensitivity—a sensitivity not expressed by mere softness—as to be able to perceive those odd surges of feeling that mysteriously move among men generally, sometimes informing and sometimes obscuring the true meaning of issues before the Senate. He need not be particularly skilled in every kind of human relationship but this instinct of high discrimination is indispensable. It is, sometimes, the only quality that stands athwart hysterical action.

Then he must have a considerable essential ardor for life, an *élan vital* that is constant if not necessarily intense, to survive in a trying and hazardous way of life. This was the sort of quality that enabled Mr. Truman, an old Senate

man, to go doggedly forward in 1948, refusing to be discouraged, while associates on his very campaign train were quite certain that he was finished. It was the quality that permitted Senator Taft, dying a rushing death from cancer, to go on working to the end, accomplishing in the weeks of his last illness more than he had accomplished before.

It was the quality that caused a Kerr of Oklahoma to stand alone day after day in the Institution, in the extraordinary period immediately after Mr. Truman's recall of General MacArthur, to defend the right of a civilian President to act as he had acted. It appeared for a time then that a considerable part of the country, and perhaps even a majority, had forgotten the great democratic principle of civil control of the military.

Requisite, too, is a kind of *inner* detachment and disinterestedness, a thing found fairly often in the most ordinarily partisan of men, in political "machines" indeed as well as in the Institution itself. A good Senator cannot become so emotionally involved with his issues as to lose his perspective; an outer emotionalism is all right, in speaking for example, but an inner emotionalism will tend to paralyze the mind in a place where this is fatal. This is why liberal movements, by the way, are better led—except in the rare and desperate cases of history—by men of objective humor and interior detachment than by the zealots whose conviction may burn away their common sense.

And the quality of disinterestedness does not mean, of course, a lack of concern in what is afoot; very far from it. The late Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut was as hard and as acute a practical partisan as the Senate is likely to see. In the meetings of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, of which he was a member, there was from him never a counsel other than the counsel of partisan attack—except on some matters.

When the Atomic Age burst upon the world with the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, there opened before the United States one of the greatest political dilemmas—quite apart from the numberless dilemmas loosed in other aspects of life—since its founding.

It was McMahon of Connecticut, a man who had elbowed his way to the top and a man who would have been quite at home in the most realistic political ward meeting in the United States, who now displayed the truly sensitive and perceptive mind, the mind of a basic disinterestedness. He saw at once where total military control, of a Thing more powerful than ever before conceived, might lead. In the Senate he stormed and fought, at first with little assistance, for the principle of civilian control that led at last to the establishment of the Atomic Energy Commission.

And at a lesser though entirely valid level of his life as a man of the Institution, he arranged at the same time to become the chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee now set up to supervise the Commission itself.

For in the quality of detachment—as in so many other things—nothing goes by rule of thumb in the Senate. Distinction is the commonplace; the average really does not exist.

SPEAK UP, MAN: STOP TALKING ENGLISH!

THE first telephone cable between North America and Europe was opened yesterday with ceremonies in New York, London, and Ottawa. . . .

Cleo Frank Craig, chairman of the board of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, picked up an ordinary black telephone in New York shortly after 11:00 A.M. and exchanged greetings with Her Majesty's Postmaster General, who was using an ivory white telephone in London.

"This is Cleo Craig in New York calling Dr. Charles Hill in London," he said.

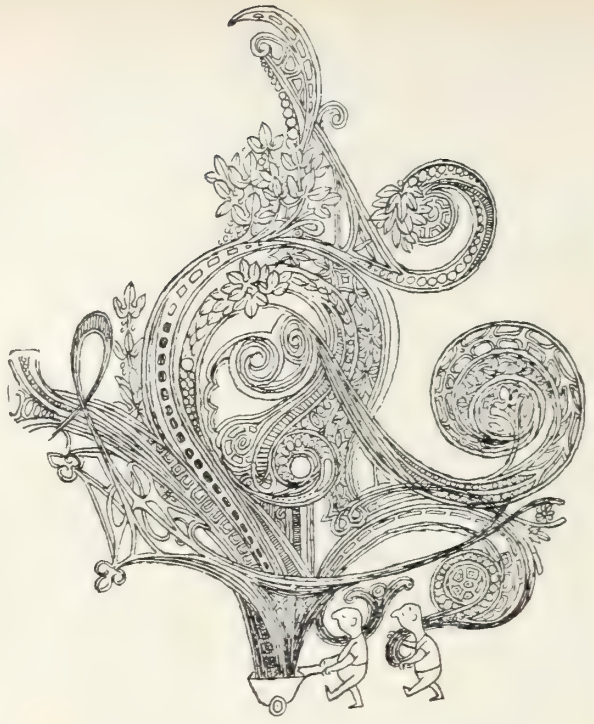
For a fleeting but painful moment there was no answering voice. Mr. Craig repeated his signal.

Then: "Hello. . . . Hello. . . . This is Dr. Hill in London."

Dr. Hill came in clear and strong, as distinct as his accent would allow. . . .

—From the *New York Times*, September 26, 1956.

After Hours



ORNAMENT TO SPARE

HE DIED in 1924, penniless, in a hotel room on the South Side of Chicago. The final twenty years had been hard ones. In 1906 they auctioned off his property, his library, his art collection; and before the end he was forced out of the offices in the masonry tower of the great Chicago Auditorium that he had himself designed. After 1907 there were few architectural jobs for Louis H. Sullivan except a scattering of small-town country banks, clients who could remember his reputation and forget the fashions that had outmoded him. "Of course I understood," one of them later wrote, "that we would never have been able to afford him if he had not fallen on bad days."

Now we are being treated, on his centennial but a half-century too late, to a Sullivan revival. The appearance of John Szarkowski's book of magnificent photographs of his buildings (*The Idea of Louis Sullivan,* see these pages last month) was timed to coincide with an exhibit at Chicago's Art Institute and has set off a chain reaction of articles and reviews. The *New York Times Magazine* has printed one of the best pieces on him yet to appear, by Aline Saarinen, the wife of a modern architect; and even *Time* magazine has vouchsafed Sullivan two whole pages and labeled him the "skyscraper poet." You might almost hope that some minimum of such attention would rub off on the monuments this master builder left behind him, before they too are gone.

American architecture, as the body of existing construction, is a neck-and-neck race between the writers and the wreckers. Every time you look the other way another building is leveled to the sidewalks. We have just lost the original A. T. Stewart's (later Wanamaker's) in New York—"the Great Iron Store," as I think Marquis James called it—which was a masterpiece made way with by small men, to make way for their even smaller talents. The only thing I have against Mr. Szarkowski's book is that it identifies the one Sullivan building in New York, which was previously a secret closely kept within the fraternity. Now that it is out, I wouldn't give this sad and shabby pile five years of life.

Sullivan's work has in some senses suffered less than he did, less even than did that of his draftsman and lineal descendant, Frank Lloyd Wright. The Sullivan mark is still plain on downtown Chicago. The Auditorium is in awful shape, the Meyer department store (now Carson Pirie Scott) has been grotesquely altered, and the Schiller (now Garrick) theater has had its front torn apart to accommodate a leprous Ham 'n Eggery—but at least the relics remain. The two great office buildings (in St. Louis and Buffalo) have been miserably botched by incompetent redecorators in their downstairs hallways—but the silhouettes still stand against the sky, to show what skyscrapers were meant to be.

And the small-town country banks are a special case. Lying far outside the vicious whirlpools of city real estate, they had even better chances of survival. One or two are almost untouched. Built last among his works, and designed to serve functions that still pertain, they offer a uniquely accessible pathway into Sullivan's mind and intentions. According to Frank Lloyd Wright, they were "tainted with backwash and showed only pitiful remnants of the great genius that flashed from him in the old days . . ." but Mr. Wright was lucky enough to have known the old days. Having followed the tourist track to many of Sullivan's structures in the past, I can report back from rounding the circuit of his country banks that they have been for me the best way to him—the best way, that is, left open.

SULLIVAN'S is not an easy mind to enter. He wrote lengthily and extravagantly, in a Whitmanesque idiom that has become almost opaque to emotional nuance; he put great emotion into it, clearly, but what now comes through in *Kindergarten Chats* or *The Autobiography of an Idea* is chiefly the sense of turmoil and excitement, veiled behind meanings and shades of meaning that have been lost. He was a biological sport, in any event; there was no on

logically like him before or since and it takes a certain disregard of their mutual differences to insert him into the great trio of American architects, between Wright and Richardson. He is remembered for "form follows function," as much as anything else, yet it would seem to be a precept that he himself regarded in a very different light—especially as it concerns ornament—than we would today.

There is ornament all over the Sullivan banks; they crawl with it. Whorls and strands of terra-cotta foliage climb the walls, edge the corners, ring the pillars, and border the massive arches ("of all constructive forms," wrote Sullivan, "the most emotional"). Sometimes great medallions of ornament, like enormous pendants, are affixed to the front of a little corner building that seems hardly big enough to bear the load—making the bank look, as Sullivan wanted it to look, like a jewel box. That was, as he understood the word, part of its "function" as a bank; and he would have been outraged by the modern misinterpretation, which strips buildings of all decoration in ritualistic observance of his dictum. The modern eye, which sees all ornament as necessarily no more than veneer on the structure underneath, has much to unlearn; Sullivan's ornament is a good place for it to begin, and the banks are providentially there to be looked at.

Most of the communities in which they are found, though to varying degrees, seem to sense their good fortune. It would be interesting to know here to what extent safe preservation is the result of a time-lag in taste. Since the Bauhaus and the Word according to Gropius have not yet penetrated, people in the rural Midwest do not think it so strange that wandering aesthetes should arrive to see "their" bank, an object that might also be self-evidently beautiful to an admirer of Carpenter's Gothic. Be that as it may, postcards of the banks are frequently available, one management has even prepared a small folder called "The Inside Story of an Architectural Masterpiece," and nearly all of the establishments rate a respectful line in *The American Guide* as local sights to see. To come upon buildings that give any sense at all of

"I Was Marked With The SIGN OF THE CROSS"



"I knelt with others in a half-circle about the altar.

"My hands were anointed with holy oil by the Bishop and wrapped carefully in new linen.

"The ancient prayers of the Church were being recited over me. The hands of the Bishop were laid upon me just as the hands of St. Peter and St. James and St. Paul were laid upon the young disciples they sent forth to labor, to teach, and to die.

"The chalice with wine and water and a small dish holding the unconsecrated bread were entrusted to me. The priestly vestments were placed upon my shoulders.

"I was being consecrated to God and to the service of souls. I was being marked with the Sign of the Cross.

"I was receiving the Sacrament of the Catholic priesthood, usually referred to as Holy Orders . . . instituted by Christ, conferred by the Apostles, and continuing in unbroken succession nearly 2,000 years since the time of Our Lord."

Some may scoff at the solemn ceremonies that attend the Ordination of a Catholic priest, and question the good sense of a man who surrenders many of life's material pleasures for such a calling. Others may doubt that the Catholic priest possesses any Christ-given office or powers which other men do not possess.

Perhaps you have heard someone challenge the authority of the priest to forgive sins, and his power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You may have been told that you can deal directly with God and don't need a priest or any mediator other than Jesus Christ.

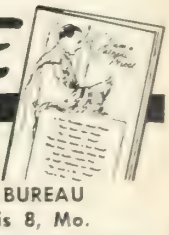
It is a fact that many do hold these beliefs. But can you be sure, deep down in your heart, that they are right?

Holy Scripture tells us that Christ established a priesthood to represent Him . . . that He did command His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations" . . . that He did say: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them" . . . that at the Last Supper He set the example for an unbloody sacrifice, and said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

God is, certainly, the ultimate source of everything. But He works through many "deputies." He uses the farmer to supply us with food . . . our parents, teachers, and scholars to educate us . . . physicians to treat our physical ills. Even in the creation of our life itself, He manifests His power through our parents. And in matters concerning the salvation of our souls, He tells us: "Hear the Church."

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being cherished is so rare that the Sullivan banks are unique in this respect, too.

There is one worth driving to reach in each of four states: Owatonna, Minnesota; Grinnell, Iowa; Columbus, Wisconsin; and Sidney, Ohio. Winona, Minnesota, has an in-the-manner-of-Sullivan bank by his associates; but it is chiefly interesting for an addition that manages to be modern without clashing violently with the original. And there is the wreckage of what was once a Sullivan work in Newark, Ohio; it should be visited only by those who can view a living thing that has been deliberately murdered without wanting to lynch the murderers, or those who wonder how an architect feels about the survival of his creations. The Newark building has been horribly mutilated. "At last, Frank, something they can't take away from you," said Sullivan to Wright, when the Imperial Hotel was finished. "I wonder why he thought 'they' couldn't take it away from me?" Wright later wrote. "'They' can take anything away from anybody."



MR. MORGAN'S LIBRARY

MR. MORGAN said it was Mr. McKim's library, because Mr. McKim (of the famous architectural firm of McKim, Meade, and White) had not only designed the building but had lavished such personal care and attention on it. Gradually in the last quarter of a century Mr. McKim's monument to himself and to Mr. Morgan, a splendid Renaissance landmark of the Murray Hill section of New York, has got buried deeper and deeper in a canyon of tall apartment houses. Now the Lutheran Church, which bought Mr. Morgan's stolid brownstone mansion as its headquarters some years ago, is going to put up an office building where Mr. Morgan's squash court once was; the building will spill over into part of the library's garden, one of the few places in Murray Hill where one can tell what season of the year it is. The Morgan Library's crocuses and daffodils announce the spring.

When the Yale Library in New Haven was built in the 1930s, a sort of parody of a medieval monastery, one of the members of the faculty said, "They should put a sign over the main entrance that reads: 'This is not the Yale Library; the Yale Library is inside.'" The Morgan Library is not, of course, Mr. McKim's building; it is the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection of illuminated manuscripts, books, drawings, engravings, autographs, and manuscripts—and many more that have been acquired since the financier's death.

This year the library is celebrating its fiftieth year as an institution, and its trustees and director are going to give the rest of America a glimpse of the treasures that are stored in its vaults and on its shelves. It is sending on tour a package (some package!) of pieces of paper that in the course of the year will be shown at the Cleveland Museum (February), the Art Institute of Chicago (March and April), the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco (May), the Huntington Library, San Marino (June, July, and part of August), the Nelson Gallery in Kansas City (September), the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston (October), and the Fogg Museum at Harvard (November and December). If you are bookish, or interested in the visual arts, or merely impressed by value, you should take the trouble to look. If you were in Europe you would travel miles to see such treasures . . . all of which, with the exception of the manuscripts of Poe's "Tamerlane," and journals of Hawthorne and Thoreau, came from Europe or the Middle East, in the first place.

You will, for example, see a Gutenberg Bible (the "forty-two line" Bible) and a sixth-century manuscript of Pliny and a beautiful Book of Hours with miniatures painted by Fouquet in the fifteenth century. There are, in fact, thirty-nine illuminated manuscripts in the exhibition and fourteen incunabula (books published before 1500) including the first illustrated edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* printed by England's first printer, William Caxton, in 1484, and the *Constance Missal*, which is believed by many to be the first book printed from movable type in Europe. There are only two other copies of the Missal known to exist, one in Munich and the other in Zurich. It is much rarer than (if not as handsome as) the Gutenberg Bible.

"The collecting of binding," Mr. Frederick P. Adams, Jr., the director of the Library, says in his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition, "is perhaps the most sophisticated expression of bibliophily, since it must largely discount the chief reason for the existence of any book: the text." The traveling exhibition contains twelve bindings, the earliest of which is a twelfth-century silver-gilt binding on the *Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark* in Latin. There is a binding made for Jean Grolier, "the patron saint of bibliophiles" in Paris in about 1550, and an English needlepoint binding from the seventeenth century. There is also a binding that was made for Madame de Pompadour.

Among the "autograph manuscripts" that Mr. Adams has selected to send on tour are Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* (which he illustrated himself with pen sketches), Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Keats' *Endymion*, and Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. That's not all. There are twelve altogether. It gives you a hint of what the Morgan Library has stashed away, but only a hint.

Several years ago Mr. Adams asked me if I would like to see a drawing that he had been lucky enough to buy in England and, somewhat to his surprise, had been able to get out of the country where, I gather, the British Museum gets first crack at such items. It was a landscape drawing by Pieter Bruegel, the Elder, of a mountainous terrain with a village by a river and a castle on a mountain side. The reason why the British let it go was that they had several others of the same sort still left in English collections

AFTER HOURS

f you like drawings, this single heaf of paper is in itself excuse nough to see the Morgan Library's xhibition. But there are others, hirty in all. There is a remarkable ilippino Lippi figure drawing on lue paper, a Poussin "The Death of Hippolytus"—as dashing as his paintngs are likely to be static. There are wo by Rubens, one a figure drawing nd one a landscape, a Claude of irst quality, a famous Watteau of the eads of two girls, and so on—riches iled on riches. Dürer, Rembrandt, Guardi, Pontormo, Andrea del arto. There can't be many more disinguished collections of drawings nywhere . . . and certainly not in his country. Again, it is only a samle of what is in the Library.

The exhibition has already opened n New York for a short stand before t takes to the road accompanied by member of the Library's staff. The reasures will travel by train, and I oubt very much if anybody at the ibrary will draw a deep breath ntil they are all back home a year rom now.

SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN LAND

SOMEBODY must have thought of this before, but the rst instance I have heard of comes rom the college newspaper I have efore me. The problem is contact ith one's native soil; the solution is rovided by a young Texas lady. I uote from the *Summer Texan* of ustin, Texas, August 7, 1956:

U T Ex-Student
Wed in Oklahoma
On Texas Ground

"An ex-student of the University as married at Stillwater, Okla., ugust 4, but she was still on Texas il.

"Rosemary Ben-Jourdan Atkinson f Houston was the ex-student who anaged this feat by taping a small ag of dirt from the family's ancesal lands of Austin and Houston to he instep of each shoe. The bride the daughter of Dr. M. Jourdan tkinson, an author and anthropolost.

"She married James B. Wise."

Anybody check *his* shoes?

—Mr. Harper

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By JOHN TEBBEL

Introduction by Alvin C. Drummond, M.D.

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—7 steps toward emotional readjustment
—5 point ulcer preventive program
—7 specific signals that warn you to slow down or change your habits
—9 point program for growing old gracefully
—5 case histories of men with sex problems
—And much more

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- What can you do to relieve nervous tension, avoid heart strain?
- How important is exercise to your general health?
- What are beneficial work habits?
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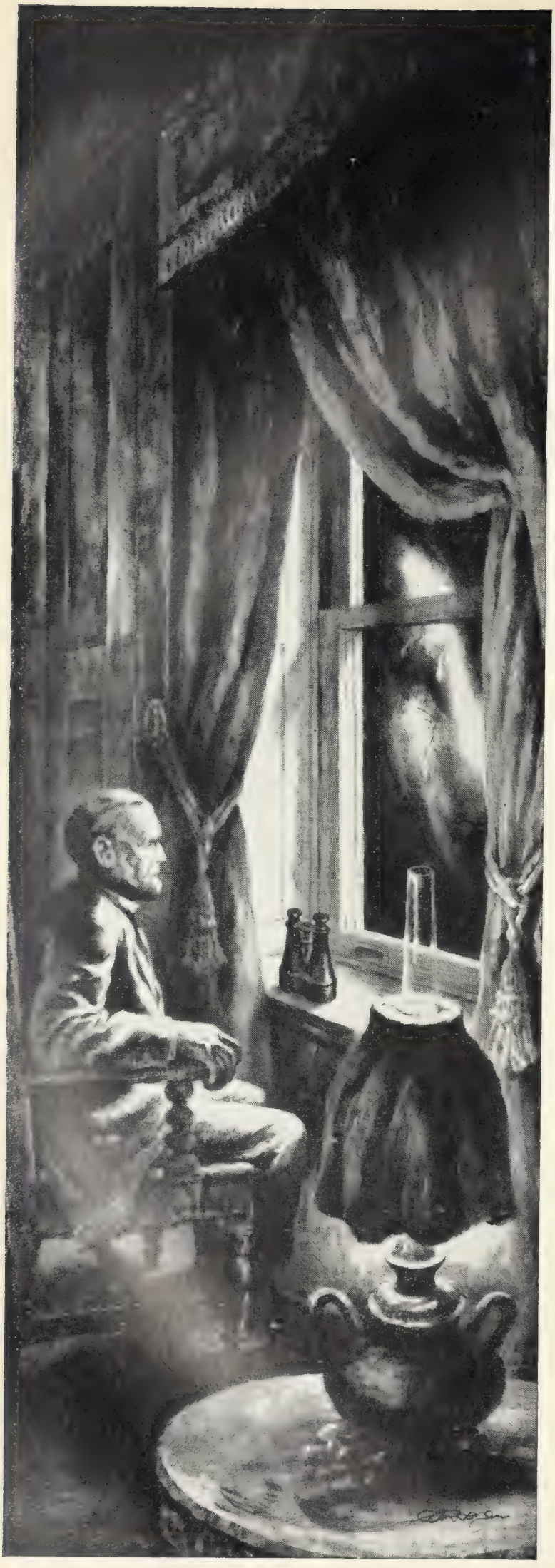
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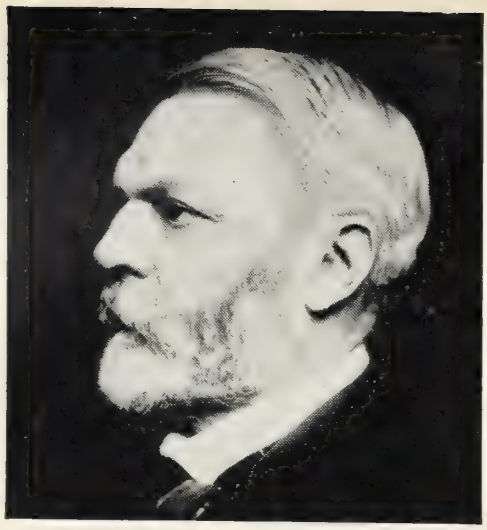
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The man who wouldn't give up

500 MASSED ROCKETS shook the brand-new Brooklyn Bridge, screamed up into the May evening and showered the city with red and gold.

While behind a darkened window, a big, gaunt man sat and watched, too crippled and pain-wracked to attend the opening day festivities for the bridge.

This was a pity, for he had built it.

Which means that when money gave out, Chief Engineer Roebling pleaded for more. When disturbing changes of plan had to be made, Roebling fought them through. And when a hundred panicked men were trapped under the East River in a flooded caisson, Roebling saved them.

Spinning the giant steel spiderweb not only exacted 13 years of Roebling's life, from 1870 to 1883, but very early in the game it crippled him forever with the caisson disease.

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

From Society Back to People

CONTEMPORARY American society must be more self-conscious than any other that has ever existed. Threatened from without, it constantly re-examines itself in search of reassuring sources of strength or eradicable sources of weakness. Altering rapidly within, it feels the painful awareness of self which, as adolescence shows, often accompanies swift change.

In the circumstances it is hardly surprising that the investigation of society and its members has become a gigantic enterprise. With the hope of using people more efficiently, business and education and the military test and retest their captive audiences. In search of new markets, business polls and samples the audience it hopes to capture. In the name of science, researchers interview anyone they can get to stop long enough to answer a question. The analysts of social behavior have at their disposal vast sums of money (from taxation, business, and the foundations) and an array of techniques that strike their potential victim as ranging from the ludicrous to the terrifying.

A good deal of the information that has been accumulated about society is buried in technical reports and journals, but since the war several books have appeared that use social research, both original and accumulated, in such a way as to present a vivid image of society to the general reader. The most recent of these books, and one of the best, is **The Organization Man** by William H. Whyte, Jr. (Simon and Schuster, $5).

THE RISE OF "BELONGINGNESS"

THE *Organization Man* is both a highly particularized description of a narrow segment of American society and a highly generalized indictment of American society as a whole. The segment Whyte has chosen to write about is composed of the young men (roughly between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five) who have elected to make their careers in large corporations. He tells in abundant and entertaining detail how they are selected and trained, what they regard as the good life, how they amuse themselves and spend their money, what they expect of the churches they attend and the schools they send their children to, and so on.

From his extensive knowledge of this group, Whyte goes on to argue that Americans have turned a corner in the moral basis of their lives, that they have abandoned, or are in the process of abandoning, what he calls the Protestant Ethic (belief in individual salvation through work, thrift, and competitive struggle) in favor of what he calls the Social Ethic (belief in "belongingness," belief in the group as the source of creativity, and belief in science as a way of achieving "belongingness"). In making this analysis Whyte is obviously under the influence of David Riesman's distinction between "inner-directed" and "other-directed" people; but where Riesman was primarily concerned with showing a change in the way people behave, Whyte tries to go a step further and show a change in the way they think they *ought* to behave.

Whyte is not pleased with the consequences of the Social Ethic as he sees them. He thinks that it results in the exaltation of mediocrity and discourages, in science and art and daily life, the creative individual who is society's only source of innovation. Man has been tamed and domesticated to serve the great bureaucratized collective that is the modern corporation; he has become a steady uninventive producer and a steady uncritical consumer who doesn't believe in making any trouble for anyone, including himself; soon he will be as contented as a cow, with the same herd-like instincts, the same routine demands, and the same passive acceptance of being milked.

The argument of *The Organization Man* is vigorously and intelligently presented, with a fascinating mass of fresh evidence. Anyone interested in the society he lives in will find it absorbing reading.

Yet the argument need not be accepted uncritically. There is obviously a question about how well the young trainees and junior executives of large corporations represent American

society as a whole. These young men have chosen the life of "corporation men" for themselves, and the corporations in turn have carefully picked them out as the men most suitable for corporation needs. So selective a group will hardly support such a mass of generalization as Whyte builds upon them, though it must be said that he adduces a good deal of evidence for his interpretation of American life from other sources, most brilliantly from popular fiction.

Other more or less quibbling objections of this sort could be raised; but, as I read it, the book is open to a much more fundamental criticism. Whyte uses one sort of Social Ethic to damn another sort. The clearest evidence lies in the attitude toward gifted people that runs through the book. Whyte wants us to allow greater freedom to gifted people because *in that way society will get more good out of them.* He is, apparently, quite ready to accept usefulness to the group as a standard for treating people; he simply thinks that the best cows will give more milk if they are granted a larger pasture to graze in.

When we respect every man for what he is, a unique creation, talent will have its innings and so will many another human quality as admirable as talent. When we treat every man on the basis of what we can get out of him, talent and every other human quality will suffer. Social innovation is not, as Whyte seems to assume, an end in itself or a good thing in itself.

It does not clarify the argument very much to confuse respect for individuality with belief in individualism, as the framework of Whyte's argument tends to do. Individualism is the economic doctrine that the world's work is best done on the principle of every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost; it is the practical consequence of what Whyte calls the Protestant Ethic. Individuality is the unique quality every human being has; it is what Whyte thinks the Social Ethic neglects. The two are really very different things. One is a passing idea about how to get work done and the other is an eternal wonder of the world. There were men who respected individuality long before individualism was ever heard of; there will be such men after individualism is forgotten.

When Whyte does not merely reinterpret the morality he is opposing, he emerges as a sensitive and thoughtful man. But then the moralist and the sociologist in him seem to be at loggerheads. The best example is provided by his discussion of the personality tests by which large corporations attempt to assess their employees. Whyte has nothing good to say for these tests and castigates them in no uncertain terms; he advises people to evade their impertinence by cheating and provides an appendix on how to do it. Yet obviously he could not have written his book without asking a lot of impertinent questions himself. Has a sociologist any more right to invade the privacy of others than a personality-tester has?

Yet I think Whyte is essentially right; I think that American society has turned a corner in its prevailing beliefs about what makes life worth living, and the fact that Whyte can write a book praising by implication the very qualities in human beings that were most deplored by similar writers twenty years ago proves it. The change, however, may be less a reprehensible shift in ideology than an attempt to keep life on a human scale in a world increasingly dominated by very large organizations. Whyte thinks that the young men he describes have sold out to the organizations, but it would be possible to interpret their style of life as a very low-keyed and scarcely-understood but heartfelt form of protest.

Men and women want to feel useful, but they resent, and very properly resent, the feeling of being used. In a society dominated by such vast collectivities as business and industry, government and the army, it is very hard not to feel more used than useful. If people who make their livings in such collectivities are turning more and more for their satisfaction in life to their membership in small groups (the family, a neighborhood, a volunteer group), if they are cultivating the qualities in themselves that make for usefulness there rather than the qualities that make for more spectacular success in the great world, it may be an assertion of the human scale that is really a rejection of the great organization.

OTHER VOICES, OTHER DOOMS

RUSSELL LYNES' **A Surfeit of Honey** (Harper, $3) provides a number of parallels to *The Organization Man.* It is a much more casual book than Whyte's, really a collection of incidental essays, and it makes no pretense either to thoroughness in its investigations or to finality in its conclusions. The one poll Lynes attempted to take (on the subject of who is now considered a lady) is both frankly naïve in method and refreshingly unimpressive in its results. *A Surfeit of Honey* is essentially an entertaining and unmethodical series of observations on how American manners have been changed by postwar prosperity.

Yet the essays as a group make a number of telling points, some overtly and some by indirection. One of the most interesting, at least in the light of Whyte's analysis, is that the American no longer regards his job as the center of his life to anything like the extent he once did. Lynes shows young men who are more and more making their homes the center of their lives, by taking an increasing part in housekeeping and the care of children (another aspect, perhaps, of the domestication and taming of the male animal); he shows men of all ages dressing for their

leisure hours in clothes that deny their economic functions; he offers evidence that the idea of the good life entertained by young people of both sexes is no longer primarily built on the hope of success on the job.

In his most original essay Lynes discusses a social group he calls "The Upper Bohemians." They are brokers of ideas and culture who stand in a somewhat detached and speculative relation to their own work and everybody else's, receptive to new ideas but not buffeted by every change of fashion, morally sensitive but committed to no program, a confraternity of taste and attitude. Often they are, in Whyte's phrase, "organization men," upper bureaucrats of government or business or other institutions, but they remain their own men too. Possibly this group is working out a style of life that preserves individuality among the collectivities, though the ironic humanism they stand for is a difficult faith to maintain, and not one that is likely to be popular with the mass of men.

Lynes agrees with Whyte that the prosperity of the postwar years has had a deleterious effect on morals and manners, but except for one essay (on the rejection of the success-ideal by young people) his evidence tends to be quite different. Where Whyte sees the effect of prosperity as a softening up of society, an over-reliance on co-operation and groupiness, and a decline in aggression and competitiveness, Lynes sees a hardening of heart in society, with people growing more grasping and less considerate of one another than they were in the Depression. One certainty society can count on: harsh things will always be said about it, but they will not always be the same things.

LUDWIG von Mises, author of **The Anti-Capitalistic Mentality** (Van Nostrand, $3.75), is sure that society is going to hell in a hack (government-owned) because it has abandoned the pure capitalism of the middle of the nineteenth century, and his book is an attempt to explain why so many people have questioned the most beneficent system ever worked out by the mind of man. His explanation is simple. Under pure capitalism the market was a place where every man was rewarded exactly as he deserved to be rewarded. This showed people up for the inferior stuff they were; they became so envious of their betters that they regarded the system as a conspiracy against them.

(It is a little difficult to tell in what tense the preceding paragraph should be written, because it is a little difficult to tell when the story Von Mises recounts is supposed to have taken place. He describes capitalism as it was perhaps in 1850, a collection of small entrepreneurs who had never heard of a corporation; yet he says that it put television sets and automobiles into the hands of workers, which happened a good deal later and only after the pure capitalism he describes had been considerably modified. Again, Von Mises describes how the capitalist is mistreated in contemporary fiction, but his discussion shows that he hasn't read a novel on the subject written since the 'thirties. What a shock he will have if he ever comes across *Cash McCall.*)

One area, however, in which Von Mises does not accept the verdict of the market is economics. His own theories of economics happen not to have fared very well in either the commercial or the intellectual marketplace. Virtually all his work that has been published in this country has been brought out by noncommercial presses, and the reception it has received has not been uniformly appreciative. But Von Mises rejects the market decision on his work not because he is envious of his betters, as the rest of us do, but because sound economics is the victim of a conspiracy ("propaganda and indoctrination has well succeeded in enforcing its taboos"). It is still the anti-capitalist mentality.

IN HIS collection of three lectures on education, **Constraint and Variety in American Education** (University of Nebraska Press, $2.75), David Riesman deals at some length with an idea that is also one of Whyte's major conclusions in *The Organization Man*—namely, that education ought to serve as some kind of brake on society. Whyte argues that now when society is so enamored of the Social Ethic our schools should do all they can to encourage and de-

EDITOR AT LARGE



I want to say something about poetry. And if your initial reaction is to shrug and turn the page, I hope you'll resist the impulse and bear with me.

There are times when it seems that poetry has become an unmentionable word. The impression exists that, in a television age, poetry is too difficult, too demanding; or that it is neither useful nor enjoyable; or that it is written only for a small group of self-appointed initiates.

In part this situation is a result of the modern poet's concern with form more than content, his seeming desire to be difficult rather than clear; and in part it is a result of contemporary teaching which emphasizes analysis rather than understanding.

Yet the best poetry illumines the human heart in a way that the best-selling novelist, or even the newest psychoanalyst, can never do.

If you have any doubts about this, I suggest you look into Lloyd Frankenberg's new book, "Invitation to Poetry," which is an excellent introduction to the subject.

The book is an anthology of poems from John Skelton to Dylan Thomas, arranged with comments by a man, a poet himself, who has done much to restore poetry to a degree of popularity. His comments add to our understanding and increase our pleasure in the many great poems which constitute the major part of the book.

It's an ideal volume on which to spend any extra Christmas cash, an even better one to turn into a New Year's resolution.

L. L. Day

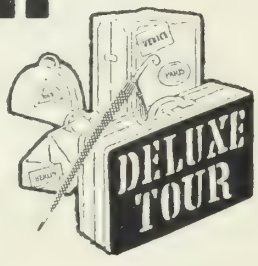
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., is the publisher of Lloyd Frankenberg's "Invitation to Poetry" ($6.75). Mr. Frankenberg has also recorded for Columbia Records a new album called "A Round of Poems," on which he reads and discusses many of the poems in his book. Book and record may be obtained from your own bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

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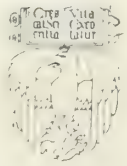
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velop individuality; and Riesman makes much the same point in advocating what he calls a "counter-cyclical policy" for secondary education.

Riesman sees more difficulty in putting such a policy into effect than Whyte does. Yet curiously enough he finds a potential source of opposition to the prevailing tone of education in young people of the very sort that Whyte considers to be setting the prevailing tone of contemporary society: "Young people who no longer seek fame and monetary success. . . . Rejecting uncongenial intellectuality, they want to work with people, to help people . . ." and so on. Such young people certainly exist, and they are just as nice as Riesman says they are, but they are not going to alter education greatly. It is useless to expect schools to be very different from the society that supplies their students and pays their bills.

Riesman's book as a whole is an introductory essay in the sociology of education, with as many ideas as a dog has fleas. The ideas deserve to be called suggestive, stimulating, and every other adjective that indicates pleasure at meeting them without necessarily indicating agreement. It is not easy to grasp all the ideas as they fly past, but that need worry no reader: he will soon meet them all again in other men's books.

FEW books of social criticism are as witty as Robert Wernick's **They've Got Your Number** (Morrow, $2.95). This is an attack on the science—or, as Wernick would say, the pseudo-science—of psychological testing. In many ways Wernick's case against testing resembles Whyte's, and like Whyte he suggests that the best method of dealing with tests is to cheat. (Actually, what both writers call cheating is simply giving the tester what he wants, and everybody tries to do that anyway if there is something at stake for him in the test. The difficulty with personality testing is that the amateur has the Devil's own time trying to figure out what the tester wants, and on that subject Whyte and Wernick are helpful.)

But there are differences between Whyte's and Wernick's positions. Whyte thinks that the main trouble with personality tests is that personnel men use the results to erect tyrannical standards of normality; when he administered tests used in the selection of corporation trainees to the highest executives of the same corporations he found that the executives failed—they were too eccentric or lopsided, they were not normal enough. This does not question the accuracy of the tests; it only questions the validity of the way the results are used.

Wernick, on the other hand, questions the tests themselves. He flatly denies that anything has been proved *about* any mental test, and he certainly implies that very little has been proved *by* any mental test. And where Whyte objects to tests because, as they are interpreted, they do not lead to the most efficient use of people, Wernick questions the very notion that people ought to be used efficiently. In the end he puts his faith in "the stubborn, untidy, unstatistical, old-Adamish remainder of humanity in us."

Probably Wernick's argument is too condensed to convince readers who are not predisposed in its favor, but anyone will enjoy such passages as the brilliant account of how to make up a personality test—Wernick imagines an aging Don Juan who does not want to waste his flagging energies on unsusceptible ladies and constructs a test by which the Don can decide where his remaining talent can be most profitably deployed.

The writing verges on the smart-alecky, but it is certainly entertaining. For instance: "The first Tester of whom we have adequate record was the Sphinx, who sat by the road outside Thebes and asked passers-by her famous riddle: *what goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at sunset?* Those who gave the wrong answer were devoured forthwith. (Perhaps here we see the derivation of the term 'raw score' used in modern psychometrics.) The Sphinx was only a primitive monster, and had only one string to her bow, but she had hit upon one of the cardinal principles of the most up-to-date schools of testing: the testee must have no idea of what he is being tested for. If Oedipus had known that the prize for the right answer was the kingship of Thebes,

he probably would have wasted his time cramming up on Aristotle's *Politics*."

JUST LOOKING

FORTUNATELY the universe contains many things besides human society and its problems, and some of them are a good deal fairer to look upon. In **Forms and Patterns in Nature** (Pantheon, $7.50) Wolf Strache has assembled a group of about ninety photographs that strikingly recall how strange and beautiful and inexplicable the face of the nonhuman world is. Strache's particular interest lies in the seemingly meaningless and casual way in which nature repeats forms. "Inexhaustible though Nature is in designing shapes," he writes in his brief Preface, "she may use the same design in various aspects—on a large scale and on a small scale, in minerals and in plants, in animals, and in the immense spaces of earth and sky."

By exploiting the resources of the modern camera, Strache has been able to reveal some of the visual metaphors latent in nature. For instance, he juxtaposes a photograph of tree-like forked lightning and an aerial photograph of a tree-like creek system, or he groups together a picture of the fur of a jaguar and a picture of the similarly marked cross section of a sheep bone. Strache thinks that such resemblances of design in widely different places in nature have no scientific meaning, but in some instances there must be like principles involved. For instance, the skeleton of a sole revealed in an x-ray photograph not only looks like the rib structure of certain leaves but must also involve somewhat similar engineering principles. Yet Strache is quite right in emphasizing the metaphoric, poetic quality of his work, for its cumulative effect is to restore our wonder at the look of things.

Each picture is provided with an informative description, but the reproductions are not, unhappily, quite first rate.

A BOOK that accomplishes much the same effect as *Forms and Patterns in Nature*, though in words instead of pictures, is **The Great Migrations** by Georges Blond (Macmillan, $4). Here the subject is the intricate pattern of movement created by living creatures. Blond does not attempt to deal with the whole of this vast and much-disputed subject, limiting himself to the migrations of birds, eels and salmon (one goes out to sea to breed, the other returns from the sea to breed), buffalo, locusts, and lemmings. But these are enough to give the reader a good introduction and to encourage further reading in the field.

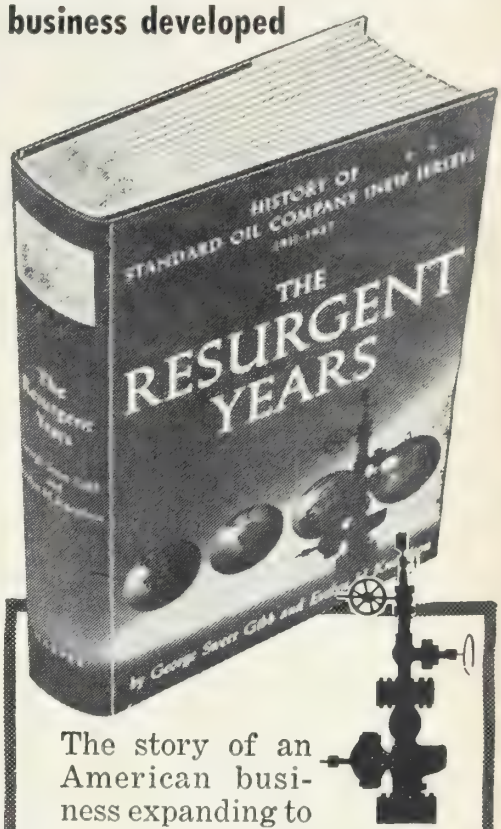
Blond's method of presenting his material is not always exactly felicitous. Often he tries to turn it into narrative of a rather puerile sort, his tone is sometimes portentous, and he vulgarizes the scientific theories concerning migration in a way that does not flatter the reader's intelligence. In short, he somewhat under-rates the intrinsic interest of his material and correspondingly over-rates his own capacity to make it more interesting. But the material triumphs over the presentation; even Blond's ill-advised attempt to write the chapter on lemming migrations in the first person ("I am a lemming," he begins) cannot make it less than fascinating.

BACK TO PEOPLE

ON THE dustjacket of her new novel, **The Fountain Overflows** (Viking, $5), Rebecca West explains how the idea for it came to her out of the blue one afternoon at tea, but the book reads like an autobiographical memoir, and on the few points where the facts of Miss West's early life are readily available it seems to reflect them faithfully. Her mother, for instance, was a musician, like the mother in the book, and her father was a disciple of Herbert Spencer with a deep interest in social questions, like the father in the book.

Speculation on this subject is less idle than it often is because *The Fountain Overflows* is rather better as a memoir than as a novel. The structure has some of the rambling quality of reminiscence, and the illusion of fiction is often dispelled by extended comparisons of past and present, and by other commentary fascinating in itself but more at home in essays or recollections. There is also something unforgiven, some fail-

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ure of sympathy, in the relation between the narrator and her older sister which suggests, alas, family life recalled rather than pure literary creation. Perhaps this memoir-like quality arises from the fact that Miss West's brilliant powers of characterization are more analytical than presentational; she talks about her characters so wonderfully that what they do sometimes seems pallid by comparison.

The characters are the glory of the book, but the theme developed through them is by no means uninteresting. It deals again with Miss West's favorite subject of loyalty; the particular problem this time is the effect on children when their parents' loyalties are divided between domestic affection and some more abstract commitment. The father's passion for social justice combined with his almost complete impracticality in daily life makes him a withdrawn but mythically heroic figure for his children, a man whose love they can only hope to deserve. The mother's equally powerful passion for music has quite a different effect; although it alienates the one unmusical child from the family as a whole, it gives the lives of the other children an extra dimension, a standard of excellence that raises them above the poverty and pettiness of the neighborhood they live in and makes their youth a thrilling apprenticeship rather than mere time to be passed. (There is at least curiosity-value in the fact that *Heritage*, the semi-autobiographical novel published recently by Miss West's son Anthony West, also deals with the effect on a child of the division of a mother's loyalties between her art and her offspring. The two books are not otherwise much alike.)

This is one of Miss West's best books. In the non-fiction that has won her such a large audience it is sometimes difficult to tell where her reporting leaves off and her imagination takes over, but that consideration matters very little, if it matters at all, in *The Fountain Overflows*.

ANOTHER very winning recent work of fiction is a book that bears the unambiguous title **Stories** (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $3.95) and lives up to its title abundantly by containing five stories by Jean Stafford, four by John Cheever, and three each by Daniel Fuchs and William Maxwell. Since the four writers represented are (apparently) friends, the standard reviewer's dodge for dealing with collections of short stories—namely, playing off one writer against another, if possible to their mutual disadvantage—seems even less appropriate than usual. So you will have to resort to the pleasant expedient of reading *Stories* for yourself to discover which of the four contributors is the best, and why, and I will content myself with calling your particular attention to the work of Daniel Fuchs, who is less well known than his fellows but no less talented.

Fuchs' stories bear a strong family resemblance: all of them create an atmosphere of denuding humiliation in which here and there a solitary figure tries to cling to some covering of decent human dignity. The best of the group, "The Golden West," also contains the one character wholly successful at this enterprise, a superb old Jewish woman who lives with her horrible movie-making children on a hill outside Hollywood. She has survived the truth of her own life by facing it, and consequently the evasions that those around her call disillusion cannot touch her, and for her the world still, as she says, "shimmers before the eyes." A fine story in a fine collection.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The pre-Christmas publishing season was spiced like the holiday fruit cake with novels of suspense for post-holiday convalescence. I suggest three, of most divergent background and temper.

Beware the Curves, by A. A. Fair. Erle Stanley Gardner, under this pseudonym, brings back the detective partners Donald Lam and Bertha Cool in a fine slapdash murder story, ringing in plenty of sex and unexpected changes in plot. Person-

ly I marvel at people who read etective stories as relaxers. I have be on my toes every minute, pecially in courtroom scenes, or fore I know it the lawyer or the l-knowing detective slips in a ques- on that turns the whole affair up- le down. In any case the fellows this novel are as quick in their oves as the lady detective is quick ter money, and the story is fast- oving and fun if you're quick- tted too. Morrow, $2.95

he Lighthearted Quest, by Ann idge.

Ann Bridge, wife of a retired mem- r of the British Consular Service, s for years been writing novels that mbine a remarkable sense of place ith a rare gift for narrative. Ob- ously this is a woman who knows d loves people and who loves and intelligently curious about the aces they live in. It makes her oks a delight to read. In this one young Scotch woman, very bright, ry beautiful, goes to Morocco in arch of a missing cousin, and stirs all kinds of wonderful trouble. he plot is complicated and exciting t so skillfully woven that one ver loses the thread for an instant. ne loves the people, has an almost ngible feel of sights, sounds, and ells of the various parts of orocco—Casablanca, Tangiers, Fez, arrakech—and on the way learns great deal about national problems d international attitudes in that oubled part of the world. The thor of *Singing Waters, Peking cnic,* and *Illyrian Spring* is first of l a storyteller but she is also a acher who makes learning a great easure. Macmillan, $3.75

he Linden Affair, by Martha Al- rand.

The suspense in this story too is the area of international intrigue t the background is Munich and e Czechoslovakian border. The lot involves German prisoners of ar returned from Russia, the dread- l helplessness of people whose milies, possessions, and very iden- ties have been wiped out by war, n American Intelligence man, and, course, a pretty girl. Basically rious in attitude, lighthearted but nvincing in its portrayal of human otivations, the story is very well written and intensely absorbing. By the author of *No Surrender* and *The Mask of Alexander,* who is obviously at home in the European settings she describes. Random House, $3

The Loving Couple, by Virginia Rowans.

Marital disagreements, based as they are in emotion, are usually incomprehensible to friends and often to the participants themselves a few hours after they occur. They are usually pretty dull too, and the one related here is no exception. The novel has a gimmick. The first half (covering the whole day of the quarrel and the ensuing separation) is told in *his* terms; the second is told in hers, with about seven pages of identical, literal overlap at beginning and end of each. To make it more routine, the childless pair live in Riveredge, a place that one of the characters rightly describes as "a pretentious little suburban housing development." You had to be rich, you had to pass a membership committee to get into this paradise overlooking the Hudson. The story covers one day. They fight in the morning, get drunk and philander all day, during the course of which each discovers the shoddiness of the most respected members of the Riveredge community. Then, disillusioned after their respective raucous parties at the Club Rococo, they meet in the early hours of the morning—just by chance—staring up at the poor little apartment where they'd spent their early married life. Right there on the sidewalk they decide to give up their $50,000 investment in Riveredge, go back to the old apartment—and have a baby. Even as a light comedy of manners it fails to convince this reader, though under another name the author wrote that smash hit, *Auntie Mame.* Crowell, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Collected Poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, edited by Norma Millay.

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> As a singing bird?

Harper, $6

The Hokinson Festival, selected by James Reid Parker.

Also full of nostalgia of the 'twenties and 'thirties is the work of quite another woman artist gathered now in a "final" collection of more than 450 cartoons by the man who was her collaborator. The dear Hokinson ladies haven't changed a bit and their happy malapropisms— remembered or forgotten—are as fresh and endearing as when they first appeared. If you don't know Helen Hokinson's ladies, no one can tell you how much you will like this book; if you do know them, no one has to. A splendid gift for any occasion. Dutton, $5

More Recipes With a Jug of Wine, by Morrison Wood.

With Christmas over and the long deep months of winter ahead there's nothing like a good new cookbook to liven up the kitchen, the cook, and the menu. Whether you have used its predecessor, *With a Jug of Wine,* or not, I think you'll like using this one. The author begins by quoting the Psalmist on wine: "it maketh glad the heart of man," and goes on to a blessedly succinct chapter on its names, types, and uses. Next, as you might expect, come hors d'oeuvres, soups, fish, meats, game, and so on through every succulent turn of the food table. Some of the recipes are simple methods for livening up most usual foods, even out of cans. Others are obviously more elaborate but never incomprehensible or depressingly difficult. On the contrary. . . . Just now you may think you never want to eat a mouthful of turkey ever again but take a look at any of these recipes for cooking it—especially for cooking leftovers—and you'll want it every week: Smothered Junior Turkey, Breast of Turkey, Deviled Drumsticks, Creamed Turkey and Ham Gourmet. And the reading is almost as satisfying as the eating. Farrar, Straus, $3.95

The Circle of Guilt, by Frederic Wertham, M.D.

Dr. Wertham was called in as a psychiatrist in the case of the seventeen-year-old Puerto Rican boy who murdered an innocent fifteen-year-old on the streets of New York. This is the story of what the doctor found out about that boy, what he feels about the influence of comics, about the prejudice against Puerto Ricans. The boy is now serving a twenty-five year jail sentence. If it is an unhappily familiar story, it is nonetheless a tragic one which needs this kind of clarification.

Rinehart, $3

FORECAST

Voices from the Tomb? No!

For a medium whose demise is constantly being prophesied by those of little faith, fiction is one of the liveliest arts we know. For instance, Doubleday alone (and these are only highlights on the list) is publishing *The Day the Money Stopped* by Brendan Gill in January, *The Scapegoat* by Daphne du Maurier in February, and *Sword and Scalpel* by Frank G. Slaughter in March. Harper has as its first book of the year, January 2, the Harper Prize Novel, *Tower in the West,* by Frank Norris, and lists for later in the Spring *The Wapshot Chronicle* by John Cheever and *The Spiral Road* by Jan de Hartog, and for Summer-Fall *The Trespassers* by Alan Le May, *The Secret of Luke* by Ignazio Silone, *My Face for All the World to See* by Alfred Hayes, and an as yet untitled novel by Betty Smith whose *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is a title that no one has forgotten. And April will see the publication of *One Hour,* a novel by Lillian Smith, her first since *Strange Fruit.* From Harcourt Brace.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

treat it as dead, there is plenty of exciting "real" adventure to be had. In January Random House will publish the gay adventures of an American family abroad in *Bon Voyage,* by Marrijane and Joseph Hayes (who incidentally made his mark in fiction with *Desperate Hours*). In the same month Sloane will publish *The Secret War* the story of the British "Wheezers" and "Dodgers" of the Inspectorate of Anti-aircraft Weapons and Devices in World War II, whose exciting and little publicized job was "to make the enemy acutely uncomfortable at sea." By Gerald Pawle, with a foreword by Nevil Shute.

For February publication Doubleday announces *A Mirror For Narcissus,* more travels, internal and external, in five continents, by the author of *The Way of the Transgressor,* Negley Farson; and Morrow has a book called *Arctic Bride* by Wanda Neill Tolboom, who accepted a proposal of marriage over the long-distance telephone and set out for a honeymoon among the Eskimos. Lippincott, early in the year, will publish *Graf Spee: The Life and Death of a Raider,* by Dudley Pope, who tells the story of the British search for the famous German warship in 1939.

And Then There's Biography.

March will see the biographies of two outstanding figures of our times, the Pope and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The biography of Pope Pius XII, called *The Crown of Glory,* is written by Alden Hatch and Seamus Walshe, principal of the Notre Dame International School in Rome. It is the March choice of the Catholic Family Reading Club, the Catholic Digest Book Club, and the Catholic Literary Foundation, and a condensed version will appear in three issues of *Look,* beginning some time in January. Hawthorn will publish the book.

The Roosevelt book is actually a biography of the Roosevelt era, rather than of the man. *The Age of Roosevelt: The Crisis of the Old Order* is the first of three volumes by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and has been chosen as the Book of the Month for March since first it was announced in these columns.

WHAT ARE ANNA'S DREAMS?



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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

The Piano Music of Bela Bartok. Vols. 3, 4. Andor Foldes. (See also Vols. 1, 2.) Decca DL 9803, 9804.

Andor Foldes is surely at his best in Bartok, a composer he seldom gets to play, thanks to the standard-fare requirements of the present-day concert tour. He is one of the few pianists for whom the fiery idiom of Bartok is both trained and utterly natural—whereas his Beethoven, Grieg, Schumann seem hard and unpoetic, if enormously skillful in technique. These splendidly recorded performances of Bartok pass my most rigorous listening test—they are music first of all, rather than piano; you will forget the piano as such. Yet paradoxically there are piano "effects" which transcend mere pianism and at the same time reveal unthought-of possibilities in pianistic expression, straight from Bartok's own mind. You won't find any struggle here to cope with a difficult and modern idiom. The music seemingly plays itself, out of its own extraordinary power.

These piano works date from either the mid-'twenties, at the latest, or from the period around 1910. It seems to me that if Bartok's lofty classicism, out of the nineteenth century, is best heard in his later big-orchestra works, the furious high-tension Bartok of the twentieth century is in his earlier piano music.

As Foldes plays them, the brutal, earthy power of these works is terrifying—but beautiful as well; for they could never sound as brutal as they do if there were not dignity and the highest kind of musical thinking behind them.

A problem in Bartok's piano is the preponderance of short, folkish pieces that do not hold together well in the long LP stretch—nor should they. Foldes has varied the groups of little pieces with well-spaced larger works, usually one on each side; the raw, potent Piano Sonata (1926) and the Suite Op. 14 (1916) are on Volume 3 and the "Out of Doors" suite (1926), the almost Stravinsky-like "Three Burlesques" (1909-11) on Volume 4. Foldes has wisely sampled the immense graded series of the "Microcosmos," leaving a complete playing to others (below) and he has dealt similarly with several of the simpler collections of easy pieces. This set might have been called the "Best of Bartok," but—opinions being variable—the present neutral title was a better choice.

Bartok: Microcosmos (complete). Edith Fernadi, piano. Westminster XWN 18182-84 (3).

Fernadi is a powerful woman pianist with a technique adequate to the fiendish demands of the "difficult" (Bartok's mild description) later volumes of "Microcosmos." If I hadn't been listening to Foldes' Bartok, I might well have described her as superb. Any pianist who can produce authoritative sounds from the printed Bartok notes of these works deserves our admiration.

But without a doubt Foldes goes further into Bartok than Fernadi, at every step. Hers is advanced pianism, but his playing transcends piano technique; his tremendous rhythm and phrasing, his sense for dramatic colors, the cleanness of his detail and the clarity of his feeling for the lines and harmonies, go to the heart of the Bartok idiom, where Fernadi's playings are relatively pale.

The 153 short pieces, graded from easy to "difficult," make this huge collection a serious problem in listening. I'm not sure the complete set is valuable on records except for item-by-item piano study. The arbitrary progress from the ultra-simple little beginner's pieces slowly through the whole six LP sides is more than I can take, myself, nor did Bartok have any idea that the music would be subject to this sort of all-out consecutive listening.

Bartok: Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta (1936); Dance Suite (1923). RIAS Symphony, Fricsay. Decca DL 9747.

There's an interesting observation to be made here apropos of microphoning and musical interpretation. The "Music for Strings," full of bizarre and wonderful percussion effects, is usually played—and recorded—as a percussion piece with string accompaniment; drums bang, the celesta tones ring like bells, and the hi-fi listener jumps for joy! But the plain fact is that the piece is a string work as much as it is percussion.

Thus the long, twisting, slow fugue at the beginning, scored for strings alone, is often bewildering and even annoying to the listener who expects his recorded hi-fi to begin pronto; the fast music which finally brings the percussion into play is a relief, too long delayed. Plainly there is a miscalculation somewhere in this anti-climax of an opening.

The Decca recording from Berlin shows us where. A beautiful job technically, but immediately you'll discover that here the percussion *et al* is, for once, miked at a distance, casually, the strings having the dominant role in the sound. No hi-fi percussion exaggeration at all—and at once the first movement falls into a new and obviously right musical relationship to what follows.

Instead of the usual weak and confusing opening, this version begins confidently and without equivocation as a string piece. The strange, tortured polyphony of the fugue builds to a believable climax on its own, quite without percussion; then the allegro follows with percussion added—but unobtrusively—and the musical sense is at once clear, coming straight out of what has already been heard. There is, at last, real dramatic continuity and logic. I haven't heard it this way before and I never want to hear it any other way.

I don't know how much of this new string emphasis is the conductor's doing,

---

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Beethoven: The Thirty-Two Piano Sonatas. *Recordings:* Artur Schnabel, piano. *Scores:* Schnabel ed. in two volumes (Simon & Schuster). RCA Victor LM 9500 (13).
The most famous of all "complete" recordings, made on 78s from 1932 to 1939 and largely out of print, some volumes priceless collector's items; RCA has restored the complete series with really extraordinary tonal perfection. A landmark in musical performance and the Schnabel edition of the printed music is equally outstanding. Limited edition, $80.

Gertrude Stein Reads from her Works. Caedmon TC 1050.
A roundup of the few extended recordings that Stein made, in the 1930s, and for those who will listen an excellent, direct means to understand her fascinating power with the sound and rhythm of words, treated like musical motives. Good quality, easily intelligible though lacking in the higher high tones.

and how much is due to a sensible and musical mike balance between strings and percussion. No doubt there was good collaboration and a fine restraint in avoiding the too-easy "hi-fi" effects of close-up microphoning. Whoever was responsible, the results are tops and I recommend the disc especially for those who may own other versions of the music, as an enlightening example of intelligent and musical engineering, for sheer musical sense. Faithfulness to the music itself is the best kind of hi-fi.

The "Dance Suite," from the beginning of Bartok's mature period, makes a good companion piece. It is an early relative of the familiar "Concerto for Orchestra," scored for big band and full of powerful, folkish dance material.

Bartok: Divertimento for Strings (1939). Charles Ives: The Unanswered Question. Milhaud: Symphony #4 for Strings. Skalkottas: Little Suite for Strings. Zimbler Sinfonietta, Foss. Unicorn UN LP 1037.

The major work, occupying all of one side, is the Bartok "Divertimento," a work of great appeal, coming from the last and most easily understood music of Bartok's long life. It is warmly played but the recording seems to me to blur the musical sense somewhat, with too much resonance and mikes not too well placed.

"The Unanswered Question" is one of those oddly naïve yet shrewd, short sketches of Ives, with little musical "plot" or development but an arresting dramatic atmosphere—sweet, harmonious string chords in the background (Druids who Know, See, and Hear Nothing), a sharply dissonant trumpet set against them, asking the Perennial Question of Existence. Interesting and wonderfully far removed from Bartok! Milhaud's short, scrabbly, scratchy little string symphony features that nose-thumbing sort of Bach-like jounce that was once considered very *avant-garde;* it's pretty dated now. Skalkottas was a Greek twelve-tonist of great ability, his reputation mainly hidden behind the curtains of war. His suite is remarkably light and rhythmic for twelve-tone music, with a lyric and tuneful element that is pleasing in the twelve-tone milieu. The composer died in 1949, the music dates from 1942.

Roger Sessions: Second String Quartet. Colin McPhee: Concerto for Piano with Wind Octette Accompaniment (1928). New Music Quartet; Grant Johannesen, pf., Wind Octet, Surinach. Columbia ML 5105.

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poser, writing few and sparse works, uncompromising but tremendously revered by those few who knew his abilities. All that has now changed with the new emphasis on performance, both on records and "live," and Sessions himself has blossomed (as have others), composing more rapidly as his music has come out into the musical open, so to speak.

I worked under Sessions, in the 'thirties, and learned more then than I ever learned later about contemporary music and about Bach and Beethoven as well—for Sessions is, oddly, a conservative, as is Bartok in his way, a preserver of the great line of Western musical development, a disciple of Beethoven above all others. His first quartet was once recorded privately, in those days of non-performance, and so I came to know it and to hear him analyze it, to my amazement, in conventional academic terms of harmony and counterpoint.

This recent work is characteristic Sessions. Cast on a truly Beethovenian scale, beautifully yet warmly organized, it is as uncompromising as a major work of Bach; it has a New England dignity and conservatism that merely intensify the white-hot Sessions temperament within.

Not exactly easy listening, I admit, but it is the sort of music that, as the phrase goes, grows on you. And where better to listen to such music than on records?

The McPhee Concerto would seem an odd disc-mate for the Sessions; actually, as an outstanding work of the 1920s (when Sessions himself, with Copland, was a prime mover in contemporary American music), the McPhee fits in well here. It is a work of promise that was later unfulfilled, for McPhee went off on his Balinese journey and abandoned pure "neo-classic" music such as this for a special exoticism that seems to me far less musically important.

Elliott Carter: String Quartet. The Walden Quartet. Columbia ML 5104.

Here is a major opus of fulfilled maturity, on such a level that due respect for it should require many a playing and slow growth of understanding on the listener's part. Forty-five minutes of undemonstrative, unshowy, but highly original quartet construction is enough to tax any ear—but I can say quickly that if you have an ear for serious modern (or are already a quartet listener) you will find that this piece leaves an impression of the highest seriousness, that its sense will come through to you whether you make any pretense of intellectual "understanding" or not.

The formal organization is extraordinary. As one critic put it, "each of the players seems to be improvising to his heart's content . . . yet is also contributing to the massive onward drive of the whole movement." Stylistically there is more than a hint of the classic twelve-tone nobility in the idiom. But, in addition, the musical meter flows continuously from one movement to the next, the few points of rest occurring in mid-movement, according to a kind of "metrical modulation" that carries on the tempo and rhythm as a progressive, developing force, instead of in the conventional block-like tempo structures of most "classical" music.

All of which may sound highly theoretical, but after all, any technical discussion of involved music is forbidding when put merely in words. It is the ear that is important, and the novel rhythmic continuity here is a quickly compelling thing. More cannot be said; I look forward to hearing this music again.

Music at M.I.T.: The Modern Age of Brass (Dahl, Hindemith, Berezowski, Sanders). Roger Voisin and His Brass Ensemble. Unicorn UN LP 1031.

Brass is on the up these days. Superb material for hi-fi recording, always popular in such different extremes as the high-school Sousa's march and big-time jazz bands, brass is taking over from strings today as the most versatile and widely useful family of instruments. And the brass players themselves are having a field day. Roger Voisin of the Boston Symphony and frequent associate of E. Power Biggs on CBS broadcasts, here presents his own group, all the men being members of the Boston orchestra.

Two bigger works here, two in a lighter entertainment vein, and all recorded with top brass sound and nice liveness in the ultra-modern Kresge Auditorium at M.I.T. The first side features Dahl and Hindemith. The Dahl piece is smoothly and richly written in a neo-Stravinsky style—not a slavish imitation but rather a highly intelligent exploitation of Stravinsky's methods in tone and rhythm construction; the brasses never sounded better than here, notably in the Chorale Fantasia movement in which quick listeners will hear familiar "Bach chorale" phrases built into the square, solid writing. Hindemith's earlier (1932) piece, more German, goes well with the Dahl—it, too, is in its own way inspired by the German chorale tradition, and is designed, fancifully, to be performed by brass players in a tower, like the traditional Lutheran chorales, including Bach's settings. Two fine pieces, these.

The Berezowski, interestingly, is very much of the French persuasion, written in that light, nose-thumbing style of the 'twenties and 'thirties that we know from Poulenc to Milhaud and back. Not very consequential, but plenty entertaining, which is its intention, after all. The Sanders is more serious, with a frenetic American nervousness beneath its smoothly expert eclectic styling. Beautifully written but a rather cold piece, I'd say, and rather too well calculated.

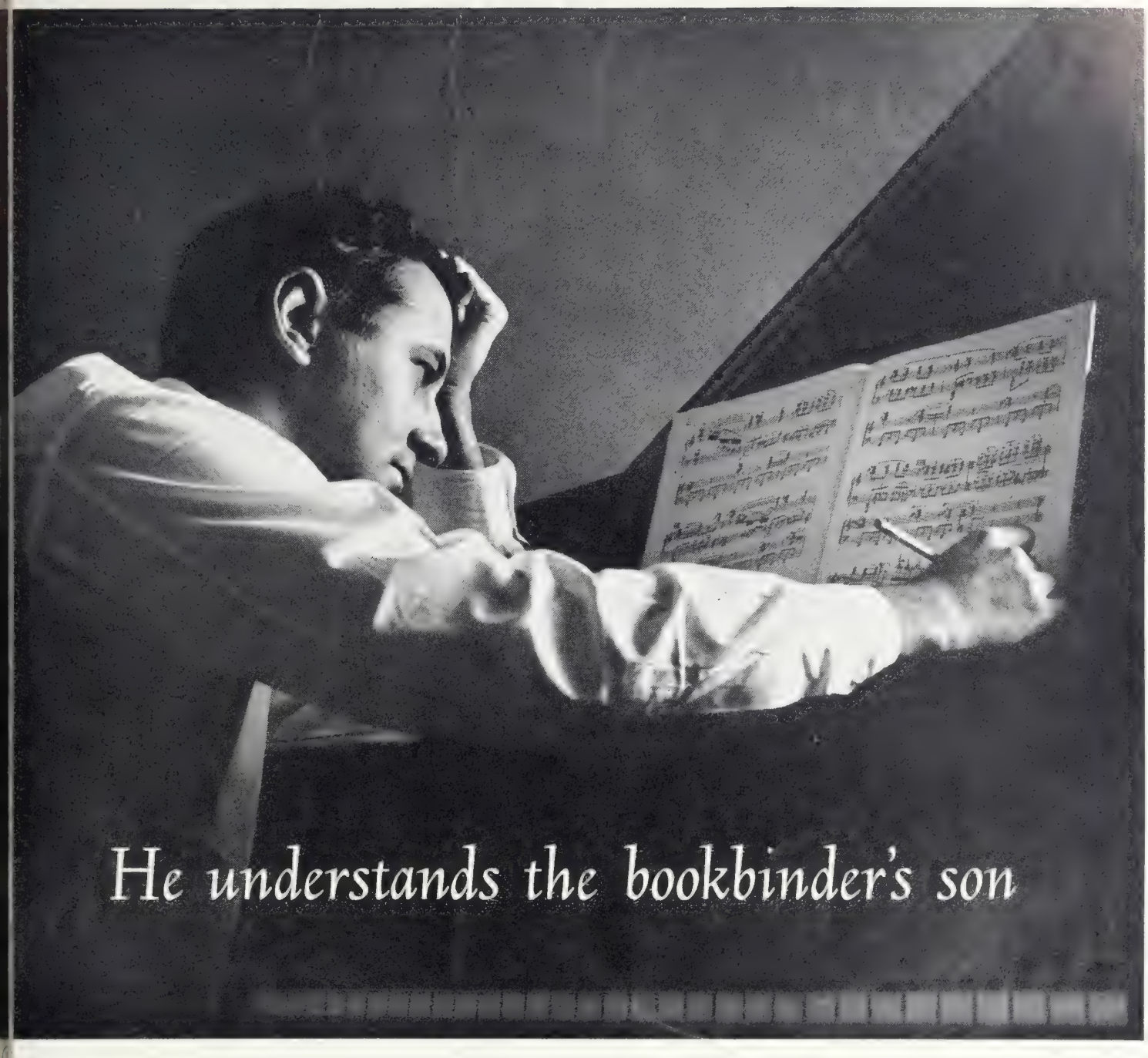
Hindemith: Nobilissima Visione (1938); Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber (1943). Hamburg Philharmonic, Keilberth. Telefunken LGX 66055.

These two large-scale symphonic works seem often to be paired and, within the familiar massive Hindemith orchestral style, they make a fair contrast. Hindemith is not exactly a man who throws contrasts at you.

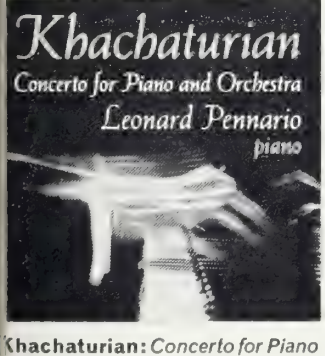
These playings, I'd guess, are about as fine as you'll hear. There is a palpable sincerity and dedication in the work, and the accuracy and care of tonal production are surely rather special in this day of quickie recordings. Some of the finest recorded string tone I've heard in a long while is evident in many passages.

"Nobilissima Visione," from a ballet on St. Francis, is a work on the most elevated spiritual scale, written in Hindemith's most accomplished modal-dissonant idiom, full of Bachian and Brahmsian counterpoint, the densely brassy louder portions alternating with some really lovely quiet music for strings and winds. The *passacaglia* finale brings the Brahms Fourth Symphony to mind and indeed, the heavy-weight, North-German line of descent in this music comes straight from Brahms himself. You'll find it turgid listening, counterpoint aside, for our streamlined age, especially if you've heard other orchestral Hindemith works with the same fat, thick orchestral sound.

The coyly titled "Metamorphoses," outwardly based on fragments of tune from the German Weber's lesser works, is actually Hindemith's somewhat elephantine tribute to American humor, for it's partly a wickedly ponderous study of jazz à la Bach. I can't help wondering—as a bloppy trombone syncopation opens an overweight jazz fugue, ending in a very German parody of a percussion "break"—just which of Herr Hindemith's Yale students, some Saturday night, persuaded the learned Professor to visit a local jazz dive. A number of those same American students, mind you, are now turning out contemporary jazz with a consciously Hindemithian slant to it. Nice interaction, and important both ways.



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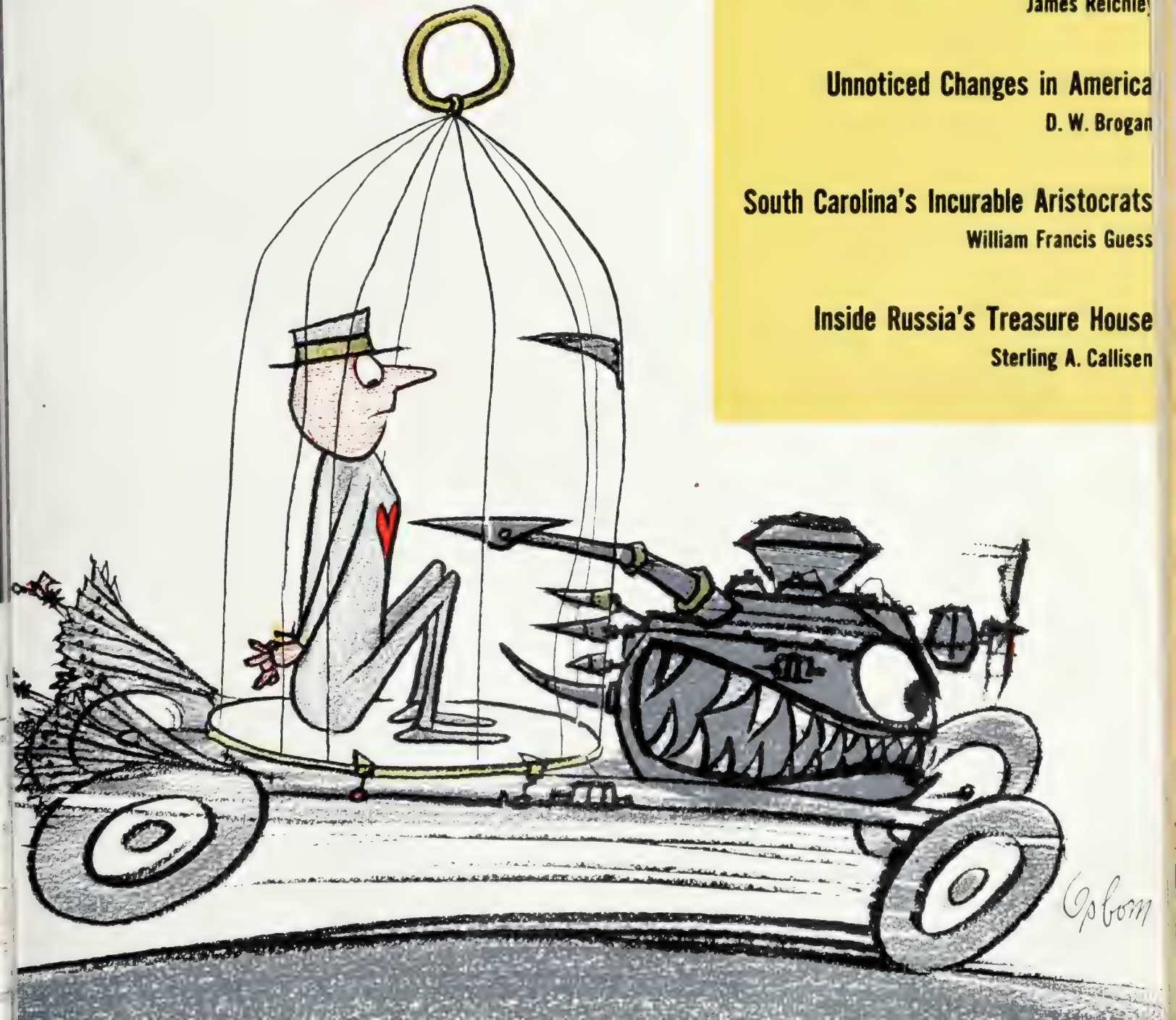
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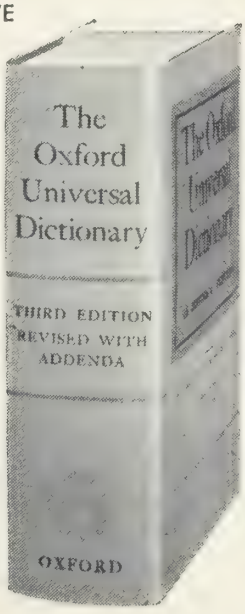
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LETTERS

How Super the Highways?

To the Editors:

The writer heartily agrees with Mr. Robert Moses ["The New Super-Highways: Blessing or Blight?", December] —on the need to obliterate unsightly advertising, and to bar overcrowding of service enterprises at exits and entrances to highways. But not with his argument against local public hearings!

As a professor of Public Finance, I use New London as a laboratory, and include public hearings in my field trips. This year one was scheduled on the new Route 1 to traverse the city from west to east. The State engineers came to New London, surveyed the five streets now used for crossing Route 1, and came up with their solution to the problem: three of the heavily used routes would be covered by overpasses, two would be shut down, blocked, and become "dead-end" roads. Parallel to the two blocked highways, a new overpass would be created on "Briggs" Street.

When my class and I toured the city to see the location of the proposed overpasses, we had trouble even *finding* Briggs Street. On both sides of Route 1, it was a narrow, lightly traveled, entirely residential street, and on both sides it came to a dead end. One would be hard put, crossing the proposed Briggs Street overpass, to get into the commercial heart of the city—the presumed destination of most users of the overpass. On the other hand, both of the two streets to be discontinued as crossovers are broader, lined with at least some commercial properties, and lead more readily into the city's business district. Residents of both are quite accustomed to a heavy flow of traffic.

Another matter, not emphasized in Mr. Moses' article, is the great disturbance to property values which will unquestionably arise from changing accesses. While this cannot be wholly avoided, the inevitable dislocations could be minimized with a little more thought. If the Briggs Street overpass were located elsewhere, probably more of the existing business premises along the route would be salvaged.

The hearing lasted about an hour. The various interested groups stated their case before the Connecticut state highway engineer. The local Department of Public Works and City Council were of course present. They asked if the State had run a "destination study" to plan for the maximum convenience of citizens along the new routes. The State's representative confessed there had been none. Businesses about to be badly hurt had their chance to suggest alternatives. Home owners were given an opportunity to complain.

The whole hearing struck me as useful, fair, and in line with good democratic procedures. Bureaus do not necessarily visualize the repercussion of their decisions. Local citizens are likely to pick out flaws in plans and to see local solutions, of which distant highway administrations may not even be aware. I heartily applaud Congress for the wisdom of insisting upon local hearings. . . .

Ruby T. Morris
Connecticut College
New London, Conn.

Having sponsored myself the law authorizing the New York State Thruway Authority to prohibit billboards and to control other types of signs within 500 feet of the Thruway's right of way, I am familiar with the matters which Commissioner Moses so ably discusses.

The statements in the article are true and the recommendations are sound. The article should do much in developing public opinion in favor of the proper and necessary federal highway law amendments. . . .

Thomas C. Desmond
The Senate, State of New York
Albany, New York

TV's Creators

To the Editors:

I have read with interest Martin Mayer's "Television's Lords of Creation, II, What Happens to the Talent?" [December].

I do not recall having said at any time, as I am quoted to have done, "NBC is not interested in Public Affairs shows that do not get sponsored." Our attitude for some time has been that a Public Affairs program which is sponsored is broadcast by more stations, is available to a larger audience, brings in revenues which can be used for further production, and simply does a better job in serving the public. This does not mean, and has never meant, that NBC refrains from broadcasting Public Affairs programs except when they are sponsored or sponsorable, and I think that is what the misquotation implies.

We have numerous programs which we have kept on the air for lengthy periods of time on a sustaining basis, including such programs as the "NBC Opera Theater," "Outlook," "Frontiers of Faith," the "Wisdom" series of conversations with distinguished elder figures of our time, and "Victory at Sea," which in its only network run was without a sponsor.

Davidson Taylor
Vice Pres., NBC
New York City

The second installment of Martin Mayer's otherwise excellent television series contains several serious factual errors, that change completely his whole premise about CBS' "Air Power" documentary.

(1) The "tens of thousands of feet of war photography never before shown outside of Japan—including a complete twenty-reel documentation of the attack on Pearl Harbor" . . . are the exact same films that were used by NBC in its "Victory at Sea" documentary. . . . Of the 26½ minute Pearl Harbor show shown on CBS, December 2, a good twenty minutes of it were a repetition of the NBC Pearl Harbor show first shown three years ago. The remaining minutes were in no way comparable to "Victory at Sea's" build-up and climax to these Japanese films.

(2) "Narrator for all of the films was CBS announcer Walter Cronkite." On the December 9 "Battle of Britain" sequence, Michael Redgrave, the British actor was narrator. I suspect that other voices will be heard on future "Air Power" shows because Mr. Cronkite, one of TV's best newsmen, has one of the medium's busiest schedules.

(3) "'Air Power' is inevitably better, as a job of documentary making than 'Victory at Sea'." A matter of pure opinion, I suppose, although I think any viewer would agree as of the date I'm writing this that after one of the most auspicious beginnings of any series . . . "Air Power" has been a pretty sad show.

(4) "'Victory at Sea' was frankly a propaganda series for the Navy." Just what does Mr. Mayer think "Air Power" is? . . . As to the NBC films having too much narration. I might say that CBS' series has too little in many cases—the Pearl Harbor sequence is a perfect example in which minutes of Japanese chatter was uninterrupted and a bore to people who do not understand Japanese.

(6) The Dick Rodgers score for "Victory at Sea" added much to that project, made the change of pace to the narrative parts and gunfire effects. Dello Joio's "Air Power" score hasn't even got off the ground yet—not because of defects in his writing, but because of the very thing which Mayer pointed out—the scarcity of spots where music was used.

It will be interesting to see if subsequent "Air Power" sequences are improved. And I wonder if CBS' series will

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have the rerun potential of "Victory at Sea"? . . . Perhaps I have come to expect too much of CBS, which I wholeheartedly agree is among the leaders in public service and public-affairs programs on television. But I think they have missed the boat on "Air Power" so far.

ROBERT A. CUTTER
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Special Australian Issue

TO THE EDITORS:

As a keen reader of your excellent magazine for a decade, and with the understanding that *Harper's* never does anything without a motive, I was deeply intrigued with the presentation of your November issue in which pages 49-80 were printed upside down.

My first thought was that this was a graceful acknowledgment of the difficulties of your compatriots at the 16th Melbourne Olympiad "down under" in reading in a normal and orthodox manner.

But on further reflection, I believe it is meant to serve as a grim reminder to the English-speaking peoples that the "topsy-turvy" state of Anglo-American relations could be a continuing menace to the survival of freedom in the world. If this be so I sincerely trust those concerned, and that means all of us, will take heed.

E. D. MACKINNON, M.P.
Victoria, Australia

[EDITOR'S NOTE: That's odd. It wasn't upside down in ours.]

Senate: North and South

TO THE EDITORS:

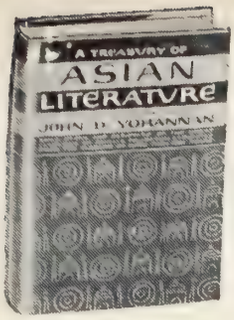
I find Mr. White's analysis ["Who Really Runs the Senate," December] a realistic one. I might add that I have long been interested in the reasons for the influence exerted by a group of Southern Senators.

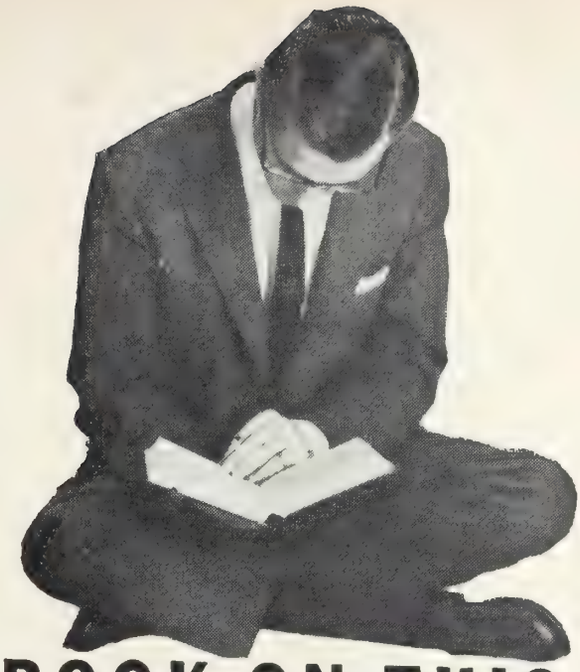
The best conclusion which I have been able to reach is that for two generations the House and the Senate and particularly the latter, offered the only career open to Southerners of character and ability. The United States Senate during those two generations was the great goal of intelligent ambition.

In the North, on the contrary, there were multiple opportunities for achievement—in business, in science, in professional careers, and in other ways. Speaking largely, the best brains from this region have had a wider range of opportunity.

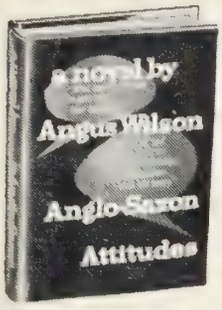
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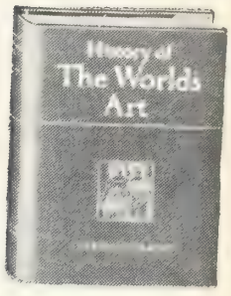
[*Letters continued on page* 8.]

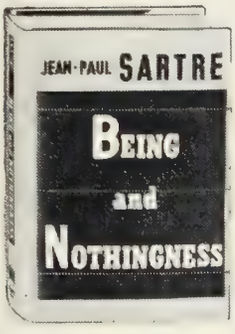








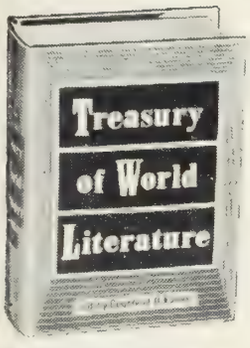


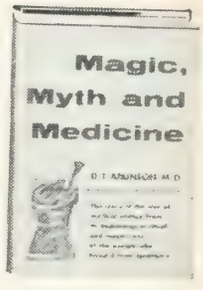


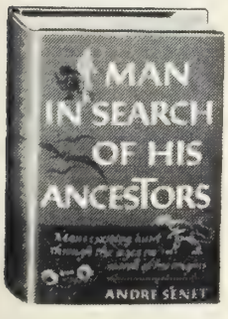
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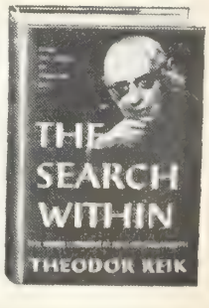
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LETTERS

Poetry and Psychiatry

To the Editors:

That poem of John Holmes in the October issue ["The Eleventh Commandment"] made a deep impression on me. It puts eloquently that great discovery of both Freud and Einstein, namely, the importance of the participation of the observer in the phenomenon observed.

At the annual meeting of the Menninger Foundation last month, I read most of it as the conclusion and rhetorical climax of my speech. The next day all local newstands were sold out of the October issue of *Harper's!* I have taken the liberty of reading it once or twice since then to some public audiences with some abridgement. . . .

Commend Brother Holmes for me, and tell him to write again.

Karl A. Menninger, M. D.
Topeka, Kansas

Trujillo as a Catholic

To the Editors:

As a long-time reader, I would like to comment on Messrs. Ornes' and McCarten's description of General Trujillo. [December]. Toward the end of this informative piece, the authors mention Trujillo's religion. Their assumption is that the General joined the Roman Catholic Church at the urging of his present (and third) wife. They therefore assume that he was not a baptized Catholic prior to this. Subsequently they conclude that, through his position, he was somehow able to "win" necessary indulgences, and even though previously twice-divorced, a Catholic marriage was performed. . . .

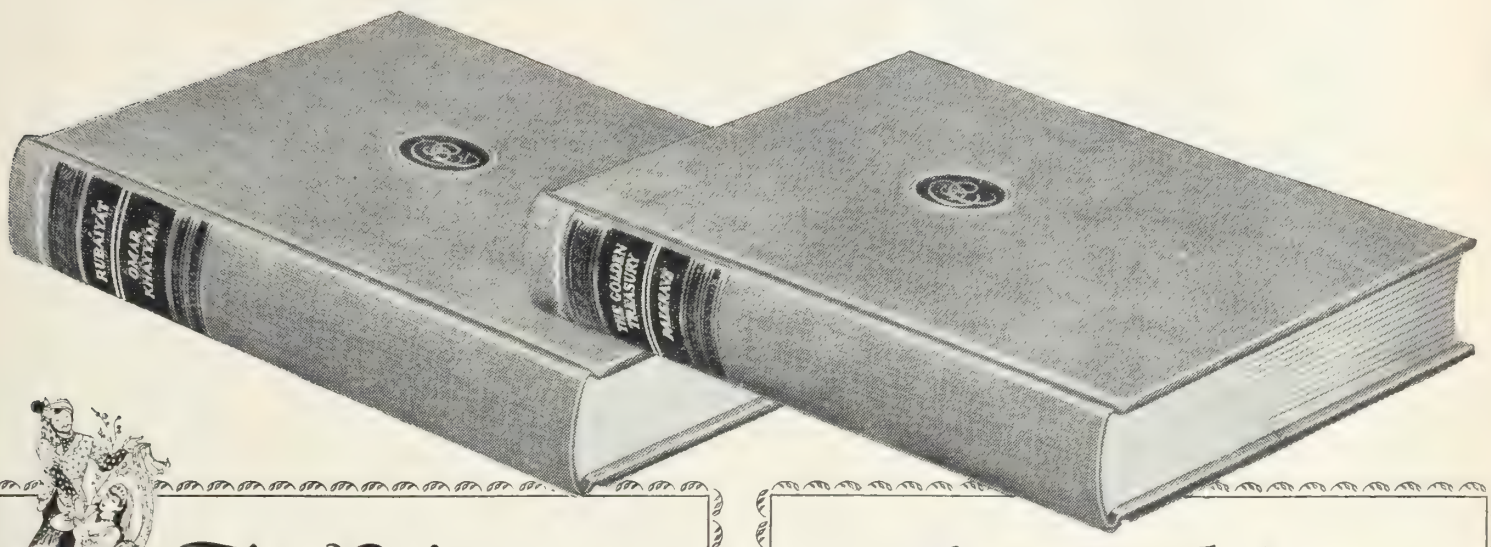
I would like to try to clarify this point. I do not think it fair to assume that the General was not baptized as a Catholic. His birthplace was San Cristobal and his education took place in the same area. I am not a population expert but I think it correct to assume that only an infinitesimal amount of the population in this area are not at least baptized in the Church.

The doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church is that marriages of non-Catholics are recognized as valid and just as indissoluble as those of Catholics provided they are performed by legitimate recognized authority. However, the Church also teaches that once a person is baptized a Catholic he remains such even though he does not practice his religion. The Church also does not recognize the marriages of Catholics outside the Church and, if the person involved in such an alliance wishes to return to the fold of the Church, she will, in accordance with legal requirements sanctify a marriage. Thus, in the case of Trujillo,

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assuming that he was a baptized Catholic, and that his two previous marriages which ended in divorce, were performed outside of the Roman Catholic Church, they are not recognized by the Church, and there is no reason why this present marriage cannot be solemnized if he, in good faith, wishes to return to the fold. The statements by the author seem to me to infer a conclusion that is unfair to Catholic doctrine. JOSEPH J. HAYES
Brooklyn, N. Y

Spiked with Fire

TO THE EDITORS:

A long time ago when I was twentyish, I walked timidly but proudly into your office to consult about two long poems of mine which Mr. Alden had recently accepted. . . . Now at eighty-four, I come with just a jingle. Can you use it?

Youth as Age Remembers It

Oh, the laughs that we laughed!
And the tears that we cried!
But we never whined, and we seldom sighed,
For even sorrow was deified.
As like molten moonlight spiked with fire,
Our blood ran hot with our young desire.
We would save the world, we would conquer the skies.
We would probe the depths with our bold young eyes.
So whether we lived or whether we died,
"This is the life" we testified.

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT
(MRS. ELEANOR A. COBURN)
Milford, New Hampshire

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Henry Mills Alden was editor of *Harper's* from 1869 to 1919. One of Miss Abbott's poems, "The Toy Commandments," was published in August of 1900, and contains the verse, "Because the death-time of my life is near." We are delighted both to publish the refutation and to note the longevity of our contributors.]

Notice to Collectors

TO THE EDITORS:

With the help of Mr. Vyvyan Holland, I have taken over the editorship of the collected edition of the Letters of Oscar Wilde, which was begun by the late Allan Wade. I should be most grateful if any collector or librarian who possesses Wilde letters—either by him, or to him—would get in touch with me.

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Forecast for 1957

"May you live in interesting times."

Ancient Chinese curse

ONCE in a long while a year comes along which changes the shape of the world. The pattern of power shifts . . . the flow of history sets in a new direction . . . and the future generations of school children have another Important Date to memorize, along with 1066, 1776, and all the rest.

We have had more than our share. Some happier generations never had to endure a single Historic Date; but people now in middle age have already lived through four of them.

The first was 1917, when the Old World got its fatal wound, and two new giants—America and Russia—started edging toward the center of the stage. The second was 1939. It opened the last act of a two-thousand-year drama, during which the spotlight of history had focused almost entirely on one small but lively area, the European peninsula. The biggest was 1945, when a pillar of fire over Hiroshima put *Homo sapiens* on notice that he was the first species since life began on this planet which had ever acquired the ability to make himself extinct. (Less sapient creatures, from the first sea worms to the mastodon, had to wait on the tedious processes of evolution, or anyhow an Ice Age.)

Our most recent milestone was 1947, when the United States took on responsibility for guarding and sustaining the Western world. Then, with the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, we announced that we meant to set a limit to the spread of the Soviet empire; and a little later, in Korea, we proved that we really did mean it.

This will be another such year.

The pattern of world power, which crystallized into a precarious balance ten years ago, has now broken up. European authority in the Middle East has collapsed, leaving a mess of smoldering rubble which surely will break into flames unless somebody—Arab, Russian, or American—rebuilds it into a stable structure. Moreover, both the Soviet empire and the Western alliance are beginning to crack. The containment policy which we have followed for the last decade has worked; the Communist regime is splintering under the pressure of its own internal tensions, just as the authors of that policy predicted it would. But, in its very moment of success, that policy also is breaking down: the containing wall has sprung a vast leak in the Middle East, and shows unmistakable signs of crumbling in both Europe and the Pacific.

So once more this country is going to have to make some basic decisions. It must devise a new policy—which, good or bad, will largely determine the course of history for a long time ahead. (Even if we should do nothing, that would be a decision—probably the worst we could make.)

This is a thoroughly unwelcome task. Already we have been forced into more basic decisions than any people ought to have to make in one lifetime. For most of the eleven months just ahead, therefore, we shall moan and grumble and argue. Congress will stage another Great Debate. Everybody will look around for scapegoats, and there will be plenty of high-octane swearing at (a) the Russians, (b) our allies, (c) foreigners in general, a bothersome lot, and (d) the Secretary of State, whoever that ill-starred wretch may happen to be at the moment. But—if past performance is any guide—in the end we shall do the things necessary for survival.

Even now it is possible to make some guesses at what these things will be. For the last four months able men have been hard at work, in locked Congressional committee rooms, in the lower depths of the State Department and the Pentagon, and in the drafty, high-ceilinged offices of the National Security Council. Among their stacks of memoranda, a coherent plan is beginning to take shape. It will change as it works its way, piecemeal, up to the decision levels of the

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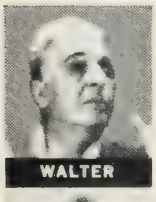


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Administration; it will be hammered and refined still further in the debates to follow, in Congress and across the nation. Yet there is a reasonable chance that the central structure—the ribs and beams of a new national policy—will emerge before the end of the year in a form not radically different from blueprints now being sketched.

Here, in the roughest sort of outline, are a few notes on what some of the draftsmen—the "Indians" at the working levels of government—think the new structure may look like.

1. New People.

A new policy has its best chance in the hands of new men, with no vested interest in defending past mistakes and no scars from old battles. They are moving in.

The key man almost certainly will be Vice President Nixon. Before these lines are in print, he probably will be named head of the Operations Co-ordinating Board—one of the least known and potentially one of the most powerful agencies of government. Its job is to see that the policies framed by the National Security Council and initialed by the President are carried into effect—promptly and with all departments moving in step. So far, this job has not been well done. The board has never been headed by a man with authority to give orders to Cabinet officers, and make them stick; its last chief, Herbert Hoover, Jr., was (to put it charitably) ineffectual. Nixon will speak with vastly greater weight—as Ike's chosen viceroy, as a politician commanding substantial power in his own right, and as a probable future President.

He began speaking on December 6, in an address which outlined the American position on the Suez and Hungarian crises with clarity, temperate good sense, and a ring of authority. It was the most impressive speech he ever made, and he wrote it himself. It had, incidentally, a soothing effect on the nerves of some people in both parties who used to shudder at the thought of Nixon in the White House.

In addition to serving as chief operations officer, Nixon is expected to carry the prime responsibility for pushing the Administration's program through Congress. If he handles both these jobs even passably well, he will have established himself as the most influential Vice President we have ever had.

Second to Nixon among the new men is Christian Herter, Under Secretary of State and presumed successor to John Foster Dulles. (Nearly everybody in the Department would have been relieved if both Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden had stepped out of their jobs last November, when their illnesses offered each of them a graceful excuse; for after the Suez fiasco, it is unlikely that either of them can ever again fully trust the other. There are still hopes that both may go within six or eight months.)

The appointment of Herter—once a foreign service officer himself, and otherwise splendidly equipped for the job—worked a near-miracle on the morale of the State Department, even before he reported for duty. Under his hand there is real promise that State may again become a smooth-running machine, for the first time since its disruption during the 1953 loyalty uproar.

Other changes are expected soon. Alfred Gruenther and "Beedle" Smith, the ablest of Eisenhower's wartime cronies, are obvious candidates for top jobs in the Executive Offices; John Hay Whitney is taking over the London Embassy; and a fresh ambassador to France has long been overdue. There also has been talk in Washington that Adlai E. Stevenson might be asked to serve as permanent representative to a rejuvenated North Atlantic Treaty Organization; but for all its evident advantages, such an appointment is hardly likely. Mr. Eisenhower, unlike his recent predecessors, has shown no taste for bipartisanship in foreign-policy assignments.

2. The Middle East

When we blew the whistle on the invasion of Egypt, we automatically saddled ourselves with responsibility for straightening out the Middle East. Clearly we were right in insisting that its troubles had to be settled by negotiation, not force. But it is equally clear that England and France can no longer negotiate even a swap for a blind camel, anywhere between Libya and the Persian Gulf; for their credit is destroyed. It is up to us, therefore, to work out a settlement—or to abandon the whole area to chaos and the Russians.

So long as Britain claimed dominant influence over the Middle East, we didn't bother to have a policy for this part of the world. We made do with an attitude—compounded about equally of benevolence and fretful anxiety. Such vagueness, coupled with Mr. Dulles' baffling series of improvisations, undoubtedly helped to exasperate the British into their ruinous military adventure; and, at the same time, led them to think that we would let them get away with it.

Now, at long last, Washington is pretty well agreed on at least the skeleton of a policy. It has three aims:

(a) A deal to keep the Suez canal open to the ships of all nations, with some kind of international guarantee that the promise will be kept, and that Egypt's new-won sovereignty will be respected.

(b) A permanent peace between Arabs and Israelis.

(c) Protection of the Middle Eastern oil pool from Russian seizure.

How to accomplish all this is less clear. One line of thought, however, [*Continued on page 17*]

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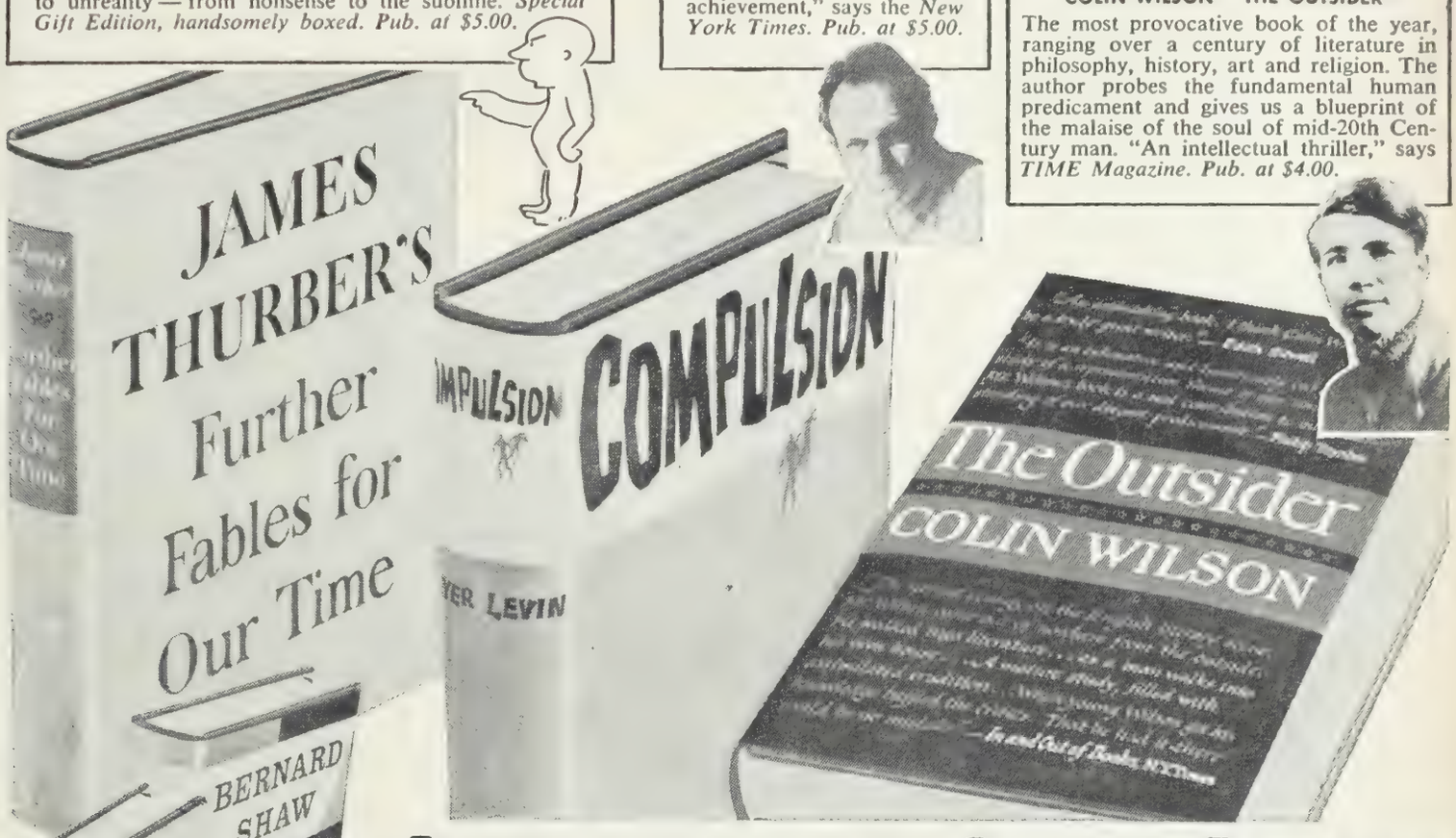
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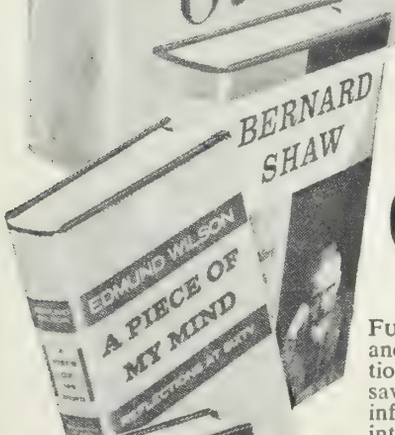
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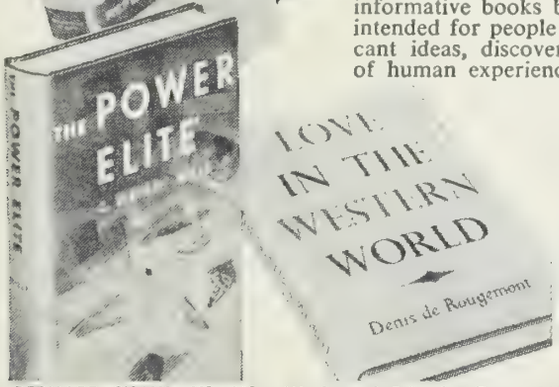
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Living room of the house where Casals' mother was born—in Mayaguez, ▶ Puerto Rico's third largest city. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.



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argues that our best bet is to work through the United Nations—converting it from a resolutions factory into an operating force, equipped with troops, money, and solid American support.

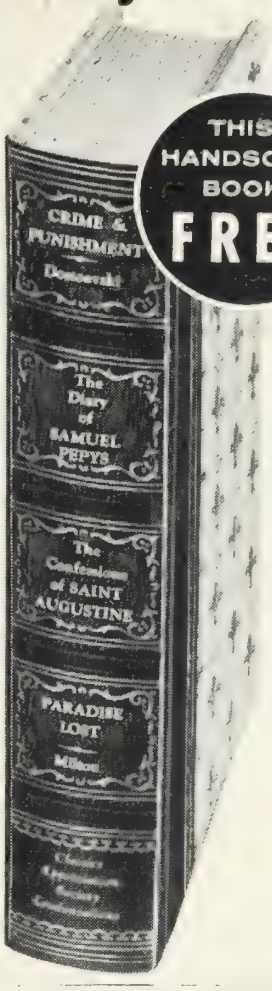
This would mean that the UN police force would stay in the Middle East indefinitely. It might well be stationed in a neutral belt, stretching across the Sinai peninsula from Gaza to Aqaba. This is a fearsome desert, of no economic value to anybody but of immense strategic importance. An army deployed there would keep the Israelis and Egyptians away from each other's throats. It could also serve as a silent guardian of the canal, with a minimum of abrasion to the touchy Egyptian pride. Later it could stand guarantor of an Arab-Israeli peace. And conceivably a pipeline might eventually be laid through this neutral, guarded territory from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean; there it would be safe from the sabotage and blackmail which menace all the present lines, and it would provide partial insurance against another closing of the canal.

A UN with real power might also find it possible to impose peace on the Arab states and Israel—particularly if we can get India, the only other non-Communist nation with much influence in the area, to join us in pushing the plan with all its might. A UN army on the spot might finally persuade the Arabs that they will never be permitted to destroy Israel, and that Israel will never be allowed to expand further at their expense.

But only if an irresistibly tempting carrot is used at the same time as the stick. This would have to be a really large-scale effort by the UN to solve the basic economic problems of the Middle East—from which most of its other problems flow. In the beginning most of the money would have to come out of American pockets; but once the program got rolling, a surprising amount might be squeezed out of the oil-fat treasuries of such states as Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia.

For the long run, such a massive attack on poverty, disease, and hopelessness offers about the only hope of stabilizing the Middle East. It also offers the best defense against

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political and economic infiltration by the Communists. Even so, we probably cannot stop the Soviet advance into the Middle East unless we make it plain that we have both the will and means to defend it by force. As of today, we do not have the means—and the Russians know it.

They know we will not bomb Moscow in order to halt a Soviet thrust at, say, Syria, because that would mean full-scale atomic war. Yet that is the only kind of war we are now prepared to fight; our nineteen infantry divisions are scattered on garrison duty around half the world, and the Strategic Air Command is the only ready striking power we possess. The Russians, on the other hand, are equipped for two kinds of war—the Big One in the air, and the little ones on the ground.

For this reason, a growing number of top planners in the Pentagon and State Department are arguing for what they sometimes call a "fire brigade" force. It would consist of about three airborne divisions, highly trained, equipped with heavy firepower, and provided with enough carrier planes to move it anywhere in the world in a few days. It would stand instantly ready to stamp out any little brush-fire wars which might flare up in the Middle East or elsewhere. Normally it would act under the aegis of the UN, moving in only when the UN police force could not handle a situation.

If we had such a fire brigade, we probably would never have to use it; for the Communists are not likely to touch off a brush fire so long as it is standing by. (It might well have prevented the Korean war.) So long as we don't have such an emergency ground force, however, we are issuing a standing invitation to the Russians to nibble away at the free world in a series of little aggressions which we are helpless to resist.

But such a force would be expensive, and the Administration feels (with reason) that its military budget can't go much higher. Could it be scraped together, somehow, out of our present military manpower?

3. NATO

A good many people in Washington think that the answer might be found in Europe.

Since the upheavals in Hungary and Poland, Russia obviously is less capable of invading Western Europe —for the reasons indicated here last December. Moreover, if it ever should, the result would not be a brush fire; this is one of the few areas where any war almost certainly would be The Big One. The real defense of Western Europe, therefore, rests not on the NATO ground forces, but on the threat of atomic retaliation. Is it really necessary, then, to maintain twenty or thirty NATO divisions along the Iron Curtain? Wouldn't a thin line of troops serve just as well—a trip wire, as the British describe it, which would touch off an atomic counter-blow if the Russians ever try to cross it?

Our European allies evidently think so. France already has sent nearly all of her NATO troops to North Africa; England is eager to cut her NATO commitments; and Germany has been remarkably slow in raising the divisions she is supposed to contribute. So naturally Washington has been having some second thoughts too. Nobody suggests that we should pull out of Europe altogether—but much quiet study is being given to the possibility of withdrawing one of the five divisions we have there, and reducing the manpower in the rest by about one-fourth. (Improved weapons, it is hoped, would keep their firepower about the same.)

The resulting savings in men and money could form at least the core of the airborne fire brigade we so badly need.

Furthermore, the Washington planners believe that a chance for a much more far-reaching change in Europe might open up within a year or two. Russia's trouble with her satellites—so it is hoped—might make her listen seriously to a proposition for tearing down the armed wall which has divided Europe since the end of World War II.

In its place, the two sides might agree to lay out a wide, demilitarized belt through Central Europe from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It might include Poland, Hungary, the rest of the satellites, and Yugoslavia—each with some degree of independence, but all keeping their present political and economic orientation toward the East. It would

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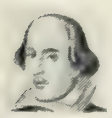
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Plato



Shakespeare

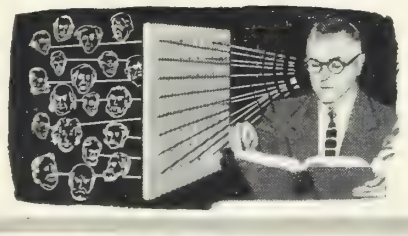


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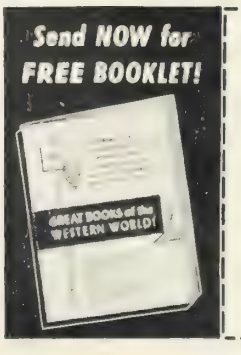
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also include Austria and a reunited Germany—both with natural ties to the West. Foreign troops would be withdrawn; each nation in the Buffer Zone would cut its own forces to the minimum needed for internal policing; and an inspection system would make sure that the Zone really stays demilitarized.

If this pilot project worked successfully for a few years, then some progress toward a broader program of disarmament might at last become practicable. It was with this hope in view that Washington began, last December, to modify its rigid stand on disarmament matters, and to edge a trifle closer to the Russian position.

All this, of course, would mean a drastic change in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But drastic changes seem inevitable in any case. The dwindling of the Soviet military threat already has loosened the emotional glue which holds NATO together; and the Franco-British adventure in Egypt inflicted a wound on the mutual confidence of the allies which will be a long time a-healing. (The best salve would be effective action by America and the UN to protect British and French interests—their literally vital interests—in the uninterrupted flow of oil from the Middle East.)

What seems most likely is a gradual conversion of NATO from a strictly military organization into one which is largely political. Its main function may become the meshing of policies on issues of common interest—a sensible development, since the contest with Russia probably will be fought out, from now on, primarily with economic, political, and psychological weapons.

Such a shift was foreshadowed by the selection of Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium—a virtuoso of the statesman's trade—to replace General Ismay as NATO's secretary general. The logical next step would be to set up a permanent Council on Policy, where ambassadors from each of the Atlantic allies would meet in continuous consultation. (Robert Lovett, John J. McCloy, Gruenther, and Harold Stassen have all been mentioned as possibilities for this assignment, in addition to Stevenson.)

A kindred development may be a faster drift toward some kind of European federation. Perhaps the only healthy result of the Suez venture was to awaken the British and French to a more realistic understanding of their present stature in the world. They were shocked to discover that, standing alone, they are no longer Great Powers—and that only a united Europe could hope to claim genuine equality with Russia, China, and the United States. It is unpleasant that this shock also stirred up a good deal of anti-American feeling; but whatever its motives, the trend is a healthy one, which we would do well to encourage.

4. The Far East

For the first time in six years, a number of responsible officials are beginning—very quietly—to explore the possibility of breaking our long deadlock with Red China. It is still politically unpopular even to hint at such a thing—but there is now some reason to think that America and China need not glare at each other, in naked hostility, forever; and there may even be a faint chance of loosening the ties between China and Russia, little by little and over the years.

The facts behind this hope, and the ways in which we might turn them to our advantage, will be reported in a *Harper's* article later this spring.

5. The Economic Battlefield

Our foreign economic policy—or rather, our lack of one—will get a thorough overhauling in the current session of Congress.

Seldom has any subject been so abundantly studied. The Gray Report, the Rockefeller Report, and a dozen others already molder on government shelves. Four official groups—the Fairless committee, the International Co-operation Administration, and House and Senate committees—are busily engaged on new studies, and no less than eleven private organizations have moved into the act. Such exhaustive inquiry is, of course, a standard technique for avoiding a decision.

But this year some kind of decision will be hard to dodge. The reasons—and the direction the decision may take—are examined by Dan Lacy on page 72 of this issue of *Harper's*.

THESE paragraphs may serve as the sketchiest sort of program notes for the drama which the people of this country will be playing in the months just ahead.

If you feel that you would rather step out of the cast—if you are tempted to give your attention to the spring seed catalogues, and TV, and your plans for next summer's vacation—then you have lots of company. None of us asked for this kind of role. Yet we are on stage, whether we like it or not . . . the script is being written : . . the curtain is about to go up . . . and the world is watching. And if you are ham enough to enjoy a bit part in history, these may indeed turn out to be interesting times.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Are you mystified by the tribal customs and social mores of the new younger generation? By "going steady"? By "pinning"? The president of Amherst College, **Charles W. Cole,** will help dispel the mists for you in his examination of how and why "American Youth Goes Monogamous."

Social workers talk a jargon of their own. They crave social and professional status, and though they know they are essential to our communities, they don't know where they fit, if anywhere, in this age of welfare specialists, counselors, and analysts of all sorts. **Marion K. Sanders** gives them a friendly and amused going over in "Social Workers: A Profession Chasing its Tail."

It is no news that the railroads are in trouble; they have been for a long time, but they are being crowded by a great many new kinds of competition and they are fighting back. **Marvin J. Barloon** in "New Ways to Haul Things: The Coming Upset in Transportation" predicts trucks many times larger than today's biggest, coal supplies carried long distances by pipe line, more "piggyback" trailer-carrying flat cars. Transportation of goods is in the midst of a revolution, and a good hot fight for the shipper's dollar.

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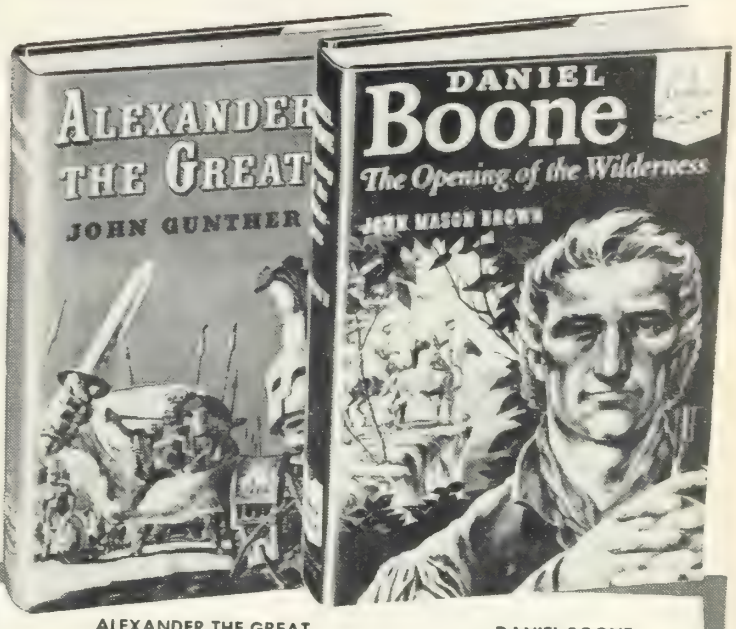
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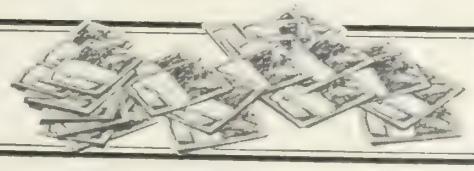
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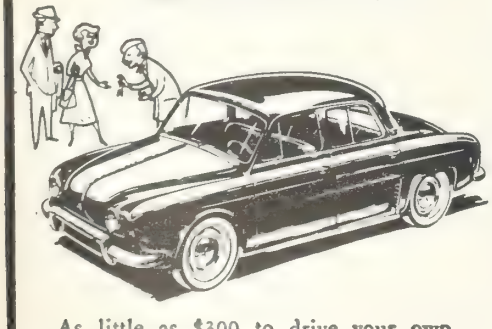
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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

The Well of English Somewhat Defiled

IN THE year 1925, D. W. Brogan, a young Scottish graduate of Oxford University, was studying for a master's degree in history at Harvard. During the Christmas holidays—as he tells in his article, "Unnoticed Changes in America" (p. 27) —he was at the Astor Hotel in New York and he watched and listened to a group of West Point cadets on leave. From what he saw then and on many later visits to the United States, Mr. Brogan makes an astute assessment of what's happening to our country. (He is now a professor of political science at Cambridge University and author of a half-dozen books about America.)

Not to be ungrateful, we wish Mr. Brogan would tell us one thing more about those cadets at the Astor —not just what they said and what it revealed of American habits and values, but *how* they said it: their pronunciation, their grammar, the words they used. For though language changes at a glacier's pace, there do come moments in the centuries when anyone with sharp ears and eyes can detect that the ice has moved. Right now, there are tiny flags posted all over the linguistic terrain indicating that something new has happened to the way Americans speak.

The reasons for the change—which could be called a gradual obliteration of class and regional differences in our speech—are very like the forces which Professor Brogan enumerates in his article: the transporting of hundreds of thousands of young men of impressionable age outside our borders during World War II and the Korean war; the mass migrations of people inside the United States for military service and industrial jobs; the constant stream of tourists driving thousands of miles over the continent; the flux of families from cities to suburbs and back again; the singing commercials; the hill-billy shouters and cowboy strummers and backwoods preachers and college professors and Brooklyn housewives and political orators brought by radio and television into the family living-room. (If we learned nothing else from the campaign of '56, we could have learned how a lawyer and Senator from Tennessee intones his vowels, how a lady privately educated in the East around 1900 manages to pronounce "r", and how an ex-general brought up in the public schools of Kansas and the West Point of 1912 delivers—in press conferences or in side remarks "departing from the script"—the somewhat flat, jerky, and grammatically loose English which a majority of his countrymen recognize as plain garden-variety American speech.)

Of course there are guardians holding back the tide of grammatical change, if not of regional pronunciation: schoolteachers, newspaper copy-deskmen, writers (not all of them); and the preachers, actors, admen, and politicians who got their grammar before the ice budged. A story quoted in the *American Mercury* in June 1954 put the situation this way:

"Is there anything wrong with correct English?"

"Nothing except that nobody uses it but college professors and Adlai Stevenson."

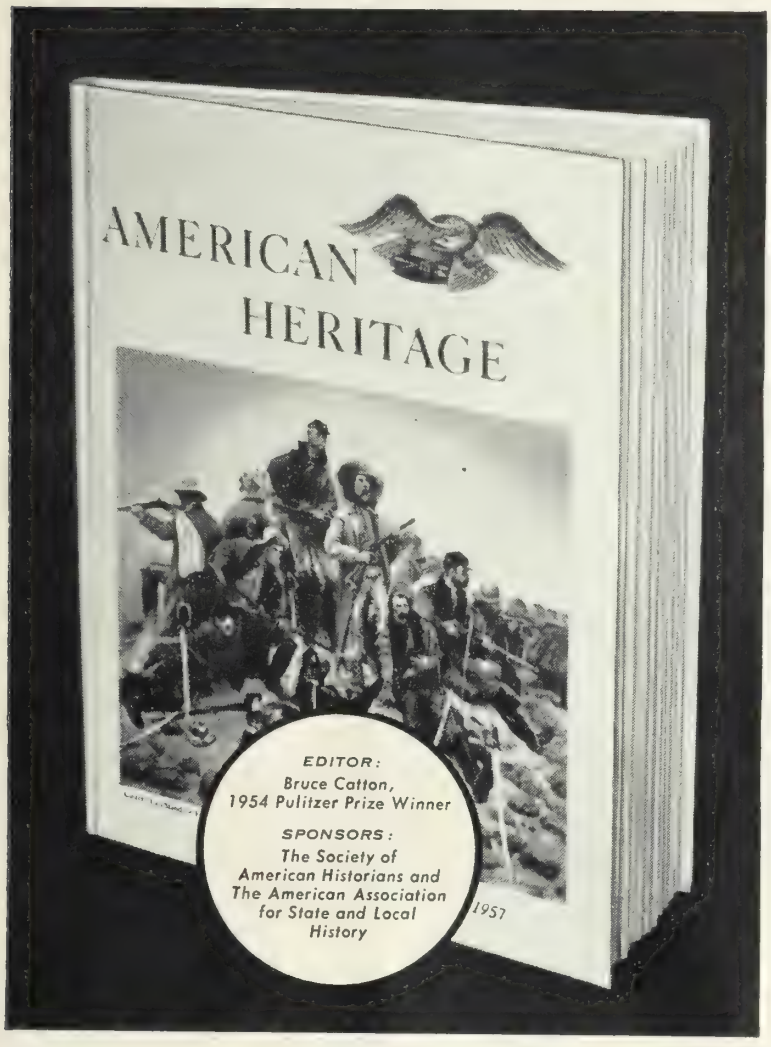
One special flag has been posted over a crack in the American language by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. This is the moot use of "like" as a conjunction—explicitly in the slogan "Winston tastes good, like a cigarette should." Straight grammar was good enough in the 1920s and 1930s, even for the men of Madison Avenue. "They Satisfy" and "Reach for a Lucky" would certainly parse as well as sell. Nevertheless *"like* in questionable constructions"—as H. W. Fowler labeled it in his *Modern English Usage,* published at Oxford University in 1926—was common English then as now. "Every illiterate person uses this construction daily; it

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is the established way of putting the thing among all who have not been taught to avoid it," Fowler said.

In 1919, H. L. Mencken quoted with gusto Ring Lardner's bush-league ball-player who wrote, "I and Florrie was married the day before yesterday just like I told you we was going to be." Mencken commented: "The plain people, hereafter as in the past will continue to make their own language, and the best that grammarians can do is to follow after it. . . . Their lives would be more comfortable if they ceased to repine over it, and instead gave it some hard study."

But the sign of the flood is not the folksy "like" for "as" in Ring Lardner or in the Hoosier backwoodsman whom Mencken later quoted as saying he felt "like [he'd] been shot at and missed." The signpost is, rather, its "straight" use in a singing commercial which through endless repetitions sticks in the mind. Ogden Nash's verse lament, "Oafishness sells good, like an advertisement should," merely underlines what has happened.

"I do not need beautiful armor made to my measure like you wear," said Shaw's Saint Joan in 1923—and no one noticed, except Thomas Pyles who was writing a book on English usage. "He took it all like it was so much bird seed," wrote David Stuart in one of the most avant-garde and international of the little magazines, *Botteghe Oscure*, in 1954, and no one noticed at all. Now one of the purest of the purists, the self-described Old-School-Type Grammarian and ex-copy-deskman, Bruce Bliven, has thrown in the sponge in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* editorial.

"It is perfectly clear," Mr. Bliven said, "that the American people in their collective wisdom are changing the language. They have every right to do it. *I can't stop them.*"

We should like to know what Mr. Brogan would say about that. At the present moment, he has just finished a book on France from Napoleon to Pétain and is planning his first visit to Australia. Perhaps the wild sounds of English in Canberra will inspire him to reply.

. . . **Marilyn Mercer**, who describes the current mania for exotic and hand-crafted cookery in "The Gourmets Get Out of Hand" (p. 35), is a fashion and food reporter for the Bell Syndicate, and she turns out a weekly batch of fancy recipes. She is a Smith graduate and lives in New York.

. . . Automobiles have been responsible for more deaths in this country than all of our wars. Yet until recently many of us have felt fatalistically that all anyone could do to stanch the flow of blood was to look out for Number 1. The inadequacy of this approach—even for personal survival—makes **Paul W. Kearney's** practical answer to the question: "How Safe Are the New Cars?" (p. 38), useful for every driver and car-owner, every civic official charged with the public safety, every doctor who has to patch up the victims, and every car manufacturer with a conscience.

Paul Jones of the National Safety Council has said that Mr. Kearney "has done more to make America safety-conscious than any other single person." He has earned this reputation as a writer of more than six hundred articles and twelve books on various kinds of safety problems, including the new book published by Ballantine, *I Drive the Turnpikes . . . and Survive.*

. . . A native of South Carolina, **William Francis Guess** reveals in his article about his state's "Incurable Aristocrats" (p. 44) some of the detachment that comes from straying away. He was born in Rock Hill, went to college in Clinton (South Carolina, *not* Tennessee), reported for his home paper, and before the war went as far as Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where his play "Remember Who You Are" was presented.

World War II took him to Panama, and the Korea action transported him as a captain of an Army psychological warfare unit to Japan. He is now teaching at Maryland State Teachers College and working on a book for the Regions of America Series.

. . . **James Reichley** knew Philadelphia well—as only an undergraduate knows a city—in the years before Penn Center came into being, just

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before the Korean war. When he returned from two years of service in the CIC, he taught at the University of Pennsylvania and worked as a technical editor at the Franklin Institute; and at that time he watched the great civic development which he describes in "Philadelphia Does It" (p. 49).

Mr. Reichley has a master's degree from Harvard, has written a number of articles, mostly about politics and the movies, and has completed a novel about Pennsylvania politics which Houghton Mifflin will bring out in the spring.

. . . "Traveling Man" (p. 57) is the first story in *Harper's* by **Peter Matthiessen,** the talented young author of two novels—*Race Rock* and *Partisans.* He is a Yale graduate and a World War II veteran, as well as a founder of the *Paris Review.* He is still one of its editors, though he now lives on Long Island.

. . . Last fall Intourist's chief of interpreters in Moscow calculated that some 125,000 foreign tourists were visiting the Soviet Union during 1956. Mr. Giorgi Stankovitch gave this figure—in expansive mood, apparently—to Joseph E. Evans, staff reporter for the *Wall Street Journal.* (Only a tiny percentage of these flocks were Americans—about 2,500—but it was a record number since the mid-1930s, when Leningrad was a port of call on some North Cape cruises.) Mr. Stankovitch said that the number of visitors might triple in 1957, that a new 2,000-room hotel was going up in Moscow.

Mr. Evans' observations—and those of other assorted Americans who made the Russian tour last year—came out in this country before the State Department decided in early December—"in view of recent developments"—to suspend its program of cultural exchanges with Russia. Although the government said it was making no effort to discourage individual Americans from visiting Russia, the suspension was like a sudden cold shower on any would-be tourists who had not already felt chilled by the Polish riots and the Hungarian revolt.

These events make **Sterling A. Callisen's** "Inside Russia's Treasure House" (p. 66) all the more valuable. As an art historian and Dean of Education at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Dr. Callisen was probably the best informed Western observer to visit Leningrad's Hermitage Museum in some decades, and his tireless tramp through its maze of galleries resulted in a unique account of the priceless collection.

Dr. Callisen taught at Harvard and Rochester Universities, served in both world wars, and took his professional art training at Harvard.

. . . **Dan Lacy,** who brings up the basic question about Foreign Aid—"Is It Still Necessary?" (p. 72)—is managing director of the American Book Publishers Council, that young and capable service arm of the publishing trade. In his concern for promoting American books throughout the world, Mr. Lacy has facilitated exhibits and sales of our books abroad; he was one of the authors of the Westchester Declaration on Freedom to Read, and an organizer of the National Book Committee.

His concern with foreign aid stems from his work at the Library of Congress from 1947 to 1951, where he had charge of the Library's Point 4 program, and from his subsequent appointment to run the State Department's overseas book and library program. Mr. Lacy was born in Virginia and took graduate training in history at the University of North Carolina, taught there, and during the war worked at the National Archives, ending up as Assistant Archivist of the U.S.

HOW MUCH CAN A WRITER WRITE?

. . . **Morton M. Hunt,** who contributed the article on damage suits to our January issue, is a busy journalist and was 1956 president of the Society of Magazine Writers. In the seven and a half years since he began free-lancing he has written some 140 articles—a good steady output, but not the fantastic average of 140 *per year* which P & O mistakenly attributed to him last month. We are, of course, very sorry for the error and for any embarrassment to Mr. Hunt, who normally spends at least a month preparing one article.



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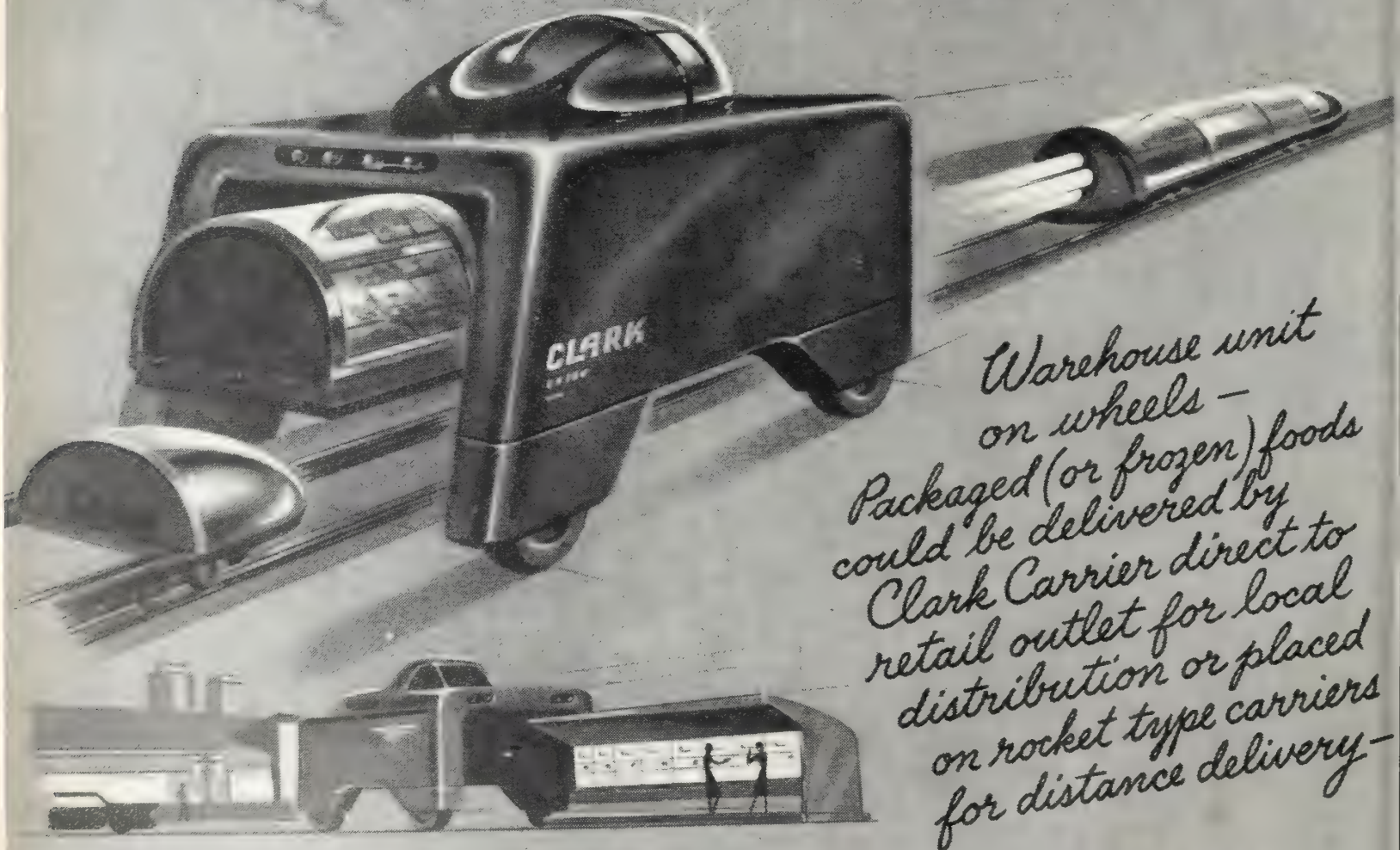
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MAGAZINE

UNNOTICED CHANGES IN AMERICA

D. W. BROGAN

A Scot who knows this country better than any other foreigner—and better than most natives—reports on certain seldom mentioned changes in American life since he started to observe it three decades ago.

IN SEPTEMBER 1925 I landed for the first time at New York on my way to Harvard. Now I have just completed a year in which I have spent more than two-thirds of my time in the United States, in every section of the country. I have had opportunity to reflect on the changes in American life that I have noted in over a score of visits in thirty-two years and on the present role of the United States in the world, contrasted with that which I gave it—naïvely but not, I think, wrongly—in 1925.

Then, the United States was already a problem, an example, a hope, a despair, all that she is today. In a few years, M. André Siegfried was to declare that the world would have to choose between Ford and Gandhi. Gandhi is out of the picture now. Nehru's India is not Gandhi's and the competitor of the United States is not a rural, pacific, archaic India, but the machine-minded, materialistic Marxian world.

That the world has changed, and largely for the worse, is obvious; that the United States has changed and largely for the better is what I would maintain. But what strikes me on reflection is the limited character of that change.

If the American scene has changed, it is still very like the America I first encountered in 1925. There is more of it; more Americans, more American things. But the new American things are extensions of the old. Compared with the European, the American is still optimistic, cheerful, energetic—convinced that if not all is for the best in the best of all possible countries, it is on the way to becoming so. He is also convinced, with much justification, that the things that threaten the admirable "American way of life" come from the outside, convinced, with less justification, that the world (which cannot any longer be ignored) will beat a path in due time to the American doorstep to buy the new mousetrap, "know-how."

There is plenty of ostentatious pessimism. Questions are put:

"Why can't Johnny read?"

"Why Elvis Presley?"

"What of the farmer?"

"What of the small businessman?"

But all in all, the American as seen by the visiting and friendly foreigner, seems still, by

European standards, at ease in Zion. "Nobody ain't mad at anybody," is obviously untrue; the South is mad and getting madder in more senses than one. But the American is satisfied with the American way of life. There is here—as Father Bruckberger noted in contrast with France—but also in contrast with Britain—a deep sense of the legitimacy of government. No state has less reason to worry about the loyalty of its people than the United States, which does worry so publicly.

Of course, there are problems, but there do not seem to be many new problems. In 1925, the radio was already being charged with the same offenses, was deceiving the same hopes, as TV does today. The car and the truck were beginning to unite the whole nation, to urbanize it, to destroy the old deep differences between town and country. The plane, the super-highway have accelerated these changes, that is all.

The impact of the new knowledge on the family, the vogue for psychology, the horror of repression produced the present generation of parents anxious that their children shall have more security. Dr. Spock, Dr. Gesell rule the roost, presumably with good results. But the basic undermining of the old authoritarian, heaven-and-hell family discipline has done its job. Where is the sense of sin today? There has been a revival of religion, but that ambiguous term does not imply a revival of the sense of sin.

There have of course been great and beneficent changes whose speed could not have been foreseen in 1925. The position of the Negro was improving even then, but how slowly! It may be that the improvement has stopped or is about to stop; certainly, it seems to me that the growing tension over desegregation is the most ominous internal sign in America today. But what has been gained will not easily be lost.

Nor will the "emancipation of women" be undone. Some of the sillier aspirations of the virginal feminists have proved to be unattainable or not desirable or not appreciated. The young American woman today is as convinced as ever Eve was that "the proper study of womankind is man." The young American woman wants above all a husband and children, hopes to catch "the all-American boy," as one of them put it recently to me.

But the days of *Little Women* have not returned. The American woman may not be as powerful as the advertisers tell her she is, but she is out on the world. And all of this was clearly visible in 1925: the general acceptance of contraception, waning of the "double standard" (how many young women in their twenties, today, know what this sacred phrase means?) . . . these more than the vote changed the position of women—and so of men.

In other ways, American life has changed not at all. There is still widespread acceptance of the educational heresy that all that needs to be learned can be taught. There is still a belief in the power of the law to put down wickedness (hence the absurd and murderous laws on dope addiction). There is still a combination of great generosity with a lack of psychological sympathy or even tolerance of the outside world. Yet some things are happening almost unnoticed. It is to the results of these changes that I now turn.

ALL THE BRAVE YOUNG MEN

IN THE men's room of the Astor just before Christmas, 1925, I saw the first members of the American Army I ever set eyes on. They were a group of West Point cadets "on the town." In those days, the Army was a remote, unimportant, almost invisible government agency. Officers belonged to a curious, differentiated, unimportant class. If they had had the misfortune (as happened to Captain Eisenhower) not to have served in France, they had not even the mildest form of glamor. Even very intelligent members of this professional group, like the future General Gruenther, might spend dreary year after year as lieutenants hoping for death above them to bring promotion. West Point attracted, in the main, moderately ambitious boys of poor or barely prosperous families. There were exceptions; sons of military families like Generals MacArthur and Patton. There were, especially from the South, boys filled with respect for the glory of war. But, all in all, the Army, even the Navy, was a backwater.

On March 17, 1926, Boston (or the Irish part of it) celebrated the coincidence of St. Patrick's Day and the 150th anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British. I watched the parade with two English friends and we were astonished by its military poverty, by the bad marching of the amateur troops. It was possible to travel widely in the United States and never see any sign of military power.

A few months ago Secretary of Defense Wilson decreed, in his brisk fashion, that officers on office duty in the Capital must wear civilian clothes. This order (later hastily modified) delighted the Washington clothing stores, for it affected between ten and twenty thousand men. That—as much as the contrast between the vast,

but now inadequate, Pentagon and the old, comfortably adequate, State, War, and Navy building—illustrates one of the great, underestimated, understudied changes in American life. Over the past thirty years, the armed services have gradually become one of the most important of American social institutions.

No longer does the ambitious officer contemplate retirement to San Antonio. There are the Waldorf Towers, the board rooms of great corporations, embassies, cabinet offices. There is, in active service, the splendor of Château and Schloss, the viceregal state of command all round the globe. There is the White House of which Leonard Wood dreamed in vain and Pershing did not even dream.

There is—and this is even more important—the presence of nearly twenty million males who have known military life at first hand. They have had an experience that cuts them off from what will soon be a minority of the male population, the total civilians. It has cut them off, already, from the overwhelming mass of women—excluded from this side of male life as completely as from the Tap Room of the Yale Club.

In 1925, there were, of course, some millions of American men who had had some military experience. There was ex-Captain Truman for instance. But few had had much military experience in action (the brief and local character of American intervention in the first world war accounted for that). "The War" was a dramatic, sporting, exploitable experience for a small minority getting rapidly smaller.

The contrast with Europe was marked. All Europe, as far as I could judge, was shocked to its core by its catastrophe (the first world war, not the second, wrecked the old European hegemony and confidence). In America, it was fashionable to blame everything that the critic disliked in contemporary American life on "the War." Prohibition and bootlegging, short skirts and lipstick, the decline of the old-time religion, and the discovery of sex were all imputed to this brief and largely irrelevant ripple on the tide of life. Yet the Model-T Ford had more influence on American social history than the Argonne.

The contrast between Europe and America was made plain enough in the role and antics of the American Legion. Most of the original Legionnaires, in the nature of things, could not have been veterans in any real sense. They had had neither time nor opportunity. War might well seem to them the Big Parade. It was, in the retrospect of their annual get-togethers, a circus. The creation of a privileged class of "veterans"; the political power of the veterans' vote; the use of the Legion as a political springboard; all were in the tradition of the Grand Army of the Republic. But the GAR veterans were heroes of a war that evoked passionate pride, interest, love, hate. The veterans of the American Legion were "boys" who had been taken for a buggy ride and wanted financial compensation for being gypped.

A few months ago I had the sociological good fortune to be in Los Angeles during the 1956 Legion convention. Its old high spirits were gone. The press tried in vain to play up the pranksters but the public was indifferent. There was something symbolic, too, in the fact that the new National Commander had served less than ninety days, and "stateside" at that in the late war, a war which produced millions of genuine veterans who had fought all over the world.

But if the Legion is on the way out, veterans are not. They number almost tens of millions, and the two new wars—the second world war and Korea—have burned themselves into the national consciousness in a way the first world war never did. The losses of the 1940s and 1950s are not being cynically written off. The fruits of these wars still have to be lived with—the draft, the debt, the Pentagon, the overhanging menace of the H-bomb. "What price victory?" is the question the American man and woman, veteran or not, asks himself today.

There may be deep resentment of the fact—but few now deny it—that in the world of atomic fall-out, the United States is inextricably involved. Interest in the outside world may be sulky, prejudiced, ill-informed, but it is genuine.

But this involvment has had internal consequences that seem to me strangely neglected. With three million American young men under arms at any one moment, the armed services are numerically as important as the colleges. Yet how little thought, it seems to me, is devoted to the serious social and political problem of how the armed forces work as educators! There may be scandals like the drowning of the Marines; there may be revelations of excessively slack as well as excessively severe discipline. But the young American male has his life and convenience interfered with by the government in a way that would have seemed preposterous in 1925—or in 1939. It is also surely curious that in all the discussions of equality between the sexes, of the application of the principles of the Nineteenth Amendment, next to no attention is paid to the fact that the law discriminates, and severely at that, against males? But—and the "but" may explain the neglect of the problem—

the tenderness of the American politician for the "veteran" has redressed the balance; pensions, civil-service rights, job guarantees, special hospital facilities, all make the ex-serviceman, in his turn, a privileged person.

If it be true (Senator John Kennedy is my authority for believing it to be true) that the poor and ambitious boy no longer wants a nomination to the Point, that these nominations are among the least valued parts of a Congressman's patronage, then the United States is faced with a serious danger. For we can be certain that the regular officers of the United States will remain a very important class indeed. If they do not draw on young men of ambition and ability, the results may be disastrous.

Yet how seldom is the problem of military education put high on the national agenda! Willy-nilly, the United States is a great armed power in which the role of the professional officer is of the first importance and it is a role that has been neglected, for example, by political scientists like myself. It is a long way from the West Point cadets in the Astor washroom! For the transformation of an America nominally at peace into one of the world's two great military powers is perhaps the single greatest and most ambiguous change in America.

THE BUSINESS OF POLITICS

I HOPE I arrived in the United States in 1925 less conscious of effortless superiority than the average Oxford man was wont to display. There was much that delighted me, few things that shocked me. But one thing did shock me. This was the prevalence of what the Greeks (and my servant at Balliol) called "idiots"—that is citizens taking no interest in politics. Even then I was far from thinking that politics were all or nearly all. I was quite prepared for poets and scientists to neglect politics for better things. But it was something else again to find historians, economists—even students of government—indifferent. The professionals looked after politics—either because they made a good if shady living that way, or because they had some inexplicable yen for this dull and rather dirty sport.

In 1957, although there are constant complaints about the abstention of voters, politics are not neglected. Politics as a career attract lots of young men and women, and a sense of the importance of political matters—and of government—is as marked as its absence was in 1925. The government is everywhere: it drafts the boys, robs the rich, more and more provides education, pensions, hospitals. The businessman like Henry Ford, who really expected to be able to do as he liked with his own, is dying or dead. Of course, it was fiction in 1925 that the world of business was apart from and above the world of politics, but it was a fiction that many intelligent people professed to believe in. No one believes in it now.

The egghead, still sore after the McCarthy raid on civilization, thinks in too many cases of the present or the recent age as one of black reaction, of tyranny, of enforced conformity. But for millions of Americans who were helpless in face of the great concentrations of economic power which dominated a state like Pennsylvania in 1926, the politician, the New Deal, the labor union have been liberating forces. If there is more conflict than there was in Coolidge's time, it is because deeper things are being debated, greater issues are involved, and things taken for granted in 1925 are disputed today.

We may not think that the Eisenhower Administration shows an adequate sense of the seriousness of the times; we may regard much of its policy proclamations as a kind of "Miltown," a tranquilizing drug. But compare it with the complete emptiness of the minds, and largely of the hearts, of the business class and its political employees in 1925! It is nearly the Republic of Plato against the City of Pigs!

Think of how little (to put it kindly) President Lowell of Harvard contributed to the public enlightenment! Try to recall the really stifling complacency of Harvard, the House of Morgan, the press, the pulpit in 1925! Even the greatest political figures of that time, like Al Smith, were parochial. It may be, I think it is, true that much of the deep trust that President Eisenhower inspires is like the trust Charles Lindbergh inspired in 1927. But surely it is a sign of comparative maturity to have an Eisenhower, not a Lindbergh, for a mascot?

That American politics are in a satisfactory state I would not pretend. There is always scandal-ridden Illinois to give the "last hurrah." Some cherished reforms (like the direct primary) seem more doubtful today. State politics are too often a petty scuffle of local business. And the states—with so much more money to spend, with their archaic constitutions and inequitable distribution of representation—are not very hopeful instruments of social and political devolution.

But even in Illinois, the days of Mayor Big Bill Thompson and Governor Len Small, "the Kankakee farmer," are over. Where is the In-

diana of the Ku Klux Klan? What important Senator could *mean* as little today as Senator Charlie Curtis of Kansas, once Vice President of the United States? The younger Talmadge is better than his father; Senator Eastland an improvement on Bilbo. Joe McCarthy is an improvement on "Tomtom" Heflin. If he is more dangerous, it is because he lives in a more dangerous age. American politics, politicians, institutions, have not adjusted themselves perfectly to the atomic age, but they have done a better job than anyone could have thought likely in the days when Coolidge was applauded because he was believed to have said that "the business of the United States is business."

THE GULF OF FAITH

JUST before I went to the United States in 1925, the "Monkey Trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, had delighted the European world. Here was the most powerful, richest, most complacent society in the world making a fool of itself over Jonah and the Whale, over the literal accuracy of Genesis. To a continent weakened and, in its heart of hearts, thinking itself disgraced by its recent civil war, the spectacle of William Jennings Bryan, former Secretary of State, thrice candidate for President, floundering over primitive cosmology was funny and comforting.

True, there was a lot of humbug in this attitude. There is no reason to believe that the religion of Bryan was any less sophisticated than the religion of the eminently representative Low Church statesman, Sir William Joynson-Hicks. In my native land, there was plenty of blind belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible and more in an "impregnable rock of Holy Scripture" (to borrow a phrase from another eminent Christian politician, W. E. Gladstone). Catholics were hesitant in admitting that Darwin was on the whole right and eagerly welcomed scientific theories that seemed to confirm Genesis. The fact was that in my native country, no secondary schools (as far as I know) taught biology in any form at all. Tennessee, at least, raised questions.

Yet the European attitude was not totally unjustified if mere scorn was. The United States after the first world war was facing the problem that began to perplex all societies from the late seventeenth century on. Beginning with France, with the undeclared war between Bossuet and Richard Simon, a central doctrine of the Christian faith—the unique and authoritative character of the version of human history given in the canonical Jewish Scriptures—had been continuously and successfully attacked. The old, orthodox view—the blind reliance on the Bible—was everywhere abandoned, amended, dodged. The crisis that Edmund Gosse described so perfectly for the English nineteenth century, in *Father and Son,* which Matthew Arnold noted and lamented in "Dover Beach," had at last reached America. (Of course Darwin, the higher criticism, *The Golden Bough* had had their impact long before 1924. The conversion of Harvard to Unitarianism was an old story. Washington was no more an orthodox Evangelical Christian than were Franklin or Jefferson. But such skepticism had not yet become general.)

America was going through that crisis when I arrived in 1925. It was revealed not only in Tennessee but in cities all over the land; every big city had its fundamentalist champion, refuting the "scientists" and millions of honest souls were going through "an agonizing reappraisal"—to quote the phrase used in another context by an eminent amateur theologian. In every one of the big private universities, in every state university, the conflict raged. If it did not, it was because the skeleton was locked up in the cupboard, but everybody knew it was there.

In 1957, the case is altered or so it seems. A few months ago, at a highbrow party in Chicago, among people "liberal" in politics and "advanced" in the arts, I met a brilliant young architect who after exposing his views on the search for God (it was after midnight, "they call it the Bourbon hour," as the poet might have put it) asked me for mine. When I replied that I was an agnostic, he said in wonder, "I didn't think you were as old as that."

The remark was symptomatic. "Religion" like many other things is booming in America; it is a blue chip. Indeed, one great contrast between England and America is just that. True in England there has been a revival of interest in religion, something of a return to "the Church" among the intelligentsia. In France, there is certainly a decline in the old Voltairean hostility to the Church. But neither in France nor in England is this revival, or ripple on the surface of the national life, regarded by prudent churchmen as any compensation for the loss of the masses, who are frankly pagan in France—not even using the Church for births, marriages, deaths—and simply less candid and consistent in England.

America is the country of statistics and we have plenty on the rising role of organized religion. Even the most skeptical will have to accept the fact that more Americans are church members

than ever before. Even when it is pointed out that it was far less easy to be accepted as a church member a hundred years ago, that it is now no harder to join a church than a political party and much easier than to join a country club (church membership may substitute sometimes for club membership)—when all this is said, the crude figures are still impressive. In other countries there is a steady attrition of the body of believers; in the United States it grows.

The fact is important—but what is the kind of importance? It can be said to begin with, that even conventional adherence to a church, for highly unspiritual reasons, may have important and possibly good results. There is much wisdom in the saying of Elie Halévy that "many a man has become a good man as a result of a life of hypocrisy." Many a faint believer may become a real believer as a result of social conforming which involves joining a church. More, the children of these conformist parents may "get" religion seriously and the need not to shock the children may strengthen the religious habits, as well as faith, of the parents. Belief is a form of habit.

But, it may be asked, is that all? Is there no revival of faith? There well may be, but I should place doubt, rather than faith, high among the causes of the religious boom. Many church-goers are fugitives from the brave new world of progress, prosperity, temporal happiness that shone so brightly under Coolidge. The catastrophe of 1929, the far greater catastrophe of 1939-45, shook that simple faith. The Depression, the war, the concentration camps, the Russian purges, Hiroshima—the list of horrors is long enough to account for skepticism about the liberating force of Marx, Freud, Henry Ford, John Dewey—to name some of the most important prophets of the past generation. Orthodox religion had preached that these were false prophets; and they certainly proved not to be the sure guides that many thought them to be. Since they were wrong (as experience is held to have proved) perhaps the "old-time religion" was right?

BUT IS IT TRUE?

AT ANY rate the anti-clericalism of Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and a host of imitators is now old hat. The average man is ready to listen to the professional religious teacher. And this brings me to the center of the religious problem.

What are these teachers saying? It is surely surprising, even in so pragmatic a country as the United States, that the question is so seldom raised: Is what these teachers are saying, *true*? If it be said that, of course, it is true, one is forced to reflect on the fact that the denominations often affirm contradictory things.

I do not take too seriously mere denominational differences as such. I know that in Protestant America, men shift their religious adherence in a free, footloose, pioneering way. The ease with which this is done may surprise a foreigner. He may wonder whether it is really a matter of simple, easy choice to be a Unitarian or a Presbyterian or Episcopalian, he may be struck by the lack of narrow denominational loyalty displayed by the families of William Howard Taft and Adlai E. Stevenson I. But I am ready to admit that the representative American attitude is that of the realtor in Texas who built, among other units in his development, a church and who, when asked what denomination it was for, replied that that would depend on who first made an offer for it.

Yet when all this is said and done, there remains the fact that there is a great gulf, an almost unbridgeable gulf, between a Boston Unitarian who believes, said the wit, "in one God —at most" and a Catholic or a Jehovah's Witness. For the Catholic or the Witness or the good Presbyterian, this world is but a vestibule, its joys, sorrows, ambitions, failures, successes, to be "seen ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye." Christianity may be the most this-worldly of the great religions, but it is far less worldly than the world. Its aim can never be reduced to producing peace of mind, to creating national unity, to providing a substitute for Communist faith, to being an extra arm of "The Voice of America," a remedy for child delinquency, or easy divorce. It affirms views about the universe: is it blind, hostile, indifferent, friendly?

It seems to me to be foolish simply to say that all Church members "believe in God." What God? "We all believe in one God," I am told, is a favorite musical piece of President Eisenhower's. We know, or think we know, what the world of Johann Sebastian Bach meant by that. What does the world—or the family—of Dwight D. Eisenhower mean by it?

A great deal of the present "religious revival" is, so it appears to me, political in a very wide sense, where it is not the result of a shocked fear of the world in which we all—agnostics and "believers"—have to live. There is a marked identification of "religion" with "Americanism," which in turn seems so often to mean "the free enterprise system."

What are the theological implications of the recent insertion of "Under God" in the pledge of allegiance to the flag? Partly, no doubt, it is a meaningless evocative phrase, borrowed from the Gettysburg address. Partly it is the deliberate association of God with "the American Way of Life." How often has it the meaning Lincoln gave it, the submission of the American way of life to the judgment—to the possible condemnation—of the all-judging and harsh God of the Second Inaugural? Very seldom, is my guess.

The good theologians (and America has more of them than she has had for a long time) know this. It is they who are most skeptical of the value of much of what passes for "religion." They worry, wisely, about what harm the adoption of the "Church" as a service organization by a deeply secular society may do to the life of real religion.

That there is a genuine religious revival I do not doubt; that the churches are not in retreat, as they were a generation ago, I do not doubt. I do doubt if the intellectual truce can be kept up indefinitely, in which few people dare to ask, "Is this true?" And there is a practical test coming that will be, I think, decisive. If five years from now, in those areas in which organized religion is strongest—that is, the South—desegregation *in the churches* is not pretty nearly complete, I shall take the liberty of doubting the existence of a great spiritual upheaval. If the Catholic bishops of the South have to retreat in, say, New Orleans, before a strike of their white faithful, I shall be distressed but shall again be driven to doubt. The belief in God bred by fear in foxholes is not what the United States needs; something tougher, more firmly based on belief in a divine plan for human destiny, will be required—and in great amounts—if the churches are to be leaders not auxiliaries, commanders-in-chief not mere tolerated chaplains.

THE NEW "SUCCESS"

ALONG with the religious revival has been a reassessment of values in this world. I should put the rise in the birth rate first among the symptoms of that change. To decide that a couple need children more than a new car, that a child needs brothers and sisters more than an expensive camp or a "good" school, is a novelty. You can find in people of my generation either wonder and pleasure at the acceptance of the four-child family by their only child, or an irritated bewilderment at such indecently large families. A big family in modern society is seldom a good material investment. Is it not then important that so many young Americans are making this materially unwise decision?

It is linked with other decisions. One is the decision for leisure rather than for ever-expanding income. The man continually striving loses the chance of leisure. His very recreations are driven by a passion to "succeed." (Some doctors think that golf kills more executives than it saves.) But the man who settles down today as a lawyer in a smallish town instead of entering a great law firm in Wall Street or La Salle Street may indulge in such "un-American" conduct in order to get really relaxed holidays, weekends, evenings, the possibility of "being with the family," not simply a "good provider." A divorce, a son going wrong, a wife with a domestic chaplain in the form of a psychiatrist—these, in the new American climate of opinion, are black marks; the man against whom they are noted is not a complete "success" in his neighbor's eyes

The whole idea of "success," the belief in its possibility, strikes a natural pessimist like me as odd. But there can be no doubt that the American concept of "success" has widened. We should now want to know more about such idols of the 'twenties as Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, Thomas A. Edison than that they produced the Model T, the easily changeable tire, the electric lamp, or even the phonograph.

For the naïve Horatio Alger attitude is less "smart" than it was. After all, to climb too hard and too obviously, is not the best way to get on in the gray flannel world. There, an old-fashioned aggressive "success" like Secretary Wilson is an anomaly. (An anomaly that provokes, it might be said, some nostalgic admiration. "I like Charlie," said a Washington newspaperman. "He's the only man in the Administration who doesn't talk about God.") Few self-made men can resist the temptation to give their sons "advantages" that they didn't have and those advantages often include an education that alienates the son from his father's simple world. Not long ago, I was accosted in a club car by a Midwest businessman who was in desperate need of comfort. His son, sent to an Ivy League college had refused to enter the business that this man *had made,* for himself but also for his son. What was wrong with life, with business, with America, when a young man with such a chance wanted to *teach*?

There must be hundreds, thousands of cases like that, personally pathetic, sociologically revealing. The businessman may be—I think still is—the representative American figure. But what

is the "businessman" in 1957? It is almost as ambiguous a term as "God."

I shall begin by saying that I am not convinced that a new Platonic class of "guardians" concerned only for the general good now rule American business and can be trusted—so the implied argument goes—to rule the United States. I don't know the solution to the problem of the relationship of the manager to his stockholders, to the public, to the other managers, to God. Perhaps if he put his duty to his stockholders first (as he does not always do), we should be content. But without believing all that I read in *Fortune,* I do think the American businessman is more "sophisticated," has more sense of social responsibility—or more realization of the advantages of appearing to have that sense—than he had in 1925.

One consequence is that he is less of a bore. He has wider views; he can see his problems in a wider context and even if he is a true-blue Republican, he realizes that politics and politicians have come to stay. So have union leaders. (Few campaigns backfire more regularly than those designed to liberate the American worker from the "tyranny of the unions." The wiser businessman knows this, now.)

The American businessman will never again know the free income or the unlimited respect he got up to the crash of 1929. But most of today's leading businessmen haven't known that income and respect anyway. No Administration, however friendly, can afford to be as uncritically friendly as was the Administration of Coolidge. No great manager will ever know the adulation that was lavished not only on Henry Ford but on much less interesting captains of industry.

Yet the businessman in America has a position and rewards that his English compeer does not dream of. A larger portion of American talent and energy still goes into business than in England (or France). There is still more popular admiration for business achievement, less jealousy of its rewards.

But here lies one of the problems of the American future that most interest and perplex me. In a society in which the old unquestioning acceptance of the business "life of action" is no longer prevalent—in which a great many young men turn away from business not as something disgraceful, but as something dull without being adequately rewarding—will American business "tick" just the same? In a world in which General Motors has replaced an individual genius like Henry Ford, in which business success is the product of team work, will the businessman get even the present level of cash rewards? If the businessman has to divide not only power but prestige with the politician, the opinion-molder, will America change a great deal? If there is under way a deep and genuine religious revival, must it not affect America's secular religion of mere production?

A HOPE UNBETRAYED

THE new and puzzling aspects of the America of 1957, as compared to 1925, are problems of education—education in a far deeper and more important sense than the discussions over literacy or technology. The new roles of the soldier, the politician, the businessman—these are the new things in a society that in many ways has changed little in its fundamental premises.

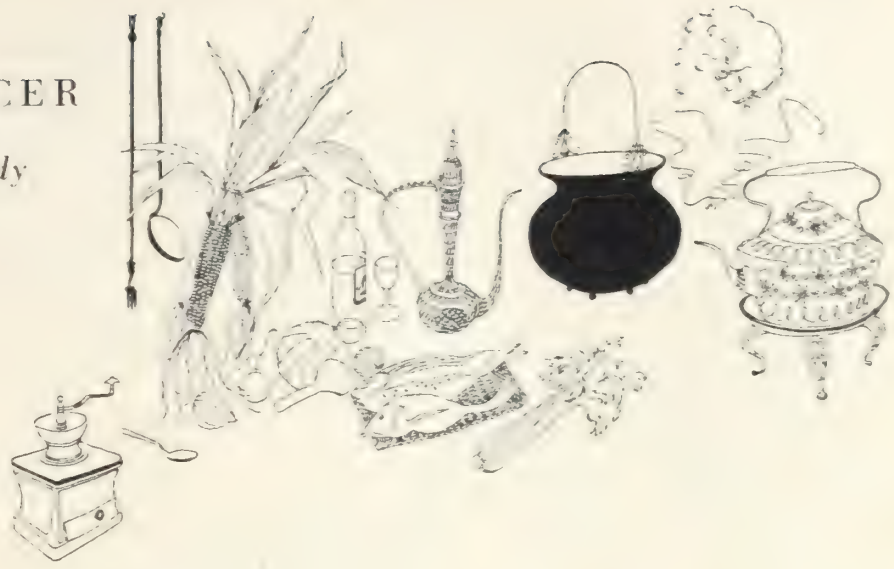
There are other changes in American life that are extensions of the lines visible in 1925. There is, for instance, the new position of the Catholic Church, made manifest not only in numbers and wealth, but in a new intellectual tone. This in turn is an aspect of the rise of a Catholic bourgeoisie which may not yet be represented in the higher ranks of the clergy. The sudden popularity of the contemplative life—the appearance of a book on the function of an order like the Trappists—is something new. One could have foreseen Cardinal Spellman in 1925 but not Father Thomas Merton and not the brave testimony of bishops and orders like the Jesuits against un-Christian racial discrimination.

These changes are more and more part of a world trend in which the United States is the leader. Rock 'n roll, color TV, a host of material and "spiritual" gadgets reach us in England just after they have burst on you. Sometimes there is no ground for complaint. Billy Graham is better than Billy Sunday. The whole Western world is involved in a crisis of values that does not seem to me any more acute in the United States than in Europe.

The hopes, beliefs, enthusiasms that I brought to America in 1925 have not been deceived. America, today, is a more interesting, civilized, promising society than it was in that year, and the pursuit of happiness is still less of a waste effort there than in any other country known to me. It is not a race that many people win, but Americans, I think, enjoy the race more than we do. It is the fashion in Europe (and even in America) to sneer at the simple optimism of nineteenth-century America, but if it is not "the last, best hope of earth," where is that happier and more hopeful land?

By MARILYN MERCER

Drawings by Joan C. Kennedy



the Gourmets get out of hand

Mother is back in the kitchen—and woe to the clod who doesn't know a truffle from a salamander, or a mousse from a Turk's head.

AMERICAN women have been maneuvered back into the kitchen. The evidence is unmistakable: a flurry of specialized cookbooks every month; a kaleidoscope of luscious food pages in the magazines; and, even in the most ordinary family kitchen, mingled odors of wine and garlic, sesame and coriander, *shoyu* and dried bonito fish.

For the situation is more insidious than it appears; in many communities home-made mayonnaise has more feminine prestige than mink, and the zealous housewife can lose face finally and terribly by leaving the eel out of the bouillabaisse. Cooking has become competitive, and the competition is getting rough.

Competition, of course, is traditional in American cookery at the church-bazaar or county-fair level, but cooking today has gone beyond being a homely accomplishment. Spinach—or more exactly *soufflé d'épinards aux truffes*—is fashion, and there is more than one housewife, trying desperately to keep up with the local Escoffier, who would gladly say the hell with it if she could get her friends and neighbors to go along.

Perversely, this is happening in an era when kitchens are entering the push-button stage; foods are pre-mixed, pre-breaded, pre-fried—everything but pre-digested, and the meat tenderizer people are working on *that* goal. But while advertisers and industrial home economists are pushing the quick-and-easy, the competitive home cooks stubbornly insist on the complex and difficult.

One rather pat sociological explanation of the phenomenon runs this way: Direct expenditure of money on food is no longer impressive as it was in a simpler, champagne-and-lobster-supper era. Time is now the valued commodity, and consequently the modern cook lavishes hours and effort, rather than vulgar old money, in order to hold up her head.

This may be so, but a quick inventory of the equipment required for the average competitive cook to function indicates that a considerable outlay of vulgar old money is needed to launch the project. A stylish kitchen today includes besides the obvious basic items: a coffee mill, salt grinder (for coarse sea salt), plus special grinders and choppers for nutmeg, cheese, parsley, garlic; a mortar and pestle for spices; and a vegetable mill (harder to operate than an electric blender and therefore more desirable). There is a target range of porcelain-clad casseroles and saucepans, plus a carillon of copper-clad pots. There is an arsenal of stainable steel cutlery, including a scalloped knife for tomatoes, shears for dismembering your own poultry, a special knife for boning it, and a cleaver and block for doing your own butchering. There are larding needles, timbale irons, a marble pastry slab, *petites marmites,* a Chinese *wok,* meat planks, an unwashed omelet pan.

And then there are the molds. A Turk's head,

a *baba* mold, madeleine molds, two fish molds—one rampant, one couchant. A melon mold, a fluted mold, fruit molds, and more. (Some people cheat, of course, and use these as wall decorations or to make Jello in, but others really use them for salmon mousse or *Kugelhopf,* as the case may be.)

The staple shelves sag under a full complement of herbs in glass jars, preferably home-grown and dried, festoons of shriveled mushrooms, cheeses for every purpose, herbed and flavored vinegars compounded on the premises, home-made preserves, relishes, jellies, chutneys, and other fancies. There is a cellar, or at least a wine rack, stocked with the imported stuff; the adequate little red is no longer adequate. And there is cooking brandy, as well as cooking cordials, cooking bourbon, cooking *sake.* ("Cooking" here is not used pejoratively; cooking liquor must be of the same quality as drinking liquor—but different.) The list could go on. Depending on space, the kitchen might include a hand-churn ice-cream freezer, a kitchen fireplace, complete with spits and *crémaillère,* and a duck press.



MOM'S DAUGHTER

THIS is the stage setting. What sort of woman operates in this alchemist's den, making her own stock, boning her own turkey, baking her own pâté? Popular theory holds that fancy cookery is a creative outlet, which liberates the spirit and generally improves the character. In the competitive stage, however, it can have a noticeably warping effect.

Seriously competitive cooks fall generally into three main types:

(1) **The classicist.** Her cooking is exclusively French; she is buttressed by an array of cook books on *haute cuisine* and does not deviate from them. Her output is elegant and uniformly good, but may become repetitious. Her dinners can become intellectually exhausting, as guests are expected to be as knowledgeable as the hostess and keep up their end of the conversation, which is exclusively about food. This type is formidable when crossed.

(2) **The internationalist.** She dotes on Norwegian fish puddings, Greek *moussaka,* Indonesian *rijsttafel.* She scours the foreign markets, makes little trips into Chinatown, and will, on occasion, write to Calcutta for necessaries. Eating at her house is a gamble. The meal may be a Hawaiian *luau,* complete with pig roasted in a hole in the terrace. Or it might be authentic Klondike sourdough pancakes made with flour and potato water, suitably aged and fermented. Something of a charming scatterbrain, the internationalist is capable of ghastly errors, which must nevertheless be praised and eaten. Guests are expected to match her bub bling enthusiasm, indigestion notwithstanding.

(3) **The workhorse.** Lacking imagination, she substitutes muscle power. Somewhat aggressively, she bakes all her own bread, cans her own produce, churns her own butter, would grind her own cornmeal were the means at hand. Eating at her house is wholesome and nourishing for those appetites not inhibited by the feelings of guilt that her virtues instill in the less conscientious.

As in most classifications, pure types are rare. Most competitive cooks fall predominantly into one class but with characteristics of the other two. Universal, however, is a singleness of purpose that can terrify the less talented, dismay the most hardened free loader, and baffle the longest-suffering family.

Competitive cooking does not, as superficially it may seem to, stem from a woman's nostalgic desire to return to the family kitchen of childhood with mother whisking loaves of fresh-baked bread out of the oven. Most of the cooks in question were children in the late 1920s or 1930s, and Mother—who had bobbed her hair and declared herself emancipated some years earlier—couldn't cook for sour apples.

It can be argued, instead, that competitive cooking has its roots in Mother's inadequacy, or common sense, as the case may be. A childhood diet of canned peas, Waldorf salad, and tuna fish

wiggle can easily nourish seeds of rebellion that will flower eventually into an adult need to spend three days making Peking roast duck.

Culinarily, the 1930s were sterile. The mother who was liberated by new processed foods from the routine labors of feeding a family that *her* mother, even with help, had suffered, was taking advantage of her freedom. Her hospital-white kitchen was made for efficiency, and efficient she was, if nothing else. The family was fed lamb chops and canned fruit salad. When company came the fruit salad got a dollop of mixed whipped cream and mayonnaise and a maraschino cherry, and the lamb chop got a ruffle and a few sprigs of parsley, artistically arranged. She generally had a meat loaf on tap, and, for Sunday nights, blushing bunny. Any creative instincts she had went into visual effects: peanut butter and jelly sandwiches cut into hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs for bridge parties, for example. Of course, on Sundays her depression budget stretched to include—and she managed to cook—a roast of beef or a chicken; there were vegetables (although no green salads) and milk, and so her children managed to grow and develop enough strength to turn their own coffee mills.



It is only fair to add that Mother's lack of interest in and aptitude for cooking is indicative of her era, not of any innate defect. For Mother, now Grandmother, has changed with the times and may well be a competitive cook herself.

It was in the middle and late 'thirties that the thin edge of the wedge was inserted. Travelers came back from abroad with the news; professional gourmets and *bons vivants* began to write cookbooks and magazine articles plugging European cooking. French cuisine was known in this country to those who employed French cooks or ate in French restaurants, but do-it-yourself French cuisine was something new. And it was particularly beguiling because it was touted as a great economy measure.

Do as the thrifty French peasant does, the argument ran. Buy cheap, stringy cuts of meat, simmer them lovingly and tenderly with stock, herbs, mushrooms, a little *vin ordinaire, et voilà!* A green salad, a loaf of French bread, and you have a meal for a gourmet. How the thrifty French peasant did it is a mystery; stock perpetually on the stove and no duty on the *vin ordinaire* probably helped. But the thrifty American peasant soon found out that she had to buy, besides the cheap meat, a jar of beef extract, a bottle of wine, various herbs, mushrooms, *et voilà!* She might as well have bought a steak in the first place.

However, economy or no, the pattern was established. French cooking was in; bourgeois cooking, that is, with a few feelers in the direction of the *haute cuisine*. World War II furthered the movement; there was an upsurge of interest in foreign cooking other than French, and the great tourist invasion of Europe in the postwar years added to it.

Then American industrial ingenuity and the publishing trade got into the act and we were lost.

The movement started out as a constructive one but has long since got out of hand. Ingredients and equipment are expensive; methods are often senselessly antiquated. The successful competitor is compelled to keep exceeding her own triumphs, and the hopeless incompetent struggles by common courtesy to return the hospitality of star performers in her community. But mostly it is plain hard work. Gracious living is beginning to require a vastly disproportionate amount of ungracious labor.

There are a few small signs of rebellion here and there. A competitive cook in New York has reversed her tactics and reports great success with little dinners of roast beef and baked potatoes. Another in Connecticut has switched to steak. But these are seasoned competitors of unshakable reputation who presumably can get away with anything.

On the other hand, new devices to widen the cook's scope and add to her burden appear every day. Suburb-sized smoke-it-yourself equipment is now available and current cookbooks give details on building your own smokehouse, smoking your own turkeys, ducks, and oysters, and even making your own pastrami. There are instructions available for making your own wine and to a generation matured since Prohibition this may appeal. At least one firm is importing a machine with which you can make your own spaghetti, at home, from scratch.

There is a frequently quoted recipe for jugged hare which begins, "First catch your hare. . . ." This may not be as silly as it sounds. We can at least, being forewarned, be prepared; it could come to that.

Paul W. Kearney

How safe are the NEW CARS?

Flossy design and super-horsepower still hold a long lead over safety in the 1957 models . . . but a few auto makers are finally beginning to take a real interest in saving lives.

HORSEPOWER, rather than horsesense, still dominates American automobiles in 1957; and in step with greater power is greater length, to make thousands more home garages and city parking-meter systems obsolete. Some very exotic things have been done with the tail lights, too. But except for improved stability from a lower center of gravity there are no startling additions to the auto safety features which caused such a stir in 1956.

Even in this year's advance publicity releases, the safety theme got pretty short shrift. Out of something like 1,500 lines of advance information that crossed my desk, 330 lines were devoted to styling as against 74 for safety. As might be expected, the most complete safety presentation came from Ford, with Chrysler a close second; and I was interested to note that in New York's December Automobile Show the only manufacturer talking out loud about safety was Ford. Out of curiosity, I exposed myself to the spiels of a number of salesmen from other companies. None mentioned the subject until I did; even then, all were unenthusiastic.

One, whose car does not have an impact-resistant door latch, naturally pooh-poohed the idea as a sham. Another expressed a glow of pride over his company's "butterfly" steering wheel, without ever mentioning the safety virtues of its depressed hub. But the real shock came when a third, whose car offers optional seat belts, proceeded to *unsell* me on the safety device.

This is perhaps inevitable in an industry which has become wedded to the doctrine that if you have sufficient power you can get away from where the accident happens before it happens. Such, in a nutshell, seems to be Detroit's alibi for its frantic horsepower race. As a result, you can take virtually any 1957 model and, from a standing start, shatter a legal 60 mph speed limit in 11 seconds!

Now it may be that you and I don't crave this kind of jack-rabbit performance. It may even be that we drive well enough not to need 285 horsepower to get us out of a bad passing jam. What has Detroit to offer us this year?

THE DEFECTS THAT KILL

MOST of the safety improvements emphasized in the 1957 cars are not design features but performance features: fast acceleration; better cornering; more rubber on the pavement; easier steering control; less plunge in panic braking, and so on. These are all splendid things, but they are essentially what the race driver wants at speeds far beyond our street and highway limits. Despite all the hue and cry about the evils of fast driving, however, the majority of accidents *do not* happen at high speeds. The National Safety Council's study of 685,000 accidents in one year revealed that 87 per cent occurred at 40 mph or less; and even when the Pennsylvania Turnpike had a 70 mph limit on its western half, 75 per cent of all the passenger cars involved in accidents were traveling at 50 mph or less. And I make the distinction between design and performance because from now on, improved design, more than performance, is what can save lives. While driver behavior and performance may cause the accident, it is interior design which may cause injuries or deaths.

Up until last year, on this score, all American cars were about as safe as a World War I biplane. Actually, we've had light private planes for years which you can crash at 70 mph and walk away from. Yet most cars today can kill passengers at 35 mph, or bash in their faces in a mere panic-braking operation. The records are filled with cases of what have come to be known as "survivable accidents."

> A woman driver presumably fell asleep, went off the road, and hit a tree. Experts judged her speed at about 25 mph (from the condition of the car), yet she was killed instantly when the steering post was driven back 6½ inches as her body went forward.

Traveling at an estimated 25-30 mph, but confused by lights, a driver went off a curve and struck a stone wall. Although his injuries were trifling, the passenger on his right hit the windshield, breaking the glass and gashing his forehead from temple to temple. His head then bounced to the dash, striking the edge of a protruding clock which broke his nose, cheekbone, and four teeth.

Cut off by another car, a driver slammed on the brakes at about 42 mph. This sharp braking flung his wife forward against the dash and threw the rear seat passenger against the fold-back of the front seat. She suffered the loss of three front teeth, a fractured lower jaw, and two black eyes.

A suburbanite, driving the family maid to church, went through an intersection at 20 mph and was struck amidships by another car moving at about the same speed. The impact sprung the right front door open, and the maid was jolted out and crushed to death under the rear wheel.

Blinded by lights, a woman drove off the pavement at about 30 mph and hit a tree head-on. Although she only bruised her chest and abdomen on the steering wheel, her companion struck her face on a radio knob on the dash, breaking off the knob and gashing herself from hairline to chin so deeply that she required plastic surgery. Her left shin was painfully bruised when it struck the heater hard enough to bend the casing, and her right kneecap was fractured by the protruding knob of the window crank on the door.

Thus, from several different state police files, we pick cases at random of serious injury or death *at moderate speeds,* all directly a result of inferior design. This is something the experts should bear in mind when they make the driver the goat for our present traffic toll. As we will presently see, at least half this annual butchery could be prevented by the automobile manufacturers.

Back in 1942 the suggestion was made that much of this injury and disfigurement could be eliminated by following the example of the aircraft industry. Pilots were being lost in landing and take-off accidents where no altitude or anti-aircraft fire was involved; and since pilots were hard to come by the airplane designers had begun to ask the question, Why? Hugh DeHaven, with his pioneering work in crash research, was the man who answered the question. He pointed out that a pilot's chances of injury or death from striking some projection inside the cockpit were by far his greatest risk in a survivable crack-up. And so aircraft manufacturers promptly proceeded (1) to remove or modify these lethal projections; (2) to fix the pilot so firmly in his seat that he wouldn't keep right on going after the plane had stopped.

DeHaven's Automotive Crash Injury Research group at Cornell University Medical College proceeded to apply the same logic to automobile design—but the industry refused to see any analogy. DeHaven's theory was brushed off as "academic" until 1949, when the Indiana State Police enlisted in the Cornell Study. Under the direction of Corporal (now Sergeant) Elmer C. Paul, a special squad of troopers began to investigate the cause of the injuries rather than the cause of the accident, which they left to the regular patrols. In their initial full-scale year on this project, these trained men found that:

(1) About half of the fatalities investigated (in rural areas where the pace quickens) occurred under 40 mph.

(2) Only 16 per cent could be classified as non-survivable; *i.e.* collisions or roll-overs at such high speeds that serious consequences were inevitable.

(3) Therefore, of 600 accidents studied, proper car design could have been the life-saver in 503 (84 per cent) of the cases.

These figures caused no little stir among automobile manufacturers and they led to some rather heavy-handed attempts at suppression which we needn't go into here. Suffice it to say that not only did DeHaven and his team keep right on bucking the opposition, but in 1952 the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company came to the support of a continuing automobile safety study. The first fruit of their sponsorship was a proper evaluation of the correctly designed seat belt. Vice President Ralph Meigs of Liberty Mutual has publicly stated that an approved safety belt can eliminate at least 30 per cent of the fatalities and minimize upwards of 60 per cent of the injuries. As a matter of fact, over a ninety-day period a special analysis was made in Indiana of 130 fatal accidents in which 153 people died. The question was how many of these lives might have been saved by belts? The conclusion: 69 per cent definitely; another 12 per cent possibly.

The volume of expert opinion along this line is mounting rapidly, for the Indiana troopers have now been joined in this study by the highway patrols of North Carolina, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, California, Arizona, Texas,

Some Credits of 1957 Cars

Dual headlights on several lines increasing night visibility up to 50 per cent.

Reversed third seat in Plymouth and DeSoto station wagons.

Mercury's safety harness for children.

More models adopting Nash's high-level air intake.

Lincoln's all-black, non-reflecting padded dash and instrument panel, and its foot-operated radio selector switch on floor.

Buick's "safety minder," which sounds a warning signal when you exceed a predetermined speed.

Imperial's recessed door handles (inside).

Ford's re-enforced and "concealed" center pillar, to give hard-top look to four-door models.

Mercury Turnpike Cruiser's roof level ventilation system.

Chrysler's "longer look" achieved without lengthening the body.

DeSoto's tinted plastic sun-visors.

Adoption of "deep-dish" steering wheel by most lines.

Packard's non-slip differential and air-cooled disk brakes.

General lowering of hood, so that both fenders are visible from seat.

Safety bonus of sports-car-type fender mirrors available.

Trend to radiator hoods opening toward front, thus eliminating accidental opening by wind while car is moving.

Multi-luber system (for lubrication while in motion) available on Mercury and most higher-priced cars.

More positive front-wheel control provided by power steering in case of blow-outs or running onto a soft shoulder.

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and Vermont. All their case histories and minutely detailed reports go to Cornell for statistical study and evaluation. This vast volume of on-the-spot research will eventually lead the way to Liberty Mutual's second objective: a really crashworthy design.

One result of these studies is now apparent—an almost universal effort to clean up the dashboard by recessing or moving elsewhere the skull-fracturing control knobs, buttons, radio, and clock moldings. Nevertheless, in the New York Automobile Show which is on at this writing, I was discouraged to see how little has been done to modify the inside door handles and window cranks. Chrysler's handles, recessed into the door panels, are about the only improvement in this respect. These devices also preclude the possibility of frolicking children accidentally kicking open the rear door and falling out—which has just happened twice within the week on the New York Thruway. It is also discouraging to note, even on higher-priced cars, the continued presence of such shin crushers as record players, heater casings, or sharp-edged heater panels just under the dash.

THE HUCKSTER APPROACH

UNDENIABLY, various manufacturers have nibbled at various aspects of safety design for many years. For example, Studebaker has adhered tenaciously to the lowest center of gravity of all American cars and really pioneered in providing greater visibility. For seventeen years Nash has advocated the unitized body-chassis construction and raised its fresh-air intake far above the disgraceful level of other cars; Nash was probably the first to offer safety belts—with few takers. Packard leads the field with its torsion-bar suspension, for superior handling, and its new non-slip differential, invaluable if you slide off onto a soft shoulder. Chrysler led the way in seats designed for a car instead of a divan, and in fade-proof, air-cooled disk brakes. The late-lamented Kaiser car at least attempted to do something to reduce windshield and dashboard injuries. And so on.

But all these are isolated and limited efforts. The net result was that when Cornell's Automotive Crash Injury Research made a comparative study of injury patterns in cars of 1940-49 vintage as against cars made from 1950-54, they came up with this terse conclusion: "The data in this report show that fifteen years of passenger automobile design have, at best, produced no advance in 'crashworthiness' or decrease of traumatic effects when injury-producing accidents occur."

Instead, we are witnessing what New York's Traffic Commissioner T. T. Wiley describes as "a horsepower jag that is as insidious as opium" in which virtually every manufacturer is involved, resulting in stock models that do 114 to 145 mph—with no road in the country posting a legal limit higher than 65. The standard alibi is that this prodigal power is a "safety factor in tight passing situations," a perfect example of sales department eye-wash.

The huckster approach, dinned into us for years, has lulled the public into thinking it has

a safe car when it hasn't. The buyer has been aided and abetted in this by an industry congenitally allergic to the word "accident." Having long ago classified the consumer as a moron, the manufacturers are certain that if anybody breathes the forbidden word the prospect will dash across the street and buy another make of car, one which doesn't have accidents. As Benson Ford himself put it, not long ago: "There has been a fear that by some sort of reverse English you will find that the danger stigma has become attached to your own product."

This is exactly the same sickness that gripped the electrical industry for years. In my early days as a safety writer, magazines that flirted with articles of mine on electrical hazards in the home were bluntly threatened with advertising cancellations. But in due time the frequency of electrical mishaps resulting from consumer ignorance increased to the point where reason belatedly prevailed, and the industry began to talk and to sell safety. The outcome was enormously beneficial to all concerned.

In the light of that experience, every intelligent motorist should take off his hat to the Ford Motor Company for its revolutionary disregard of the trade taboo. While its largest competitor dabbled fitfully with some safety improvements, ignored others even more important, and hush-hushed the whole subject, Ford plunged into crash research in 1951—without benefit of sugar-coated nomenclature—and learned enough startling things to warrant an intensified program a year and a half later. Ford worked closely with the Cornell group. And in September 1955 it horrified its conservative contemporaries by inviting more than five hundred safety experts and trade journalists to a Safety Forum at which gleaming new '56 models were wantonly smashed to show the most skeptical just how much crash-worthiness was being built into the entire Ford line.

To me, however, since I had seen such crash tests before, the highlight of the meeting was the presentation to Cornell by Henry Ford II of a $200,000 check for more and better crash research. And, while this gift was matched to the dollar by Chrysler, none of the other manufacturers invited to participate took the opportunity to do so. Presumably their safety programs will continue to be handled by their advertising departments.

The question is, do customers want this protection? One answer is that found by the *New York Times* in a survey of the manufacturers' booths at this year's auto show—safety equipment was the first consideration of 60 per cent of the buyers, especially of women. Another is that 43 per cent of all Fords sold in 1956 were ordered with the padded dash—no optional feature offered by the company ever caught on so fast. Furthermore, enough seat belts were installed in last year's Fords to protect 350,000 riders, and when a survey was made at the Chicago Auto Show last season 31 per cent of the people who expressed a preference for Ford gave safety as one of their reasons.

This is not to say that other companies did not adopt these improvements before Ford. If I'm not mistaken, Studebaker was one of the

Some Debits of 1957 Cars

Insufficient road clearance on some of the low models, which will confine them to paved highways.

Lower seating that puts the eyes near the level of oncoming headlights in older cars.

Fourteen-inch wheels that reduce the available brake area on assemblies already inadequately ventilated.

Dazzling instrument panels in some makes, causing distracting reflections in windshield and windows.

Excessive braking potential of power brakes in panic stops.

Poor placement of real-view mirror, ranging from midway down to all the way down on the dash. The latter is virtually useless when three passengers are in the back seat.

Continued reliance on low-level exhausts in place of some practical arrangement of overhead stacks.

Unsafe arrangement of inside door handles and window cranks.

Continued lack of center posts in four-door hard-tops and even station wagons.

Rear door handles too easy to open accidentally.

Rear-view mirrors inadequate for field of vision of wrap-around rear window.

Fresh-air intake too low on some models.

Sharp edges on some accessories under the dash.

Engine compressions getting into the realm of the thirty-passenger bus.

Senseless increase in body lengths.

Hazardous knobs on panels of several lines.

Questionable value of windshields tinted at eye level for night driving.

No improvement in anchoring rear seat.

first publicly to crash-test safety door-latches; Kaiser padded the dashboard more or less effectively, and Chrysler went them one better with a "slow-rebound plastic" padding on its New Yorker line several years ago. Yet the phobia in the industry was still so strong that salesmen in the showrooms itched to change the subject whenever it was mentioned. Even the splendid safety aspects of power steering are still being subordinated to its sales appeal for lazy lady parkers. This is where Ford busted things wide open by frankly *talking* safety, not evading it.

FORD'S FINE FEATURES

SPECIFICALLY, Ford has an excellent, impact-resisting door-latch that will keep your passengers from being heaved out on their skulls at the slightest provocation. It has a fine, slow-rebound plastic dash pad with none of the hazards of foam rubber (which is no good for this purpose; if your head hits thick foam rubber, it can bounce hard enough to break your neck). You can drop an egg from fifty feet on the special plastic padding developed at Cornell and not crack the egg. Ford has also safeguarded the rear-view mirror and padded the sun visors. And of course it provides approved seat belts, at cost, properly attached to the car frame, not merely to the metal floor plate or the seats. Now that the ice is broken, most of these improvements are also being offered by competitors. But there are two for which Ford still hasn't received the recognition it deserves: the "deep-dish steering wheel" and the safety-locked front seat.

Cornell studies show that about 40 per cent of all drivers injured are hurt by the steering wheel: either the spokes snap and harpoon him; the center-post crushes his chest or his stomach; or he gets it both ways.

Ford's new impact-absorbing wheel precludes these unpleasant possibilities in any survivable accident: the spokes will bend, not snap, even under great pressure. And the whole "deep-dish" design will distribute the impact much as a catcher's mitt absorbs a fast pitch. (Though it is standard equipment—now adopted by Chrysler, GM, and others—the 1957 Nash Ambassador blandly appears with a bulky center-post protruding three inches above the steering wheel rim.)

Ford's second unrecognized contribution is the new locking seat track. In any major accident, the seats invariably come out by the roots; in many cases you can dislodge the seats by just slamming on the brakes. But the new seat track prevents this from happening. Why something comparable has not been done for the back seat I do not know, but here is a real chance for improvement.

Two defects in 1957 cars for which the manufacturers cannot entirely be blamed are the wrap-around windshield, which seems to be getting out of hand, and the hard-top styling, which is following suit. Distortion and reflection are inherent to most wrap-around windows. On this score some pointed remarks were made to the annual meeting of the American Medical Association in June 1956, by Dr. Dupont Guerry III, chairman of the Department of Ophthalmology, Medical College of Virginia. Said Dr. Guerry, of the curved windshield:

> In it all basic optical principles have been completely ignored, and the stylist's dream or nightmare has been allowed to run rampant. The driver who needs must use such [a windshield] suffers from terrific visual distortion due to prismatic effect, increased glare because of the focusing of extraneous light in the axial area of the windshield, and insuperable diplopia [the seeing of one object as two] from ghost images resulting from surface reflections exaggerated by the acute curvature.

This innovation was tentatively introduced by one manufacturer in an exploratory way a few years back. To his surprise, the public went for the idea so enthusiastically that even Lincoln, which resisted to the bitter end, had to go over to the wrap-around last year.

Much the same thing happened to hard-top styling. There was even a 1956 four-door hardtop which removed the last semblance of support previously provided by the center-post in a roll-over. Since no less than 39 per cent of open-road, non-pedestrian, traffic fatalities involve non-collision roll-overs, this is something for the purchasing agent in your home to ponder. The only company to resist the hard-top trend is Nash-Hudson, with its unitized body-frame. This year Ford is trying to do what it can with a concealed heavily-reinforced center pillar which gives the hard-top look without eliminating the post. Yet there isn't a car in any salesroom today which could be entered in a legitimate stock-car race without having a special roll-bar added for safety's sake!

So, while it is highly encouraging to see the industry following Ford's courageous lead, we still have a long way to go. A list of the faults which keep the American car from being as safe as it should be would still include:

(1) safety glass which may not shatter but can cut you to ribbons;

(2) lethal fresh-air intakes at low level (corrected in some models this year);

(3) excessively slow steering response; rear-end fishtailing in hard turns;

(4) windshield wipers inadequate for snow or sleet;

(5) inferior exhaust systems which leak carbon monoxide into the car;

(6) undue brake fade, or outright failure due to fluid leakage;

(7) the fire hazard of undercoatings or certain plastic covers on sponge rubber seats;

(8) overloaded tires;

(9) decreased braking area due to the new fourteen-inch wheel.

THE whole problem could be solved by the industry itself, with proper policing, and the example is not far to seek. No industry has done a finer job in promoting safety and reliability in its field than the American Gas Association, whose members produce products with a lethal potential at least as great as the automobile. But, by establishing rigorous safety standards, and granting the coveted AGA label only to gas appliances which meet those standards, this industry has commendably compelled its designers to think of safety first and styling second.

In the realm of electrical appliances and fire-protection devices, the pioneer UL symbol of the Underwriters' Laboratories has stood in the same enviable position for an even longer time. Here many different industries participate in paying the costs of brutal, impartial testing by an organization of hard-boiled experts, sponsored by the one group with the most to gain from safety: the insurance companies.

Isn't this the real answer for the automotive industry? Why shouldn't it and the automobile insurance companies finance an impartial testing laboratory of their own—logically under the auspices of the Society of Automotive Engineers—and make an SAE seal of approval as valuable as the AGA or UL labels, and just as impervious to outside influence?

Nobody has ever questioned the fact that the engineers know as much or more about safe car design than any of their critics. But they will never be allowed to put that knowledge fully to work until the sales executives are banned from the drafting rooms, just as they've been banned in the field of washing machines, electric blankets, gas furnaces, oil burners, and a score of other devices with high accident potentials.

The cue for Detroit is clear. Human nature being what it is, the survivable accident will always be with us. The function of applied crash research is to curb needless injury and death.

SUCCESSOR TO THE MODEL T

WHAT are the prospects today for a light, cheap car, one in the tradition-shattering role of Model T? . . . That car is possible today, but only under certain conditions. One is a reversal of the present trend in auto design and in public preference. Today's cars are more wasteful of power and fuel than any that have gone before. Examine the torque charts of current models in relation to the ever-increasing horsepower. As horspower rises, so does the gas consumption in ever-greater ratio. For speed and power the American people are paying dearly, not only in safety but in unnecessarily inefficient operation and gas consumption. It is true that higher octane ratings have bettered fuel efficiency, but what price this advantage when it is offset by higher horsepower?

The most economically operating cars today are the light, small, low-horsepowered ones of foreign make. They come from countries which tax horsepower instead of the size or weight considerations that prevail in our forty-eight states. Even with import duties, some of them can be sold in the United States for less than the Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths in the American low-priced field. Ironically enough, they are not bought by the great American public which Henry Ford first enabled to become automobile owners. Instead, they are largely the second or third cars in the garages of the rich and the well-born whose preferences in the early 1900s dominated the young automobile industry, which fact inspired Ford's dream of a car for the multitude.

—From *My Forty Years with Ford* by Charles E. Sorensen, Norton, 1956.

William Francis Guess

South Carolina's incurable Aristocrats

There are two classes of people in South Carolina—aristocrats and everybody else . . . Grandpappy was more important than you are, whoever you are.

A WHIMSICAL old professor of mine at college in South Carolina stopped me in the hall one day and demanded to know my grandmother's name on my father's side. Given the fact, he mused upon it a long moment, and declared, "Your grandfather, my boy, came from better people."

Nothing startled me in that but the affront to my grandmother. I saw her ghost rise in massive outrage to settle his breeches, for in her own mind at least she had stepped down to the altar. But however I might take the judgment, I took for granted the old gentleman's inclination to make it. As a South Carolinian of conscious family he could no doubt have placed every boy in the college.

We could have placed each other, in fact, for we had all grown up to mark such distinctions. Each knew himself to be somebody, having accepted the life-long admonition of his elders as he went out in the world, "Now listen, son, remember who you are." In South Carolina there is no middle class. Either you are somebody or you aren't.

This is not to suggest that "things haven't changed down there since the Civil War," or, for that matter, since WPA or World War II. The past ten years alone have brought changes which must be apparent to even the most pixilated Daughter of the Confederacy. Basically they're economic. More people simply have more money to spend than ever before, undoubtedly more than their fathers and grandfathers. It comes from prospering older industries and from new factories. It also comes from the land, put increasingly to such crops as cattle and pulp pine as well as to the old tyrant, cotton.

Since money is the great equalizer, the South Carolina social pattern conforms more apparently to the national standard than ever before. Split-levels march through the pines, TV aerials ride the rooftops as they do in Chicago or Newark, and chrome-ribboned cars glitter in the farm and town yards of white and black citizens. But to say that South Carolina is coming to look like the rest of the nation is not to say that it is at one with the national mood or wants to be.

South Carolinians are a paradox and a puzzle, as even they notice on occasion. They cling to the shreds of the aristocratic myth they claim as their proper birthright at the same time that they live at reasonable ease with the actualities of the American "free and equal" myth. They talk class and family and background as freely as the county English of Victorian novels, but in practice they've stretched their social lines to include the plainest cousin by marriage or the latest Johnny-come-lately with a new-planted family tree. They can at one breath brashly affirm and piously disclaim their resolution to fence off the Negro as a caste apart.

But they won't be cured of their schizophrenia if they can help it.

Both legend and history affirm that a distinct aristocratic class and a manorial way of life once existed in South Carolina. Certain Huguenot and English names—Rutledge, for instance, or Ravenel or Pinckney—still strike astral bells in the minds of all South Carolinians. But these, of course, belong to Charleston, not merely the state's but one of the nation's sanctuaries of gentility.

The jealous guardians of these surnames have intermarried so assiduously that they have almost eliminated Christian names from the canon. The blooded Charleston male is apt to bear, as a result, a kind of genealogical incantation: Pinckney Ravenel Rutledge or Rutledge Ravenel Pinckney, or, to offer an actual figure, the late U. S. Senator Burnet Rhett Maybank. When ladies of the blood have succumbed to a

luckless Smith or Jones, their sons may repair the damage by legalizing their fathers into limbo, as did the fire-breathing Secession leader Barnwell Rhett, born Smith.

Such concern for blood and name has produced a Charleston type in whom, as a stranger once remarked, "Everything's been bred away but the bone." Such thoroughbred apparitions inspire most South Carolinians to an almost supernatural awe. They make little effort to penetrate high Charleston spheres, suspecting an air too refined for their own aristocratic blood.

For these other South Carolinians have their blood and their names too—Scotch, Irish, Welsh, even German. They may flinch when Charleston waves them aside as "up-country people," but they don't grovel. If sufficiently wounded, however, in their *amour-propre,* they may admit the truth about Charleston and themselves: the back-country yeoman of ante-bellum Carolina merely followed the coastal families into gratuitous rank, as soon as he could summon a black hand or two to spell him at the plow and his wife at the washtub. He or his sons, then, grafted a rank of Doric columns on the old homestead and withdrew from the commonality passing on the dusty road.

The process has never stopped. Plain people still rise to shine as gentry. No visible signs of high birth are required, though suggestive trappings help: a hawk-nosed visage in oil for the living-room mantel, half-a-dozen Chippendale chairs, a crested silver service for the sideboard. These may be, of course, authentic family relics, but no one who mattered would have the gall to ask. The genealogical craze has subsided of late, but some member of the family can put a ready hand to old Aunt Mamie's bloodline tickets to the DAR. The excesses of such talk once prompted a fictive grandfather to observe that the womenfolk owed nightly prayer to William Tecumseh Sherman—his flames set them free to build mansions of glory every afternoon.

With status assured to their own satisfaction, families slide readily into such complacent aphorisms (when marital choices are at stake) as "Better a bad egg from a good nest than a good egg from a bad nest." Or people take to waving their names in a public pinch, though as a South Carolina gentleman once reported with beguiling bluntness, "When a low bastard of a cop stops my car in New York, I'm helpless. My name don't mean a thing in that mongrel land."

The truth is they lead such a life of mutual acceptance that a stranger would think their class-conscious talk quaint. They talk as they do not only because they're all so kin to each other or because they've all felt the same social and economic itch but because they've all been so dirt poor together. (South Carolina used to thank God for Mississippi, which generally kept her from the bottom of the annual per capita income tables.) They hadn't got over being Reconstruction poor when they got Depression poor.

SOUP THICKER THAN BLOOD

THE meagerness of cash in South Carolina and the spreading kinship lines joined with other factors to shape a modest and easy social life in which people fell back on each other for diversion. The usual activity has always been—and still inclines to be—the big family dinner on Sunday or afternoon gatherings on the piazza. The members of any such group in the country or in small towns—and the towns are obviously small in a state where no city exceeds 100,000—would be likely to have some trace of a blood connection.

This constant moving about in society, as Jane Austen might have used the term, has encouraged people to talk for the sake of talking. Even children are expected quite early to learn the conversational duties of *politesse,* though first they have to learn the knack of beating their mamas to the draw. For their mamas are often such great talkers they retire from sessions together mutually exhausted. As two have frequently put it, "I declare I just love to talk with Bessie [Emma], but Lord-a-mercy she does wear me out."

The separateness and stability of their social groups, their comparative leisure, and their need to amuse each other by their wits have encouraged a sharp observation of the human scene. The outsider might think that they search out and unduly value eccentricity as conversational coin—which is true in part. But their concern with odd behavior reveals too their inclination to let people be what they want to be or can't help being. And their tales show further what they image as symbolic of themselves, if not what they cherish as ideal forms of behavior.

They mirror, for instance, their own dissent from the national myth in their story of "Miss" Gussie Whitfield, the Gold Star mother, who, musing at Verdun on the Allied carnage which the guide had recalled, heard a Yankee voice

sigh, "Oh, if only General Sherman had been here, it never would have happened." And who then drew herself up to demand, "Madam, how dare you mention that scoundrel's name in my presence? He marched through the South burning and pillaging; he marched through my grandmother's plantation burning and stealing. He is not still marching, Madam, but he is still burning. I thank you not to speak to me again on this trip." They laugh at the story, but the point is they laugh every time they hear it and don't seem to mind how often they hear it.

A figure like "Miss" Drucie Laird amuses them too, because she outfaces, as they strive to, the challenge of ladyhood in a house with one cook-of-all-labor in the kitchen. They sympathize when they tell how, while laid up with a touch of bursitis, she was unknowingly observed by a visitor rouging her cheeks, exchanging flannel bed jacket for crepe de Chine, climbing back to her canopied four-poster and then asking, "Did someone call? I must have been dozing."

When South Carolinians entertain themselves with tales of such "characters," they affirm their lingering regard for strong individual identity, implying that our age sacrifices certain human values when it embraces the cult of group welfare or, at the least, that its preference for "channeled" behavior makes living duller than it ought to be. "Miss" Drucie is no doubt slave to a kind of pressure, but in dressing up to a vision of herself she has given her life dramatic form. When she composes herself for the afternoon on her Sheraton sofa and takes up the Freeman biography of Lee which she has been nipping at piously for years, she is playing a disciplined role. In her own small way she is a work of art.

The South's aristocratic conception of life was all too often, in the half-century before the Civil War at least, merely a parade of bogus chivalry: Mark Twain even claimed that Sir Walter Scott and his knightly claptrap really caused the Civil War. But even in its fakery the aristocratic mode stood for aspiration.

The aristocratic idea often survives in comic forms, of course. At the level of farce it shows in the fatuous pretense that whitens a columned façade for a daughter's wedding, leaving the back premises to grime. Or in the impulse that pawns birthright land, not for a year at Harvard in the manner of Faulkner's declining Compsons, but for one more fling at the Derby in a Cadillac limousine.

More worthily it lingers in the hard-pressed belief that the principle of who you are, if not superior to that of what you are, transcends at least the standard of what you have. (The principle is generally understood, by the way, as an obligation to live up to the past rather than strut about in the light of its splendor.) And it survives in a dying hold on the un-American right to be different from, superior to, or shabbier than your neighbors, at the expense even (politically or personally) of cutting off your nose to spite your face.

THE NEGRO AND THE ARISTOCRATS

THE aristocratic idea has survived in a context of racial caste. If white South Carolinians have never been able to agree among themselves as to who was created equal to whom, they could agree that the Negro was created unequal to them all, and gentry could not quite disclaim the poor white aspiration to enjoy black labor. The whole history of the state might be seen, in fact, as a series of engagements in which poor whites fought not to throw off their feudal oppressors but simply to share their feudal privileges. Or, to put it another way, the slaveless white fought for the hope of owning slaves.

And he still fights in the deeps of his psyche and on the battleground of his political relation to the national government. The forms of slavery he has, of course, relinquished, but he retains the essential idea in his concept of the Negro as a caste apart, fated to labor and to serve. It was this theme that was implicit in "The Southern Case Against Desegregation" by Thomas R. Waring, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier,* in *Harper's* (January 1956). His spoken argument ran that the Negro's cultural, moral, and physical debasement made him an unworthy schoolmate for white children, but his unspoken case declared that the Negro was not meant to transcend his servant status.

That attitude has had a bearing upon every recent political manifestation in South Carolina. It was evident in the espousal of Governor (now Senator) J. Strom Thurmond as Dixiecrat party candidate for President in 1948, in the nearly victorious Republicanism of 1952, and in the current recoil from an Eisenhower tarnished by the Supreme Court decision ordering integration in the public schools. And historians might reasonably claim that the Negro issue has provoked all the state's restive and defiant motions toward the federal power since the ablest political mind she ever produced, John C.

Calhoun, fought his foredoomed battle for sectional rights early in the last century.

If South Carolinians seem to regard the Negro in their present mood as a dark god of amorality and disease, that is partially because they resent the threat to their deeper and fonder image of him as genial field god. He is inseparable in that guise from their dream recollections of benignant rituals carried on in a plantation paradise. All South Carolinians of even moderate years and position could offer symbolic snapshots from the family album if they chose: a beaming Booker T. hoisting Li'l Cap'n to the saddle of his first grown-up mount; a proud Honey Belle up-lifting Missy's bridal train on the Big House stairs. And what South Carolinian could resist the heavenly prospect of the mistress and the maid as they both grieved together for their dead infants, "You know, Liza, I can see them real bright in my mind, my little Callie Clayton trying out her tender wings and your little Sukey close behind to watch out she don't weary herself with flying."

And even sophisticated Carolinians sound the melting note of reverie when they recall the past, their own or the ancestral legend, barely distinct in their minds. Their memories evoke the Negro in such close and fond relations that their rational horror of him as schoolmate and voting citizen fades to unreality. They recall seraphic nurses and cooks and black brothers of deer hunt and partridge shoot and fish fry.

But the fondness survives only in a caste context. Even now South Carolinians would accept with pride Henry Adams' judgment of Southerners (from those he knew at Harvard before the Civil War) as strong in the habit of command. (He found their minds undeveloped.) And why not?, they would feel: they're born and bred to command. They claim, for instance, whatever the facts, that Negroes served best under white Southern officers in both world wars, that only their balance of abusive indulgence and indulgent abuse could shape the menial race to any possible military use. Always at home in the armed services, because they used to reflect the Southern caste system, South Carolina males chafe at the current integration, though they often astonish themselves far from home by not minding so much. A white officer might ask his black colleague to dine on a German base, but he wouldn't let on that he had at the local corner drugstore.

In the commonest terms of the relation, however, a lady doesn't preside over the pots and pans. Nor—when you come down to the mournful modern fact—does she stand over a hot stove heating TV dinners. As one of her breed remarked when the talk came round to electronic cooking, "I know. I've seen all those fancy switchboard affairs in the magazines. But let me tell you, my dear, if there's nothing back there but buttons to push, I want a black hand to push the buttons."

EXODUS

THE Negro has asserted his defiance in South Carolina chiefly by leaving it. Some are indifferent and some prosper enough to be content, but for most the Greyhound buses roll irresistibly north to "freedom." And they depart in such numbers that their ratio to whites in the population steadily declines. (Actually since 1880 it has fallen from 60 per cent to 38 per cent in 1950, the last census year.)

South Carolinians generally agree they're glad to see the Negro go, though one usually detects a note of defensive hurt in their brusque farewell-and-good-riddance. They're trapped. They can't do with and they can't do without. A brave lady will now and then declare her independence. "At last I'm free," one has said. "I can even iron a man's pesky shirt. And you know how I acquired the art? I just sent for me a government bulletin and lit in." But the chances are she'll make do with the commercial laundry in time. It is there, however, in the service trades and in industry, that the pinch will ultimately come. If the predictions of economists are correct, then South Carolina, with its rapidly expanding industry, is going to need the Negro labor she rashly speeds on its way.

From South Carolina's will to preserve the caste system or, rather, its alarm at equalitarian tremors from Washington, the Negro has received in the past few years benefits out of all proportion to his numbers or his tax contributions. Since the drive started in 1951 to make good on the "separate but equal" doctrine, 65 per cent of the more than a hundred million dollars allocated for school buildings has been spent for Negro schools. A left-handed concern, Negro leaders might claim, but it did exceed the vague promises of the past, even though the bright, brick results often cast ironic shadows on the ramshackle "niggertowns" they serve.

A similar left-handed concern had worked to equalize the pay scale for teachers a few years earlier, though the plan of operation brought results as ambiguous as the motives behind it. Pay would be determined partly by the grade

teachers made on a compulsory examination. Those who expected the system to favor whites have been gratified: white teachers on the average receive higher wages. But every white teacher does not, of course, strike the average, and those who fall below must feel outrageously victimized. Born to faith in their superiority over all Negroes, they must suffer every pay day, at least, a cruel double blow, to racial pride and personal pocketbook. And, furthermore, in silence. For nobody tells her grade, obviously, but the "A."

Positions are a little false all round; equivocal motives make false positions. Their minds too much entrapped by the past, South Carolinians as individuals and as a body politic cruelly waste themselves in defensive maneuvers and legalistic schemes to keep the *status quo*. And at their best lucid moments they know it, have always known it, have felt it as a rupture in the heart. It makes them uneasy away from home and quick to take offense from the mildest critic in their midst. They bite easy—the percipient at least—because they suspect their own moral position. But also they resent the preachments they get from the rest of the nation, which they have good reason to feel has not cast the beam from its own eye. Pelted with barrages of moralistic ammunition for more than a hundred years, they are understandably sore.

BUT it is not the Negro question alone that has made them defensive. Most of them have had to reconcile all their lives the unreconcilable conditions of poverty and pride, incompatible at least in the general American view, which links poverty with shame if not with sin. In the world where adult South Carolinians were raised, shabbiness almost distinguished birth and breeding, and if the paint was peeling from the columns and the Buick had come to voting age, who dared cast the first stone? But out of their world they felt painfully diminished, as though they drove a rattletrap buggy in a vast procession of chauffeured limousines. The trains going North led to promise and opportunity but also to the mockery of wealth and power.

But oddly enough the one possession they firmly had when they went North—their prideful sense of themselves—gave them distinction, set them apart and often brought success in a world hostile to the concept they most embodied. Their manners helped, as did their pleasant dialect, with its flattened vowels and neglected consonants: As one remarked, "Any civilized man should know that 'river' is properly spelled 'r-i-v-u-h.'" These things—speech, manners, and sense of being—subtly combined in the best of them to impart an air of glamor.

South Carolina's new industrial money may keep more of their bright kind at home in the years to come, but the graces which poverty and pride joined to foster may degenerate into swagger. It is almost a temptation to regret the money. Even those who naturally tend to resent it for "the shiftless" may sometimes muse fondly on the days when nobody who was anybody tried to keep up with the Cadillacs. Riches, on the other hand, can be claimed as a patrician birthright long denied; the aristocratic myth implies, after all, a certain visible splendor.

It is hard, in fact, to separate their impulses toward money from aspirations to rank in their recent social and political reflexes. Mothers and fathers educated largely at state expense pack their children off to plush boarding schools and the more or less tony colleges of Virginia and beyond. They act in partial imitation of the early Carolinians who sent their sons to Oxford from the Colony or those who later sent them to Harvard and Princeton, but they act also in the spirit of their upper-middle-class peers in Westchester County. The same parents with the same mixed motives stir up debutante affairs in towns where boys and girls have moved in easy-going neighborhood circles from birth. And they flout the memory of their unreconstructed grandfathers to vote Republican, but not merely because their new money gives them identification with the managerial class that "crusaded" for Ike; prosperity frees them at last from the onerous need to match ballots with the "common herd" of the Democratic party.

One South Carolinian who conceivably flouted her grandfather's Rebel ghost to vote Republican in 1952 staged a sentimental party the following Christmas in honor of grandfather and his golden age. Not in penance, of course, for if she deserted the Southern political church, she did it with no sense of inconsistency and guilt. She merely gave visible sign of her natural piety by entertaining on the old plantation lawn all the descendants she could muster of grandfather's slaves. And she mustered quite a number, some traveling in response to her summons from as far away in time and space as Harlem.

But whatever that occasion meant specifically for her or the guests who "thankee'd" for the gifts she handed out, it is striking enough simply, I think, as an idea possible to modern America. I have the feeling that such an idea could stir these days only in the mind of inveterately patrician South Carolina.

James Reichley

Philadelphia does it: *the battle for Penn Center*

How a prolonged struggle among strong personalities—businessmen, politicians, and planners—saved the downtown heart of a city . . . a case history in healthy compromise.

ON THE evening of April 27, 1952, several thousand citizens of Philadelphia crowded onto the main platform of the Pennsylvania Railroad's old Broad Street Station, on the northwest corner of the great square which surrounds the City Hall—the organic as well as political heart of the city. None of them would ever be there again, for next morning the demolition of this landmark would begin. The railroad, after thirty years of leisurely consideration, had at last decided to level the station and the "Chinese Wall" which carried its tracks to the Schuylkill River and the company's newer station at Thirtieth Street. The resulting cleared area—probably the largest single space to become available at the center of an American city in the twentieth century—had already been given a name: Penn Center.

Four years later Penn Center is virtually an accomplished fact. One of the several buildings that will belong to it has been functioning successfully for more than a year, and two others are rapidly nearing completion. For the first time in fifty years, the commercial center of the city has become a focal point of civic attention. Other cities, with similar challenges to meet, have shipped their planners and officials to Philadelphia, to observe and study what has so far been achieved. Philadelphia, for the first time since William Penn laid out his careful grids between the Delaware and Schuylkill, finds itself a leader of urban planning in America.

The road by which this end was reached has not always been straight or clear, even to those who followed it. You cannot put a label on the single genius who brought Penn Center to frui tion; there is no such person. There is not even a group of men who knowingly worked together in dedication to the common cause. Penn Center is only a part of Philadelphia's over-all urban redevelopment, a process which includes the area around Independence Hall and other parts of the city as well. And Penn Center is above all else the result of compromise, often between contending forces which conceived their interests to be diametrically opposed. That is much of its significance.

Urban construction in the United States during the twentieth century has rarely been a lovely thing. Individually attractive and even beautiful buildings there may have been; integrated development of a whole city, toward its understood needs and desires, there has been almost never. The normal American city is an eighteenth- or nineteenth-century town, created around a core of shared impulses, over which have been designed and erected hasty and enormous expedients, not even vaguely related to one another. The result has been like a gigantic battlefield from which the dead were never removed, and where each day's tactics were necessarily dictated by yesterday's mistakes. Until a few years ago, most of our existing cities seemed bent on strangling themselves in their own complexity. Penn Center has indicated, at least tentatively, that this need not be the case

The story of Penn Center begins, for the purposes of history, in a building about a block away from the Broad Street Station whose demolition made it possible. There was located the office of the City Planning Commission. Ever since its creation by City Council in 1942,

the Commission had regarded the Penn Center project as central to redevelopment of the entire downtown area. In 1947 a plan for a vast complex of civic and commercial buildings, somewhat like New York's Rockefeller Center, had been displayed in the Commission's Better Philadelphia Exhibition on two floors of Gimbel's department store. The plan had been rejected by the Commission's consultants, but its originator, a young architect named Edmund Bacon, had not forgotten it. By 1952 Bacon had become executive director of the Planning Commission. From his office window, as he watched Broad Street Station come down, his professional eye constructed, destroyed, arranged, shaped an endless series of imaginary buildings.

Penn Center—the key to the whole area between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, between Vine Street on the north and Locust Street on the south—is the business and entertainment heartland of modern Philadelphia, just as it was the exact site of the "Greene Countrie Towne" proposed by William Penn almost three hundred years ago. Bacon's intention was to transform the grim concrete canyons, the crawling neon jungles, the widening belt of slums which covered this land into an enormous permanent fair ground, a combination of marketplace and midway. Penn Center—a mall leading thousands of commuters toward their downtown destinations—was to be the first step in this direction.

Bacon is one of a new generation of city planners, who think of the city as an expression of the total human personality, rather than a utilitarian machine designed for purely economic ends. All over Philadelphia—in the depressed neighborhoods of South Philly, along the tight bands of row houses extending into Frankfort, in ancient Germantown, among the crumbling residential blocks in West Philadelphia—developments are being planned or built which will either satisfy or ignore the demands of the human spirit. Yet few citizens of the city understand these developments. In an authoritarian community this would not matter: the planner would decree and that would be the end of it. But in Philadelphia, as anywhere in American democracy, it matters very much.

The people are hard to reach. They do not read articles on city planning; they are bored by lectures on slum clearance. You must have a symbol. Broad Street Station, conceived in the 1880s by the crazy imagination of Frank Furness (who would one day instruct an even crazier designer named Louis H. Sullivan), had been such a symbol for the bustling nineteenth-century city of Market Street merchants, Chestnut Street bankers, and Spruce Street lawyers. Penn Center would be the symbol for Bacon's new city—attracting the day-in, day-out attention, criticism, and perhaps affection of the city's population. If Penn Center were to be a success, the rest of the scattered developments throughout the city would begin to take their proper places, as part of a unified commitment to a new Philadelphia.

The gods were kind to Edmund Bacon. They brought him to power in the Planning Commission just at a time when enlightened leadership in the Pennsylvania Railroad had at last decided to demolish the old station. Moreover, the railroad was favorably disposed toward a unified development of the land once it had been cleared. Some of the men in the offices of the Pennsylvania had suggested quick sale of the



The four parallel buildings that will eventually belong to Penn Center (one of which now exists) lead from the City Hall at upper right down the site of the old "Chinese Wall" to the nearly-completed Transportation building. At left are the new Sheraton Hotel (to open in March) and the P. R. R. Suburban Station.

How Penn Center Will Finally Look

land and capture of a quick profit. Real-estate operators from all parts of the country had already made offers, ranging as high as ten million dollars; but there was no guarantee that these operators would not cut the land up into small lots and sell it off piecemeal. The railroad, for the time being, had turned down such proposals.

Philadelphia is the headquarters of the Pennsy. The officers of the railroad and the bankers who influence its policies are mostly men who have lived in Philadelphia the better part of their lives. Though many of them now own homes out along the Main Line, or in Chestnut Hill, they continue to identify themselves with the problems and the future of the city. By and large, though their understanding of Bacon's scheme was admittedly imperfect, they approved of his approach. And besides, some of them, whether or not they cared for current notions of city planning, had decided that it was pretty much the going thing.

Bacon's second piece of good fortune was political. Soon after his appointment as director of the Planning Commission, the voters of Philadelphia brought to an end the sixty-seven year reign of the vast and comfortable Republican city machine and elected a reform mayor named Joseph Sill Clark. Joe Clark (elected to the Senate in 1956) is a Chestnut Hill aristocrat; the gentleman in politics, nervous, idealistic; a man whom many may find unreasonable, or uncivil, or dull, but whom no one will ever distrust. He would provide the political backing on which Bacon could build his new city.

"I believe in planning," Joe Clark said. "I believe that the planner should be given a large measure of autonomy. It is the business of the city government to provide the initiative on which the planner can operate. In almost every case this can be done through persuasion rather than through the exertion of legal controls." Clark later admitted that the threats he made from time to time, to have the land condemned and bought by the city, were largely empty—the city did not have the money—but when they were made they had the effect of declaring the city administration an interested party. Clark, the representative of the public, was committed to a Penn Center for the public good.

Like most young men in a hurry, however, Bacon had made enemies, too. He had risen too fast, succeeded too soon—a tall, lanky man, an ambitious man, "Lord Bacon," they called him across the Schuylkill, at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Fine Arts, disliking his arrogance, disliking his theatrical manner and impresario air, but all the time wanting to work with him, knowing that in the past five years he had accomplished more than any other town planner in the United States.

Bacon of course was not popular with most of the conventional old-school architects in the city, for he represented the new and the new should not expect to be popular with the old. But Bacon was not very popular with the new, either. Louis Kahn, the city's leading modern architect and the nearest thing to a genius that Philadelphia can tolerate, did not care much for him. "A frustrated architect," said Lou Kahn. "A planner who thinks he is a politician." Architects do not approve of politicians, particularly they do not approve of their own kind who attempt to become politicians. An architect is an artist, not a huckster. "If your ideas are right," said Kahn, "they—the businessmen and the politicians—will come to you."

But Bacon, with little thought of either friends or enemies, and with the help of another young architect named Vincent Kling, hurried ahead with the plans for Penn Center. On February 21, 1952, two months before the ceremony in Broad Street Station, Bacon presented to a luncheon meeting of the Citizens' Council on City Planning "a challenging proposal" for the development of the entire area.

This proposal included a sunken, shop-lined Chinese garden and plaza three blocks in length (half again as long as Rockefeller Center) with cross-streets bridging but not interrupting it at three points; three twenty-story office towers on stilts straddling the plaza, running north-south so that the plaza would not be shaded; and a bus terminal at the west end of the project which would receive underground shuttle-trolley traffic from the parking garages to be located near the exits from the new Schuylkill Expressway to the north. Though declaring that his plan was merely suggestive and that he would welcome any acceptable changes, Bacon insisted that the sunken garden, the north-south orientation of the towers, and "good architecture" were an irreducible minimum for successful development.

Reaction to the plan among city officials, civic leaders, and visiting critics was favorable. Local real-estate operators, most of whom were hoping to exploit every square inch of the property, either shuddered or passed a few appropriate witticisms. Representatives of the railroad promised to study carefully the whole idea.

That is as far as Bacon, in April 1952, had

been able to go. It is about as far as a Planning Commission can go. You can recommend until doom's day but actually to build costs money, millions of dollars, and a commission does not have that kind of money, even a city does not have it often. The next move was up to the men whose business it is to find financial backing for land and construction—that is, the real-estate operators. And the real-estate operators thought that Bacon's plan was funny.

SECOND ACT

ON THE same February day that Bacon was speaking to the Council on City Planning, a Philadelphia real-estate broker named Frank G. Binswanger had taken the afternoon train to New York City and dropped in on Robert W. Dowling, president of the City Investment Company, an operator known to be giving some consideration to Penn Center. The broker described the Bacon plan as a "flop" and advised Dowling to produce a plan of his own. Dowling—promoter of Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, and of Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village in New York—had agreed to think it over.

On the day that the demolition of Penn Center began nothing more had been heard from Dowling. Nothing was to be heard from him for almost a year. Penn Center disappeared into the back offices of the brokers and onto the drafting boards of architects and city planners. Broad Street Station and the Chinese Wall slowly came tumbling down—not without resistance, however: both were so solidly built that the task of removing them was more difficult and costly than anyone had imagined. Meanwhile—in the board rooms, at a dozen small restaurants in New York and Philadelphia, on the broad porches overlooking the boardwalk at Atlantic City, in the brokers' air-conditioned offices—a hundred propositions were made, a thousand deals were examined. The slow process of fitting investment capital to a scheme of development had begun.

On January 29, 1953, Dowling finally spoke. He announced to the press that he had created a comprehensive plan for Penn Center and that he was negotiating with the railroad to put it into effect. His plan was simple (a practical scheme, something that could be presented to investors): the classic closed square, surrounded by six thirty-story towers (one of them a hotel), including a ground-level esplanade over three times the length of the one in Rockfeller Center. No sunken Chinese garden. No north-south orientation of towers. In fact, none of the "irreducible minimum" of Bacon's "daring proposal." Still, the scheme did provide for plenty of open space and it was a unified conception. It was a great deal better than anything the brokers had yet come up with.

Dowling does not bother much with architects. The trouble with architects is that they do not think *big*, they fiddle around too much with the details they were taught to believe important in school. Robert W. Dowling plans his own developments. After he has established the Grand Design, after the creative work has been done, then he calls in the architects. "All right, boys, put in the windows!" The point is that it takes a big mind to create a development of this kind, a mind that is not hemmed in by a lot of formal rules and professional rituals.

But Bacon and Dowling got along. Dowling professed admiration for Bacon's original plan, regretting that he found certain features of it impractical. Bacon allowed that the promoter knew much more than he did about the preferences of investors. A compromise plan was suggested and worked out. The result looked rather more like Dowling's plan than like the "bold proposal," but the planner had reintroduced a large number of his ideas, adapted to the conditions stated by the promoter. The sunken Chinese garden was gone, but a great underground shopping concourse punctured by garden spots had taken its place. Most of the towers would be oriented from east to west, but they had been staggered to provide an improved visual effect. The project, if Dowling could sell it, would be well suited to fill Bacon's need for a core and symbol to his city.

As it turned out, however, Dowling could not sell it. The insurance companies that had backed him in Pittsburgh declined to become involved, and the banking houses of Philadelphia, on which he had counted for support, proved cool. Albert M. Greenfield, Philadelphia's own real-estate prince, who had himself been anxious for a slice of Penn Center, publicly doubted Dowling's ability to find tenants at the five-dollars-per-square-foot monthly rates on which the entire scheme was based. The railroad, which by now had four empty city blocks on its hands, was beginning to grow restless. In the end it would be a less visionary mind than Robert W. Dowling's that turned the key with which Penn Center was unlocked.

Frank G. Binswanger, the broker who first advised Robert Dowling to enter the

Penn Center negotiations, had not been idle during the year following the conversation in New York. Noting that the big dealers like Dowling and Greenfield appeared to be making little headway in their efforts to find suitable development for the land, he, like many other middle and small dealers on the East Coast, had continued to nose around.

Binswanger, the apotheosis of little business, sucks on a fat cigar. In his office are displayed the trophies of numerous small victories in business and politics. But who finds the money? Can the politicians or the planners or the dreamers buy a single square inch of land, pour a single beam of concrete? There have always been Binswangers in Pennsylvania, says Binswanger. There is even a town called Binswanger, Pa.

According to his own story, he went to New York City to see who was doing the building. He walked around the streets and saw that a lot of work was being done by an outfit called Uris Brothers, a firm of Madison Avenue contractors. He went to their office and introduced himself to the Urises. He talked to them about Philadelphia, about its growth potential and about the industrial expansion of the Delaware Valley. He never mentioned Penn Center. When he got back to Philadelphia, he made up a couple of bundles of all the Chamber of Commerce handouts on the city that he could get hold of and shipped them off to the Urises. Until finally the Urises asked *him* if there were any building prospects in Philadelphia. Then he gave them the pitch on Penn Center.

The Urises examined the land, estimated the demand for office space, considered the costs of building. On May 18, 1953—after several weeks of delicate negotiations in which Binswanger acted as broker between the railroad and the contractors—a joint announcement was made by Uris Brothers and the Pennsylvania Railroad that the New York firm had leased one block of the Penn Center site on which two office buildings were to be erected. They were to be located according to the specifications of the revised Bacon-Dowling plan.

TIME OF CRISIS

AT LAST Penn Center apparently was down the ways. The first commitment to construction had been made. It would seem to be a time for celebration by the project's supporters. The truth was, however—as Bacon, Joe Clark, and others interested in the development knew—that the moment of greatest danger had arrived.

In leasing to the Urises, the railroad had consented to piecemeal and speculative exploration of the area. This fact was concealed and softened as much as possible. Certain important safeguards—the Urises agreed to build on only 50 per cent of the available ground space and to preserve an open esplanade between the two buildings—were introduced into the contract. The railroad named a Board of Design consisting of Bacon, Dowling, and the late George Howe, dean of Philadelphia architects, which would presumably exercise advisory control over the development. But the hard reality remained that the arrival of the Urises had introduced a new concern for quick profit into the airy dreams of the Philadelphia Planning Commission.

All things being equal, the New York contractors would undoubtedly have been pleased to co-operate in enlightened development of the area. But these problems do not look from Madison Avenue as they do from City Hall, or the offices of the Planning Commission, or even the board rooms on Chestnut Street. Under the pressure for realizing a fast, safe dollar, visionary schemes for the perfection of a new Greene Countrie Towne were likely to give way.

Aware of this possibility, Joe Clark appointed a Citizens' Advisory Committee to serve as the city's watchdog. Six of this committee's seven members were public-spirited businessmen, educators, architects, politicians with hazy if magnificent ideas about the form Penn Center should take. The seventh was Lou Kahn. Kahn had already paid his respects to the original Bacon design—"an attempt to recreate Pisa"—and to the Bacon-Dowling compromise—"two-step architecture" (referring to the layout of the towers, which look from above rather like the dance steps in an Arthur Murray instruction book). Henceforth he would have an official platform from which to air his views.

Early in September 1953 the Board of Design received copies of the drawings for the first Uris building, executed by Emery Roth of New York City. Bacon and George Howe agreed that the external, above-ground appearance of the projected building was undistinguished but inoffensive. Howe objected to certain internal features but was willing to let them pass. There remained, however, two crucial points at which the drawings for the Uris building conflicted directly with the Planning Commission's most dearly held requirements for Penn Center: (1) no provision had been made for the shop-

ping concourse, descendant of Bacon's Chinese garden, and (2) the building was located so as to eliminate one of the sunken garden spaces that were to punctuate the concourse. Bacon and Howe agreed to recommend that the railroad reject the drawings; Dowling refused to join them.

On September 15 the railroad announced that the location of the building had been moved so that the garden space could be included at some future time. No further change was mentioned and the ground-breaking ceremony was set for November 24, the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day. This concession, Bacon realized, was meaningless: if there were no concourse to begin with, there could hardly be a garden space opening onto it.

On October 10 the Citizens' Advisory Committee held a meeting at which the Roth drawings were reviewed. No notice was taken of the obstruction of the planned concourse, but Lou Kahn, speaking for publication, loosed an icy blast at the external appearance of the building: if a student had handed in the drawings in a design course "he would have received the mark of zero." The chairman of the committee, Arthur Kaufman of Gimbel's, gave Kahn support—the projected building looked to him like "a glass showcase." In private conversation Kahn had other objections, mainly that Penn Center was being built as a personal monument to Edmund Bacon.

Lou Kahn was born on the island of Osel, which has since become a part of Finland, in 1901. He was brought to the United States when he was a boy, went through the public schools in Philadelphia, and attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he was immediately recognized as one of the brightest design talents of his generation. In 1925, when he was twenty-four years old, he was appointed chief of design for the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition. In the thirty years since then he has never been far from the top of any list of outstanding American architects. He has designed with integrity, with imagination, and—at times—with genius.

And he has had his reward: Lou Kahn is the one architect in the city who is without qualification a hero to the young men in the drafting room out at Penn. They watch him—a small, birdlike man darting against the breeze down Chestnut Street, munching abstractedly on a cracker in the window of a cafeteria—with affection and awe. But Lou Kahn, too, has paid the price of genius: the public world, which is busily occupied, has seemed often not to care.

"If your ideas are right," Lou Kahn said, "the world will come to you." But in thirty years he has often seen the world go to the lesser men, to the "crooks," the "phonies," who have never known the high spaces which Kahn's imagination inhabits. When he was a boy, walking these streets, he conceived a city so grand that it rocked his mind with a splendor that seemed not possibly to have come from his own brain. With each year the vision increased and the design enlarged in daring. But the city has not been built. Philadelphia remains Philadelphia. And already there are younger men with smaller schemes, promoters with new plans for loot, and often they are listened to, and often Lou Kahn is not.

The fallacy in Bacon's thinking, as it appeared to Kahn, was that he saw Penn Center as a separate unit, to be developed by itself, rather than as one portion of a total reconstruction of the city. Insufficient attention had been given to the problems of mass circulation in the city. Bacon had made the error, Kahn felt, of attaching all his interest to a few conspicuous towers. But it was not individual buildings which would change the face of the city—one new building or a group of new buildings, however beautiful, built along the concrete canyon would not make much difference to the harried pedestrian dodging taxis in the street. What was needed was revolutionary change in layout and traffic control. "It is not so important who buys the furniture," Lou Kahn said, "as it is who arranges the room."

Bacon, perhaps stung by the numerous Kahnisms which had begun to swarm about his ears, and certainly convinced that the railroad was using him as an ornament rather than as adviser, decided to resign from the Board of Design. He communicated his decision to George Howe, who counted among his friends both Lou Kahn and the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad; a quiet, successful, worldly man whose name was to be found on the blueprints of most of the large progressive buildings constructed during the past twenty years in Philadelphia. Howe advised him to reconsider. Let us hang on for a while longer, he said, perhaps we can do something yet. Bacon agreed to stick it out.

On the morning of November 24 Binswanger and the Urises had their hour in Philadelphia. In a program featuring music by the Bob Runkle Uptown String Band, with incidental effects supplied by an attending steam shovel,

and climaxed by a small explosion allegedly triggered by atomic power emanating from a gadget operated by a little girl who was said to be the youngest living descendant of William Penn ("I bet my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather sure would have liked to see what's going to happen"), the ground was broken for the first Uris building.

TURNING POINT

AS THE year ended and a damp December 1953 became a gloomy January 1954, work on the Uris building began and the spirits of the small band of men who had struggled for Penn Center sank almost out of sight. Bacon, Clark, Howe, even Dowling, and finally even Lou Kahn were convinced that something had to be done to save the project from disaster. It was Joe Clark who at last broke through the difficulties then threatening to smother the development.

Though at the time he was battling for his political life against an alliance of the resurgent Republican ward bosses and the machine politicians of his own party, Clark determined to throw the full strength of his administration behind the co-ordinated development of Penn Center. On February 4, Bacon, Dowling, and Harold, the eldest of the Uris brothers, were summoned to the Mayor's office. The immediate point at issue was a demand by the Citizens' Advisory Committee that the Urises insert a sub-basement for truck deliveries under their building, so that the concourse level would remain open for the promised shopping center. The real issue was the future of Penn Center.

Harold Uris appeared to be startled by the intensity of Clark's interest, but he insisted that the idea of a sub-basement was impractical. Clark then delivered a lecture on the public interest in the growth of the center city. Somewhat shaken, Uris declared his devotion to the public interest but pointed out that he, after all, could not consent to a proposal which would deprive his firm of a fair profit. Uris Brothers were taking a chance on Philadelphia as it was, and they could not permit their margin for error to be too far reduced. There was, then, no possibility that the sub-basement could be included? Uris could not see how it could conceivably be done. Was it possible, then, that a special channel could be arranged for deliveries which would leave the greater part of the concourse level still open for the shopping center? Well, yes, that might be feasible, but—Good! But how about elevators? On the present plan there were not enough elevators to the concourse to serve the shopping center. All right, there would be enough elevators; Uris would see to it.

The result of the meeting was that truck deliveries were deflected a few hundred feet in the basment of a building that had not yet begun to rise. It seemed a small thing. But it was the pivot on which the battle for Penn Center turned. The concourse, which had become the heart of Bacon's plan, would remain clear for the projected complex of shops, restaurants, and amusement areas. The public interest in the development had been made explicit and had effectively accommodated itself to the economic facts. As a result of Joe Clark's intercession, the danger of random exploitation was —for the time, at least—at an end.

After the meeting in Clark's office, as though it had been a signal, other victories for the Planning Commission rapidly followed. An extensive study conducted for the railroad by a Los Angeles firm of building analysts produced a report endorsing the Bacon-Dowling plan in all important respects and particularly advocating the underground concourse. On May 23 James M. Symes, the newly elected president of the Pennsylvania, announced that the railroad would support and perhaps itself develop the concourse idea.

On June 13 the railroad revealed that it had signed a contract with the Philadelphia builder Matt McCloskey—who had remodeled the White House in Washington—which provided among other things for the sale of the Suburban Station to McCloskey and for his construction at the west end of Penn Center of a transportation center topped by a tower for the new executive offices of the Pennsy. McCloskey immediately announced that the plans would be prepared by Bacon's friend Vincent Kling, who had supplied the drawings for the original Penn Center design almost three years before.

Also in June, the City Council—its attention restored to more normal business after the failure of the raid on the Clark administration by both parties—considered a proposal to establish aesthetic control over future construction in Penn Center by a board of art experts. Although the proposal was set aside on technical grounds —and although George Howe for one believed that it would have had a deadening effect on the development—the implied warning would not be missed. The city was watching.

On July 11 a meeting was held in the dim

elegance of one of the board rooms on Chestnut Street. Present were representatives of the eight largest banks in the city. They had come, at last, to give the baptism of big capital to Penn Center. Amid the cigar smoke in the warm twilight, the bankers decided (after careful deliberation, for it was millions of dollars that were involved) to establish between them a fund which would be available to finance further development of the idea that had hatched in the mind of Edmund Bacon when first he saw the gap that the demolition of Broad Street Station would leave on the map of Philadelphia.

The approval of the bankers opened the floodgates. By October the railroad decided itself to construct the entire shopping concourse. Two years later the whole Penn Center area and surrounding blocks are alive with activity. The Sheraton corporation is constructing a new hotel, scheduled to open in March 1957, on the northern side of the development. McCloskey's transportation center is nearing completion. The first Uris building, an adequate if not daringly original structure, has been fully tenanted for over a year, and the second is on the drafting boards, ready to rise sometime next year. Penn Center, which had been an idea, is becoming a fact.

EPILOGUE

ACROSS Market Street, their gaudy façades extending from City Hall to the old Mastbaum theater, are the town's principal marts of inexpensive pleasure.

It is a place of enormous vulgarity, the confession of the city to its own unfulfillment and to the hunger for cheap sensations to provide release from the internal pressures which are the mark of its humanity and the external pressures which are the measure of its defeat. It is also a place of enormous vitality. In the crowd that swarms around the movie palaces and the malted-milk stands is found the same communal impulse that bubbled up out of Athens twenty-five hundred years ago and before that in Egypt and the Orient and later in Italy and the North, and which insisted then and insists now that life shall be pursued for its last potential ounce of joy. It has formed the underworld of every city that has ever existed and in the United States it has come to form the overworld as well. It is among the members of this crowd—and not among the tranquil squires on Chestnut Hill, nor even among the busy operators in the marketplace, nor yet among the bright young newlyweds in the progressive suburbs to the north and west, and certainly not among the studious draftsmen in the offices of the Planning Commission—that is found the life force of every American city.

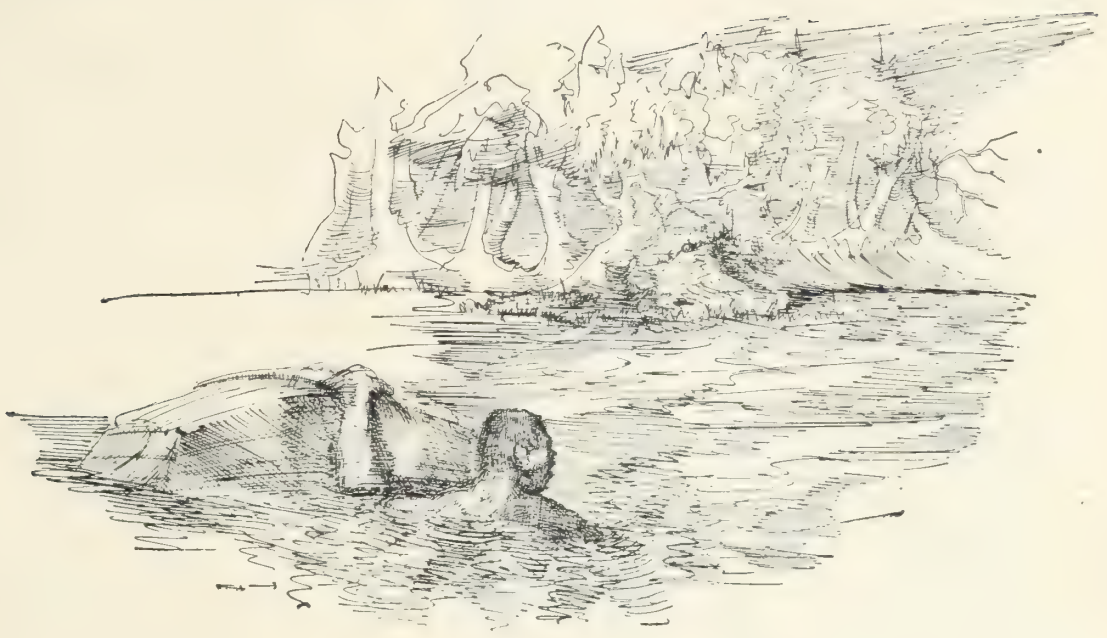
The pleasure seekers on the south side of Market Street have not yet given much notice to the development taking shape across the opposite sidewalk. Some of them watched with idle curiosity while the beams of the Uris building were being fitted into place, but most of them are aware only that the Broad Street Station—which they have already forgotten—is gone and that something new has begun to appear in its place They have not yet made it their own. They have not yet filled it with the life which is only theirs to give. But they will. Planners, politicians, big and little dealers have done as much as they were able. In the end it will be the libertarians and pursuers of happiness—that is to say, the people—who give to Penn Center the character by which it will be felt and remembered in the life of the city.

And that shape is certain to be different from anything imagined by any of the men who participated in its gestation and birth, so that each of them will see in it little of his own vision and suspect in his heart that the buildings and the plaza have been created by chance, or by forces mysterious beyond the knowledge of men. Which, according to George Howe, who saw the coming and the going of a great many things during fifty years in Philadelphia, both is and is not true.

"We have done as well as we are able," George Howe said. "It is the product of our plans and schemes and dreams, and when it is finished, it already will have begun to change. The city has always beaten us—and itself—and it always will, because it will always grow more quickly than we are ever able to grow either separately or together. But then a part of its growth is our very effort to tame it, isn't it, so how can you say that we ever fail? I think it is Henry James who somewhere speaks of the American city—not this city, but there is a similarity to all our cities, you know, just as they are all different—as a bold, bad beauty; poor bold, bad beauty who is constant only in her inconstancy and whom we resent at the same moment as we pursue. Well, how do you deal with a bold, bad beauty? You must improvise, James says—I am not sure if James is saying this or if it is merely myself, but let us say that it is James—always improvise. And in the improvisation, there is the fun."

A Story by PETER MATTHIESSEN

Drawings by G. Hunter Jones



TRAVELING MAN

NOVEMBER on the Carolina coast is cold at night, a dark clear cold that kills the late mosquitoes.

Toward dusk one evening, a black man slithered from a drainage ditch. He moved swiftly on his belly, writhing out across a greasy bog and vanishing into the sawgrass by the river. The grass stirred a moment and was still. A rail bird rattled nervously, and a hunting gull, drawn inland, cocked a bright, hard, yellow eye. Startled, it dropped a white spot on the brown waste of the bog and banked downwind.

Deep River is dark with piedmont silt and without depth or bottom. It bends its way to its wide delta like a great dead snake slung out across the tidewater, and in the summertime it smells. Alluvial ooze packed tight and rotting on its banks sucks into itself the river debris. Through the grasses near the rim, Traver could see the stranded tree limbs and the prow of the derelict skiff glimpsed earlier in the day.

It was nearly dark. Raising his eyes to the level of the grass, he listened a last time. Then he slid forward and, on his knees in the shallows, wrenched the buried skiff from its sheath of mud. It came with a thick sucking sound and the rank breath of its grave.

Traver knew without experiment that, upright, the skiff would fill immediately. He turned it turtle and waited one moment more, gaining his wind. It was high water, the first of the ebb. The tide and river would be with him. He shivered, moaning softly, though not yet afraid.

In the water, he kicked away from shore. An eddy curled him back upon the bank. He kicked away a second time, and caught the current. But the slimy hulk would not support his weight, and he coasted along beside it, one hand spread-fingered on the keel.

He moved downstream. Across the marsh, the lights switched back and forth like night-time eyes, dancing in the blackness of the pines. The voices came vaguely on the shifting river air, and a new sound stirred him. He inched lower in the water, so that only his hand and half his face broke the low outline of the skiff.

Dey gone and put de hounds on dat man Traver.

He giggled, teeth chattering, and cursed.

The river dragged the capsized skiff across the coastal waterway, which parted the mainland from the inner marshes of the barrier islands. Though wisps of cloud at times obscured the

moon, the night was clear. No longer able to see the lights, he was alone in the cold river, which widened now as it neared its mouth. He thrashed his legs for warmth, and cursed to restore his courage. Southeast, an arm of woods from Ocean Island reached across the outer marshes toward the bank. He wanted to go aground there, and fearful of drifting past it to the open sea, began to swim the skiff inshore. He swore foully at the balky hulk, the cold, the river, the night world, and then he sang softly, despite himself afraid, a song known long ago in the shanties of Raccoon Creek.

Faraway and gone am I toward dat Judgment Day,
Faraway and gone am I, ain't no one gwine to stay,
Lay down dis haid, lay down dis load,
Gwine to take dat Heaven Road,
Faraway and gone am I toward dat Judgment Day.

His voice hung plaintive in the thin mist over the river, and startled by it, he had a cold premonition of his death. But an inshore current seized the skiff and swept it in beneath the bank. Nearing the piles of the abandoned landing, he forsook the skiff, and struggled through the shallow water. He had to drag himself ashore. Crouched beneath the wharf, too weak to beat his arms, he listened to hoarse, painful breaths he could not help. The skiff disappeared around the final bend, toward the booming where the seas broke on the bar.

Traver scraped coon oysters from the pilings and opened them with his knife. Since the clothes he wore were the property of the state, this knife was his sole possession. He had had it fifteen hours. The knife was long, with a spring blade, and when he had eaten, he played with it before replacing it in his pocket.

Then he rose, peering over the bank at the trees a hundred yards away. Though sure he was alone on Ocean Island, he disliked outlining himself against the river. He went forward in a low crouch, covert, quiet. He liked to think he was quiet as an animal.

IN THE shelter of the live oaks, for the first time since early morning, he stood straight. Stretching, he threw his shoulders back, legs spread in unconscious arrogance. Traver was a tall man and very strong, with the big hands and haunches of his race. His skin was the mud black of the coastal Negro, and his left eye was obscured by scars which extended in cordy ridges toward the neat, tight ear. The scars seemed to have stretched the skin, which was taut and smooth, like a rubber mask. The expression of the mask was open, almost smiling, the boyish smile of a man enjoying himself without quite knowing why.

Most of the time, this smile was genuine. Traver liked to laugh and, though good-natured, he also liked to fight. He had been fighting since the day when, brought home to Raccoon Creek by a wayward mother, he was nicknamed Traveler.

His Daddy was a Travelin Man
Traveled away and left his Mam.

The name became Traver, and stayed with him. And he had traveled north, south, east, and west, in and out of work and jail. He could stay no longer in a job than out of trouble. He had worked on the railroad and the chain gang and the big menhaden boats out of Hampton Roads, and everywhere he laughed like hell and finally fought. Every once in a while, half-drunk, he would come home. And his mother would tell him, You born with too much life in you, dass all, you like you daddy. And you headin straight fo trouble, big mule as you is.

The last time home he had fought the man who happened to marry his girl. The man had knifed him near the eye. Unable to catch him, Traver, still bleeding, had burned their cabin down and taken the willing girl away. The sheriff followed in his own good time. I got your old place on the road gang saved for you, the sheriff said. We ain't had a good laugh since you left.

But now, a month later, he had escaped. He appeared with the knife in Raccoon Creek, but the man had moved away. The girl's mother reported him, and he took to the woods, and kept on going out across Deep River Marsh. The tide was flooding when he saw the skiff, and he had had to wait. He had scurried, crouched, scurried again, and once submerged, sliding beneath the surface like an alligator. They had not picked up his trail in the green, broken scum and, voices rasping, they had passed.

I a big bull gator, he sang now, a tough-hide long-tail mean ol gator. Opening his open mouth a little more, he chortled soundlessly, still shivering. It growin cold, and dis gator ain't no place to warm hisself. Well, I mean. Cold.

He moved inland through the trees, away from the dark river.

Ocean Island is long and large, spreading down some four miles from the delta, southwest toward Cape Romaine. The true land is a narrow spine supporting red cedar, cypress, yaupon, live oak, and the old-field pine, and here and

there a scattering of small palmettos. There are low ridges and open groves and clearings, and a core of semi-tropic woods. Its south flank is salt marsh and ocean beach, and to the north, diked years ago above the tide, lies a vast, brackish swamp. The swamp is grassy, like a green-and-golden flooded plain, its distances broken by lone, bony trees and hurricane dikes and sluice gates. Here, in a network of overgrown canals, the nut and widgeon grass grows in abandoned rice fields. Wildfowl winter in a diadem of reedy ponds, and coot and rail and gallinule, and predators.

In the swamp, the predators move ceaselessly.

He went to Snake-house. This was a sagging tool shed near the landing, so-called because in other times a worker had been bitten there, and died. In the dark, a sign, NO TRESPASSING, loomed white and new. The door was gone, but the dank interior gave shelter from the breeze. Traver stripped and wrung his clothes, then rubbed his body fiercely with his hands. He found an oily piece of old tarpaulin, and wrapping himself in it, dozed a little, fitful.

He had come to Ocean Island because here he could survive. As a boy he had labored on the rice fields and the dikes, and he knew the name and character of every pond and ditch and slough. He knew where to snare rabbits, stalk birds, ambush deer, and where the wild swine and cattle were which he might outwit and kill. On the salt shores there were razor clams and oysters, and mullet in the canals, if a fish trap could be rigged. He would not starve. He could even eat raccoon and otter and, if necessary, he could eat them raw.

He could survive here, too, because he would not be caught. The island had been unused for years, even for gunning. If he were tracked to this forsaken place, he could always find shelter in the swamp. Hounds could not help them here, and the whites did not know the swamp as he did, how to move quickly in it without risking the deep potholes and soft muck. He could elude a wider search than the state would send into the swamp after a black man. For this was black man's country, slow and silent, absorbing the white man's inroads like a sponge. A white man loomed large on Ocean Island, but a black man was swallowed up in it, and disappeared.

In the night, he was awakened by the grunting of a hog. The grunt was nervous, and there was a skittish stamping of small, cloven hooves. He smell me, Traver thought. Taking his knife, he glided to the doorway. Upwind, the hog came toward him on the island path. He crouched, prepared to ambush it, then stiffened.

Ol Hawg scairt. And he ain't scairt of Traver.

Traver stooped for his shirt and pants and slipped outside. The hog snorted and wheeled, crashing off into the brush. Traver slid down a sand bank behind Snake-house and lay watching. He heard a rush of bait fish by the landing, the choked cry of a night heron behind him. A barred owl stole over his head. This was the hunting time.



THE man had not seen Traver. He had stopped short at the crashing of the hog. Now he came on, down the soft sand path towards Snake-house. He was a tall, lean man with a rifle slung over one arm and a flashlight, unlit, in the other hand. His face was shadowed in the moonlight by his hat brim, lowered all the way around.

Traver opened the knife blade and lay still. He could not retreat now without being seen, and if he was seen, he was lost. He had no doubt that this man was his enemy, an enemy as natural as a raccoon to a frog, nor did it occur to him to curse his luck that an enemy was here at all. He was only relieved that he had heard in time. The rest no longer mattered. Traver was hardened to hunting and being hunted, and the endless adaptation to emergencies. He was intelligent and resourceful, and he was confident. Through the grasses, he gauged the stranger as he passed.

From the man's belt, behind, hung a hatchet and a piece of rope. The rifle, carried loosely, was ready to be raised, and the unlit light was also ready. He was hunting. He crossed a patch of dry grass without sound, and Traver nodded ruefully in respect.

Dat a poacher. Might be he jackin deer.

The man went on, down toward the landing. Stooping on the wharf, he peered beneath it. Traver, who had moved, could see him do this, and felt a tightening in his chest.

He see dem feet prints. He see white places where dem oyster was. You a plain fool nigger, man.

The hunter returned, moving more quickly. Raising his rifle, he flicked his light into the Snake-house. Traver could see its gleam through the rotting tongue-and-groove.

Ain't no deer in dar, Boss, ain't no deer in dar.

He repressed a nervous giggle, sweating naked in the cold, and clutched his knife. Upwind, he could hear the hog again, rooting stupidly near the path. The white man turned, bent to one knee, and fired. Traver jumped. The report ricocheted across the grove as the hog kicked, squealing, and lay still.

Ol white folks, he kin shoot. Only why he shootin now and not before? He lookin to fool somebody, he makin pretend he doan know somebody here.

He know, all right. Ol white folks know.

The man dragged the hog into the trees and dressed it quickly, viciously, with the hatchet and a knife. Then he piled brush on the head and hooves and entrails and, rigging a sling with a length of rope, hoisted the carcass to his shoulder. He went away as silently as he had come, and Traver followed.

We stickin close as two peas, man. I got to know what you up to every minute, lest you come sneakin up behind me.

Traver, though uneasy, was excited, jubilant. It seemed to him that he had won some sort of skirmish, and he could scarcely wait to see what would happen next. But because he guessed where the man was going, he kept a safe distance behind. There was a clearing at Back-of-Ocean, and the old cabin of an abandoned shooting camp, and the only beach on the south side steep enough to bring a boat ashore. The poacher would have to have a boat, and he probably had a helper. Realizing this, Traver slowed, and put on his cold clothes.

He circled the clearing and came in from the far side, on his belly. There was kerosene light in the cabin window, and hanging from its eaves on the outside logs were moonlit amorphous carcasses. He made out deer and pig, and what could only be the quarters of a large wild bull. These cattle gone wild were the wariest creatures on the island, and Traver whistled softly at this sign of the hunter's skill. It gave him another start of uneasiness. Backing off again on hands and knees, he cut himself a rabbit club of the right weight. Waiting for dawn, he whittled it, and bound with vine and a piece of shirt two sharp stones to the heavy end. He was skillful with it, and the feel of it in his hand was reassuring.

It was growing light.



THE boat appeared at sunup. Traver heard it a long way off, prowling the channel between islands at the southwest end. Now it drummed along the delta, just inside the bar, and headed straight in for the beach. It was a small, makeshift shrimp boat, with rust streaks and scaling gray-green paint. Before it grounded, the hunter came out and, hoisting two small deer onto his shoulders, went down to the shore.

The two men loaded quickly. Then they stood a moment talking, the one on the pale sand of the beach, the other a black silhouette on the bow against the red fireball of the sun.

For once in his life, Traver told himself, he had to stop fooling and be serious. The boatman, who must have been in town the night before, had probably confirmed whatever the hunter had noticed at the landing. He wondered if they would turn him in. He doubted it. In the prison denims, he could be shot on sight, and no questions asked—not that the hunter would require that excuse. He guessed that the latter had some right to be here, for otherwise, even in this lonely place, he would not occupy the cabin. He was probably a hired gamekeeper, poaching on the side. He would not want Traver here, and he would not want the sheriff nosing around the island, either. He would want to take care of Traver by himself.

The man had come in and out of the cabin. He had the rifle in his hands, checking the action. His movements were calm and purpose-

ful, and he gave Traver a good look at his face. It was a gaunt face, creased and hard, under heavy eyebrows, a shrewd face, curiously empty of emotion. Traver recognized that face, he had seen it all his life, throughout the South.

Ol Redneck kill me, do he get the chance. And he mean to get the chance.

The man went off in the direction of Snake-house, moving swiftly into the trees.

For the moment, considering his situation, Traver stayed right where he was. He watched the shrimp boat disappear along the delta. His mouth was dry, and he licked dew from the grass. Though the early sun had begun to warm him, he felt tired and stiff and very hungry, and this hunger encouraged him to loot the cabin.

Unreal in the morning mist, the trees were still. The Spanish moss hung everywhere, like silence. The man would go to Snake-house, to the landing, to pick up Traver's trail, but it would not lead him far. Traver had stayed clear of the sand path, moving wherever possible on the needle ground beneath the pines. Still, if he meant to loot the cabin, he should hurry. And he was half-risen when a huge blue heron, sailing above the cedars into which the hunter had disappeared, flared off with a squawk and thrash of heavy wings.

Traver sank to his knees again, heart pounding.

That was close to bein you last worldly move. I mean, he layin fo you, man, and he like to cotched you. I mean, he *smart,* doan you forget it, nigger. He know what you doin even fore you does it.

Traver waited again. When his heart stopped pounding, he began to laugh, a long quiet laugh that shook his big body like crying, and caused him to press his mouth to the crook of his arm. And he was surprised when tears came to his eyes, and the laughter became sobbing. He was frightened, he knew, and at the same time, he was unbearably excited.

You just a big black mule, you just a fool and a mule and a alligator all wrap into one.

He went on laughing, knowing his delight was dangerous, and all the more elated because of that. And as he laughed, he hummed to himself, in hunger,

> Hambone is good, o so-o good,
> Bacon is sweet, o so-o sweet,
> And possum meat is very, very fine, fine, fine,
> But give me, O give me,
> O, how I wish you would.
> Dat wa-tuh melon smilin on de vine . . .

In a while, far over toward the swamp, he heard the quack of startled black ducks, rising. When he saw their high circle over the trees, he got up on his haunches.

Could be dat a duck hawk, but most likely dat him. He over dar by Snake-house.

A string of ibis, drifting peacefully down the length of woods like bright white sheets of tissue, reassured him. Traver ran. In the open, he tensed for the rifle crack he could never have heard had it come, and zigzagged for the door. In less than a minute, he was back. He had a loaf of bread and matches, and was grinning wildly with excitement.

But now a fresh fear seized him. The hunter might return at any time, from any angle. If he did not hurry, he would no longer be able to maneuver without the terror of being seen. Traver stopped chewing, the stale bread dry in his mouth. Then he cut into the woods, loping in a low, bounding squat in the direction taken by the white man. At Graveyard-over-the-Bank, where once the cattle had been driven, penned, and slaughtered, he hid again. This place, a narrowing of the island, the man would sooner or later have to pass.

TRAVER stalked him all that day. Toward noon, the hunter went back to the cabin. Traver could hear him rummage for the bread, and he wondered if, in taking it, he might only have endangered himself further by becoming, in the white man's eyes, more troublesome. The man came out again and sat on the doorsill, eating. His face, still calm, was tighter, meaner, Traver thought. The rifle lay across his knees. Then he rose and went away into the woods, heading southwest toward Cottonmouth Dike, and Traver followed.

The man made frequent forays from the path, but he seemed to know that he would not surprise his quarry, that Traver was in all probability behind him, for though he moved stealthily out of habit, he made no real effort to conceal himself. Clearly, his plan was to lure Traver into a poor position, a narrow neck or sparsely wooded place where he might hope to turn and hunt him down. He set a series of ambushes, and now and then wheeled and doubled back along his trail. He was skillful and very quick, quick enough to frighten Traver, who several times was nearly trapped. Traver hung farther and farther behind, using his knowledge of the island to guess where the hunter would come and go, and never remaining directly behind, but quartering.

He was most afraid of the animals and birds

which, hunting and hunted, could betray his whereabouts at any time.

The white man was tireless, and this intensity frightened Traver, too. He seemed prepared to stalk forever, carrying his provisions in his pocket. When he ate, he did it in the open, pointedly, knowing that Traver could never relax enough to hunt, could only watch and starve. By noon of the second day, Traver was desperate. When the man went west again, way over past Pig Root and Eagles Grave, Traver fled eastward to the landing, and gorged on the coon oysters. Sated, he realized his mistake. He had a hundred yards of marsh to cross, back to the trees, and for all he knew, the hunter had doubled back again, and had a bead on him. He had done just what the man was waiting for him to do, he had lost the scent, and now any move he made might be the wrong one. He groaned at the thought of the vanished skiff—if only he'd gotten it ashore, and hidden it in the salt grass farther down. But now he was trapped, not only at the landing but on the island.

A bittern broke camouflage with a strangled squawk, causing Traver to spin around. In panic, he clambered up over the river bank and ran back to the trees. The woods were silent. There came a faint cry of snow geese over the delta, and the sharp rattle of a kingfisher back in the slough. Downwind, wild cattle caught his scent, retreating noisily. Or was that the coming of the hunter? He pressed himself to the black earth, in aimless prayer. The silence grew, cut only by the wash of river wind in the old-field pine. Then a wren called, Peter, Peter, Peter, and a hawk flicked quickly overhead in its direction.

Peter, Peter, Peet—

At dark, he fled into the marsh, and tried to rest in the reeds beneath a dike. Under the moon, much later, a raccoon picked its way along the bank, and he stunned it with his rabbit club. The coon played possum. When he crawled up to it, it whirled and bit him on the ankle. He struck it sharply with the stone end of the club, and it dragged itself into the reeds. He could not see it very well and, in a near frenzy of suppressed fear, he beat the dark shape savagely, long after it was dead. Panting, he sat and stared at the wet, matted mound of fur, the sharp teeth in the open, twisted mouth. He dared not light a fire with his stolen matches, and his gut was much too nervous to accept it raw. He left it where it lay and crept back to the woods and, in an agony of stealth, to Back-of-Ocean. He was overjoyed by the lamp in the cabin window.

He finally tuckered out, Traver told himself. The man done give ol Traver up, Traver too spry for him.

The idea restored his confidence a little, and he chuckled without heart. He was still hungry, and he had no idea what his next move should be. Remembering the white man's face, he did not really believe he had given up the hunt, and this instinct was confirmed, at daybreak. The boat appeared again, and the white man met it, but he did not come out of the cabin. He stepped into the clearing from the yaupon on the other side. Traver had almost approached that way the night before. The light in the window had only been another trap.

Traver fought a wild desire to bolt. But he controlled himself, squeezing great fistfuls of earth between his fingers. He watched the hunter walk slowly to the beach and, resting his rifle butt on the silver roots of a hurricane tree, speak to the boatman. They were silent for a time, as if deciding something. Then the hunter shrugged, and shoved the boat from shore. It backed off with a grinding of worn gears. He returned to the cabin and came out of it a minute later. He had a cooked bone, and he pulled long strings of dry meat from it with his teeth. Traver stared at the lean yellow-brown of his face, the wrinkled neck, the faded khaki clothes and high, cracked boots against the soft greens of the trees and the red cassina berries. He stared at the bone. The man tossed it out in front of him, then tramped it into the ground and lit a cigarette. Breathing smoke, he leaned against the cabin logs and gazed around the clearing. Traver caught the cigarette scent on the air, and stirred uncomfortably. The man flipped the butt into the air, and together they watched it burn away upon the ground. Then he shouldered the rifle and went back to the woods, and once more Traver followed.

Who huntin who heah? Traver tried to smile. Who huntin who?

The fear was deep in him now, like cold. He started at every snap and crackle and cry of bird, sniffing the air for scents which could tell him nothing. There was only the stench of rotting vegetation, and the rank sweat of his fear. He crept along closer and closer to the ground, terrified lest he lose contact with the hunter. In his heart, he knew there was but one course open to him. He could not leave the island, and he could not be killed. Both prospects were unimaginable. But he could kill.

Man, you in de swamp now. It you or him, dass all.

But he could not make himself accept this. He supposed he could kill a black man if he had to, and a white man could kill him. But a black man did not kill a white man unless the black man was insane.

Man, it doan matter what de color is, it just doan matter now. You in de swamp, and de swamp a different world. Dey ain't nobody left in dis heah world but you and him, and he figger dass too crowded. When ol Lo'd passed out de mens's hearts, dis heah man hid behind de do'. A man like dis heah man, you let him run where he de law, and he kill you if you black or white or blue. He ain't no more civilized den a cat gone wild. He doan hate you and he doan feel sorry, no more'n de cat do. You just a varmint dat got in de way, dass all.

But Traver doubted his own sense. Perhaps this man had nothing to hide, perhaps he was hunting legally, perhaps he would do no more than remove Traver from the island, or arrest him—how could he, Traver, know that this man, given the chance, would shoot him down?

And yet he knew, as wild animals know, by instinct. He could smell it. He doubted his instinct because, himself civilized, he hated what it told him, because he wanted to believe that this man also was afraid, that a man would not shoot another down without first calling out to him to surrender.

Man, he ain't called, and he know you heah. He quiet as de grave. And you take it in you haid to call you'self, you fixin to get a bullet fo you answer.

His only chance was to live by animal law. It was this that, in the end, he could not bring himself to do.

AGAIN that morning, he was nearly ambushed. This time a rabbit gave the man away. For the first time, Traver lost his nerve entirely. He ran back east along the island and stole out on the marsh, crawling along the dike bank where he had killed the coon, persuading his pounding heart that food was his reason for coming. But he knew before he got there that the raccoon would be gone. Black vultures and an eagle rose in silence from the bank, and there was a flat track in the reeds where an alligator had come and gone, and there were blue crabs clinging upside down to the grass at the edge of the ditch. In the marsh, the weak and dead have a brief existence.

Traver was shifting his position when a bullet slapped into the mudbank by his head. Its whine he heard afterward, a swelling in his ears as he rolled into the water and clawed at the brittle stalks of cane across the ditch. A wind of teal wings, rising out of Dead Oak Pond, blurred his racket in the brake. He crossed a reedy flat and slid into a small pool twenty yards away. The echo of the shot diminished on the marsh, and silence settled, like a cloud across the sun.

Then fiddler crabs snapped faintly on the flat. Where he had passed, their yellow claws protruded, open, from the holes.

But he knew the man would come, and he tried to control the choked rasp of his breath. And the man came, picking his lean way along the dike, stopping to listen, coming on, as Traver himself had often done, tracking crippled ducks for the plantation gunners. Against the bright, high autumn sky, the hunter's silhouette was huge.

Traver slipped the rabbit club from his belt. The game was ending now, and he knew only the intense fear and hate of an animal straining toward survival.

The man had stopped just short of where Traver had lain. He squinted up and down the ditch. Though his face remained set, his right hand, wandering on the trigger guard and breech, betrayed his awareness that Traver might have a weapon.

He came a little farther, stopped again. He seemed on the point of calling out, but did not, as if afraid of intruding a human voice into this primeval silence. He bent and scratched his leg. Then, for a moment, scanning the far side of the dike, he turned his head.

Traver, straightening, tried to hurl the club, but it would not leave his hand. He ducked down and out of sight again. He told himself that the range had been too great, that the chance of a miss, however small, could not be taken. But he also knew he was desperate enough to have thrown it anyway, in agony, simply to bring an end to this suspense.

There was something else.

The man descended from the dike, on the far side. Almost immediately, he sank up to his knees, for there came a heavy, sucking sound as his boots pulled back. The man seemed to know that here, in the black resilience of the marsh, his quarry had him at a disadvantage, for he climbed back up onto the dike and took out a cigarette. This time Traver thought he must call out, but he did not. Instead, he made his way back toward the woods.

Traver cursed him, close to tears. The hunter had only to watch from the trees at the end of the dike. Until dark, Traver was trapped. The hunter would sit down on a log and eat his food, while Traver lay in the cold pool and starved. The whole world was eating, hunting and eating and hunting again, in an endless cycle, while he starved. From where he lay, he could see a marsh hawk quartering wet meadows, and an eagle's patient silhouette in a dead tree. Swaying grass betrayed a prowling otter, and on a mud flat near him, two jack snipe probed for worms. Soon, in that stretch of ditch that he could see, a young alligator surfaced.

Thank de Lo'd it you what stole my coon. Thank de Lo'd dis pool too shaller for you daddy.

The alligator floated, facing him. Only its snout and eyes disturbed the surface, like tips of a submerged branch.

What you waitin on, Ugly? You waitin on ol Traver, man, you got to get in line.

The insects had found Traver, and he smeared black mud on his face and hands. Northeast, a vulture circled slowly down on something else.

Whole world waitin on poor Traver. Whole world hangin round to eat on Traver.

And though he said this to cheer himself, and even chuckled, the sense of the surrounding marsh weighed down on him, the solitude. Inert, half-buried, Traver mourned a blues.

> Black river bottom, black river bottom
> Nigger sinkin down to dat black river bottom
> Ain't comin home no mo'
>
> Ol Devil layin at dat black river bottom
> Black river bottom, black river bottom,
> Waiting fo' de nigger man los' on de river
> Dat ain't comin home no mo' . . .

At dark, inch by inch, circuitously, Traver came ashore. He knew now he must track the man and kill him. His nerves would not tolerate another day of fear, and he took courage from the recklessness of desperation.

Again the cabin was lit up, but this time he smelled coffee. The man's shadow moved against the window, and the light died out. The man would be sitting in the dark, rifle pointed at the open door.

The hunt ended early the next morning.

TRAVER bellied across a clearing and slid down a steep bank which here joined the high ground to the marsh. His feet were planted in the water at the end of Red Gate Ditch, and on his right was a muddy, rooted grove of yaupon known as Hog Crawl. The hunter was some distance to the eastward.

Traver had a length of dry, dead branch. He broke it sharply on his knee. The snap rang through the morning trees, and a hog grunted from somewhere in the Crawl. Then Traver waited, peering through the grass. He had his knife out, and his rabbit club. Lifting one foot from the water of the ditch, he kicked a foothold in the bank. Below him, the scum of algae closed its broken surface, leaving no trace of where the foot had been.



The man was coming. Traver could feel him, somewhere behind the black trunks of the trees. The final sun, which filtered through the woods from the ocean side, formed a strange red haze in the shrouds of Spanish moss. Out of this the man appeared. One moment there was nothing and the next he was there, startling the eye like a copperhead camouflaged in fallen leaves. He moved toward Traver until he reached the middle of the clearing, just out of Traver's range, facing the Hog Crawl. There he stood stiff as a deer and listened.

Traver listened, too, absorbing every detail of the scene through every sense. The cardinal song had never seemed so liquid, the foliage so green, the smell of the earth so strong. Though tense to the breaking point, he felt powerfully alive, exultant. For the trap was his, he was the hunter now, on his own ground.

And the white man shifted, stepping a little closer. The hog snuffled again, back in the yaupon. Traver could just make it out beneath the branches, a brown-and-yellow brindle sow, caked with dry mud. Now it came forward,

curious. It would see Traver before it saw the white man, and it would give him away.

Traver swallowed. The sow came toward him, red-eyed. The white man, immobile, waited for it, also. When the sow saw Traver, it stopped, then backed away a little, then grunted and trotted off.

Traver flicked his gaze back to the man.

He was suspicious. Black eyes wide, head up, he froze. Then slowly the rifle swung around until it was pointed a few feet to Traver's left.

He gwine kill me now. Even do I pray, O Lo'd, he gwine kill me now.

Traver was backing down the bank as the man moved forward. Beneath the turned-down brim, the eyes were fixed on the spot to Traver's left. Traver flipped the butt of broken branch in the same direction. When the white man whirled upon the sound, Traver reared and hurled his club. He did not miss. It struck just as the shot went off.

Traver had rolled aside instinctively, but this same instinct drove him to his feet again and forward. The man lay still beside the rifle. The hand which had been groping for it fell back as Traver sprang. He pressed his knife blade to the white, unsunburned patch of throat beneath the grizzled chin.

Kill him, kill him now.

But he did not. Gasping, he stared down at the face a foot from his. It was bleeding badly from the temple but was otherwise unchanged. Pinning the man's arms with his knees, he pushed the eyelids open with his free hand. The eyes regarded him, unblinking, like the eyes of a wounded hawk.

"Wa'nt quite slick enough fo Traver, was you!" Traver panted. He roared hysterically in his relief, his laughter booming in the quiet grove. "You fall fo de oldes trick dey is, dass how smart you is, white folks!" He roared again into the silence. "Ol Traver toss de branch, ol white boy fooled, ol white boy cotch it in de haid! I mean! De oldes trick dey is!"

Traver glared down at him, hoarse, triumphant. The man lay silent.

Traver ran the knife blade back and forth across the throat, leaving a thin red line. He forced his anger, disturbed at how swiftly his relief replaced it.

"You de one dat's scairt now, ain't you? Try to kill dis nigger what never done you harm! You doan know who you foolin with, white trash, you foolin with a man what's mule and gator all wrap into one! And he gwine kill you, what you think 'bout dat?"

The white man watched him.

"Ain't you nothin to say fore I kills you? You gwine pray? Or is I done killed you already?" Uneasy astride the body of the white man, Traver rose to a squat and pricked him with his knife tip. "Doan you play possum with me, now! You ain't foolin me no mo', I gwine kill you, man, you heah me?"

For the first time, Traver heard his own voice in the silence, and it startled him. He glanced around. The sun was bright red over the live oak trees, but quiet hung across the marsh like mist. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched the white man with suspicion, but the other did not stir.

He dead, Traver thought, alarmed. I done killed him dead.

Avoiding the open eyes, he picked up the rifle and stared at it. Then, superstitious, he laid it like a burial fetish back into the grass. Then he stepped back, knife in hand, and prodded the body with his toe.

"Git up, now!" he cried, startling himself again. "You ain't bad hurt, Cap'n, you just kinda dizzy, dass all. Now us is got to do some talkin, heah me now?"

But the body was still. A trail of saliva dribbled from the narrow mouth, and a fly lit on the grass near the bloody temple. Traver bent and crossed the arms upon the narrow chest.

"You fall fo de oldes trick in de world," Traver mourned, and shook his head. "Dass what you done." Badly frightened, he talked to comfort himself, glancing furtively around the clearing.

He started to back away, then bolted.

The man rolled over and up onto his knees, the rifle snatched toward his shoulder. He sighted without haste and fired. Then he reached for his hat and put it on, and turned the brim down all around.

Then he got up.

Traver was a powerful man and did not fall. He could still hear the echo and the clamor in the marsh, and he could not accept what was happening to him. He had never really believed it possible, and he did not believe it now. He dropped the knife and staggered, frowning, as the man walked toward him. The second bullet knocked him over backwards, down the bank, and when he came to rest, his head lay under water.

His instinct told him to wriggle a little further, to crawl away into the reeds. He could not move. He died.

Inside Russia's Treasure House



By STERLING A. CALLISEN

Drawing by Steinberg

For the first time in decades, tourists can now visit Russia's greatest museum—an eye-popping sight, even for the Dean of Education of the Metropolitan.

MY LARGE, motherly Intourist guide was firmly negative that first morning as we stood talking in the lobby of the Hotel Astoria in Leningrad last May. "No," she said, "the Hermitage is closed on Thursdays."

Up to this point the trip had been perfectly simple. No baggage examination at the Russian border, hardly a glance at my passport, the best seat reserved for me on the Russian plane, English personnel at the Riga and Leningrad airports, and a car to whisk me through the sleeping city to the hotel from the airfield the night before. There seemed no reason, therefore, to step out of my role of an "independent" tourist at $30 a day (*tout,* including the motherly guide, *compris)* and ask for special permission, as a museum official, to visit the collections on an off day.

My guide pondered the situation for a moment and continued: "Better we see the outside of the Hermitage first. It is an important historical monuments." How often during the ensuing days I was to be brought gently to heel by her "Better we . . ." and how correctly, if inadvertently, her mixture of a singular subject and a plural substantive expressed the complexity of the buildings which go to make up what we call the Hermitage Museum.

The big black Zis bearing my guide and myself careened around the corner from the hotel through a narrow street spanned by a great arch and emerged in a vast square. There, stretching out endlessly, was the back of the Winter Palace. The size, though overwhelming like everything else in Leningrad, was not unexpected, but no one had told me that the walls were painted apple green with white trim—and such fine, juicy, rococo trim at that! Around to the right we swept and down Khalturina Street past the soberer façade of the Small Hermitage and drew up with a flourish before the huge portico of the New Hermitage. "Is better you take a photograph of this," my guide commanded, and I dutifully disembarked from the Zis to snap some views of the ten gigantic Atlantids of highly polished gray granite supporting the portico. They are cherished by the modern Russians for they are very big, very heavy, very shiny, and very bourgeois.

The history of the Hermitage Museum, its collection, and buildings, is substantially that of Leningrad itself from its foundation on May 16, 1703, to the present. It was Peter the Great, of course, who started the ball rolling. When as a young man he visited Western Europe and was impressed with the collections of lesser princes than himself, he bought a few paintings in his beloved Holland and somewhere acquired an Aphrodite of the Medici type—the so-called Tauridan Venus. In 1718 he issued a ukase to the effect that all finds of antique objects would be purchased by the crown, a law enforced throughout succeeding generations.

Peter's efforts were nothing, however, compared with those of Catherine the Great, a veritable glutton of a collector (*"Je ne suis pas amatrice, mais glouton"*) who had unlimited funds, numerous and willing agents, and—be-

cause of unsettled political and economic conditions in Western Europe—a rare opportunity to acquire a great number of outstanding collections without worrying about laws prohibiting the export of national treasure so common today. Unlike the modern museum director, she was not hampered by considerations of quality, taste, art history, or authenticity, and by a single brief letter to her representatives abroad swept up whole truckloads of art—10,000 cameos and intaglios, 20,000 drawings, 150,000 prints, and a thousand or so outstanding paintings, to say nothing of tons of knickknacks. Indeed she was a splendid Empress who never did things by halves in public or in private.

Catherine's mother-in-law, the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, had constructed the Winter Palace containing over a thousand rooms in 1762. But Catherine hated Elizabeth, and her Baroque palace as well, so when she in turn came to power she built the more severe adjoining pavilion, the Hermitage (also called the "Little Hermitage") where she could relax informally among her art treasures. Just for good measure she added a loggia—an exact replica of the one decorated by Raphael and his school in the Vatican and surely the largest color reproduction of all time. Next, in 1771, another museum building was added, now designated as the "Old Hermitage" for some reason that escapes me, and in 1850 a further addition, the "New" or "State Hermitage."

Before the October Revolution, then, what we know as the Hermitage Museum consisted of three connected buildings of very considerable extent but, after the confiscation of the Czarist collections as well of those of private individuals and the churches, the vast Winter Palace was added to the whole covey (or perhaps pride) of Hermitages. My guide was vindicated: "It is an important historical monuments."

"Is better you buy a catalogue of the Hermitage," said my guide after we returned to the hotel and, having produced one published just last year in English, in anticipation of possible American tourists, she left me to my own devices. To the professional museum man the catalogues of sister institutions are always fascinating, principally for what they don't say. One quotation from the introduction will suffice:

"The Communist party and the Soviet government pay great attention to preserving the artistic legacy of the past [Aside: Lunachasky's Commission of Fine Arts did do an excellent job from the first, even if subsequently a good many of the best paintings were sold to Mr. Mellon and are now in the National Gallery in Washington. And while we're at it, whose legacy of what past? This is the *most* favored museum cliché the world over] and making fine works of art available to the widest possible public [Aside: at three rubles a head whereas the dirty capitalists let their wage slaves in free]. At the present time the number of items exhibited exceeds two million [Aside: oh my aching feet!]. During 1954 alone 1,250,000 people visited the Hermitage [Aside: not bad, not bad]. In arranging the exhibits the Museum workers [Aside: "workers," please note, rather than conservators or curators] proceeded from the Marxist-Leninist teachings on the development of society." [Aside: now what on earth? There is nothing in *Das Kapital* about museums, though Marx wrote nearly the whole of it in the British Museum, and as to Lenin—well, I've never read more than a fraction of his works . . . there's a lot about crushing the opposition and uniform action of the party, but museums? And what about a word from Stalin?]

Subsequently, when I asked the charming and urbane Dr. Artamonov what was implied by this statement he blandly replied, "Oh, we arrange the collections chronologically according to geographical areas." Alas, this has been the practice of capitalistic countries for nearly a century.

I turned to the excellent floor plan of the Museum and realized finally what I'd let myself in for. There were three stories of corridors and staircases and passageways and rooms of all shapes and sizes, dozens and dozens of them distributed about in the three "Hermitages" and the Winter Palace.

The trick was to arrive at some understanding of how this maze of galleries, the objects they contained, and the 1,200 or so people who worked there were organized. The catalogue made it clear that the collections are divided among six departments, three of which deal with the territories of the U.S.S.R., three with all the rest of the world. The emphasis on things Russian is perfectly understandable. After all, the U.S.S.R. is made up of a vast number of tribes and nations, having the most diverse languages, cultures, and historical backgrounds. The problem is to weld them into a coherent whole and so the Soviet government is not averse to exacting from a large part of the collections of the Hermitage their legitimate propaganda value by emphasizing how much the civilization of each minority has contributed to the whole. Furthermore, these are the only departments with a future. Nothing in the way of art objects from

foreign countries has been purchased by the government for the Hermitage since the Bolshevik revolution; there are no private donors left and no art dealers. The few recent acquisitions appear to be official gifts made by friendly nations. On the other hand, a very extensive and well-organized program of excavation and historical research in Russian territories, commenced under the Czars in the mid-nineteenth century, has been pursued even more energetically under the Communists.

The Department of Western Art, in default of any set program of acquisition based on art history, represents mostly the personal whims of the former Russian court and wealthy bourgeoisie. As a result one has a feeling of a sort of omnivorous ingathering, of sheer bulk which strikes one as typically Russian (and not unknown in the United States). Furthermore, the noble collectors bought what was currently fashionable. Being a bit behind the times, they never went in heavily for primitives, whether Italian or Northern (though there are some in the Museum), but concentrated on Venetian painting of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the Baroque of northern Italy, as well as Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and the Dutch "Little Masters." Interestingly enough, Vermeer, whose popularity stems from the early twentieth century, is lacking.

The French artists found a ready market, since the Russian upper classes—from the eighteenth century on—looked up to France as the intellectual leader of Europe. The English canvases had a certain snob appeal for them and Catherine the Great actually ordered several from Reynolds; the Spanish paintings on the other hand were acquired largely by the purchase of a collection belonging to one of Spain's ambassadors to the Czar. Nor was it surprising to see so many relatively unknown eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German, Belgian, Dutch, and Austrian masters listed in the guidebook. Actually Russian collectors, when left to their own choice, bought just about as much popular genre painting as did collectors elsewhere. The difference is that if a museum stresses Art (with a capital A) much of this sort of painting is now hidden in storerooms, whereas the Hermitage, which puts emphasis on cultural history, hangs such canvases as part of the social pattern. This much could be learned from the catalogue.

On Friday morning my guide and I were ready at the Museum's entrance on the Neva embankment when the doors swung open at eleven. For the next six days I was to start at the same moment and, save for an hour for lunch, keep at it until closing time at six, yet I never managed even to skim the huge collection. In the end the Hermitage defeated me by its very size as in the past Russia herself had overcome so many would-be conquerors. As a visiting fireman I was swept through a large hall containing the usual museum paraphernalia—cloak rooms, sales desks, ticket booths, and ticket takers Climbing a magnificent marble staircase, we were surrounded by white and gold rococo of the rather heavy German variety, paired red granite columns with gilded composite capitals and a painted ceiling—one of the few portions of the Winter Palace retaining its original decorations.

MALACHITE FOR THE MASSES

THE visitors who entered with us were indistinguishable from the crowds on the sidewalks of the Nevsky Prospect, the great main street of Leningrad. Shabby, mute, earnest, looking intently at everything, some were touring the museum alone, many with a friend or two or in whole families, more in groups of thirty to sixty under the leadership of a guide, and always the ubiquitous soldiers, lean and bronzed, wearing felt slippers to protect the marquetry floors from their hobnail boots.

Their chief interest, as might be expected, lay in the galleries pertaining to the Department of the History of Russian Culture. These contain endless memorabilia of Peter the Great, now exalted as a sort of demigod, and of various wars, all of which have become patriotic. There is considerable emphasis on ingenious machines invented at an early period—mostly by serfs who, because their masters gave them little or no encouragement, got nowhere with their bright ideas. The lesson is planned to be obvious. Associated with these historical displays are those rooms of the Winter Palace which still remain intact and they are indeed fun for anyone: the incredible Malachite Hall of the early nineteenth century and the Pavilion Hall with its great chandeliers and cases of mechanical gold animals, the so-called throne room of Peter the Great and the large Throne Hall. But even these splendors the visitors took in their stride.

Aside from the Russian historical exhibitions, the other really popular area, as in every "mixed" art museum, is the paintings. The Russians appeared well aware of the artistic highlights and grouped themselves thickly about the "three-starred" pictures. A surprising number of

the gallery-goers spoke French, German, or English and expressed their views on the paintings to me freely whenever they saw me taking notes. One earnest young man who saw me engrossed in a mildly abstract Matisse engaged me in quite an argument and ended triumphantly:

"That is not a good painting. It is not the way trees and people look."

The people seemed in fact to prefer the anecdotal type of painting, but Sir Joshua Reynolds' very lush "Venus and Cupid," one of the few "sexy" canvases in the Museum, was also a prime favorite. Paintings by the Le Nains and Greuze receive official blessing, the former because of their realistic representations of peasant life and the latter because he was touted by Diderot.

Many of the individual visitors purchased the excellent catalogues and followed docilely the suggested itineraries. Certainly my guide was upset whenever I showed any signs of breaking away from the prescribed path. I unexpectedly caught sight of some Italian fifteenth-century sculpture in an adjoining room to the right, number 16, when I was taking notes on some rather dull primitives in room number 4, and I ventured a sidewise jog—only to be set on my course by the usual admonishment, "Is better we take up the rooms in order, so it is planned. . . ." And she was even more horrified when I proposed blandly working from Picasso, whom we came upon first late one afternoon, backwards through the French paintings. "Is better we begin, as planned, from the beginning," so we marched with averted gaze through seventeen rooms until we were safely back in the eighteenth century with Greuze, from which point on the following morning I once more reached Picasso.

In the painting galleries 95 per cent of the labels were in Russian and English, apparently dating back to the reorganization in 1932, so that my guide could only stand about idly. She did, however, at my request translate portions of the talks given by two of the docents conducting parties and I was favorably impressed by their presentation. On one other occasion my guide was of real service in this same area. It was a Sunday and, by consulting the ticket takers, I found some 30,000 visitors were actually in the Museum. A good percentage of them appeared gathered about the two Madonnas ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. I wanted to take another careful look at the pictures with a magnifying glass and was hovering unhappily on the outskirts of a dense knot of humanity.

"Is better they get out of your way," came the war cry, and my guide dove in, both arms flailing with a sort of swimming motion. Miraculously a path was cleared and to my intense embarrassment everyone stood aside without a murmer until I had finished—whereupon the waves of humanity washed back! Had this been in my native land . . .

TIERS OF OLD MASTERS

THE foreign visitor, always with limited time at his disposal, will want to see the collections of paintings, but they are so huge, filling some 117 rooms, that only a few rather general remarks are in order. The lighting on a clear day is fairly good, the condition of the pictures quite satisfactory, and the quality of the works remarkably high; but many of the galleries are hung in the cluttered, old-fashioned method almost from floor to ceiling, reminiscent of the prewar Louvre.

There are a number of obvious masterpieces such as, in the Italian section, the magnificent Giorgione "Judith," which is somehow larger and lovelier than one would believe from black-and-white reproductions; the Titian "Danae," perhaps not so pleasing as the version in Naples, and his oversentimental "Repentant Magdalene"; Veronese's "Descent from the Cross," much more sincere and powerful than most of his work; and the "Nativity of the Virgin" (or of John the Baptist?) by Tintoretto which would be outstanding in any gallery. Besides these, a host of Guardis, Canalettos, and Tiepolos are tucked away. Two Madonnas are ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. The Benois "Madonna" representing a very young Virgin offering the Child a flower is just queer enough to be by him and certainly the original gives quite a different impression than any reproduction. On the other hand, the slicked up Litta "Madonna Nursing Her Babe" is by one of his school. Two of the best known Hermitage Raphaels, the "St. George and the Dragon" and the "Alba Madonna" have found their way to the other pole—to the National Gallery in Washington, but the Hermitage still has the delicious little Conestabile "Madonna," an early work but a gem of a painting. Speaking of early works, Caravaggio is represented by a single canvas but that of extraordinary fine quality—a lute player in a white blouse standing back of a table littered with musical scores, a viol, and a heap of fruit behind which, on the extreme left, stands a vase of flowers.

Each visitor, however, will discover his own quite unexpected favorites. Mine were three

paintings by Crespi: "A Self-Portrait," "The Laundress," and "Men Drawing Wine in a Cellar," done in soft warm browns. The charming little curator of Western art giggled with pleasure when I told him that if he missed any of the three in the next few days he had but to give orders to have my luggage searched at the border.

The Dutch and Flemish paintings occupy somewhat fewer rooms than the Italian but, being smaller, are packed in more closely and form a very rich offering. Again the primitives, such as Roger van der Weyden's "St. Luke Painting the Virgin" (inferior to the version in Boston) are rather disappointing but there is a truly bewildering array of seventeenth-century Dutch masters—Ostade, van Goyen, Cuyp, Potter, Steen, Terborch, Jacob van Ruisdael, Metsu, Dou, and so forth. The highlight of course is the gallery containing forty-two paintings by Rembrandt, thirty-three of them signed (for what that is worth!). As luck would have it six were this spring in Amsterdam on loan and the others had to be seen temporarily displayed at Moscow, but under normal conditions the "Danae," the "Descent from the Cross," and the "Flora" alone would compensate for a trip to Leningrad. One is confronted by a large gallery full of run-of-the-mill Van Dycks, many from the former Walpole collection in Houghton Hall. Rubens and his assistants also have a room to themselves. The portrait of the Archduchess Isabella's maid draws one's attention at once and must be by the master himself, but otherwise most of the finished canvases are less exciting than the sketches, such as those for the decorations set up in Antwerp on the occasion of the Infante Ferdinand's triumphal entry in 1635.

If possible the French paintings represent an even higher average in quality. One may view a gallery of Poussin; another of Claude Lorrain including his well-known series of "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night"; a dozen or so each of Watteau (his very early "Savoyard with His Marmot" among them), Lancret, Boucher, and Chardin; Fragonard's superb "Stolen Kiss"; a truly horrible "Sappho and Phaon" by David; and a room of the Barbizon School. But the real strength lies in paintings of the nineteenth century. All of the Impressionists are superbly represented: Manet, Monet, Renoir, Degas, Pissarro, and Sisley; and at present, at least, the holdings of the Hermitage have been augmented by loans from the Pushkin Gallery in Moscow. Just to give some idea of mere quantity there were nineteen Cézannes from very early to 1904; seventeen Gauguins; twenty-one Marquets—always a favorite in northern Europe; twelve Bonnards and twenty Matisses. Last but not least one may see twenty-four Picassos, the earliest canvas from his Blue Period, 1903, down through some exciting examples of his Negro phase painted in 1910, but—save for a "Dove of Peace" poster for the Second World Peace Congress of 1950—not a hint of his later work. Whether any are owned by the Hermitage I never discovered—certainly cubist and non-objective art was not on display. Can it be that whereas the capitalists buy pretty freely from a Communist artist like Picasso his avowed pals don't? The implications are worth pondering.

What incidentally about Russian paintings? None are in the Hermitage. Paintings from the eleventh century to the time of the October Revolution are in the Russian Museum, which was founded in 1895 and occupies the former Mikhailovsky Palace; post-revolutionary art is placed in a new building especially erected for this purpose. Communist writers insist, correctly, that the art museums in Leningrad do not overlap in interest and effort as they do in capitalist countries.

SCYTHIAN COWBOYS AND THE CZAR'S GOLD

IF YOU survive the trek through the painting galleries, what next? For the Oriental enthusiast there is the Department of the History of Culture and Art of Foreign Countries of the East, rich in fine old Chinese porcelains and paintings, Mogul miniatures, and objects excavated in Sinkiang by the Russians from 1898 to 1915. The Department of the History of the Culture of the Ancient World is mainly for the specialist—except for the very abundant Greek material from the Black Sea region. If you are fascinated by romantic names—Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkent, the Caucasus, and enjoy unusual, provincial art embodying numerous artistic currents, then you will be in for all sorts of surprises among the Islamic and pre-Islamic collections under the care of the Department of the History of the Culture and Art of the People of the Soviet East. You may note in passing how the word "culture" keeps cropping up in all these departmental titles and—just a suggestion—if you are a label reader be sure to have your guide along; you will encounter no more bilingual signs after leaving the paintings galleries.

Even if your time is restricted and you have been able only to rush through the paintings

and a bit of the Russian History Department, there is still an absolute must as far as the public galleries are concerned: those of the Department of Primitive Culture in the U.S.S.R. Most foreigners can take the first rooms pretty rapidly, but do look at the figure of a woman carved from a mammoth tusk found near Voronezh in the Ukraine and dating (it is said) about 40,000 B.C. Though the head and feet are missing, her exaggerated breasts, belly, and buttocks remind one instantly of figurines of the cave-man period found clear across Europe. Here is an enigma that gives one pause. Further along you will come upon finds from the Russian Black Sea region produced by Greek craftsmen or natives trained by Hellenes for Scythian rulers who in turn controlled the grain and lumber supplies so important to barren Greece.

Certainly the high point is the great silver amphora dating from the fourth century B.C., found in the burial mound of a Scythian chief near Nikopol. It stands about three feet high and, though classical in shape, is decorated by a delicate frieze in relief of Scythians, dressed in their characteristic long trousers, roping and breaking horses.

But even more exciting are the burial offerings —wonderfully preserved by the cold, water-logged condition of the soil—from tumuli recently excavated in the Altai territory. This is a hilly region in south-central Siberia near the Outer Mongolian border, rich in gold and known vaguely to Herodotus as the land of the Arimaspi. The natives in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. were in touch through trade with China, Iran, and the Hellenistic world, and their art reflects these influences as well as their local taste. Among the exhibits is the oldest surviving clipped woolen rug, the center filled with rosettes of a soft red, surrounded by an inner border of griffins and deer, and an outer border of helmeted horsemen in yellow and brown. Another large rug or grave hanging is of white felt with repeated friezes of figures representing a goddess seated on a throne holding a sacred tree and approached by a mustached horseman, his cloak flapping behind, all done in bright-colored felt appliqué. You will be fascinated by the fantastic, bright blue masks with red reindeer horns worn by the horses killed and buried with their master. The Curator who accompanied me hazarded the theory that the Eastern Scyths, before the introduction of the horse, had tamed the reindeer and, holding them in greater veneration, disguised the steeds for ritual purposes before sacrificing them.

But let me warn you this is not quite the end. Hidden away is the greatest surprise of all and one which I nearly missed. Almost the first question the Director, Dr. Artamonov, addressed to me during my interview with him was:

"Have you seen the Treasure of the Czars?"

I had visions of Fabergé diamond-encrusted Easter eggs and, realizing that the time at my disposal was all too brief, answered with a curt, "No."

"But you *must* see them. When will it be convenient for you to visit the Treasury—today, tomorrow?"

"Well, tomorrow at eleven?" thinking I could get it over with rapidly.

"Good! Tomorrow at eleven."

My guide was visibly impressed. "Is better we should be on time" was her opinion, and so we were. They conducted us to a small room on the ground floor of the Old Hermitage and inscribed our names in a ledger while my guide checked her handbag. Then a great steel door was thrown open, lights were turned on and—stretching almost from floor to ceiling were case after case jam-packed with thousands of gold objects, and nothing but gold. They had come from finds and excavations in Southern Russia and Western Siberia: the art of Hellenistic Greece, of Scythia, and of the Migrations. I had intended to spend at most an hour; it was 3:00 P.M. before I thought of tearing myself away. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world! Unforgettable is a Greek earring of the Hellenistic period in the form of a four-horse chariot driven by a Victory, perfect in every detail yet smaller than a dime. More Eastern in style is a small vase of the fifth century B.C. from Kerch, decorated with figures of Scythians binding up each other's wounds while one man pulls with his fingers another's tooth as was done in the Far East until fifty years ago. Because of the light this vase throws on ancient customs, reproductions of it are being placed in schools throughout Russia.

Finally there are the objects which appear to be wholly the artistic expression of the indigenous people, such as the massive gold shield boss in the form of a stag, its antlers forming a beautiful abstract pattern along its back, its feet drawn up and twisted beneath it, the body given in simple, generalized planes. Oh, yes! There were two rooms of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century jewelry, but they seemed vulgar and feeble in comparison. As my guide remarked, breaking stride for once: "Is best not to miss the Czarist Treasures." Best indeed!

Dan Lacy

FOREIGN AID:

Is it still necessary?

Congress is about to plunge into crucial debate on how we ought to use our main weapon —money—to accomplish America's aims abroad. Here are the facts on which it will base its decision . . . and a guess at what it will cost.

THE outbreak of fighting in the Middle East made it painfully clear that the order we had tried to maintain in that area is hopelessly unstable. Sources of the instability include pathological nationalism, racial and religious hatreds, embittered reactions to Western contempt, and inexperience in responsible government. But Poverty is its basis, the poverty that everywhere underlies these specific miseries—and not only the fact of poverty, but also the frustrating hopelessness of being so mired in want that no way out is visible. It was no accident that the recent tragic round of events was touched off by the abrupt and humiliating withdrawal of American support from the Aswan Dam project, one of the few symbols of ultimate escape from the economic morass.

The area's poverty itself cannot be removed in our lifetime. What is important is that its people experience the beginnings of steady, peaceful development and see for themselves that orderly growth can bring real and individual rewards. This is now going to be doubly difficult to bring about. The situation in the Middle East was allowed to deteriorate so far into chaos that only drastic action, if that, can restore its peoples' faith in their economic future. What is even more disturbing, in South and Southeast Asia and in much of Latin America, about which we feel no similar sense of urgency, a like disaster lies only a knife-edge away. Failure to create or sustain a sense of economic progress there can quickly lead to a situation as difficult as that in the Middle East. In the world's hungry half, as far as America's role is concerned, time is indeed running out.

Most of the world's people outside Europe and North America still live in a simple village society, practicing subsistence agriculture. In many ways, their life has grown poorer and more desperate over the past two or three generations, as more and more of them have pressed harder and harder upon their wasting soil resources. The people of these countries have generally shared in modern economic life only when they lived in large cities, or only in connection with the export of raw materials—like rubber and tin and jute—which was financed and controlled by foreign businessmen.

The already frail economies of these countries were disrupted—indeed almost destroyed—by the decade of war, insurrection, and civil disorder which followed 1939. Trade patterns were shattered: factories and railroads wore out and broke down when replacement parts could not be obtained; and markets disappeared. By 1949 the economies of the Asian and Middle Eastern countries, and even of all but the most fortunate of Latin American countries, had sunk far below their already pitiful prewar levels. Many of them faced famine and collapse. This background for President Truman's proposal of Point IV may help explain the almost hysterical enthusiasm with which it was received in the so-called "underdeveloped" areas.

Since then five important things have happened. First, several years of relative peace and stability—except in Korea and Indochina—have

enabled the traditional economies to regain most of their prewar effectiveness: roads and railroads have been restored, and people have settled back into the rhythms of work and trade. Second, the Korean war created a sudden demand for military raw materials, a dramatic shot in the arm to the producers of rubber, oil, tin, jute, chrome, manganese, and other needed items. Third, after a slip backward, the boom of the past two years in North America and Europe has been reflected, though rather feebly, in a steady demand for the products of the underdeveloped areas—especially oil and coffee. Fourth, the weather has been excellent for several years in South Asia, producing abnormally large rice and wheat harvests. And finally, the efforts at internal development in many of the countries have begun to yield significant returns in the simpler sectors of their economies.

As a result, per capita income has been rising, though not rapidly; conditions of life have improved; and acute famine is no longer a threat. But this improvement is shallow. Per capita agricultural production throughout most of the area is still well below even prewar levels; in Burma, for example, only about two-thirds as much food is grown per person as in 1938. And there are disturbing aspects to even the limited progress that has been made. It still depends on largely uncontrollable outside factors, such as foreign markets or the weather. Two or three successive failures of the monsoon might reduce India to a starvation level, and a marked business relapse in Europe or America could wipe out most of the progress that has been made in the past half-dozen years in the underdeveloped countries.

WHAT WE'VE DONE, AND NOT DONE

REAL progress has been made, however, in clearing the way for *future* growth. In 1949 few underdeveloped countries could have made much use of outside aid. Neither we nor they knew what their real problems were, or for that matter what was required for economic growth in general. Plans for development were nonexistent or fanciful. Inexperienced civil servants were rarely capable of handling the complex problems of taxation, budget, currency regulation, and inflation control involved in economic growth; and tremendous health, sanitation, and education programs were needed everywhere before true "development" could begin. There were no established channels for aid, and we were as inexperienced in giving it as they were in using it. Today, in most countries, these barriers to future progress have been visibly lowered.

The situation that confronts us now is very different. In the early stages of development much could be accomplished with very little capital, by organizing half-employed rural labor to use hand tools on community projects, such as building roads or digging wells. Better seed could be introduced and more efficient farming methods taught. Sanitation projects could be built. Cottage industries could be developed. But these limited means are no longer adequate. Many underdeveloped countries are now reaching a point where their need is not for more such projects but for outside capital, soon and in quantity.

Food production per person must now be increased, radically and quickly. Any reclamation project to accomplish this will require dams and power installations, which mean major capital imports. Industry is equally essential, and not merely village handicrafts, but productive factories which will show the full benefits of modern technology. This means even more capital. And neither industry nor agriculture can survive without increased power supply and radically improved transportation—again more capital. The economic development of two continents is threatening to grind to a halt, before momentum can be achieved, simply because it is capital-starved at the crucial point.

Our competitors and imitators, the Russians, have already begun to exploit this situation with attractive, if entangling, offers. Russian grain elevators, hydro-electric plants, and irrigation installations are being built or planned in Afghanistan; a Russian steel mill is under way in India; a Russian technological institute is announced for Rangoon; a Russian nuclear physics laboratory is designed for Egypt; Russian fertilizer mills rise in Yugoslavia. All told, Russian economic aid to countries outside the Soviet bloc now totals at least $600 million and may have risen to $1 billion. Soviet offers are dangling before other hard-pressed countries in Asia and the Near East and Latin America as well.

Some of this Russian aid is as clumsy and ineffective as were our own early assistance projects, but there is no reason to doubt its reality. It is the more appealing to many countries, especially in Asia, because in offering it the Russians say, in effect: "We, like you, were once poor and weak and despised by the rich and arrogant

countries of the West; but we have learned how to rise by our own efforts, without their aid. In a generation we have become so strong that even America fears us, and we will help you do the same thing." Few governments will choose stagnant poverty for their people rather than entanglement in this honeyed trap, especially if it is their only alternative.

But even if the situation abroad were less menacing, our economic relations with the underdeveloped countries would need to be reconsidered anyway. The foreign-aid bill before the last Congress was presented without enthusiasm by the Administration and approved reluctantly, with major reductions. As an indication of the general dissatisfaction, three separate committees have been created to restudy the whole foreign-aid program: one by the Senate, one by the House, and one—under the chairmanship of Benjamin Fairless—by the President. This dissatisfaction appears to result in part from the way military aid has been handled, in part from a growing recognition that our economic aims are not being achieved, and in part from pure confusion.

Confusion begins when you lump under the vague words "foreign aid" all sorts of transactions for all sorts of purposes. These include the $11 billion we spent, mostly through UNRRA, for emergency postwar relief and the $15 billion in loans and grants that went into the Marshall Plan and related efforts to get Europe back on its feet. Both programs were successfully, even brilliantly, completed and no further money is being spent for either one.

Nearly all of our recent "foreign aid"—about $25 billion in all—has gone to arm and maintain a ring of allies around the edges of Communist power. This sum includes more than $15 billion for weapons, equipment, and other direct military assistance and some $8 billion to bolster countries (like Korea, Indochina, Formosa, Pakistan, Greece, and Turkey) which have been involved in actual warfare or are supporting armies far beyond their means. Of foreign-aid appropriations sought last year by the Administration, seven-eighths were for defense aid, and of this two-thirds were for weapons.

The debate over these proposals was essentially a debate on military policy. The question in the minds of Congressmen had little to do with the economic problems of Asia and Latin America. What they were actually arguing about was whether American security was strengthened more by helping our allies or by spending the same money on our own air force. It is worth noting that the cuts of nearly $1 billion in the military aspects of the foreign aid were paralleled by an unsought increase of about the same amount in the Defense Department appropriation, to be used mostly for long-range bombers. The relatively minor sections of the bill relating to economic development received little attention.

What has happened, in fact, is that the "bold new program" envisioned by President Truman in the Point IV passage of his 1949 inaugural has never really been undertaken. Almost a year and a half passed before any funds were appropriated. Immediately afterward, the Korean war broke out and diverted the national attention to military matters. When it ended we might have turned our energies to more vigorous efforts, but by then we had a new Administration pledged to the reduction of overseas commitments and a Congressional majority which for years had described all economic aid as Democratic globaloney. The Eisenhower Administration has continued and even somewhat raised the level of purely economic aid in effect during President Truman's second term; but it has shown little interest in discussing foreign economic development as such, or doing anything decisive about it. As a result—though rapid economic progress for Asia, the Near East, and Latin America has been a stated objective of American foreign policy since 1949—we have only nibbled at the edges of the problem.

WHAT WE MUST DO, AND WHY

THE trouble with American aid is not primarily that it has been too little. We are spending almost enough abroad already, so far as totals go. The trouble is that our aid has too often been nothing but a by-product of other activities. We have been willing to pour out money to fight starvation or resist Communism or arm allies or get rid of farm surpluses, but not to meet the realistic needs of economically backward nations. To break the grip of stagnation on those countries, and to start a process of self-sustaining growth, is the most challenging social and economic task the world has consciously faced. Quite possibly it cannot be done. But certainly it cannot be done by scattered and oblique efforts. If we really want economic progress in those areas we will have to make up our minds to it, and aim our foreign-aid policies specifically at that goal.

A new foreign-aid program must extend and expand our technical assistance if it is to be

successful, and it must include a number of other elements. But its main component—its new central core—must consist of measures for assuring a flow of capital to the underdeveloped areas; and about these measures we should make six comments:

(1) The need for capital cannot be met by savings and investment inside the underdeveloped countries. A critical portion must come from abroad, mostly from the United States.

One of the persistent illusions about our foreign-aid program, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, has been the wishful thought that we need provide only "know-how" and that somehow all the necessary capital will come from savings within the underdeveloped areas, or from private investors, or from "hard" loans by the World Bank or the Export-Import Bank. Much of the capital, of course, will be raised within those countries. The materials and labor involved must in any event come out of the local economy—that is, they will represent people or resources either not fully used before or else withdrawn from previous local use. But not all, not even nearly all, the capital can be raised this way. There are two reasons for this.

One is that the capital needs of a developing economy in its early stages are prodigious. You need everything at once: land-reclamation projects; hydro-electric installations; roads, railways, and port facilities; factories; schools and hospitals; and a thousand other things. To some extent, one is useless without the other: there is no point in building a railroad with nothing to haul, or a factory with no power resources or rail facilities, or a hydro-electric plant with no industries to supply. Once development is progressing rapidly, each year's new installations can be financed out of the annual increase in productivity. But until the process is under way, the tremendous increase in investment necessary to get it started can come only from the outside or from the most severe reductions in consumption—that is, in living standards.

A second reason is that the ability to build up capital resources depends on the country's capacity to import as well as the capacity to save. No amount of local savings can pay for machinery, steel, and equipment unless it can be translated into hard currencies. A Brazilian industrialist may have the *cruzeiros* to finance a new cotton mill, but he won't know whether he can get dollars for the new machinery until he knows how the coffee crop will sell. Though the developing countries can, as indeed they do, take measures to ration their imports, there is simply no way they can now increase their exports to the industrialized countries enough to pay for the capital goods they need.*

(2) Private investment, though useful, will meet only a part of the need for foreign capital. Most of it will have to come from government sources.

As a matter of fact, given the nature of the projects, most capital for the basic elements of economic development in all countries has to come from governmental sources. Even in the United States private enterprise alone cannot build schools, roads, port improvements, canals, irrigation and major hydro-electric projects, hospitals, and railroads. Nor will American or European investors buy Asian or Latin American bonds except in small quantities and at prohibitive rates. Direct investment has only limited appeal to American businessmen, in part because of the insecurity and restrictions imposed by foreign governments, but even more because the opportunities for investment in Canada and the United States itself are so rewarding. As a matter of fact, the net flow of private capital is *into* the United States and Canada, rather than away.

American and European capital is likely to be invested in volume only in the production of oil and raw materials which Western industries continually and inescapably need. Recently another area for investment has opened up in the foreign production of simple consumers' goods, so as to avoid the tariff and currency difficulties of direct export from the United States. Both these types of investment are well worth encouraging, especially for the experience in modern technology which they offer to thousands of customers, employees, managers, and civil servants and for the general stimulus to modernization which their presence provides. But no underdeveloped country can expect from this source a flow of capital in any way adequate to its needs, or aimed to satisfy its most acute requirements.

* There are thus two gaps that cannot be closed without outside help; the gap between investments needed and what can be saved without coercion, and the gap between imports needed and what can be paid for by exports. As it happens, these gaps are generally of the same magnitude, and the dollars to cover the margin of imports will usually cover the margin of savings as well.

(3) Once an underdeveloped country is investing as much as it can, we should provide additional capital as rapidly as the country can absorb it without waste. This is not likely to cost nearly as much as you think.

Our natural tendency has been to gauge the need for aid at the lowest amount that will avert disaster. But if our purpose is literally to help the underdeveloped areas reach a level of self-sustaining growth, then it is in our interest to provide, not as little as we can get away with, but as much as they can efficiently use. Quite apart from the political and the humanitarian arguments, the quicker these areas reach a self-supporting stage, the cheaper it will be for us. We were able to finish the Marshall Plan quickly, successfully, and—for what was accomplished—cheaply, because we gave enough. If we had tried to make do with annual grants of half the size, we would still be pumping aid into enfeebled and stagnant economies today—if, indeed, discouragement and frustration had not already turned them to Communism.

It is impossible, of course, to estimate precisely the annual flow of capital that can be usefully absorbed. Proposals have been made that each of the advanced countries should annually contribute 2 per cent of its national income to an international development fund. This would involve an annual American contribution of some eight billion dollars. Though we could manage this, it is much more than the underdeveloped countries can use. About half the population of non-Communist underdeveloped countries is in India, and more than half the capital needs are probably in that country. Yet India's second five-year plan would require outside capital, public and private, of only about $500,000,000 a year. Even if we assume, as we probably can, that more rapid progress would be possible if larger funds could be had, the annual sum required in India would still remain below one billion dollars.

On this basis, annual demands on us are not likely to exceed two billion initially. Dr. Max F. Millikan and Dr. W. W. Rostow of M.I.T., after a careful country-by-country study, concluded that the maximum possible capital flow from all sources that could be effectively used would be no more than $3.5 billion, even if all countries reached their highest needs for outside capital at once. Actually, about $2.5 billion is a more likely maximum for any one year, in view of the widely varying stages of development.

This is a very large sum. But it is not much more than half our present foreign-aid program, and most of the present program, however useful militarily and politically, is unproductive economically. The amount is easily within our means. An effective foreign-aid program requires far-sighted intelligence, but it does not require visionary and impossible sums of money.

(4) *We can materially reduce the amount to be provided by the United States if we can enlarge, and most of all stabilize, the dollar income earned by the underdeveloped areas.*

The principal source of dollars, for their imports and their savings, are the earnings from the exports of underdeveloped areas. Foreign payments for Latin American exports between 1950 and 1954 ranged between $7 billion and $7.5 billion a year, while the total flow of both public and private loans, grants, and investments averaged only about $450,000,000 a year. A 10 per cent fluctuation in the volume or price of exports would have done far more than the whole flow of aid and investments together to determine the area's capacity to import capital goods. Countries like Venezuela or Iraq—which have large, stable exports—need no foreign aid for development. The needs of other countries arise largely from their lack of exports or stable markets. Wild fluctuations in the prices of products like coffee and rubber do special harm, since a single bad year can bring a devastating halt to all development, and the uncertainty discourages prudent investors even in bonanza years.

Perhaps the single most important factor in the recent progress of underdeveloped areas has been the growing market for their exports. If we can maintain a large and reliable market for their products, the amount of aid they need will be greatly reduced, and their progress will move more rapidly into the self-supporting stage. Earlier efforts to stabilize the price of coffee, rubber, and similar products—undertaken by the producer countries alone and usually in periods of declining markets—have generally ended in failure. But carefully planned agreements could be made to work, barring a general economic cataclysm, if the major buying countries were seriously and responsibly to participate in them.

(5) *"Hard" loans should be used whenever the transaction calls for them, but most aid will have to take the form of grants, which will be cheaper in the long run.*

Marshall Plan aid came almost entirely in

grants, as does our military and technical assistance. Both Congress and the Administration, however, have seemed considerably uneasy at the idea of outright grants for economic development; and a number of verbal devices have been used to conceal the practice. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, for example, has stated on the one hand that it prefers loans, not grants, but then again, it doesn't want the State Department to worry too much about collecting them.

This confusion of loans with grants is too bad, since it is likely to lower respect for obligations to pay, and make genuine loans from the World Bank or the Export-Import Bank that much harder to collect. Loans have important advantages in terms of self-respect for the borrowing country, and the prudence with which they are sought and used; but these advantages exist only when the loan is genuine, given because the borrower is a sound risk, and expects to repay in full. Many of the needs for capital in the underdeveloped areas meet such standards and can properly be met by business-like loans. When that is so, they should be dealt with through the World Bank and the Export-Import Bank, and the resources of those institutions should be increased accordingly.

We should not exaggerate, however, the ability of the underdeveloped areas to repay. Even the United States, fortunate and relatively painless as was our economic growth, defaulted during the Civil War and the panics of 1873 and 1893 on a large part of the foreign capital we had borrowed for building our railroad network and other nineteenth-century development needs. Most of the remainder was finally repaid only during the two world wars, when desperate European need for imports from us built up enormous trade balances in our favor. If it is in our interest to make the growth of these economies self-sustaining at an early date, then our least expensive course is to make outright grants and let increases in productivity be plowed back into further investment, rather than into debt service.

(6) ***Grants and loans for economic development should be made through international channels, if effective ones can be devised.***

At present, most international aid is given directly. This would be inevitable if the assistance were always given to forward the short-term political or commercial aims of the aid-granting nation. But if the purpose of the aid is indeed to assist economic growth, then there are powerful arguments for using an international channel. Above all, it allows the aid to be divorced from the shifting requirements of political policy, and permits it to be administered in the disinterested atmosphere of objective economic and technological considerations.

The Aswan Dam is a classic case. Though this seems to be technically a feasible project, its economic advisability is the subject of earnest debate. For Egypt to concentrate potential domestic savings and foreign aid for so many years on so vast a project, from which returns will be long deferred, would expose her to many problems. There would be strong inflationary pressures, and her government might be insufficiently experienced to carry through so complex and lengthy an undertaking. Would not a series of smaller projects, from which earlier returns could be expected, be a better immediate objective? On the other hand, the Aswan Dam, if successful, would give the maximum return per dollar, and might very well be the only project of sufficient mass and drama to break through Egypt's cycle of poverty-breeding poverty.

Though these are grave questions, they are capable of reasonably objective answers. Yet I suspect that our earlier offer to give support for the Aswan Dam was not based primarily on such answers, and certainly our abrupt and peremptory withdrawal of the offer was not based on a revised judgment of the project itself. These politically governed decisions, as you would expect, initiated a whole series of other politically governed decisions that seriously, and perhaps hopelessly, set back the opportunities for rational economic growth in the Near East. Had the decisions been entirely in the hands of the World Bank, or an organization in a similarly disinterested position, we might have had strong and hopeful progress instead of embittered chaos.

Because the interest of the United States does coincide with that of the underdeveloped areas, we have the most to gain from channeling foreign aid through an international organization. This is particularly true in connection with the rapidly growing Russian program. This aid, skillfully administered for Russian political gain, may become an increasingly effective instrument of Soviet penetration. If so, it will leave the United States in the position of either abandoning some countries to Russian influence or entering an absurd competition in gifts. One way out of this dilemma would be to internationalize our aid, which would compel

Russia to do the same or by implication admit her own political motives.

A further reason for using international channels is that many requests must be turned down for economic reasons even where national pride is emotionally involved. When an advanced country makes such a refusal, ill-will inevitably results; an international organization can much more easily afford the tough "No" when it is necessary. Also, the attachment of specific conditions to a loan or grant, frequently including supervision of its use, may often be necessary if the money is to be effectively used. This, like plain talk, is much more readily accepted from an international organization than from any single power.

There remain two serious questions. Does the United Nations have the machinery and the administrative capacity to handle a major aid program without its becoming a political football within the General Assembly and Security Council? Obviously the machinery of the UN itself is ill-adapted to so large an operation; but the record of the World Bank shows it is possible to create a special agency—insulated from direct political considerations, staffed by expert professionals, and free of the veto—which can act promptly and well. The proposals for a Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development (SUNFED), though vague as to administration, lie along this line.

The second is whether aid so predominantly from the United States can be made international by calling it so. If 75 or 80 per cent of the contributions to SUNFED or any similar organization are provided by the United States, which seems unavoidable, won't the United States necessarily dominate the organization and be held accountable for its decisions?

This is not an easy question to answer. We are confronted with what Gunnar Myrdal has called "the awkward fact of the United States' bigness." No international organization, even the UN itself, has been entirely able to escape an unhealthy dependence on United States support. But United States "dominance" has not necessarily resulted. We provide most of the funds for the UN technical-assistance program and the World Bank, and the president and many of the senior executives of the latter. Yet they have been able to maintain a genuinely international character. The mere fact that policy decisions have to be openly discussed within an international board does much to assure recipient countries that aid is not being offered from concealed motives. Much would depend on the wisdom and self-restraint of the United States; if we are wise and far-sighted enough to commit our grant program to the UN, we will doubtless be wise enough not to forfeit the advantages by trying to exploit our position.

WHAT COMES FIRST?

THE necessities of such a program as this have never been laid before Congress. The Truman Administration did not go beyond technical assistance; the Eisenhower Administration has done somewhat more, but has concealed most of what it has done under the name of defense assistance or surplus-crop disposal. The belief has somehow been accepted that spending United States funds will be approved by the Congress and accepted by the people only on the grounds of immediate self-interest, preferably assessed in naked military terms.

Yet a look at the legislative record suggests the contrary. The Marshall Plan, requiring a considerably larger expenditure than Asian aid is likely to, and offered to Communist and non-Communist countries alike, was approved in a Republican Congress, with bipartisan support and wide popular backing throughout its history, and is generally viewed today as a wise and successful undertaking. The Point IV program has similarly enjoyed enthusiastic popular support and in Congress has become almost noncontroversial. Even in the heated debates of the last session, it was not the economic aid but the military aid that was attacked and reduced.

There is a latent humanitarianism in the United States that feels an obligation to do what we can to make the benefits of technology available to everyone. There is also a growing awareness of how inseparably our own future is linked to that of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, and a wide dissatisfaction with aid to those areas as it now is given. There is a widespread realization that only immediate and massive action can recover our position in the Middle East and avoid similar collapses elsewhere.

With the simultaneous fracturing of the Western and the Soviet alliances, we have arrived at another of those turning points in history where our decision will shape the course of events for years to come. So far our reaction to the challenge has been narrowly and unimaginatively political, with the result that we alienated our friends in Europe and joined hands with

. . . toward increasingly better teaching

Those who have thoroughly studied the education problem that America faces realize that there is no one easy solution—no panacea. But most would agree that two of the essentials are more teachers and increasingly better teaching.

More than ten years ago General Electric sensed that industry had both a responsibility and an opportunity to help improve the quality of teaching in some areas where there was a common interest. So, in 1945, there was inaugurated at Union College, in Schenectady, a graduate-level summer refresher program for fifty teachers of high-school chemistry and physics.

The success of this first program led to establishment of others for science and mathematics teachers. In the summer of 1957 a total of 300 teachers from 38 states will be attending six such programs, financed by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund: in physics and chemistry, at Union College and Syracuse University; in physics at Case Institute of Technology; in mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Purdue University and Stanford University.

The objectives of these programs are twofold: to allow the teachers to bring themselves up to date in the rapidly changing subjects which they teach; and to let them bring to their pupils firsthand testimony on the practical applications in industry of the fundamentals of their subjects. The second objective may be the more important, for children are motivated to pursue energetically those studies for which they can see more practical use. Also, the teachers report that they now understand more clearly how our industrial system works. So, although the academic work is directed by the college faculties, a vital ingredient has become active participation by General Electric personnel.

It is hard to measure anything so intangible as teaching results. By now, a total of 1,600 teachers have held these General Electric Fellowships. If, as a result of their summer experience, their teaching has improved, this improvement has had a chance to rub off on an estimated 750,000 pupils who have attended their classes. And every year the number increases by arithmetical progression.

We have been pleased to see, during the past few years, establishment of a growing number of programs designed to help and encourage teachers, backed by a number of companies and foundations. Even more significant than their very substantial contribution to education is the evidence they give of widespread interest and participation in what must be one of America's chief concerns. When industry looks for ways to help education, it seems clear that the greatest results can be obtained through those programs that have a "multiplication factor" built in. And the key person is, in our opinion, the teacher.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

the Soviets in the slim hope of courting favor among current regimes in the Arab world. We do right, as the British and French well know, to make certain that the Russians do not monopolize the role of champion, among the colored and formerly colonial peoples, against the West. But we cannot do so by moralizing and legalisms empty of real content. We can do so only by openly asserting our long-range self-interest—by announcing unequivocally that the rapid growth to self-sufficiency of the underdeveloped areas is a fixed and paramount objective of United States policy.

Only the President can clearly and authoritatively state such an aim. And if, with his enormous prestige, he were forcefully to urge upon the Congress a well-constructed program for achieving it, Mr. Eisenhower would almost certainly get what he asked for. If he does not, the forces blindly opposed to any kind of aid will mobilize themselves in the vacuum, and a negative decision will be made by default. At the first international economic downturn, the slender margins of growth in the underdeveloped areas will be wiped out, leaving as the only alternative for half the world's people a road that leads into the future only by way of tyranny. We have fortunately been spared this decision long enough to learn that we can make it realistically, in careful concern for our own survival. President Eisenhower, freed by the election from any dependence on the bitter-end isolationists in his party, has the country behind him and an unparalleled chance to exercise his leadership.

It will not come again.

SEA WIFE by W. S. Merwin

There must be so many souls washing
Up and down out there just out of sight,
You would think the sea would be full; one day
It will surely be full and no more sea.
We will not live to see it. You can see
That the eyes of fish, used to staring at souls,
Can never believe us: standing up and breathing air.
So much the sea changes things. Husbands
Maybe you never know, but sons, fathers,
Above all brothers—they are fished from us
And gone in the holds of boats, and only
Strangers come in to us from the sea, even
If sometimes they be the same strangers.
Or else their names, sounding like strangers on
The church wall. Us too it changes; just
With hating it our eyes take on its distance
And our hair its blowing whiteness. But we
Are the same, here with God and the bells. And the boats,
Maybe they are the same when we see them.
But we were never close to them, they were always
Untouchable as though in bottles. Do not learn it
From us; the bells are old and impartial
And upright and will tell you: beyond
The last channel nun and the cape horn
God is not righteous, doom calls like women,
The fish wait for friends. God is our rock here
In His goodness. The bells tell where He is.
They tell of His righteousness, and they moan seaward
Mourning for the souls, the souls, that are lost there.

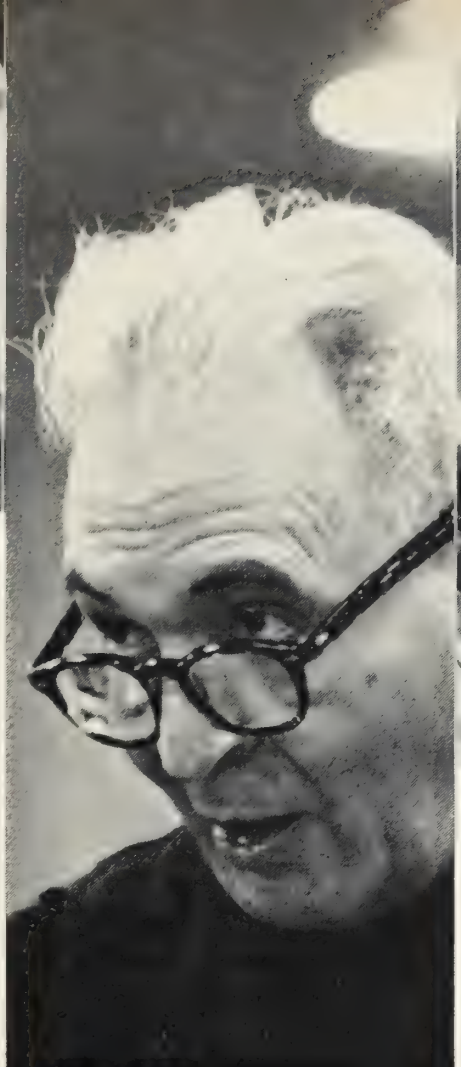


DE"
ERNSTEIN

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'Candide," pre-
Broadway, December
. The triumphant
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Bernstein. A com-
enormous range and
Bernstein has
at once to provide a
melody and kid the
serious music.
up to just about the
possible musicals.

Max Adrian, Robert
, Barbara Cook, Ira Petina
ginal cast. OL 5180 $5.98

SOUND OF

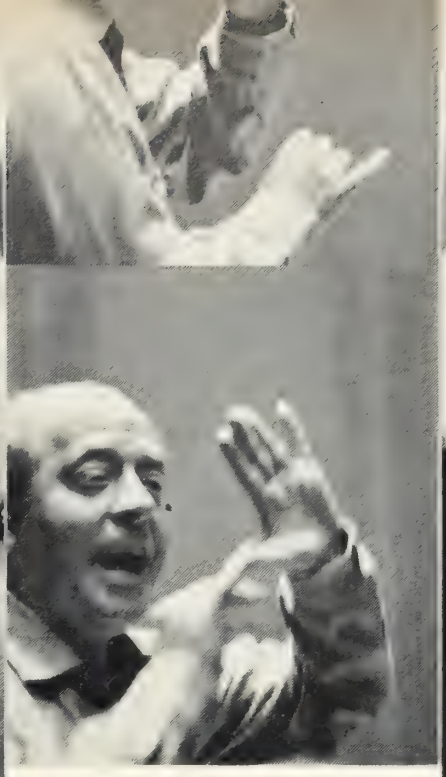


THE LAST GREAT ROMANTIC

Today, in his 80th year, Bruno Walter is a unique combination of the old and the new. Side by side in him exist the great musical tradition of late 19th century Vienna and the vitality of our own age. It is difficult to imagine a man more qualified to conduct the works of Schubert. Only an artist nurtured in the Romantic tradition could breathe such warmth and loving care into this sublimely Romantic music. Under his hand, Schubert's music emerges lyrical and buoyant. He caresses it and it takes flight!

SCHUBERT: Incidental Music for "Rosamunde"; Symphony No. 5 in B-Flat Major—Dr. Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 5156 $3.98

GENIUS IS ON



COPLAND COMPLETED

The original score for Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" called for a chamber orchestra of just thirteen instruments. Later, in preparing the Ballet Suite (which won the Pulitzer Prize for music in 1945), the composer orchestrated a condensed version of the work. Two seasons ago, Eugene Ormandy persuaded Copland to furnish full score for the sections previously omitted. One notable addition was the dramatic episode in which the young bride of the story anticipates motherhood. Her reactions . . . joy, fear bordering on hysteria, and wonder . . . are vividly revealed. This complete version of the ballet is performed here by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, along with Copland's earlier masterpiece, "Billy the Kid."

COPLAND: "Appalachian Spring" and "Billy the Kid." ML 5157 $3.98

COLUMBIA

A Division of C B S

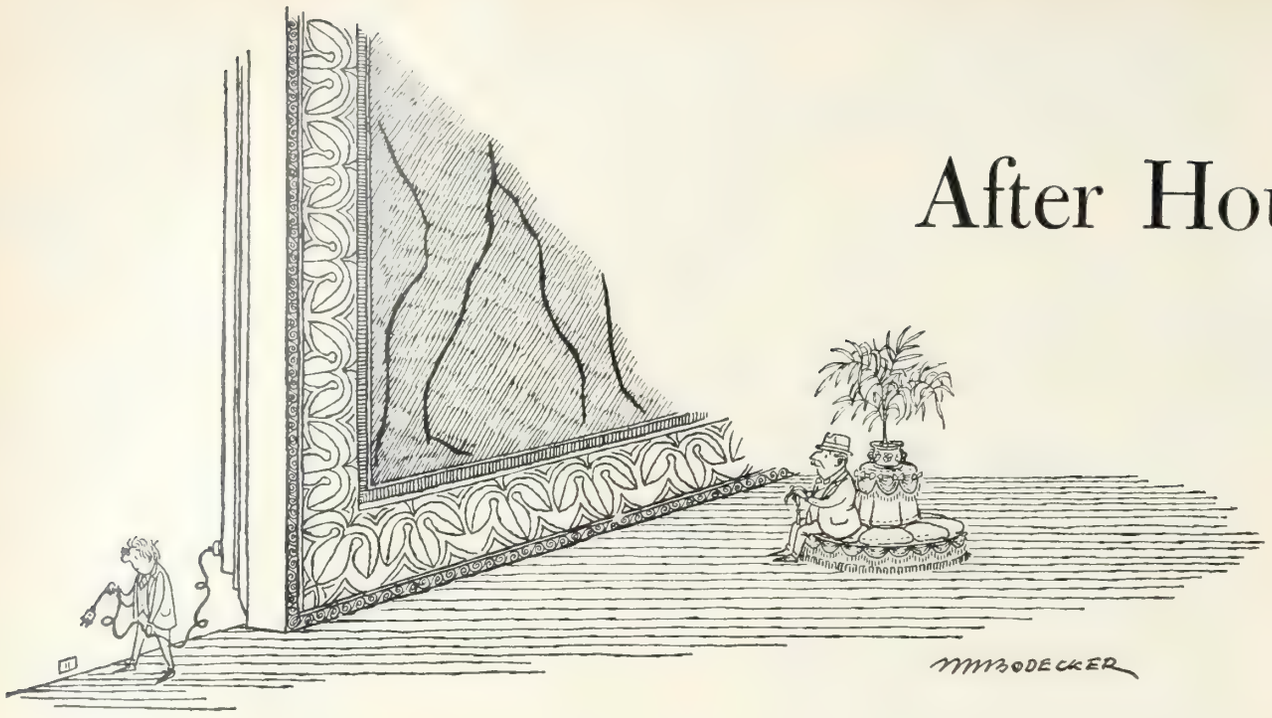


A DRUM IS A WOMAN

In 1941 Duke Ellington first outlined his plan for an elaborate musical fantasy paralleling the history of jazz. He thought then and still thinks of jazz in terms of a woman and a drum. This idea exploded into the story of Carribee Joe and his drum, which became a woman known as Madam Zajj. Joe, a primitive, wanted to remain with the jungle. Zajj, the sensuous, gaudy, sophisticated siren that is jazz, wanted to travel. She did . . . from the West Indies to New Orleans and 52nd Street. The Duke's musical account of this journey is his most ambitious and accomplished achievement in many years!

A DRUM IS A WOMAN: Margaret Tyne, Joya Sherrill, Ozzie Bailey, Duke Ellington's Orchestra and Chorus. CL 957 $3.98

RECORDS



After Hours

LARGE AS LIFE

NOT as infrequently as you might think, someone stops at the membership office of the Metropolitan Museum and asks if all of the paintings he has just seen in the galleries are "originals." Several years ago when there was a large exhibition of paintings by Van Gogh at the museum, the manager of the museum's bookshop discovered that many people who looked at the reproductions of some of the paintings which he had on display in a room nearby thought they were the originals and that their prototypes in the exhibition were reproductions. Very confusing. The fact is that many people are so much more used these days to looking at reproductions than at paintings that they find paper more convincing than paint. For one thing, most reproductions are brighter than the originals (many of which are darkened with layers of varnish) and to some eyes they are prettier for this reason.

We live in a world of secondhand experience of the visual arts, an experience peculiar in many respects to our century. There have, of course, been reproductions of works of art—copies in the same mediums (paint, stone, or whatever), engravings, drawings—for a very long time, but as Marshall Davidson has said: "To a very considerable degree the history of art has become the history of that which has been photographed." Now that color photography has attained such an extraordinary degree of verisimilitude and some reproduction processes such accuracy, the paper world of art has become everybody's oyster. With so much simulated pearl around it is no wonder that some people have trouble telling it from real pearl.

One of the most misleading things about most reproductions of works of art is the important matter of scale. How big is it? Printed dimensions on a reproduction may be instructive, but they do nothing to the retina to make a picture as large as it may be. *Life* Magazine has solved this problem for the moment for the reproduction of some pictures. At the Metropolitan, as this is written, are fifty-one reproductions (which *Life* calls "Illuminations") of as many paintings, all (with one exception) in their original sizes. These reproductions (which are transparencies in color lighted from the back) are likely to be somewhere in your neighborhood before too long, wherever you live. They are going on a tour of America, and they are worth your trouble to see; whether you like them or not, they are in many respects impressive.

They have evoked some critical appreciation and a good deal of beefing from the purists who believe that museums should not be party to showing mechanical reproductions of works of art. Museums, it seems to me, should be places where people can find refreshing visual experience. The *Life* illuminations will be refreshing to some people, nostalgic and in some respects upsetting to others who have traveled widely and seen the originals of the pictures reproduced. But nobody is likely to be bored by, say, a full-scale reproduction of El Greco's "Burial of the Count of Orgaz" which is roughly twelve feet wide and sixteen feet high or the magnificent "Resurrection" by Piero della Francesca from San Sepolcro, which is about nine feet by ten. To quarrel with reproductions of this sort is to quarrel with the whole system of modern communications—to say, for example, that we shouldn't broadcast symphonic music because it is filtered through a machine and thereby loses some of its quality. "Live" painting is more impressive to the eye than "canned," just as live music is more impressive—but *Life's* reproductions are, to pursue the analogy, pretty remarkable hi-fi.

Some are a good deal hier-fi than others. The selection of pictures ranges across the whole panorama of Western painting since the beginning of the Renaissance—from Giotto's fresco of "The Betrayal of Christ" in the Arena Chapel and Masaccio's "Expulsion of Adam and Eve" in the Brancacci Chapel, through the early Flemish and German masters to the High Renaissance and down by the usual stages (and by way of the most famous names) to the near present. Item

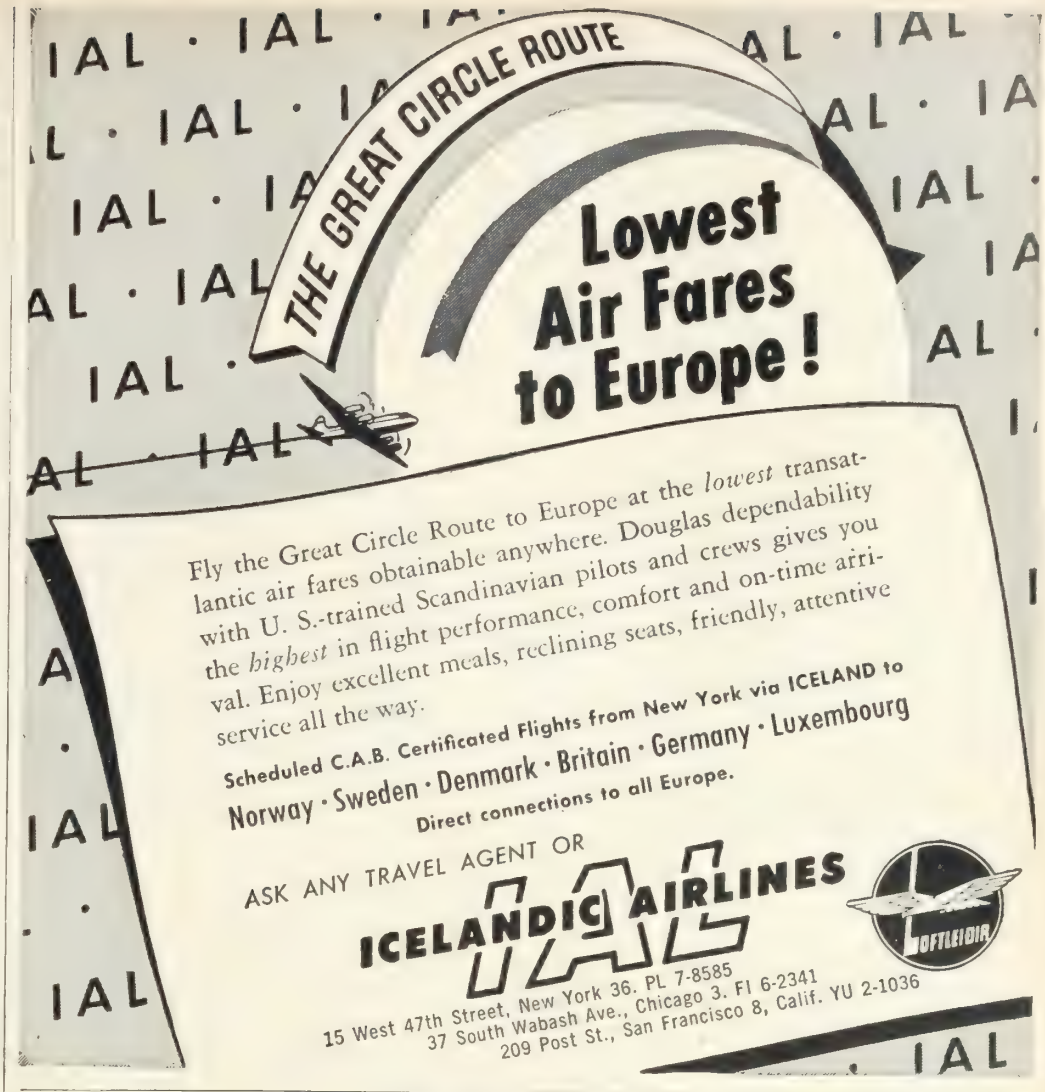
number fifty is "Composition in White, Black and Red" by Mondrian, a simple abstraction that drives believers in pictorial realism into a fury. Some of the illuminations (they are mounted in big "light boxes") look a good deal more like paintings than others. They were all made by the same process—photographed on 8 x 10 color film, enlarged on strips of acetate, seamed almost invisibly, and lighted with fluorescent lights from behind—and they are mechanically remarkable. Why some of them should be more successful than others is a nice problem, and the answer obviously lies not in the process (which was the same in all cases), but in the nature of the pictures reproduced.

The answer is both simple and complicated. Where the surface of the painting is built up of layers of paint and glazes (as in the Van Eyck and in the Venetians, for example) the reproductions are far from convincing. When the paint is a sort of flat skin on the surface—as in the frescoes, in the Ingres "Odalisque," and in some of the modern paintings—it is extraordinarily successful. The camera can only photograph the surface, the top surface, in this case, of paint. It cannot move over the surface and through it, as the eye can, and see the reflected light. When a surface built up of transparent layers of color is lighted from behind it goes flat; it loses its glow and its subtlety which come from a play of light. It is for this reason, I think, that the illuminations that really knock the eye out are the frescoes by Giotto, Piero, and Michelangelo.

In some respects the most remarkable feat of the exhibition, and the only picture not done in full size, is the quarter-scale reproduction of the Sistine Ceiling. It is forty-two feet long and mounted as a vault on a metal frame above the head. It is pieced together out of twenty-seven negatives, a job that took a photographer and his assistants two and a half months to complete. As an art education device it would be almost impossible to beat.

In the employees' publication of the Metropolitan Museum (called the *Buzz*) appeared the following item:

". . . a little boy, looking up at





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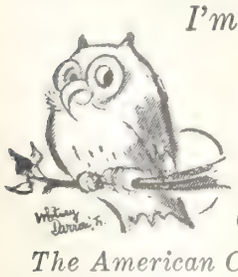
Please send booklets on UNITARIAN beliefs.

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Cancer can't strike me, I'm hiding.

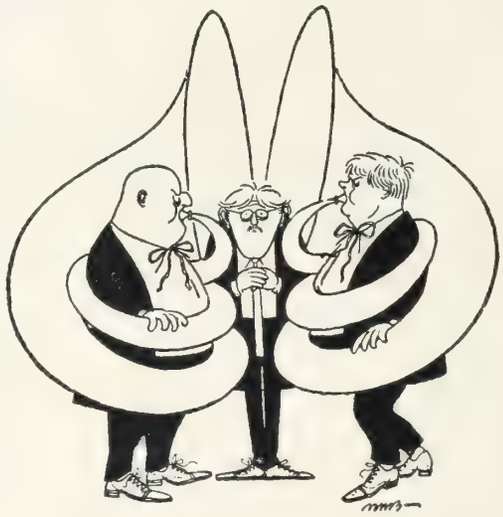


Cancer?

The American Cancer Society says that too many people die of it, NEEDLESSLY! That's why I have an annual medical checkup however well I feel. I know the seven danger signals. And when I want sound information, I get it from my Unit of the

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

the balcony [where the 'illuminations' are exhibited] at five minutes before five o'clock the other day turned to his mother and said, 'Look, Mummy, they're turning the paintings out!' "



SOUNDS OF THE TIMES

THE musicians are at it again. Or, rather, they sound as though they were. Even for an industry whose normal state is one of uproar, slightly tempered by litigation, the present noise and fury seem unusually loud. A Los Angeles trumpet player named Cecil Read is leading a long-awaited chorus of revolt against James C. Petrillo, boss of the American Federation of Musicians, three-quarters of whose members are not musicians: and Read's cause has been sustained and amplified not only by the courts but by the *Reader's Digest*. The composers are just as loud in battle. Their two rival associations are engaged in a $150,000,000 law suit and one side has gone so far as to accuse the other, before a Congressional committee, of being responsible for Elvis Presley.

Surely there is no other department of American cultural life so poorly run. Music is prospering as never before, but the position of the people who write and play music is still confused, uneconomic, and despot-ridden. The actual, by-hand performance of music on instruments has of course been subject to recurrent assault by a succession of mechanical substitutes—the phonograph, movies, radio, and TV—and the state we are now in is substantially the product of cumulative attempts to protect the professionals against the machine by combining against it. Unfortunately, since each new combination has to be coercive to succeed, it is easily tempted to coerce the public. Petrillo's solution has been to institutionalize the unemployment of musicians by converting their union into a gigantic make-work project, in which the working support the non-working. The composer's solution was a monopoly (ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers) followed by a countermonopoly (B. M. I., Broadcast Music, Incorporated), both with tremendous power over—and economic interest in—the popularity of a given song. One was allied with the movies; the other is allied with radio. Both, as a means of retaliatory warfare, are now simply washing each other's dirty linen in the public prints.

And the public, as usual, is not paying much attention. There are moments when it has had to, like the great music drought on radio in 1940, when the broadcasters lost their ASCAP licenses and had to dig into the public domain and the few pieces that B. M. I. then owned. This is known as the Jeannie-with-the-Light-Brown-Hair Period. But as a general thing the battles of the titans take place largely in the newspapers and seem to have little relation to the music we hear, which goes its way from fad to fad and style to style on what seem to be unrelated cycles. This is one new feature of the present squabble. ASCAP's case against B. M. I.—which is being waged at the moment by something called, with staggering candor, the Songwriters' Protective Association—is partly based on an *argumentum de gustibus:* the allegation that B. M. I. has degraded American music by preventing the public from hearing anything better than B. M. I. songs, some of the rock-'n-roll favorites among them.

If this is true, and if it is the kind of question that can be settled only in a court of law, then we have decidedly entered a new era in American music. The idea that B. M. I. can be held publicly accountable on a matter of musical judgment pervades the ASCAP argument, but it was expressed in the plainest terms by Billy Rose, before the sub-committee headed by Emanuel Celler

hat has been investigating mo-opoly in broadcasting. It was Mr. ose who introduced the fatal name f Presley.

"When ASCAP songwriters were ermitted to be heard," he went on, Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, and Eddie antor were our big salesmen of ngs. Today, it's a set of untalented witchers and twisters whose appeal s largely to the zoot suiter and the uvenile delinquent."

This, even if it were not nonsense, ught to be beside the point. As matter of fact, the ASCAP argu-ent includes many more specific omplaints against B. M. I. for ressuring broadcasters to play . M. I. music and not ASCAP mu-c, and for all I know the worst they y of one another, these charges in-luded, may be justified. But the esis that the public likes only what gets to hear, which Mr. Rose and thers on the ASCAP side are rely-g on, is a dangerous one. In the rst place, it cuts both ways; if it is ue now of B. M. I., then it was ue before—in spades—of ASCAP. the second, it contains a built-in obbery. The worst that Mr. Rose n say of B. M. I., on this logic, is at it has let the music business be vaded by *canaille,* who should w be ejected for the public good. ongressman Celler has earnestly sured the *New York Times* that e has no desire "to choose the Hit arade," but it is hard to see how e can endorse the ASCAP case with-t asserting the right of Congress intervene in questions of taste. nyhow, the juveniles may scream Elvis today, Congressman, but ey'll be voters tomorrow.

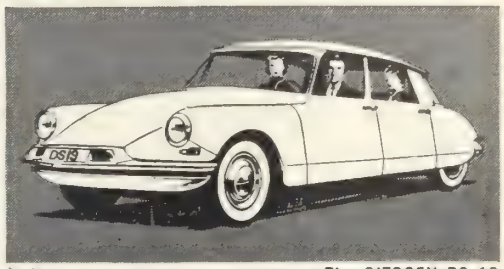
HAT is conspicuously lacking re is a spokesman for the public terest. Those of us who pay for usic are now going to pay, in ef-ct, a large number of lawyers to ex-ange propositions no less absurd an Mr. Rose's and even less rele-nt to music. There ought to be, as orris Ernst suggested recently in *ariety,* a "small group of disinter-ted people who, representing the timate users of music, could be lled upon to outline a democratic arket place in which creators of usic could get a greater share of e national income, uncontrolled the buyers of the music." Some-body has got to be willing to pro-ceed, as neither side apparently now will, on the assumption that the public knows what it wants and that nobody in the culture business is entitled both to buy and to sell largely from himself.

When you start out trying to "protect" music by resisting change, you wind up eventually where Mr. Petrillo is, with a vested interest in obsolescence and the cordial hatred of the real musicians—as opposed to the people who played banjo at a fraternity dance forty years ago and now largely fill his union. The real musicians are an odd lot, at best, and they tend to suffer in silence. Even though there aren't enough jobs to go around, it's difficult to make a decent living without holding three or four of them at once and the consequent in-fighting can get rough. One concert instrumentalist who began his career in Europe told me that he was amazed to discover over here that a man might drop in on a symphony any time and try for a place; where he came from you didn't think of auditioning for a chair until it was vacant. The cure for this situation, if there is such a thing, is not to go on pretending indefinitely that it doesn't exist.

ALL of which makes the revolt against Petrillo a very hopeful sign, even if the hopes of its succeeding are slim. Musicians are preyed on by so many different varieties of parasite that they have to acquire courage and confidence in their art, if only in self-defense. The musicians who are backing Cecil Read, moreover, are not afraid of competing in the world of television and tape recording. They think they can get along with it—or are, in fact, rather stimulated by the prospect it offers. Here again there is a need for some way in which their ultimate audience, the consumers of jazz and concert-hall tickets and high-fidelity records, can reach out to them with an indication of our joint interest in the commodity, the music itself. Lacking it, the musicians can only make common cause among themselves. "Don't miss that article on Petrillo in the December *Digest,*" I heard one say to another, at a party. "It's a gasser."

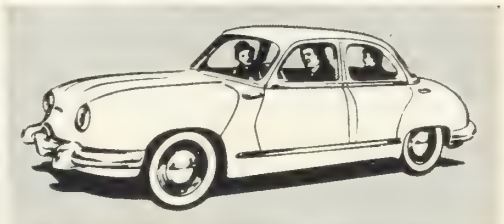
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PAUL PICKREL

Experience and Control

OFTEN when you read a whole book of short stories by a single writer you suspect that the stories are less rewarding than they would be if they were read separately, because you see the author repeating his effects or reshuffling his material in such a way that the stories diminish or impoverish one another. But Robert M. Coates's **The Hour After Westerly and Other Stories** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) has an interest as a collection greater than the interest of the individual stories that make it up, and curiously enough its cumulative effect derives from the very fact that all the stories deal with the same thing.

Coates is fascinated by the loss of control, by the moment when a man finds that the ordinary tensions in his life have gone slack and he hovers in indeterminacy—an experience like confidently climbing stairs in the dark and finding that the next step isn't there. The typical leading character in a Coates story is no longer quite in charge of his own life, either through some unexpected combination of external circumstances or some swift failure of inner impulse, and in consequence he discovers that he is a far stronger person and the world he lives in a far stronger place than he had supposed.

Coates is extraordinarily ingenious in varying the situations in which he examines this subject. Some of the stories are conventional in method, others borrow devices from science fiction, and still others are in effect essays developed through anecdotes. But taken together they amount to more than an exercise in ingenuity, for they offer an insight into the nature of experience that is by no means negligible.

If I read his work correctly, Coates sees these moments of loss of control as the realest part of life; he seems to say that it is only when the assurances of routine fail or accustomed motives sag that experience can get through to us; only then can we learn anything new or find out who we are or what we are up to. In the two characters he portrays who have achieved unusual control over their own behavior, one a bank embezzler and the other a man who learns to hear people's thoughts, Coates shows that their control in the end destroys them.

Sometimes it is hard not to have the feeling that Coates rather hangs back from facing the full consequences of what he sees in these stories. His view is a mystic's—real experience is not something we achieve; it is rather something that breaks through the crust of our lives; we are not what we make of ourselves or think of ourselves but what we discover ourselves to be when the mind skids. In a few stories Coates deals with men who consciously lose control, who surrender, and these stories have vaguely religious (and happy) endings. Sometimes he can only manipulate the consequences of loss of control without developing them. An example concerns a mild-mannered middle-aged commuter who suddenly discovers that he is quite capable of killing his spouse. But then the story deserts moral exploration for Saki-like hankypanky, ending with the somewhat predictable revelation that the commuter's wife has made the same discovery as her husband.

At his best, however, Coates can follow through his subject to a grave and understanding conclusion. Such a story is "The Reward," an account of a surly tedious old man named Camp whom the narrator, more or less against his will, befriends. He gets no thanks for his pains; the old man seems to do everything he can to make the relationship impossible. Then, after the old man dies, the narrator comes across unmistakable evidence that Mr. Camp had been attached to him, that their relationship had been the one emotional tie of the old man's last days. The story is a study in the terrible concentration of energy that the very old must exert in order to stay in control of the most commonplace

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situations, and a recognition that even through such a tyranny of control the experience of affection can still penetrate.

WHAT THE SPENDTHRIFT SAVED . . .

THE two main characters in Brendan Gill's new novel, **The Day the Money Stopped** (Doubleday, $3), are brothers—Charlie and Richard Morrow, the sons of a deeply loved and respected New England lawyer who has recently died. They are the eternal Tom Jones and Blifil of fiction: Charlie, the older, is spontaneous, outgoing, wasteful, charming, irresponsible, and always in a jam; Richard, the younger, is discreet, prudent, prosperous, steady, and always in control of the situation.

On the occasion of the novel the brothers meet in their father's old office, now Richard's. Charlie has raced up from New York because he needs money fast and wants to get his hands on his share of the father's estate. But it turns out that he has no share. His father has bailed him out of one kind of trouble after another and tided him over one disaster after another until Charlie has had more than he is entitled to already. With the father's death the money has stopped.

This would seem to be the end of the story, and the end of poor Charlie, but it isn't, because the inheritance the father has left his children is double—there is the money, which has been disposed of in the will, but there is also the human inheritance—what the father was, the family past, which the sons must deal with as they can. The father was as generous and loving as his sons had assumed, but that was not the whole truth about him. He had made his mistakes: he had probably driven his wife to insanity and suicide; he had probably had a mistress and perhaps an illegitimate child.

Richard, the man of control, knows how to deal with the monetary inheritance but he cannot face the human inheritance. Charlie, who has wasted not only his money but also, by the world's standards, his life, has retained an openness to experience that enables him to face the facts. Because he has so often skidded disastrously in his own life he can accept the revelation that his father skidded too. And in fact he can use his acceptance of experience as a kind of good-natured blackmail over the prudent Richard.

So the novel ends in a paradox: the man who is really in control of the situation is the uncontrolled, spontaneous man. He has stayed alive because he has let life go on happening to him, and as a result he is not caught off-balance.

Gill develops his story with great skill and charm. He deals with his characters so fairly that each seems to have the right on his side as he speaks. The action is lively, full of sudden revelations and reversals and recognitions. *The Day the Money Stopped* is so much like a play that it must have been written with the stage in mind. The action takes place entirely in one room, on a single morning, and it involves a very small cast of characters. Such limitation gives the story a slight artificiality that is unnecessary in fiction, but it also results in a concentration and economy that are correspondingly unusual.

For all their dissimilarity, *The Day the Money Stopped* recalls O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night.* The tone of the two is very different—Gill's book has high spirits and ends happily—but both are concerned with sons seeking to come to terms with their parents' mistakes; both are concerned with accepting and forgiving the past. Gill's conclusion, I take it, is that those are most capable of accepting the past who are most capable of living in the present, because both require the same thing—an ability to reconcile the ambiguity of life with its finality.

. . . AND WHAT THE LOSER WON

IN **The Guardians** (Norton, paperbound, $1.35) J.I.M. Stewart—who is better known to readers of mystery stories as Michael Innes—recounts another struggle over a man's estate. Here the inheritance contended for is the collection of unpublished writing and art-objects of a late-nineteenth-century Oxford literary man, a critic and aesthetician something like Ruskin. The guardians of the collection (and of the book's title) are the dead writer's two impoverished spinster daughters, one of them old and dying and acutely mindful of her duty as her father's daughter, the other younger and wanting freedom from the burden of the paternal past.

It is unnecessary to tell of the various contenders for the collection, and it would be unfair to tell why the older sister decides to dispose of it as she does, because the chief charm of Stewart's book lies in the intricate plot he builds around the situation. But it is permissible to reveal that the man who wants the collection most loses it, and when he has a second chance refuses to have anything to do with it.

The reason for his strange refusal is such as the reader of Coates's stories will understand. When the man fails to get the collection, a major motive of his life is destroyed; he is suddenly open to new experience, and he finds it much more delightful than what he has lost.

The Guardians is in many ways an ingratiating book—the characters are neatly touched off, the comedy well turned, the plot inventive. But I am bothered by the extent and exactness of its imitation of Henry James. There are whole pages



Senator Fulbright

discusses the Fulbright Scholarship Awards with you in the

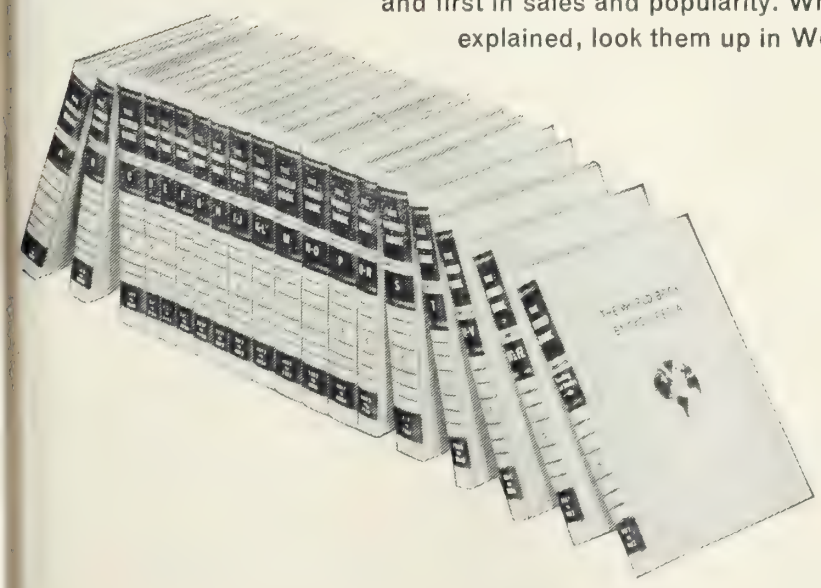


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Certainly, no one is better qualified to explain the functioning of the Fulbright Scholarships than the founder himself. That's why the editors of the World Book Encyclopedia invited Senator J. W. Fulbright to author the informative article on the government-awarded scholarship which permits study or teaching in other lands.

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EDITOR AT LARGE



When Camera Three, one of the few bright stars in television's lackluster cultural diadem, devoted a program to Joseph Conrad, the television section of a New York newspaper referred to him as a "Russian-born novelist."

One cannot expect TV editors to know much about books. When you spend your time looking at creatures 21 inches high, it's hard to adjust to the life-size human beings found in the pages of books. Still, one would expect even the youngest TV editor to know that Conrad was not a Russian, but a Pole.

To bring this editor up-to-date, I'm tempted to send him the new book, "The Sea Dreamer," the definitive biography of Conrad, by Gérard Jean-Aubry, which has been published by Doubleday in this, the year of the 100th anniversary of Conrad's birth.

Doubleday has always had a particular interest in Conrad. We were his American publisher, and most of his novels are still in print on the Doubleday list. We also published a few years ago, under the Hanover House imprint, "Tales of Land and Sea," a collection of twelve of his best stories.

For those who don't know Conrad, "Tales of Land and Sea" is a fine introduction. And for anyone interested in one of the great writers of our century, "The Sea Dreamer" is a must.

It is a story as fascinating as any of his own tales, this account of a sea captain who became a master of the English novel, even though he was born (Are you listening, Mr. TV Editor?) in Poland.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Sea Dreamer" ($4.50), by Gérard Jean-Aubry, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Land and Sea" (695 pages for $2.95) and other Conrad novels, including "The Secret Agent" (75¢), a paperbound Anchor Book. All of these books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston 7.

written in the most precise Jamesian manner, even to the choice of adverbs and their placement in the sentence. This will of course worry no one unfamiliar with James, and perhaps it should worry no one at all, but for me it gives the book the effect of being an exercise in ventriloquism, and ventriloquism, though it is a worthy enough accomplishment in itself, is not one of the highest arts.

STILL a third novel concerned with an inheritance is **Tower in the West** by Frank Norris (Harper, $3.95). Norris' main character (and the narrator of the story) is one George Hanes, whose considerably older brother, Jeff Hanes, was a great American architect of the generation of Frank Lloyd Wright. Jeff's career was cut short by an automobile accident just before the first world war, but he left behind him a tangle of effects, including a good many plans for buildings that were never built, a bitchy wife and two children, and one masterpiece, the St. Louis skyscraper which gives the novel its title.

Since George is an idealist deeply devoted to his brother's memory, he proceeds to sacrifice himself to this inheritance, first by marrying Jeff's widow when she finds herself pregnant by another man, later by trying to help in the rearing of Jeff's children, and always by working to preserve Jeff's great architectural work, the Tower, against the depredation and destruction that threaten it.

The novel is a study in the cost of idealism, and its symbolism suggests that Norris means it to be read not only as an account of the part idealism can play in one man's life but also as an interpretation of the vicissitudes of American idealism in the last forty years. But the symbolic method is so diffuse and undisciplined that this thread of meaning does not come to much of anything.

In fact, I cannot make much of the novel as a whole. Since three eminent members of the literary world have awarded it the ten-thousand-dollar Harper Novel Prize, I assume that the book has some distinction that escapes me, but escape me it does. The writing is leaden and sometimes hardly grammatical. The characters are for the most par trivial people to start with, and a they go on they are swamped in wearisome mass of irrelevant detai endless names of streets and hotel and restaurants; in the end yo know all about the clothes they wea and the houses they live in an (most tiresome of all) the drinks the drink, but you hardly know mor about them than you did when yo started. Obviously all this detail ha been very carefully worked up, bu there is a question whether it suffice to make a novel.

THE LAMP AND THE DAR

Till We Have Faces (Harcour Brace, $4.50), the latest novel of th versatile C. S. Lewis, makes explic (if not overexplicit) the theme th lies behind Coates's stories. Wh Lewis has done in this book is take the myth of Cupid and Psyc and turn it into an allegory religious experience.

As everybody knows, Psyche w the mortal maiden who had the g Cupid for her husband, on cond tion that he would come to her on in darkness and she would never s him. This arrangement suite Psyche well enough, but her sist talked her into lighting a lamp o night, in order to see her immort lover as he slept. A drop of oil fro the lamp fell on his shoulder, wakened and fled, and Psyche w left alone.

Lewis retells this story from t point of view of Psyche's older sist the ill-favored princess of the ima nary kingdom of Glome. The pr cess has come under the influence Greek rationalism; since she trusts any experience that will fully reveal itself to the eye of t intellect, she persuades Psyche light the fateful lamp. The story less Psyche's than the princess'; it really an account of how she ca through the trials of a long a difficult life, at last to accept t validity of experience of the known.

Doubtless many will derive pro and instruction from Lewis' st but for those who do not share premises, and for some who do, will seem a rather thin allegor tion of a wonderful myth. Le writes a cool detached prose wi



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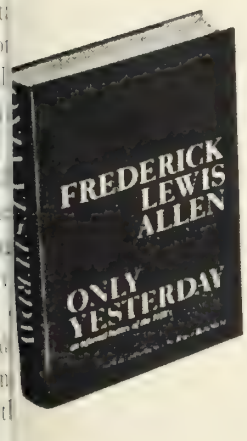
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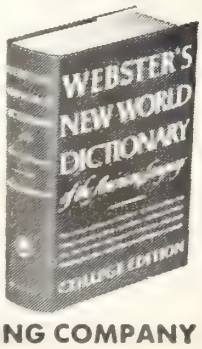
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little emotional color, which often serves him brilliantly but which here seems too pale for the subject.

LIBERTY STREET

NOW I turn from recent fiction to some new books of a generally autobiographical nature. The first, **The Papers of Christian Gauss** (Random House, $6) is a collection of autobiographical sketches, travel diaries, transcriptions of classroom lectures, correspondence, and other incidental writing by the famous late Dean of the College at Princeton. It has been edited and movingly introduced by the Dean's daughter (and my colleague in this column), Katherine Gauss Jackson, in collaboration with Hiram Haydn.

According to those who knew him, as I unfortunately did not, and on the evidence of these *Papers*, Dean Gauss was a man so multifarious in his interests and activities, so generous of his time and learning and ideas to students and colleagues, and so deeply committed to his responsibility to the community, both on campus and at large, that his formal publications offer no adequate index to his scope and achievement. He was the kind of man of whom it can be said with a good deal more accuracy than Oscar Wilde said it of himself that he put his talent into his books and his genius into his life. So a compilation of this sort, much of which catches him in his habit as he lived, is a particularly happy way of preserving something of his abundance.

As might be expected, the sections of the book vary in interest. The correspondence with F. Scott Fitzgerald is disappointingly slight, though amusing in part because Fitzgerald wanted to return to Princeton to give a lecture series, which Dean Gauss fended off with affectionate consideration because he knew what a disaster it would be. The best things are the charming autobiographical sketches, the diaries as Dean, the long and fascinating correspondence with Edmund Wilson, and an extended examination of the heedless spirit of the 'twenties in a letter called "The Younger Generation."

This last is the most revelatory of anything in the book of Dean Gauss's approach to the problem of control and experience in his own life. His temperament drew him to the classical ideals of self-control and restraint, and he had little or no sympathy with kicking over the traces for the sake of kicking over the traces. As a scholar he found the past much too valuable to destroy it out of caprice. But at the same time he had a deep and lasting commitment to freedom; when his father emigrated from South Germany to Ann Arbor he declined property on Main Street in order to set up his bakery and bring up his children on Liberty Street, and his son never forgot where he had grown up. Throughout the years he read and loved Byron, because Byron was for him pre-eminently the poet of liberty. Consequently he retained all his life, as the later correspondence with Wilson shows especially well, a remarkable openness to new experience, and he combined it with the kind of self-discipline that enabled him to turn his experience into accomplishment.

THE younger generation Dean Gauss addressed in his exploration of the temper of the 'twenties are now the fathers of our younger generation. They came to manhood in the decade after the first world war, these in the decade after the second world war. To the first Gertrude Stein gave the name "the lost generation," but various attempts to label the second have failed. After reading **The Last Parallel** (Rinehart, $3.95), a diary kept by a young man named Martin Russ during his service as a marine in the Korean war, I wonder if the best name would not be "the cool generation."

The Last Parallel is a fine piece of war writing, but it is even more interesting as a piece of self-revelation. Much that it reveals is of course the author's particular (and particularly winning) personality, but I think he represents, in a heightened and more self-conscious way, something that is typical of his generation, youth's own accommodation to the falsity and tentativeness of the Cold War era.

Russ's characteristic way of meeting the world combines a kind of theatrical exuberance with a passionate devotion to honesty. He ap-

proaches experience through a series of roles, as he writes in a series of languages—the language of jazz, the language of drug addiction, the language of the sexual underworld, even at times in Latin of a sort that anyone can read except a Latinist. But the object of all this improvisation and make-believe in pose and prose is authenticity in experience and expression. Where the lost generation wished to sweep aside all pretense, Russ uses pretense as a way of testing reality.

Russ's ideal of "playing it cool" is in its way his own resolution of the problem of control and experience. He controls the situation by acting, by putting on a mask, but he retains his spontaneity by being always aware that he is only acting, and that the next step in experience may require a different mask.

A very engaging book, though the vocabulary and other considerations make it unsuitable reading for the ladies. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

ANOTHER autobiographical record of wartime experience is **Give Us This Day** (Norton, $3.50), Sidney Stewart's account of his nearly four years as a Japanese prisoner, from his capture on Bataan to the end of the war. It is a wonderful book. To have survived what Stewart recounts would be feat enough for any man, but to make a book of it, a book as beautifully written, as superbly decent, and as profoundly felt as this, is really an extraordinary accomplishment.

Here is the individual's control over his life reduced to an absolute minimum; here is experience reduced to its most degrading. Yet the account of it Stewart has written is actually a work of devotional literature—an expression of devotion to the men who were with him, of devotion to the honor and beauty and mystery of life, and of religious devotion.

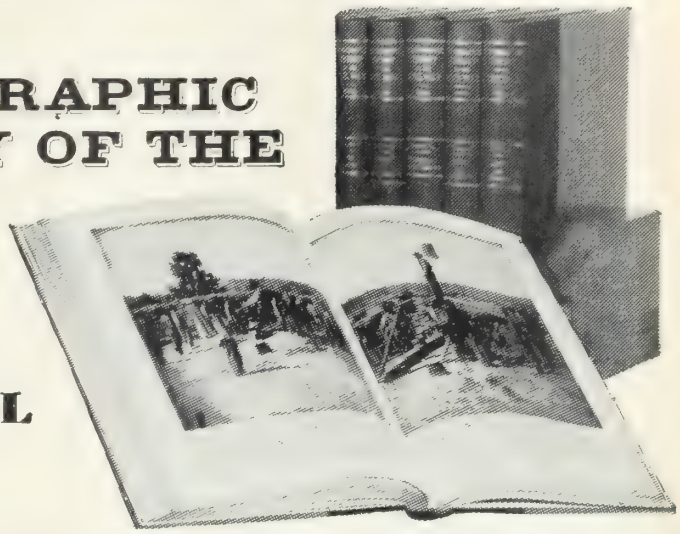
THE LONG HAUL

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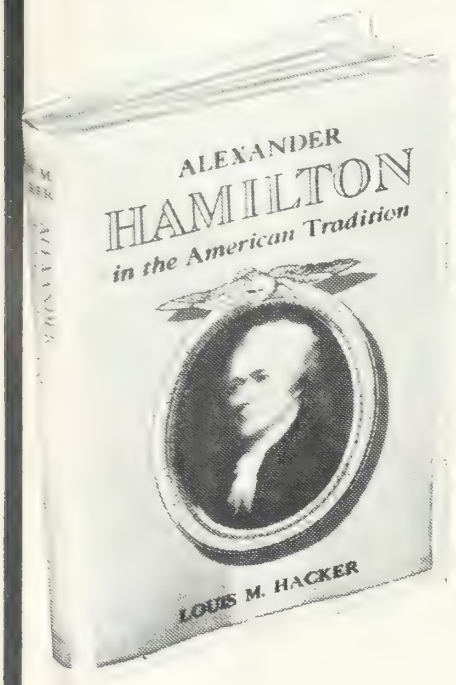
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$4.75), is an exploration of the place of awareness in the whole great pattern of animal life.

The book is based on a comparison of what might be called, though Krutch is too good a scientist to use these terms, the automatic animals and the aware animals. From his close observation of the insects in the desert where he now lives and from his reading in the works of the great entomologists, Krutch writes fascinatingly of the intricate social structure and marvelously controlled behavior of the insects, but he makes the point that all this behavior is (to use my word) automatic, that is, unlearned and unaware.

A moth, for instance, will return unerringly to lay her eggs on the kind of leaf that the young will be able to eat when they hatch out, although she cannot as an adult eat that kind of leaf herself. It is wonderful behavior but it is unaware; if you wipe her eggs off the leaf as she lays them she is undisturbed. But when you get a little way above the insects on the evolutionary ladder you begin to get awareness. A bird will worry about her eggs, and when you get as high as a dog or cat the mother, as everyone knows, can show great concern for her young and go to considerable trouble to train them up in the way that they should go.

Krutch elaborates this comparison with many enthralling details; he is a fine nature writer. But his object is more than entertainment, for he believes that the Darwinian account of evolution in terms of survival value does not adequately explain the aware animals. For pure survival value the automatic animals have it all over the aware animals, he argues: their societies are less fragile, their young less dependent, their staying power enormous. If the object of life is survival, why did nature fail to stop with the automatic animals? Why did she venture out on a whole new avenue of life? Krutch's nature, like Socrates, thinks that the unexamined life is not worth living, or at least not worth living exclusively; she seeks to know herself, to be aware of herself as experience.

This idea is not new of course. It has had less appeal for biologists than for literary men like Samuel Butler and G. B. Shaw, both of

Leslie D. WEATHERHEAD

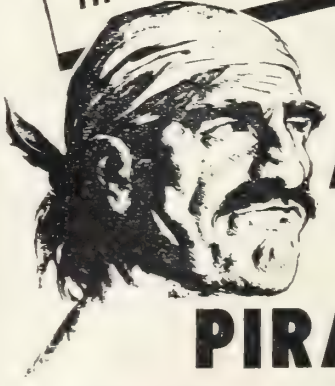
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whom unfortunately contaminated it with their conviction that acquired characteristics are inherited. I suppose that the difficulty with the idea lies in supposing that nature "wants" anything, but I leave criticism of Krutch's thesis to the experts and only record that, whatever its worth, the observation of animals that he brings to its support is extremely fine.

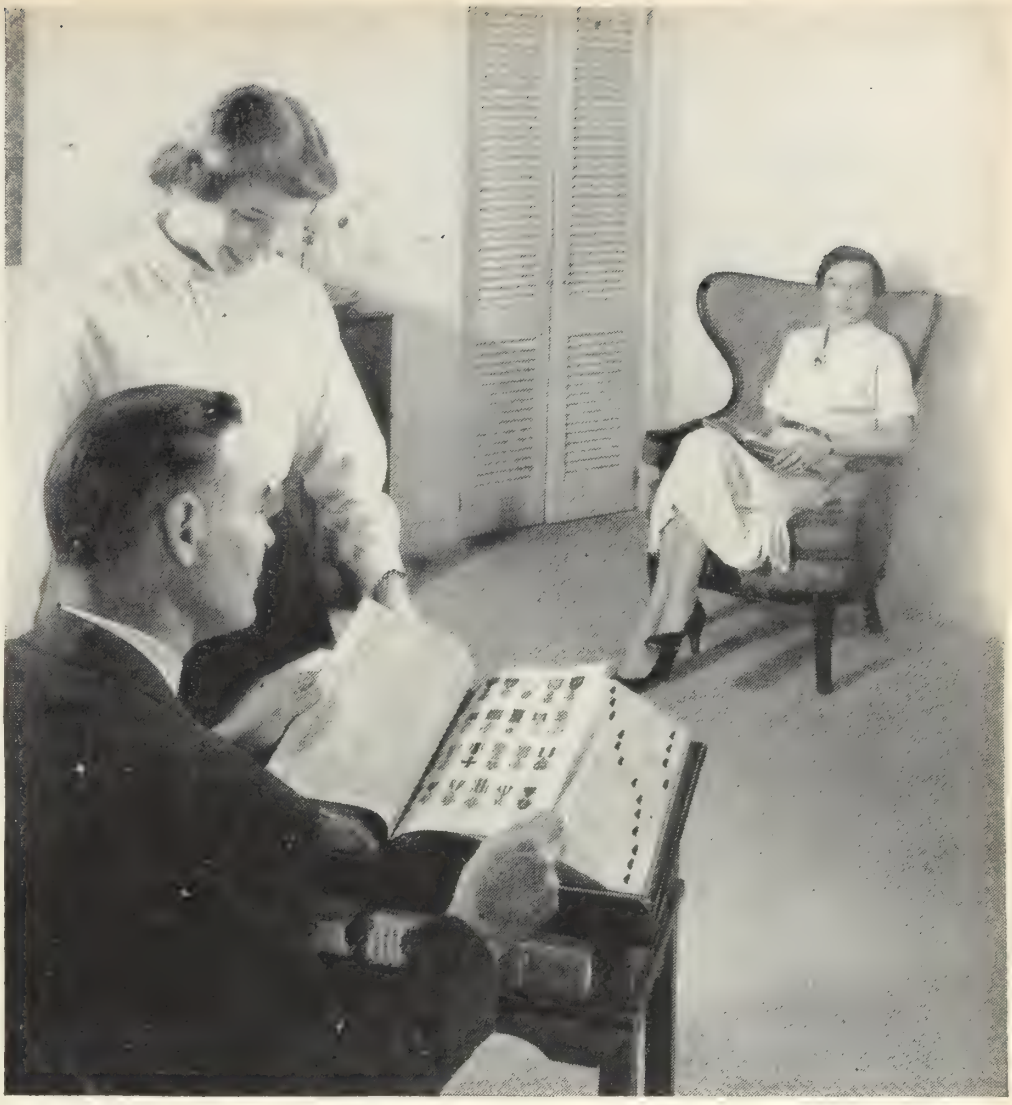
FOR those who have never read Darwin in the original, as I had not, there is an excellent opportunity to repair that omission in **The Darwin Reader** (Scribner, $6.75) edited by Marston Bates and Philip S. Humphrey. The book starts off with Darwin's highly interesting brief autobiography and continues with generous samples of most of his important works. In the autobiography Darwin confesses that he went to great trouble to write well, and he succeeded. Most of the book can be read by any fairly intelligent reader whether he knows an amoeba from an amphibrach, and absorbing stuff it is.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Distant Music, by H. L. Davis. The framework of any of Mr. Davis' novels about the pioneers in the Northwest is always richly hung with stories, poetic or Paul Bunyan-like in their legendary quality and salty humor. This novel is no exception. It is about three generations of men named Ransom Mulock and their psychological and physical struggle with the stretch of land that the first Ranse staked out in 1858 below Clarke's Landing on the Columbia River. The three Ranses; Medora, the Indian-bred white wife of the first Ranse; Lydia, the daughter of an itinerant carpenter from even farther west, move in and out as the central characters of the story. But the real *deus ex machina* is the land for which so much was sacrificed and from which so much was



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A Light for Fools, by Natalia Ginzburg.

A quiet novel, but a distinguished one about two Italian middle-class families just before and during World War II. It begins slowly as the reader is introduced to the characters and the daily life of the households in the small town in northern Italy, but it builds in momentum and intensity until one is entirely absorbed. The problems are the problems of our time—freedom, war, loyalties—and beyond that, the troubles and joys of any time—love, birth, death, sacrifice—set, as they always are, against their background of human triviality and greatness, inevitable sorrow and irrepressible frivolity. A wise and satisfying book. Dutton, $3.95

The Philadelphian, by Richard Powell.

What is there about Philadelphia? Is there any other city (maybe Boston? maybe Charleston?) that has inspired so many writers to try to explain its peculiar quality? Struthers Burt wrote *Philadelphia, Holy Experiment* years ago. Then, of course, there's *The Philadelphia Story*. And now a seventh-generation Philadelphian, a vice-president of N. W. Ayer, the oldest advertising agency in the country, writes a novel examining four generations of Philadelphians with a searching but not unkindly eye. What comes through is a real sense of the geography and architecture of the city in the different eras; a less convincing—though it may be accurate—picture of the kinds of people and conventions that have gone into making today's "old Philadelphian"; and a plot so intricate and compelling (one wedding-night story to end all such) that the best sellers must already be moving over to make room for it. It begins with an Irish gir coming to the city of brotherly lov

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

in the 1840s to go into service and escape the result of the potato famine; takes up the story of her illegitimate daughter by the scion of one of the best families; and ends with the decision of the great-grandson, a lawyer now firmly established in Philadelphia society, to go into politics. (See page 49 for another discussion of Philadelphia politics.) His decision, the author points out clearly, is the result of the cross-currents of passion and determination in the line of women behind him. (The men really don't count for much here. Does the author mean it is a city essentially shaped by women?) A tall tale, if not always a thoroughly credible one.

Scribner, $3.95

NON-FICTION

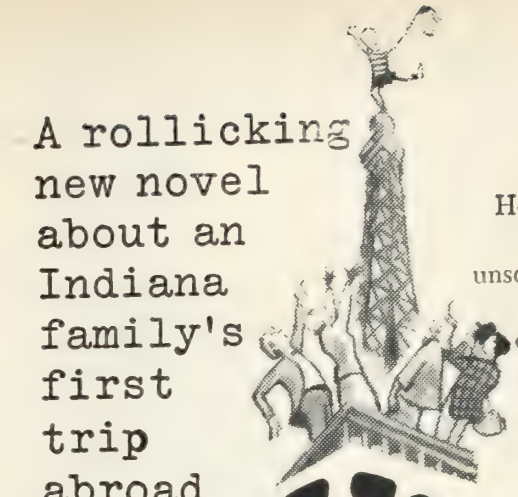
The Muses are Heard, by Truman Capote.

"When the cannons are silent the Muses are heard" is a phrase the Russian hosts of the *Porgy and Bess* company were fond of reiterating. This account of the company's trip to Russia just about a year ago is fascinating on any number of levels. It is a lively, dramatic report of Russian attitudes toward art, toward Americans, toward food, clothes, and life in general. It is full of vivid descriptions of the Russian countryside and cities. It is a gallery of sympathetic portraits of the *Porgy and Bess* cast and the large group of people who traveled with them—Mrs. Ira Gershwin and her diamonds; Leonard Lyons wanting stories; the Ira Wolferts; Willem Van Loon; the beautiful and amusing Nancy Ryan, secretary to the Breens, who produced the show. And Mr. Capote has used his novelist's technique in creating real suspense while everyone waited for the opening night in Leningrad for which they had come so far. A really remarkable tour de force and absorbing reading from the first moment.

Random House, $3

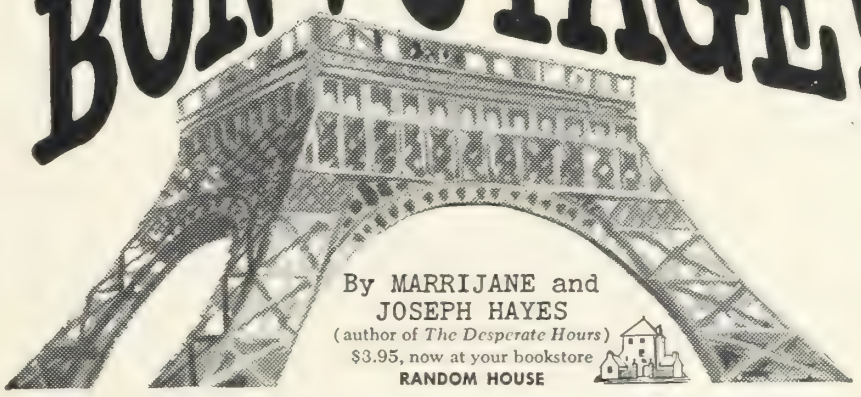
This seems to be a theater season. On December 10 the *New York Times* carried a story headlined: "City Will Permit Burlesque Again" and as if in preparation, Putnam issued on December sixth and seventh respectively two books, *A*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Pictorial History of Burlesque and *The Ziegfeld Follies.*

A Pictorial History of Burlesque, by Bernard Sobel.

It may surprise quite a lot of people to know that burlesque can be said to have started with Aristophanes, but that is only one thing which will startle the readers of this nostalgic and lively book. It is divided between pictures and text about the art form which began in America as a combination of minstrel show and Extra Added Attractions and reached glorious heights with the elaborate productions of Mr. Minsky. Eye-filling history here.
Putnam, $5.95

The Ziegfeld Follies, A History in Text and Pictures, by Marjorie Farnsworth.

This is more of the same on a more glamorous and perhaps a slightly more refined level. Gaiety, nonsense, and beauty forever young leap out of the pages to record poignantly the sensations if not the sense of an era. Billie Burke's foreword and picture (the lovely actress, not a Follies girl, who made theater history by marrying Flo Ziegfeld) are documentary delight all by themselves. Putnam, $5.95

Shortly before Christmas—to jump from the frivolous to the sublime—the New American Library completed a two-year project, the publication of the final two paperback books in a six-volume series—The Mentor Philosophers. They cover the development of philosophy from medieval times to the present, "from St. Augustine to Sartre," each volume a selected group of the basic writings of the era edited, and with introduction and comment, by a distinguished modern scholar.

The Age of Belief: The Medieval Philosophers, edited by Anne Fremantle, Associate Professor at Fordham University.

The Age of Adventure: The Renaissance Philosophers, edited by Giorgio de Santillana, Professor of History and Philosophy of Science at M.I.T.

The Age of Reason: The 17th Century Philosophers, edited by Stuart

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Hampshire, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

The Age of Enlightenment: The 18th Century Philosophers, edited by Isaiah Berlin, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

The Age of Ideology: The 19th Century Philosophers, edited by Henry D. Aiken, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard.

The Age of Analysis: 20th Century Philosophers, edited by Morton White, Chairman, Department of Philosophy, Harvard.

All of the above are now available in Mentor's paper binding at 50¢ and all but two—*The Age of Adventure* and *The Age of Ideology*—can be purchased at bookstores in Houghton Mifflin's hard covers at $3. The last two will be available in hard covers in April.

FORECAST

And Still More Theater

1957 will be full of reflections from the footlights. On May 1 Harper will publish *Gypsy: A Memoir* by Gypsy Rose Lee, who turned from dishabilleuse to author without losing stature in either profession. Doubleday plans to publish sometime during the year Eddie Cantor's reminiscences, *Take My Life;* Holt will publish *Too Much, Too Soon,* the memoirs of Diana Barrymore written with Gerold Frank, one of the authors of *I'll Cry Tomorrow;* Harper will publish Fred Astaire's life story as told to Cameron Shipp; another "as told to," with no publisher yet assigned, is Helen Hayes' story written with Kanette Kuner, which will start running in *Good Housekeeping* in February; Lippincott plans for early summer or next fall a study of the popular music business called *Don't Stop the Music* by Hazel Mayer; Henry W. Simon has written for Hanover House *The Festival of Opera,* the stories of 129 famous operas; and for next year's Christmas Rinehart plans a big anthology of pictures and text covering the last twenty-five years of musical theater in America, *The Liveliest Art,* edited by Nat Shapiro of Columbia Records and Patricia Newell.

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BERNSTEIN

It's been some time since Leonard Bernstein first emerged as a synthesizer of the modern musical art. The collection of Bernsteiniana from Columbia (below)—including re-workings of his "Omnibus" TV shows—indicates how far he has progressed, full-tilt and in all directions, yet becoming more and more himself.

Back in the early 1940s, I took a bevy of junior-college "appreciation" students to hear him play the somewhat forbidding Piano Sonata of Aaron Copland (Camden 214) and talk about it, too, in his own informal way; the girls were charmed and not only by the Bernstein presence and magnetism. It had never occurred to them, I suspect, that "classical" modern music could ever be talked about at all. They listened to Copland twice through, in one concert.

I also saw and heard the young Bernstein rehearse an orchestra at Tanglewood and there, too, it was obvious that a surprising new directness was at hand, for he had a natural, plain-English, let's-get-down-to-business approach that amusingly contrasted with the flowery efforts of other conducting students, who aped old Maestro Koussevitzky to the last imperious gesture without managing to communicate much of anything in the process.

It wasn't long after this that Bernstein, the serious composer, moved straight into modern ballet with "Fancy Free" and from there on to a full-fledged Broadway musical comedy and to success in the movies—while at the same time entering the symphonic conducting field, classics and all. It was an odd combination but the times were ready and Bernstein was the man to do it.

True, Gershwin had tried out "classical" writing much earlier and Copland, Ravel, and many others had dabbled in the jazz idiom. But Bernstein was the first to bring these areas together both comfortably and permanently. He began to obliterate the old self-conscious clumsiness between the two, and he bent both of them, jazz and "classical," toward the third, musical comedy, for a further synthesis. All this was not so much in theory as simply in practice, in example and action.

Before this, he had already done a less spectacular job of sub-synthesis within the "serious" contemporary field. His musical idiom blended the individual idioms of the big modern leaders—Copland, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Prokofieff—more easily, more impartially, than any other in his generation of composers. You can find them all in him, still, if you want to, but the synthesis is as perfect in its way as, say, that of Bach or of Mozart among the men who preceded them. Whether Bernstein's music itself is that "great" is not the important thing. What matters is the easy new musical language, which he has helped so much to develop, in so many fields.

He is a performing synthesizer too. An expert pianist if not a great one (see below), he was an original and exciting lecturer until his conducting career silenced him—for by convention a conductor must never utter a sensible word. His ability with forthright English was put aside, until TV came along and, with its healthy insistence that all its performers give voice, restored Bernstein's speech and gave him the new role of conductor, pianist, *and* commentator.

I think the best of Bernstein, given these many facets of his work, is the fresh, straightforward clarity of his spoken ideas—for here, too, he synthesizes. He has a first-hand understanding of musical composition and he can put it over to the layman with none of the aesthetic fussiness of the old-time "appreciators" nor the too-academic professionalism of the more knowledgeable teachers. He can talk of jazz and the classics with equal authority and with essentially the same interest, the same casual impressiveness; to hear him is to know how quickly the musical world has changed yet how firm are the old stars in their appointed places—Bernstein says more to the layman about the Beethoven Fifth in a few minutes of simple comment, *with the music,* than whole generations of high-flying writers and orators have been able to do without it (see below).

In these times of enforced specialization, Bernstein is a kind of musical Thomas Jefferson, a professional in a dozen areas who somehow retains the broader outlook of the enlightened amateur, and who can still feel that music—all of it—is for anybody who's interested. He's good for our musical self-respect.

Bernsteiniana

What is Jazz? L. Bernstein, commentator, with Buck Clayton, Bessie Smith, Miles Davis, Louis Armstrong, *et al.* Adapted from "Omnibus." Columbia CL 919.

This long, two-sided TV bombshell explains in casual terms, illustrated by Bernstein himself and by various jazz musicians alive and on records, where jazz came from, what are its musical elements and style, giving a remarkable historical perspective in terms of the recent past, the present, and future. The weakest portion of the recording is the fairly conventional explanation of syncopation—most of us can feel syncopation well enough, whether we like it or not, to dispense with this section.

But the rest, quoting from notable jazz artists, contrasting the blues sung with "blue notes" against a "classical" straight singing of the same, a saxophone with vibrato and without, and the long exposition of various styles and techniques based on the simple tune "Swee Sue," is top-notch and unprecedented in

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WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Monteverdi: L'Orfeo (complete). Soloists, Staatliche Hochschule Choir, "Sommerlich Musiktage 1955" Orchestra, Hamburg, Wenzinger. Archive ARC 3035,36 (2).
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Massenet: Manon, complete. De Los Angeles, sop., Henri Legay, ten., Michel Dens, bar., chorus and orch. Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique. Monteux. RCA Victor LM-6402.

Bloch: Quartet no. 1 in B minor. Roth String Quartet. Mercury MG 50110.

Mozart: Fantasia in C Minor (K. 475), Sonata No. 10 in C Major (K. 330), Sonata No. 14 in C Minor (K. 457). Rondo in A Minor (K. 511). Wilhelm Backhaus. London LL 1399.



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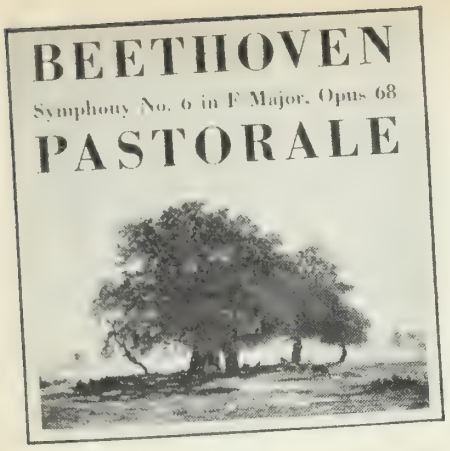
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* **Left to right at the Hollywood Bowl:** Mr. Dragon, *Echoes of Spain, Starlight Concert, L'Italia, Fiesta, La Danza, Concerto Under the Stars, Gypsy!*

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any form of public communication. The "jam session," improvised in several ways, and the excellent last portion that deals with contemporary jazz since the war and the rapidly expanding future of the jazz idiom (perhaps tomorrow's "classical") are worth every music-lover's close attention. If you didn't know that jazz was growing rapidly in the classical direction, you'll find out here.

As an old hand in this sort of comment-with-music presentation I suggest only that in his technique of delivery Bernstein still speaks to too many people. His delivery suggests an audience of maybe seventy or eighty. It's that informal. Perhaps on TV with its visual accompaniment a still more intimate delivery is out of place. But on records at least (as on radio), the best rule is to talk as though to five or six people at most, in a living-room—for that is where you will be. A faster, less precise, more informal delivery would speed Bernstein's excellent presentation toward greater coverage and easier listening.

Bernstein on Beethoven: Symphony #5. Adapted from "Omnibus." **The Complete Symphony** with Bruno Walter, N. Y. Philharmonic. Columbia CL 918.

Via the loudspeaker, musical illustrations may be recorded or "live" and the listener cannot tell the difference, though in one case a vast production is involved with perhaps a hundred or more people working on it, in the other a single person may comment and illustrate from records. It behooves the "live-music" commentator, therefore, to do things with his living orchestra that can't be done with recorded excerpts—and Bernstein does it uniquely. Here the living orchestra is used to play many of the Beethoven sketches for the Fifth Symphony that were ultimately rejected by the composer. Bernstein fits them cleverly and convincingly into the places where they would seem once to have been intended—a nice job of musical research—and shows graphically how much improved the final versions were.

In the original TV show there was a huge musical score on which the musicians were placed, for visual interest. The commentary in this adapted version is entirely self-sufficient minus the visual elaborations.

Bruno Walter's reading of the Fifth, on Side 2, is of mixed value. There is a surprising harshness, a seeming lack of good ensemble, that is quite unaccountable—unless, possibly, it is an engineering matter. The sound is not well picked up, the mike balance so-so for my ear, a somewhat narrow, distant sound, on the metallic side. Not nearly as good as the Columbia Symphony Bernsteins below. There are a few eccentricities, unexpected retards, that will surprise Walter fans and a shocking pitch discrepancy occurs at one place in the slow movement, evidently due to a bad editing combined with, on my copy, an off-center pressing. Pretty rocky stuff for the great conductor.

But needless to say there are superbly done passages and the scherzo and finale pick up at the end to make an outstandingly powerful conclusion, off-center or not. The disc is worth its price for the Bernstein on Side 1.

Mozart: Piano Concerti #15 in B Flat, K. 450; #17 in G, K. 453. Leonard Bernstein, piano and conductor, Columbia Symphony. Columbia ML 5145.

Listening to these superb concerto performances, I was almost shocked to realize that Bernstein is no longer the "young Mr. Bernstein," the youthful man-of-all-trades, but a mature and extraordinarily far-seeing musician. This one in the Columbia series goes a long way to show that Bernstein, in a quiet way, is already one of our biggest musical figures.

Conductor and pianist too—but this is no show-off playing. On the contrary, the unity of purpose and the accuracy of timing between solo and orchestra are unusually fine. And why not, one should ask, if both are directed by the same mind? Mozart played these concertos in the same manner. It is Bernstein's ability to do the trick both well and unassumingly that marks him now as a mature musician.

There are no too-fast tempi here, and none of that over-sophisticated delicacy which used to be so popular among Mozart aesthetes. There are even a few loud, harsh tones now and then; the general feeling is decidedly one of robustness and health. But, if my ear is right, there is even more of reverence, and, paradoxically, a matter-of-factness that is very much of our own time; we simply take Mozart's greatness and realness for granted, finding it quite unnecessary to belabor the point. It only increases the impact of the music here, for the sense and shape and meaning of it are wonderfully well understood.

Bernstein uses an oddly woody-sounding piano, quite attractive for Mozart, and the ensemble features some particularly luminous and well-recorded woodwind sound along with the strings. Look out for an off-center pressing. One side of my copy is badly warped.

Bernstein: Fancy Free (1944). Copland: El Salón México (1936). Milhaud: La Création du Monde (1923). Columbia Symphony, Bernstein. Columbia CL 920.

Nothing is said about it, but Bernstein would seem here to be reviewing the

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background for his own synthesizing of jazz and "classical" music, by means of the two delightful works of Copland and Milhaud. No doubt about it—this is the music that Bernstein can really play or conduct. The orchestra fairly sings with joy and never have these pieces come so naturally to life and to musical dignity as well.

The Milhaud "Création" is truly a small masterpiece, based on early jazz, featuring a moving saxophone solo that recurs with intervening passages of the hottest of written-down early jazz. It may have shocked one day (and it shocked me in the old recording I first got acquainted with in the early 'thirties) but now it is all pleasure. "El Salón," not jazz but not far from it in its conscious use of "popular" idiom, seems already a bit simple and even dated, but as entertaining as ever. Beside these two, "Fancy Free" is a classic of modernity, a model of economical expression in its chosen area and quite unforgettable in detail, even though the ballet score, like most, tends to be fragmentary in spots as it follows stage actions.

Stunningly recorded and memorably performed.

Bernstein: Serenade for Violin Solo, Strings and Percussion (1954). Isaac Stern; Symphony of the Air, Bernstein. Columbia ML 5144.

Here is a major work, strictly in the classical area, except for the slightly jazzy final section It is classic, indeed, in the Greek sense, for it is based upon Plato, a symposium on the subject of love, and suggests some of the exalted and quiet severity of line that has traditionally been associated with Greek revivals for centuries.

The Bernstein idiom here resembles his older masters in their late work, notably, as I hear it, Stravinsky (though not with the classic stiffness of his Greek-inspired music) and especially the later Prokofieff; the harmonic language is transparent and often very simple, the counterpoint expertly unobtrusive, the whole music of a maturity of expression befitting an older man. Though speculation as to influences is mostly whimsy, there is an odd resemblance between this violin music and the slow portions of the Prokofieff violin concertos.

More violent music appears at times, dissonant in (to guess again) a Shostakovich manner, not at all sure or confident of itself; the nervously joyful finale brings us back to the "Fancy Free" atmosphere in a more complex expression. But the serene, quiet sections are the best, the opening music, the outer parts of the Agathon adagio, very beautifully played by Isaac Stern.



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This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundred of ocean trips.

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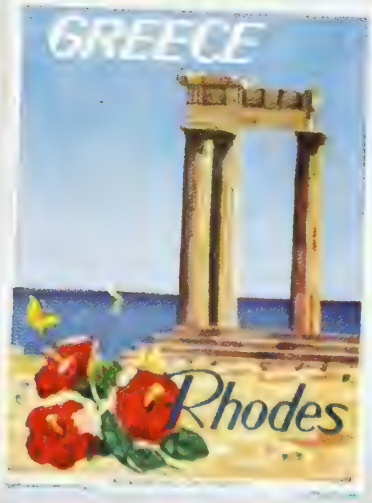


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The Second Transport Revolution
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What Corrupted Texas?
Ronnie Dugger

Social Work: A Profession Chasing Its Tail
Marion K. Sanders

Revolt of the Polish Musicians
Paul Moor







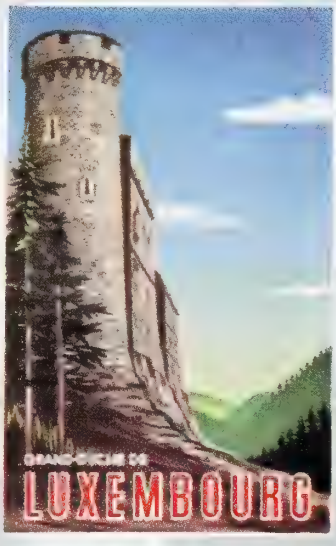
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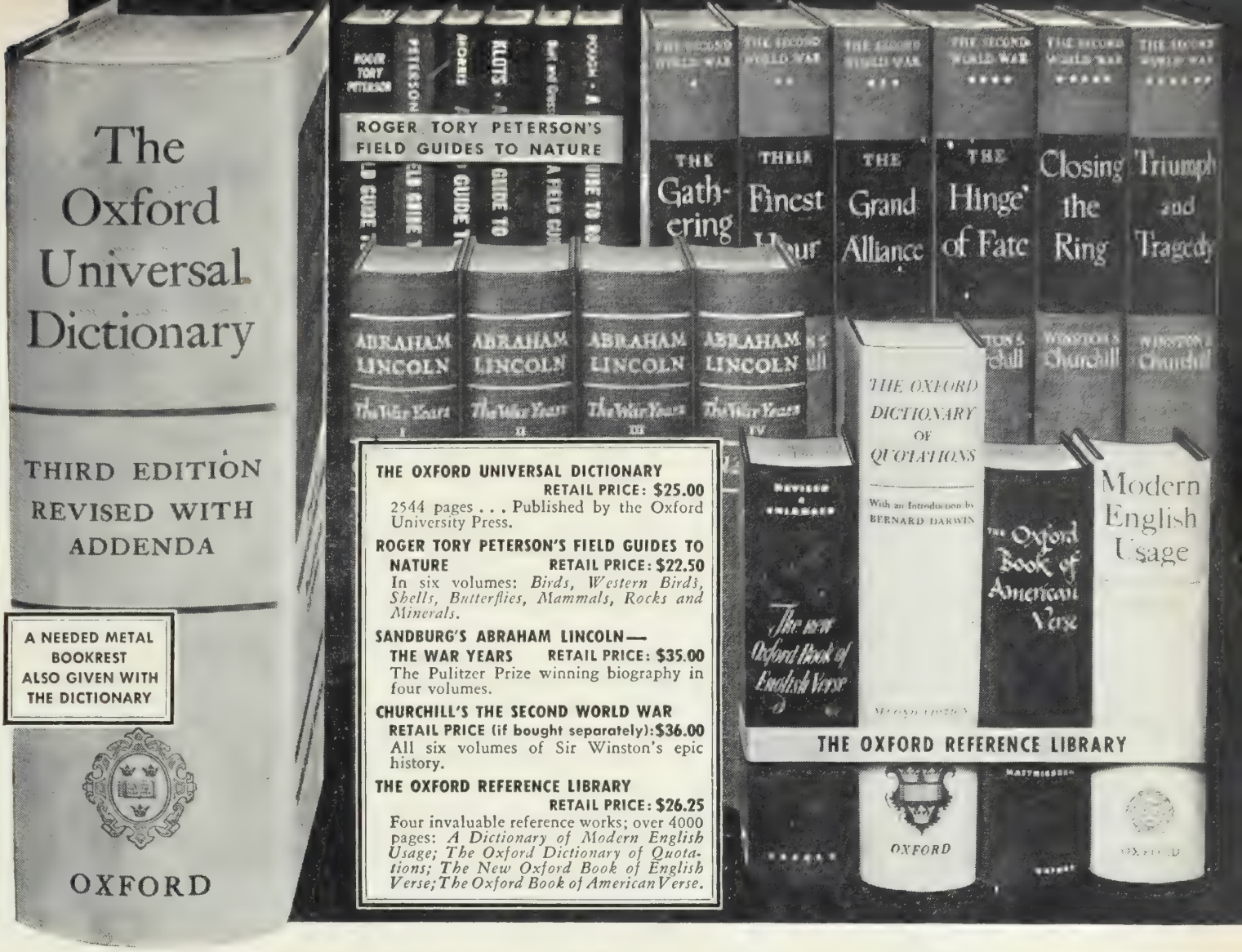
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LETTERS

Merrill's Marauders

To the Editors:

"Merrill's Marauders" by Charlton Ogburn, Jr. [January] was superb. It is reassuring to know that we have in our ranks young men who can see things with the perspective of Mr. Ogburn and, as important, can translate their impressions into writing so other Americans may share their experience.

Having spent all of World War II in Europe, I returned to the United States with a great deal of curiosity about what had happened in the Asian area and, in particular, in Burma. . . . The British wrote several very fine books . . . [which] were excellent accounts of the operations carried out under Wingate and I learned a great deal from studying them. It was evident from the frequent references to Merrill's Marauders that they, too, had done some spectacular things, but they had not been written up. I am particularly glad, therefore, to see their activities find their way into print. It is a fine article and one that will be both informative and inspiring to Americans for a long time.

James M. Gavin, Lieut. Gen., GS
Washington, D. C.

After quoting liberally from *Stilwell's Command Problems* in my article on "Merrill's Marauders" [January] I find to my regret that I neglected to give credit to the authors of this informative and comprehensive official history. I should like to make amends now by expressing my gratitude to Mr. Riley Sunderland and Mr. Charles F. Romanus. Charlton Ogburn, Jr.
Vienna, Va.

E Bonds and Interest

To the Editors:

I was and am heartily in accord with your editorial [Editor's Easy Chair, January] on E Bonds. Instead of our government rewarding its patriotic citizens for lending their financial assistance during and after the war, we now find ourselves punished in several ways for having done so.

Those of us who have held the bonds to maturity, in addition to the loss of purchasing power we have entailed by the facts you outlined, also now find ourselves in the position of having to pay full income tax as we cash the bonds.

On the other hand, the speculative investor, trading day by day, is permitted to use capital-gains tax as his reward. . . . Leon R. Cahen
New York, N. Y.

. . . Banks, corporations, cities, and individuals invest in government bonds because there is nothing better where safety of principal and ready convertibility are important. *Interest rate is secondary.* . . .

I buy an E Bond because I can register it and I know that I can convert it, at the least into the same amount of cash, without delay at almost any bank or large post office. . . .

G. K. Franklin
Chicago, Ill.

. . . Since I'm classed among the common people, I thought myself qualified to comment on your shocking opinion that U. S. Bonds are a poor investment. . . . We may lose a few dollars investment-wise in trying to keep the U. S. dollar stable, but our aim is to keep the U. S. government in business. . . .

I think one of the greatest challenges in history is now taking place. Will our economy or the Soviet economy survive the demands of the peoples of the world? . . . Which government will lead the way? I'm supporting the United States. Are you?

Mrs. George Day
Rochester, N. Y.

. . . While I hold no brief for this type of investment [E Bonds] . . . several things come to mind.

You might write the identical story concerning life insurance and annuities. . . . You could write a similar story concerning much farm real estate—especially that of the smaller farms. . . .

Frequently I am asked by persons who are not familiar with the economic aspects of life what to do with their money. To the uninitiated, especially those over 45, I have advocated the purchase of E Bonds as a form of annuity, to be paid out after they reach 65. . . . At least it forms some protection for old age without the inherent risks of common stocks, real estate (aside from their own homes), etc.

Bruce Mann, Financial Editor
Rochester *Times-Union*
Rochester, N. Y.

. . . The purpose of this letter is to call your attention to an even worse situation to which the government is a direct party. . . . The General Information Bulletin TS99 concerning interest on Postal Savings Deposits . . . issued on or after September 1, 1954, states, "If interest only is collected on surrendered certificates, the deposit will not again begin to earn interest until the first of next month."

When this ruling became effective, Postal Savings compound interest replaced simple interest. . . . The Assistant Postmaster General . . . has admitted it will take approximately three years for the difference between compound and simple interest on a Postal Savings deposit to equal the one month's loss of income on the deposit which will result in the exchange of old certificates for the new ones on which compound interest is payable. . . .

Charles L. Bullock
Springfield, Mass.

. . . I must challenge, in all courtesy, the statement you made to the effect that the federal government "guarantees" savings deposits in building and loan associations. . . . There are two errors in this statement. (1) These are not savings accounts, as in a bank; they are purchases of stock in a corporation. The purchaser becomes a partner, not a creditor. (2) The so-called deposits are not guaranteed by the federal government; they are insured by an incorporated agency. This insurance, so-called, is unlike conventional insurance for it becomes effective only in the event of complete and total failure. There is no legal right of redemption, no "guarantee" nor even insurance for dividends, and the "depositor," or purchaser of shares, may not withdraw or redeem his shares as his legal right. The Association may defer payment, refuse dividends, at its pleasure or leisure, and such deferment does not cause the insurance to fall into force. . . . John B. Shober
New Orleans, La.

Making Johnny Read

To the Editors:

I was tremendously impressed by Teresa Foley's "A Lesson in Discipline" [December]. That her Miss Barracombie was in fact a "career teacher" shines in the latter's first statement to her class, particularly "I teach; you learn."

Our school district is fortunate in having an able and conscientious school board. . . . However I feel we have in some measure fallen victim to the "whole child" concept. The schools try to cover a broad area of child development, thereby diverting some of their effort to functions which, in my

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ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, most of us are aware, we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. Our minds wander, and we realize afterward that we have missed most of the beauties of the work. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not primed about what to listen for.

THIS SENSIBLE PLAN—to help music-lovers increase their enjoyment and understanding of music—was originated by the Book-of-the-Month Club two years ago. The Club recently commissioned Leonard Bernstein, the brilliant American conductor, to perform and analyze five orchestral works on MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS. You will appreciate their quality if you heard Mr. Bernstein on television's "Omnibus" program, in which he demonstrated his extraordinary ability to explain the technical aspects of music in an enjoyable way.

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opinion, are the parents' primary responsibility. This diversion of effort is exemplified in the words of a bright seven-year-old who was quoted as stating the following "subjects" as his favorites: first, gym, and second, free play.

My congratulations to New Hampshire for having secured the services of Miss Foley. . . .

C. W. Britcher
Syosset, N. Y.

I read with considerable interest Gilbert W. Chapman's "Experiment in Reading" [December]. I am very much interested in this project and will appreciate your assistance in procuring a copy of a list of books suitable for reading to children.

C. O. Smith, Jr.
C. O. Smith Guano Co.
Moultrie, Ga.

[*A list of books suitable for use in a reading-aloud bookshelf for children can be obtained from the National Book Committee, 24 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.*—The Editors]

Mr. Chapman's experiences are somewhat analogous to an experiment in bookselling which is being conducted in the high school where I teach. It is a Philadelphia school of about 3,000 students whose IQs range from 70 to 150, heavily weighted at the lower end; yet we have found they will buy books.

The Teen Age Book Club issues yearly eight lists of books chosen from standard paperbound book lists by a committee of librarians, educators, and others. The books sell for 25¢ and 35¢ with one free book for every four bought.

In the spring term of 1955 I began to try to sell these books to my own classes. The following fall I put the sale on a schoolwide basis. That term we sold and gave as bonuses 350 books. During the spring term the number rose to about 650. By the end of the fall term in February 1957 we will have distributed close to 1,400. . . . These were bought by about 600 students, or one out of five. . . . Can this be matched or bettered by any group of adults? . . .

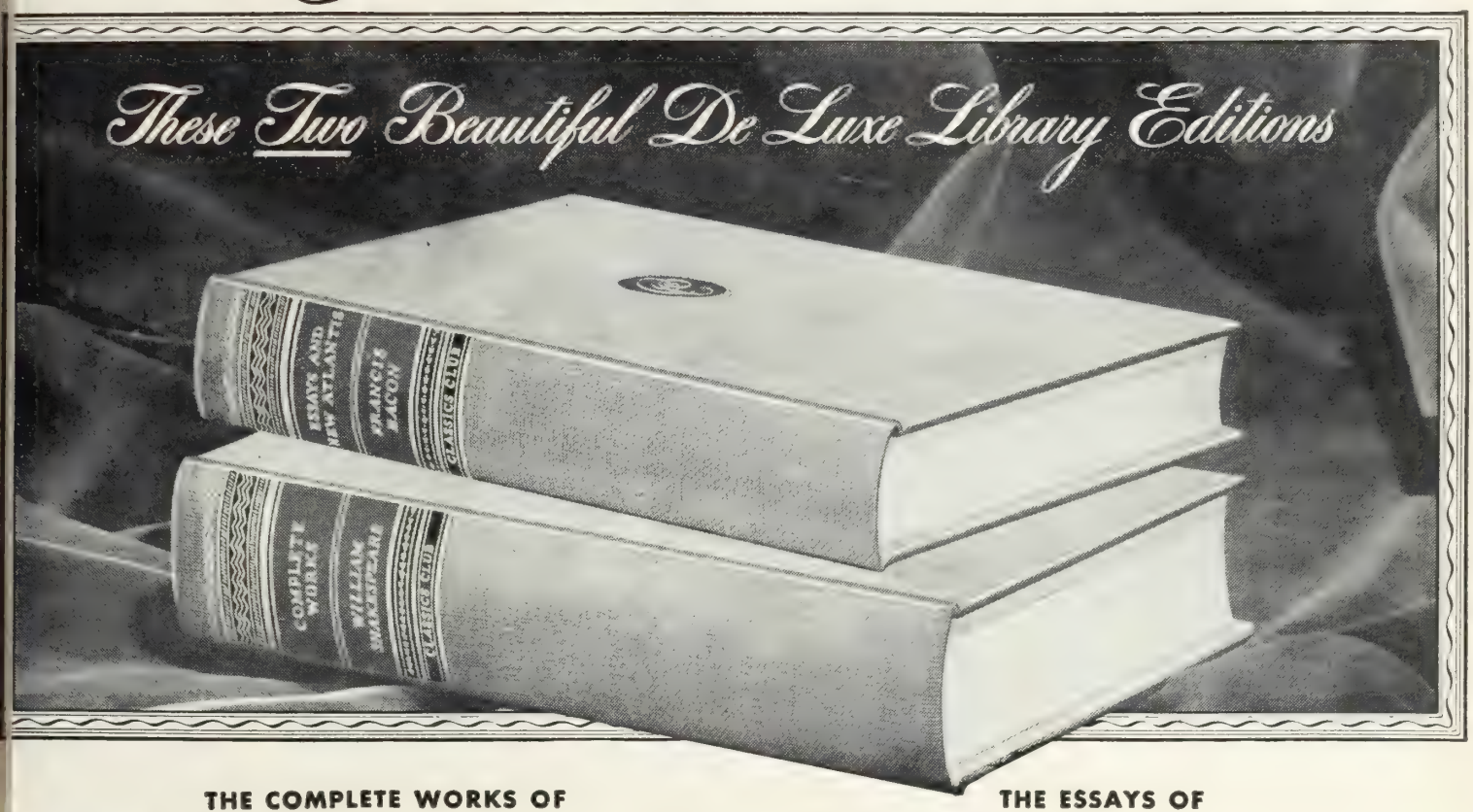
Irvin C. Heyne
Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Weakest Link"

To the Editors:

I thought William S. White's piece on "Who Really Runs the Senate" in December was most interesting and revealing, both of the Senate and of the author. . . . Himself a Southerner, Mr. White's article reflects throughout "the Southerner's instinctive sympathy with the Institution and all that is in it."

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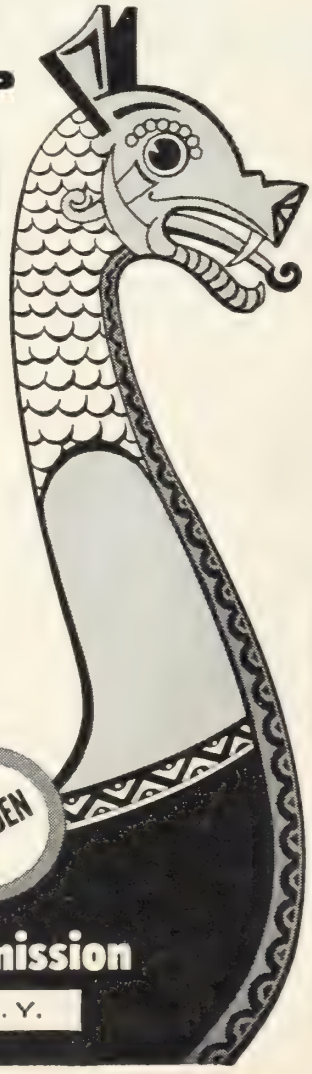
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LETTERS

But his uncritical and complacent bias is not shared by many of his colleagues in the Senate Press Gallery. When we recall the performance of the Senate in latter days—its long tolerance of McCarthyism, its curiously introverted scheme of values in disciplining its members, its perennial role as the grave digger of civil rights and statehood legislation, its mediocre membership, its weak leadership, its antiquated and undemocratic procedures, its subservience to minority group pressures, its irresponsible investigations of "subversive" activities, its impervious resistance to proposed improvements in its internal processes, and its prolonged operation as an agency of minority rule and as a battle-ground for the politics of sectional interest—the Senate impresses us not as "the one touch of authentic genius in the American political system," but rather as the weakest link in the American system of government.

FRANK FISHER
Washington, D. C.

Papal Infallibility

TO THE EDITORS:

In Letters for December reader Mary L. Weick suggests Pius XII choose his successor "if the Pope is infallible in religious matters as Catholics believe."

Let's get this straight: it is Catholic dogma that the Supreme Pontiff is infallible only in matters concerning faith and morals. Furthermore, the Pope may make infallible pronouncements only when exercising his supreme authority to teach the universal Church.

FRANK B. PESCE
Cheverly, Md.

Blocking the View

TO THE EDITORS:

Hats off to Bob Moses ["The New Super-Highways," December]. I have not always agreed with New York's gifted planner of parks and parkways, but I'm with him on this. In Massachusetts we have been treated to a perfect example of the tactics sometimes employed by members of the outdoor advertising brotherhood. . . . This particular operator headed up a regional travel promotion group whose one aim was to publicize the charms of a famous scenic highway in this state. Three years ago he invited a group of state officials to make an inspection trip of this highway for the purpose of beautifying it. . . . Accordingly spots for vista clearance, roadside rest areas, and other features were selected and the work of improvement was carried out by the state.

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some of the vistas which had been cleared at the taxpayers' expense. They advertised the facilities of a prominent member of this same regional travel association, and they completely blocked some very beautiful views. . . .

LEWIS A. CARTER
Milton, Mass.

Damage Suits

TO THE EDITORS:

I am very much disturbed by Morton Hunt on "Damage Suits" [January]. One cannot quarrel with his facts. Examination of these facts, however, in the light of "morality" seems idiotic. What morality? Whose morality?

We live in an acquisitive society—a fact Mr. Hunt chooses to overlook.

There is nothing on earth more piously "moral" than an insurance company. Read their advertisements. Listen to their salesmen. One of our greatest justices, however, pinpointed their morality with the words that "no business can guarantee to pay out more than it takes in and long remain solvent"—which is the exact premise and promise upon which all insurance companies operate. Morally, insurance is exactly like roulette or craps, with a much larger house percentage, as the balance sheet of any (except Texas) insurance company will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt. . . .

It seems to me that articles of this nature are rather silly in their pretense that these practices are "immoral." They are, in fact, an indication of our morality. It is not Christian morality, but it is quiz program morality, and that is the kind of morality an acquisitive society has.

ROBERT MARAIS
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

One of the major differences between the way of life in the United States and other countries is the law under which we live in this country. A right to air one's complaints against other members of society before a jury is an integral part of our law, and although no man could say the system as it exists is perfect, it probably represents the best system in the world today

Although even Mr. Hunt may not realize it, his article amounts to an indictment of the jury system and the practice and procedure of the Court of the United States. Mr. Hunt whose experience is admittedly limited in this article sets himself up as knowing more about the value of certain selected cases than the jury and the courts who have the advantage of hearing all the facts and all the evidence which was not available to Mr. Hunt. . . .

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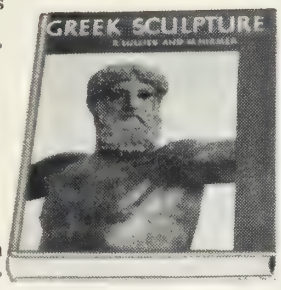
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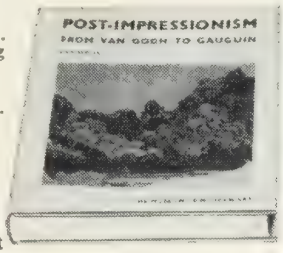
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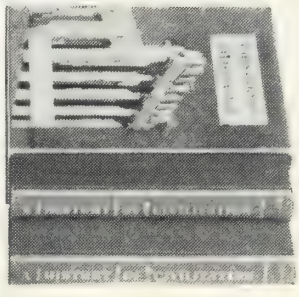
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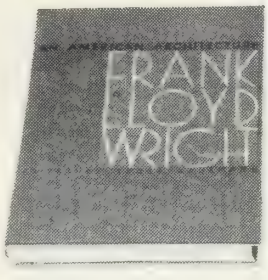
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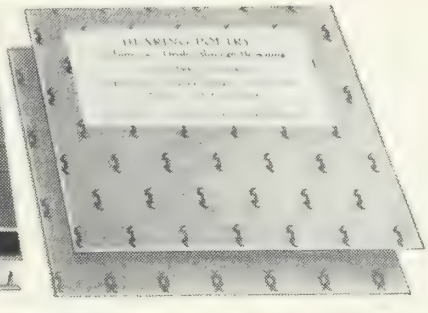


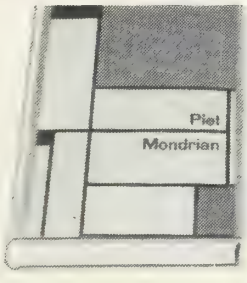




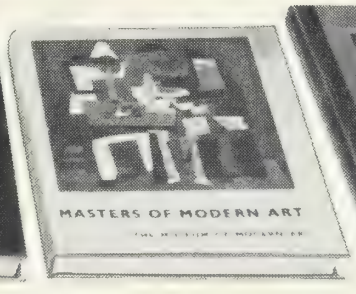














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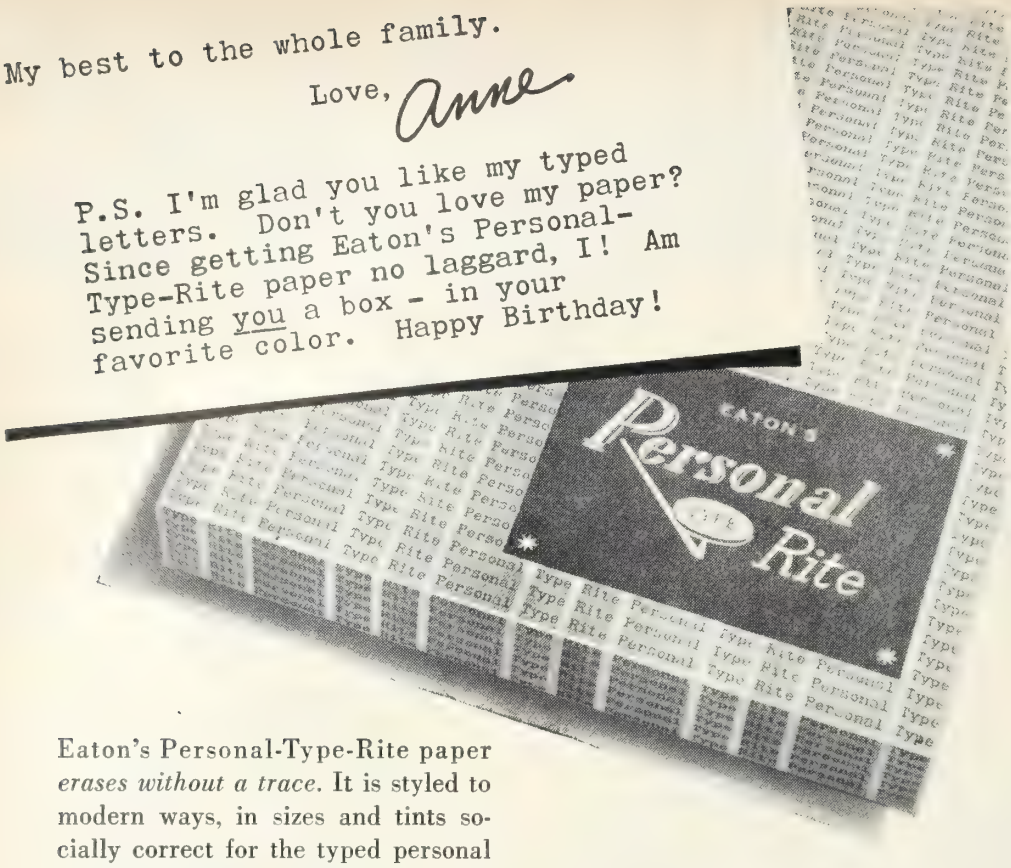
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LETTERS

The law has seldom been as unjust to any man as Mr. Hunt has been in his article to the law, the courts, the juries, and their procedure.

G. ROBERT BRAIN, Att'y.
Seattle, Wash.

. . . This story needs to be told more often to the American public who are paying the cost for many exorbitant and unjustified jury verdicts.

A few years ago we had an experience where we felt the claimant actually stole $100,000 of our policyholders' funds. . . . The rider in our insured's car was injured and his doctors contended he had a severe head injury which would prevent him from working the rest of his life. . . . Our doctors claimed the man was not very seriously injured. . . . The jury believed the claimant, his doctor, and his attorney . . . and brought in a verdict of $100,000 which we finally paid after unsuccessfully appealing the case. . . . Immediately after the accident the man went back to work and, today, is . . . earning more money than he did prior to the accident. . . .

ARTHUR A. ALDERFER, Pres.
Harleysville Insurance
Harleysville, Pa.

. . . [Mr. Hunt's] article is completely distorted and in some instances half truths. For example, I know of my own knowledge that the case he cites of a seven-year-old boy wandering onto a fairway . . . hit by a golf ball . . . and awarded $53,000 is only half the story, because after the jury had awarded this verdict, the trial court reversed this finding and absolved the city of liability. This case is on appeal in the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan, and at this writing is undecided. . . .

He quotes the product liability cases of a manufacturer for its product. . . . I dispute with great vigor his statement that large companies settle 90 per cent of their claims rather than risk a defense. It is my experience that companies realize the individual has little money at his command to pay for the expensive investigation and scientific evidence needed. . . . Many cases are, therefore, either poorly tried by the plaintiff's attorney . . . or settled for a small pittance. . . .

His statement that "many Americans are now learning the cash value of dishonesty" is, in my opinion, one of the worst slanders of our people. How far has he investigated the insurance companies and large manufacturers? What attempt has he made to investigate their tactics and manner of reducing verdicts of juries within the past 50 years? . . .

WILLIAM J. WEINSTEIN
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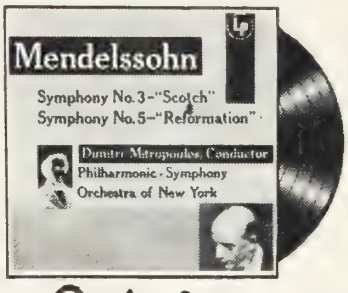
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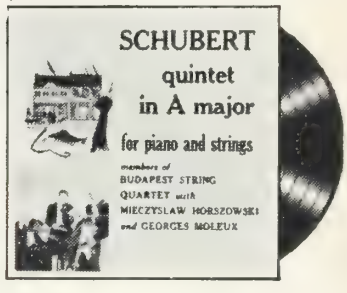








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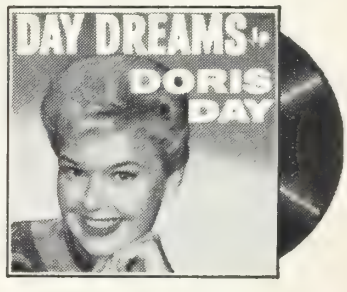


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JOHN FISCHER

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Report on a Prospective Partner

SOMETIME in the not too distant future the Labor party probably will take over the government of Britain. Quite understandably, this prospect is causing a good deal of uneasiness in Washington and among the American business community.

For nearly all responsible people in both countries recognize—in their soberer moments, at least—that their own safety and the peace of the world depend upon the Anglo-American alliance. Yet this friendship already is dangerously frayed, as a result of the Suez adventure and its angry aftermath. If conservative governments in Washington and London can't get along any better than this, what will happen when the Republican Administration has to work with a bunch of Socialists?

After all, the Labor party is avowedly anti-capitalist, and one of its influential factions has long been virulently anti-American. The noisiest spokesman of this faction—Aneurin Bevan—is slated to be the new Foreign Secretary, and the rest of the party's new leadership is unknown to the great majority of Americans. What is known well enough is that most eminent Republicans regard Socialists with the same kind of horror that an earlier band of crusaders reserved for lepers and infidels. If the Labor party comes into power, then, would the upshot be a further breakdown—perhaps beyond repair—of the 133-year-old partnership between the two nations?

Events may soon give us an answer. Recent public-opinion polls indicate that Labor now commands the support of a decisive majority of British voters. This strength is likely to grow as the aftereffects of the Suez disaster—tighter rationing of gasoline and oil, unemployment, and financial troubles—hit England with full force this spring. Naturally the party is pressing for an early election, which it feels sure to win.

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan will of course resist this demand as long as he can, but his Conservative ranks are disunited and squabbling. Any one of a number of all-too-likely crises, foreign or domestic, might force him to submit to a general election at any time. Even if his government manages to ride out its full term—until May 26, 1960—it would need an unbroken run of luck, vigor, and sagacity to rebuild its dilapidated prestige. Therefore the jubilant confidence of the Labor politicians seems reasonable enough.

So also, at first glance, do the American misgivings.

Several highly vocal groups within the Labor party have always feared and distrusted the United States. Some of these people simply believe, with religious intensity, that capitalism is sinful, and that America is the black lair of all the capitalist Beelzebubs. Often they are also pacifists—for the Evangelical and pacifist strands of the Labor movement have twined closely together from the beginning—and American military might alarms them, especially when our generals and politicians talk about it too brashly.

Others—Bevan and his wife, Jennie Lee, for example—appear to be hate-motivated personalities. They piled up resentments in their Depression-haunted youths which they are still trying to pay back; and they express their sympathy for the under-dog by kicking all the upper-dogs in reach. The United States makes a particularly satisfying target, a veritable St. Bernard, which apparently will take any amount of kicking without snapping back. Besides, this kind of anti-Americanism pays off politically; people who vote Labor primarily because they hate and envy the rich readily identify America with what they call "the class enemy." Once in office, however, Bevan might be expected to behave more responsibly; for no one can question either his patriotism or his ability as an executive. Even some of his enemies grant that he could become a really great Foreign Secretary as other firebrands—Palmerston, for instance, and Ernie Bevin—have before him.

A third group—small but conspicuous—is frankly Marxist. Both the British unions and the Labor party are overwhelmingly anti-Communist, especially since the Russian invasion of Hungary; but a few Communists have wormed into positions of power in several strategic trade unions, and some less explicit Marxists speak persuasively in the party press and intellectual coteries. For many years they have been confidently predicting that:

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(2) A capitalist society inevitably decays, sooner or later, into fascism. Hence they are forever discovering transatlantic bogymen—from Huey Long to MacArthur and McCarthy and even poor Mr. Dulles—whom they credit with vast and sinister powers.

(3) The United States is becoming an imperialist state—again, because their revealed doctrine says it must—and is constantly trying to take over chunks of the British empire. (Strangely enough, this conviction is shared by many British conservatives. They have even hinted in Parliament that American policy in the Middle East is dictated by business interests—notably the big oil companies—which want to replace British trade and investments there. These suspicions persist in the face of considerable evidence pointing in the opposite direction; American oil companies have, in fact, cut their investment program in the Middle East by more than $10 million since the invasion of Egypt, and most other American businessmen could not now be pushed into that seething arena with a bulldozer.)

These hostile voices echo loudest across the Atlantic—partly because controversy makes news—and it is easy for Americans to assume that they represent the authentic spirit of the Labor party. That assumption (which lies beneath much of the Washington uneasiness) almost certainly is wrong. A closer look at the facts suggests that the solid core of the Labor party was never as anti-American as many of us may have thought; and, moreover, that it is now moving in a new direction—a direction which we can wholeheartedly welcome.

WHAT follows is a brief report on certain major changes taking place within the British Labor party. It is based on recent conversations with British newspapermen and politicians—including Hugh Gaitskell, the party's leader and (barring acts of God) its next Prime Minister—and in part on a memorandum prepared for *Harper's* by Douglas Jay. Mr. Jay is a Member of Parliament, a frequent political commentator for the BBC, and a writer of much experience for such responsible publications as the *Economist*. He also is a member of an official Labor committee which has been engaged for nearly two years in drafting a new statement of the party's policy; few men are better informed on the course the party is likely to take during the next decade. The emphasis and interpretation is, however, my own; I believe it to be accurate, but it should not be laid at the door of either Mr. Gaitskell or Mr. Jay.

First, a word about personalities, since they set the tone of any political organization.

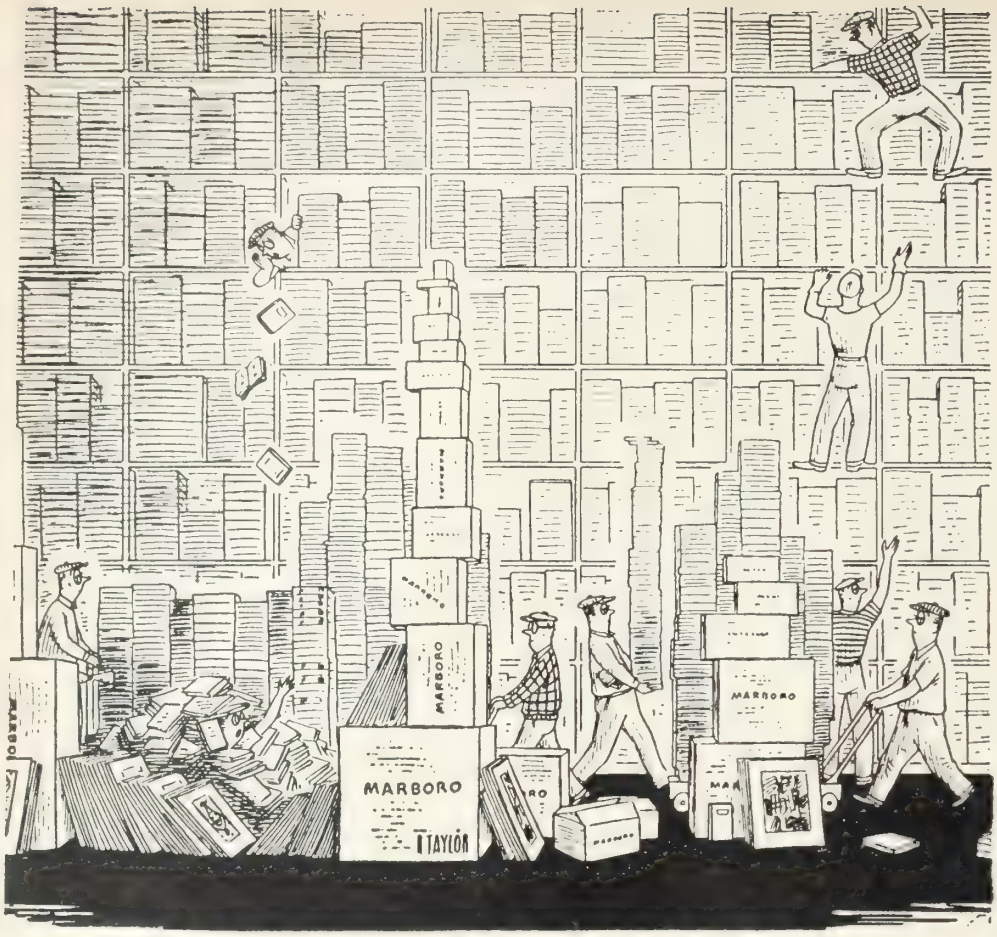
As those can testify who talked to him during his visit here in January, Mr. Gaitskell is far removed from the traditional American stereotype of a Socialist. (Indeed, some of his rivals insist that he isn't a proper Socialist at all; and it is true that he has shown little reverence for some of the ancient dogmas of his party.) Even at first glance it is obvious that he is neither a rebellious toiler, like Gene Debs, nor a rarified idealist of the austere Norman Thomas variety. He looks and talks more like a Madison Avenue executive or an Ivy League professor—and he was, in fact, once head of the economics department of London University.

Mr. Gaitskell is first of all a practical politician, who fought his way up to the top of his party against the bare-knuckled opposition of the Bevanite faction. Consequently he is a realist—shrewd, cautious, skilled in the arts of compromise, and sensitive as a Geiger counter to the radiation of public opinion. Yet he is miles away from the flamboyant, hot-gospel school of politics, typified in England by Nye Bevan and here by Frank Clement and Everett Dirksen. His style is closer to the Lyndon Johnson-Clifford Case variety: cool, conversational, and unbelligerent.

Another fact worth noting is that he has proven his ability as an administrator—an ability which made him Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Labor government at the astonishing age of forty-four. Earlier he had served brilliantly—as an expert on fuel and power, economic warfare, and overseas trade—in a series of assignments which brought him into intimate contact with the business world. One result is that he has none of the naïve contempt for industrialists which characterizes some of the more cloistered Socialists. Nor is he naïve about the United States. He has visited this country five times in the past seven years, and has expressed considerable respect for both its political and productive achievements. On some issues he has disagreed with American policy—but he has never stooped to the anti-American demagoguery which is so tempting to a Labor politician.

The No. 2 man in the party is, ostensibly, Jim Griffiths, the sixty-four-year-old Deputy Leader—a one-time coal miner who has spent most of his life as a trade-union official and machine politician. Actually he is watchdog for the trade unions in the party's high command, rather than a power in his own right. (A balanced ticket is as useful in British politics as our own; Labor often picks its leaders from the middle class—Gaitskell is a Winchester and Oxford graduate, of genteel parentage—and then teams them with certified horny-handed types.)

In reality, of course, the second personality in the party is Bevan, the professional volcano—aging and a little pudgy now, but still the most skillful crowd-rouser in England. A man eaten by ambition, he probably can never forgive his defeat by Gait- [*Continued on page 20.*]



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skell, whom he once described as a "dessicated calculating machine"; and he will continue to embarrass all those who are trying to guide the party in a more modern, and moderate, direction.

NEVERTHELESS, that is the direction in which it is moving. It has to move somewhere or sink, because the issues on which it once stood are gone.

The Labor party was founded to fight poverty and unemployment; now, thanks largely to its efforts, Britain has the welfare state and full employment. When Labor was last in power, from 1945 to 1951, it carried through virtually its whole program—including the nationalization of three chronically sick industries: coal, steel, and railways. In the process it used up its stockpile of ideas, much as the Democratic party did during its New Deal-Fair Deal period; and these ideas have now been generally accepted by the Conservatives and absorbed permanently into the British way of life, just as the Republicans have tacitly accepted the great bulk of the New Deal reforms.

Moreover, what Gaitskell likes to call the "Americanization" of British society has changed the nature of his party. Its typical member is no longer a jobless miner with a hungry family, but a factory worker with a TV set and probably a secondhand car. He no longer is stirred by the old slogans—and it was perhaps Gaitskell's quick perception of this change which led to his election as party leader at the tender age (for Britain) of forty-nine.

One of the old slogans which has lost its steam is nationalization. Hardly anybody believes any longer that public ownership of industry—once the key aim of all Socialists—would really bring the millennium. So in future campaigns this issue almost certainly will be quietly ignored.*

The new slogans which the Labor party is evolving will sound curiously familiar to American ears; for its new objectives are things which were, in the main, reached in this country long ago.

For example, the key word in its emerging program is "equality." What it means, as a practical matter, is that Labor will try hard to wipe out the last remnants of the semi-feudal class structure left over from the nineteenth century—remnants which disappeared throughout most of the United States in the Jacksonian Revolution. (Though not everywhere: see "South Carolina's Incurable Aristocrats" in last month's issue of *Harper's.*)

A PRIME target of this attack will be the dual school system, which now provides one kind of education for the masses at the taxpayer's expense, and another kind for those who can afford private schools. This arrangement is the last citadel of the caste system, because the basic function of the private schools (which the British in their perverse fashion insist on calling "public" schools) is to teach their pupils a peculiar mode of speech which will forever distinguish them from the herd. As Nancy Mitford pointed out in *Noblesse Oblige,* this quirk of the tongue is the one remaining caste-mark which licenses its possessors to feel privileged and superior. Hence Labor cannot abide it, and the Tories cannot bear to let it go. In all likelihood the matter will be fought out with a ferocity comparable to the school segregation question in the South; the emotions involved are much the same. Outside of Dixie, of course, equality of opportunity in education has not been a live issue in this country for a hundred years.

In its pursuit of greater economic equality the Labor party has, again, decided to explore at least four paths which are already well-trodden in the United States. They are:

(1) A capital-gains tax, similar to that which we adopted a generation ago.

(2) An anti-monopoly program modeled more or less after the Sherman and Clayton Anti-trust Acts. (Though it probably will not go so far; neither labor, business, nor any other group in Britain seems wholeheartedly eager for a really com-

* An exception is steel. De-nationalized by the Conservatives, it probably will be re-nationalized by the Labor government. Not that it makes much difference; the industry has long been run as a monopoly anyhow, whether its shares were owned by individuals or the state.

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petitive society, and any approach to it will be gingerly.)

(3) A revised pension system, more nearly resembling our Social Security plan. Although the party has not yet worked out a precise policy on this question, it is unhappy about the present scheme (adapted from the famous Beveridge Report) under which everybody makes a flat-rate contribution and receives a flat-rate pension. It is leaning toward the American idea of old-age pensions based on individual earnings and partly paid for by salary deductions.

(4) An extension to industrial workers of certain privileges previously reserved for the managerial and professional classes—including a guaranteed annual wage, paid vacations, and severance pay. Though by no means universal in the United States, all these items have been included in many union contracts for a number of years.

It must be noted that the new Labor party program also calls for some things which have *not* been explored in America, and probably never will be. The most important is municipal ownership of virtually all rental housing. This is a popular demand with wage-earners, because home ownership is more difficult in England than here—for a variety of reasons, including the scarcity of land in that crowded island. Mr. Jay reported that he has found his own constituents "far more interested in housing than any other social or political issue, home or overseas."

Nevertheless, it seems broadly true that Labor's economic thinking is now closer to our own than it has ever been—close enough so that the next Labor government is not likely to do anything which would strike even Joe Martin or Charles Halleck as insupportably shocking. For Democrats, the danger is smugness rather than shock; it would be easy for them to believe that Britain is at last catching up with the New Deal. The cure for this is to remember that, from the British point of view, the American social structure still has some hideous gaps. If they weren't so polite, Messrs. Gaitskell and Jay could point, for example, to our lack of (1) a national health service, (2) a system of universal insurance against catastrophic illness, and (3) a scheme of federal aid to education which would bring the standards of our poorest states up to par.

IN FOREIGN policy, too, the Labor party is now closer to the United States than it has been any time since 1952. Since his first days in office, Mr. Dulles had been the favorite whipping-boy of British Socialists, who were inclined to take literally his rhetoric about "liberation," "massive retaliation," and "the brink of war." It took the Hungarian and Suez crises to show them what many Americans had long suspected: *i.e.*, that the Dulles bark is worse than his bite.

They found, indeed, that his real views were almost identical with their own on at least four basic issues:

(1) Disapproval of the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt.

(2) No military interference in Hungary or the other restless satellites.

(3) Heavy reliance on the United Nations, in the Middle East and elsewhere.

(4) The need for increasing economic aid to underdeveloped countries.

As a consequence, Mr. Dulles' standing with the Laborites has "soared dramatically"—as Mr. Jay puts it—in the past few months. At the same time, Russian brutality in Hungary has disillusioned most of the few remaining Socialists who had felt a romantic kinship with the Soviet Union or who had believed (as Nye Bevan once said) that "Left can speak to Left." The net result is that today the Labor party is as firmly committed to NATO and the Anglo-American alliance as Mr. Eisenhower himself.

Finally, on colonial questions Washington might well find that it will have less friction with a Labor government than it does with the present regime. British Tories have always been inclined to misunderstand American views on colonialism, regarding them simply as an irrational hangover from 1776. The Socialists, on the other hand, have been quicker to grasp the true nature of the upsurge of nationalism throughout Asia and Africa, and to realize (as most Americans do) that

this particular djinn can never be put back into the bottle.

ON A HOST of minor problems there would, of course, be plenty of disagreements between Washington and a Labor cabinet; that is not only inevitable, but healthy. Moreover, Socialist suspicions of a capitalist America—and vice versa—no doubt will linger indefinitely. Yet it is hard to see where there is any basis for a quarrel sharp enough to disrupt the alliance; and it may be that our most notable differences will turn out to be semantic ones.

When Douglas Jay was in Pittsburgh not long ago, he remarked to a local politician that much of the public enterprise which has rejuvenated that city "would be called Socialism in Britain."

"You can do anything here," the politician told him, "if you don't call it that."

Perhaps the same thing works in reverse. We may yet see British Labor borrowing some time-tested ideas from American capitalism, if it can repackage them under a Socialist label.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Gypsy Rose Lee, the most famous practitioner of a unique American art form—the Strip Tease—is also a remarkably frank and witty writer. She tells about the turning point of her career in "Stranded in Kansas City, or a Fate Worse than Vaudeville."

Commuters all over the United States habitually curse the presidents of the railroads which haul them twice a day—and nobody has been more sworn at than **George Alpert** of the New Haven. He now turns the other cheek with a proposal for "A Better Deal for Commuters"—calling for changes in railroading which are both sensible and revolutionary.

An astonishing conversion has taken place in this country recently—several million "old-fashioned liberals" have become "new conservatives." One of their major prophets, **Clinton Rossiter,** explains just what is meant by this often confusing term, and what the new conservatives are looking for.





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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Pinning Down the Young

COLLEGE students have a curious way of getting out from under any scrutiny which is more than skin-deep. They make entertaining—sometimes embarrassingly co-operative—subjects for *Life* photographers and movie producers and economic chart-makers; for caricature by cartoonists; for card reports and lecture notes by English teachers and freshman deans; for gossip by visiting alumni and trustees; and for moral condemnation by state regents. But they usually baffle the deeper insight that good fiction demands.

For quick reference, the young have been classified into generations by labeling. Like fraternity pins on the bosoms of co-eds (see Charles W. Cole's article on page 29), the labels have only limited validity, but this does not lessen their enchantment. "Flaming Youth" persists as a tag for the classes of the 'twenties, though most of their members wandered dimly through the years without emitting a spark. And most of the so-called "Lost Generation" were never so lost in their youth as they are today in middle-aged bewilderment at their college-age children. Whether the youth of the 1950s go down in the file drawers as the "Found" or the "Cool Generation" depends more on how well the label is gummed than on how they really behave.

Nevertheless there are always ambitious attempts to see through the tag phrases into the truth of undergraduate life; most of them naturally by young writers, recent graduates to whom college still is a subject of heroic magnitude. As a recent Princeton graduate, Thomas C. Turner, wrote in a story called "The Tamperer": "There is about a good freshman an aura of ignorant hopeful expectation which invites hazing or swindling or teaching—in every case some kind of tampering with innocence."

Since 1929, when Thomas Wolfe erupted on the scene with *Look Homeward, Angel*, no one has outtalked the undergraduates at the state university he called Pulpit Hill, where "they talked—in limp sprawls—incessant, charming, empty Southern talk; they talked with easy fluency about God, the Devil, and Philosophy, the gods, politics, fraternities and the girls—My God! how they talked!" (Much later, in 1947, Calder Willingham's Southern Gothic eloquence in *End As a Man*—about life in a military school—was reminiscent of Wolfe's.)

College was only a phase of *Look Homeward, Angel;* it was the whole world in George Weller's *Not to Eat Not for Love*, which came out in 1933 and pictured the Harvard of a few years before. It is probably the truest, most comprehensive college novel of this century so far, though it needs a Harvard reader to care for it deeply. This limit on the audience applies less strictly to Thomas Merton's joyously morbid picture of student life at Columbia University around 1935 in *The Seven-Storey Mountain*, for the college chapters are only incidental.

To date, the United States has produced no Françoise Sagan. Nevertheless there have been some bold experiments in recording the greensickness of American college girlhood. Gertrude Carrick's *Consider the Daisies* of 1941 wilted before its season was out, but on the Vassar campus it gave some momentary thrills over allegedly identifiable local characters. Pamela Moore of Barnard College, who was eighteen when she wrote last year's Saganesque *Chocolates for Breakfast*—about the boarding-school-Hollywood-and-deb-party set—didn't actually succeed in blowing down her readers, but she produced some unnerving shocks. "Tell me," the fifteen-year-old heroine inquired of her more experienced roommate, "Why do we have to pretend to the parents?"

"Hell, I don't know. Self-defense, I guess. I know if my father knew that I made out with boys and occasionally got tight and all he'd kill me. I guess that we just get into the habit of pretending so that we don't upset them."

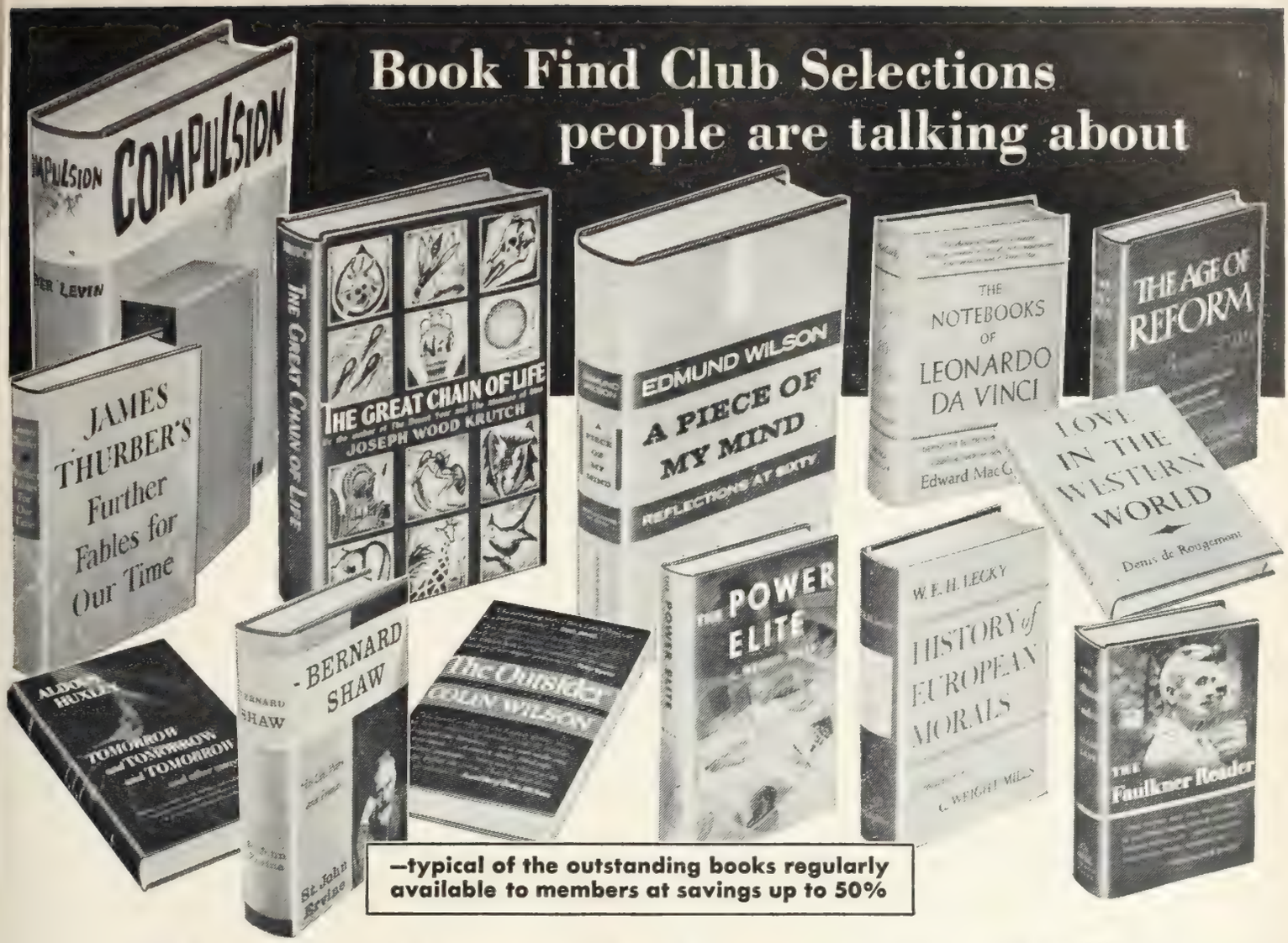
Among the college crowd themselves—at any rate in the Eastern seaboard area—the new writer who stirs the deepest response today is J. D. Salinger, a veteran of three undergraduate colleges and four years of World War II. Salinger's prep-school novel, *Catcher in the Rye*, published in 1951, still has its partisans and imitators, though college generations are brief and forgetful. His most talked-about story since then was "Franny," which came out in the *New Yorker* two years ago. As you may remember, it is about a college girl who comes to spend the weekend of the Yale game at a men's college, as the guest of an undergraduate who is taking Modern English Literature 251. He is obsessed by the problem of whether he should have his A paper published. Franny is obsessed by several other concerns, mainly, it seems to many readers, by a mystical experience of prayer; or, it seems to others (possibly without the author's intent), by a fear of being pregnant.

Mr. Salinger's young characters are baffling, too subtle to be tagged by a label. With his uncanny ear and sympathetic heart, he naturally appeals to young readers, but they are by no means his primary audience. The same is true of the rest of these novelists; their only limitation lies in their art. They have a valid if slippery subject, potentially interesting to anybody who likes to get at truth through fiction.

. . . President **Charles W. Cole** of Amherst College, who writes respectfully, if not solemnly, about the monogamous mores of youth in the lead article, is making a note for history, not a chapel talk to students. Humbly aware of the gulf that separates his generation from that on the campus now, he remembers the oddities of the 'twenties vividly enough to countenance those of the 'fifties.

He graduated from Amherst *summa cum laude* in 1927 and took a doctorate in economics at Columbia University. Before the war he taught economics and history and wrote several books on French mer-

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cantilism and European economic history. During the war he worked with the Office of Price Administration and taught at both the Navy and Army schools of military government. In 1946 he left Columbia to become president of Amherst.

What he knows about the young is amplified by his experience as the father of two daughters married to Amherst graduates.

. . . "The Buffs Around Us" by **Eli Waldron** began as a joke between Mr. Waldron and an acquaintance, grew into a collection of clippings, and finally became the scholarly game that you find on page 34. Mr. Waldron was born in Wisconsin; he has been free-lancing since the war, has had articles in a variety of magazines, and is currently working on a dramatization of Dostoevski's *The Gambler*.

. . . **Marvin J. Barloon,** who looks ahead to "The Second Transport Revolution" (p. 37), writes from the heart of the iron and steel industry on the Chicago–Great Lakes–Pittsburgh shipping axis. Professor of Economics at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Mr. Barloon acts often as consultant to transportation interests, testifies before government committees on national transport policy, and does demand forecasting on passenger automobiles, trucks, and highway trailers.

Though he writes mostly for economic journals such as the *Harvard Business Review*, his last article in *Harper's* ("Steel—the Great Retreat" in 1947) outlined the future direction of supply of iron ore in a way that has been closely followed by the industry.

Mr. Barloon lived for seven years of early boyhood within 200 yards of the railroad tracks in South Dakota and later found the round house in a town in Iowa the only worthwhile playground. During high school he worked on a track gang on the Chicago Great Western, living for weeks in a converted boxcar. He says that, on the strength of what he knew so young, his personal reaction to the changes now going on is: "It ain't possible."

. . . Modern man recognizes and puts to use hundreds of products whose origin and working he understands not at all. In "The Science Without a Name" (p. 44) **Leonard Engel** has dug out the facts about a radical new seedbed of technological invention. He is a reporter on medicine and science whose articles in *Harper's* have covered frontier developments from ACTH and Cortisone to thinking machines. He is working on a book about the history of medicine and surgery.

. . . To many thousands of breakfasting Americans the rich morning voice of **David Schoenbrun** broadcasting from Paris on the CBS World News Roundup is an every weekday assurance.

Often the voice is grave, for as Mr. Schoenbrun will say in his forthcoming book, *As France Goes* (to be published by Harper & Brothers on March 20), France has been staggering around the world arena for the past decade "like a punchdrunk fighter . . . who will not quit." The paradox is that in spite of the deadly truth of this image, France is still the home of the free in a unique sense. This is the paradox which, by implication, Mr. Schoenbrun explains in his article, "Manners and Morals of the French" (p. 49), which is adapted from the book.

David Schoenbrun has been CBS Paris correspondent since 1947. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French in 1948 and made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1952. He came into his job by way of wartime service with the U. S. Army in Algiers and as combat correspondent in France and Germany. A New Yorker born, he taught Romance languages before the war.

. . . In "Social Work: A Profession Chasing Its Tail" (p. 56) **Marion K. Sanders** brings the light of plain English to bear upon problems often clouded in intramural jargon. Not a professional in the field herself, Mrs. Sanders has been close to it for many years and recently has worked as editorial and public-relations consultant to several social-welfare organizations.

A doctor's wife, a mother, and a grandmother, Mrs. Sanders has done a number of difficult jobs outside the home as well—writing, film-making, and administrative work for the

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

New York Port Authority, the Office of War Information, and the State Department. In 1952 she ran for Congress (and missed). The next year she wrote an article for *Harper's* called "Women in Politics" which eventually grew into her book, *The Lady and the Vote.*

. . **Don Moser,** whose story, "Evening Flight" (p. 63), is his second in *Harper's,* is completing his senior year at Ohio University. He has worked in the summers for the Cleveland Museum of Natural History and the U. S. Forest Service, as a naturalist and smoke chaser.

. . . "What Corrupted Texas?" (p. 68), a large and loaded question, gets a forthright answer from **Ronnie Dugger,** who is editor and general manager of the *Texas Observer,* an independent liberal weekly published in Austin. Together with Hugh Russell Fraser's "Texans Don't Know Any Better" in *Harper's* May 1956 issue and D. B. Hardeman's "Shivers of Texas" in November 1956, it gives citizens of the Lone Star State something different to blow off about.

This answer is presented by a young man who loves Texas dearly. Since his schooldays in San Antonio and college years at the University of Texas, he has been aiming at journalism and liberal debate. He had two years of advanced study at Oxford in 1951-52 on a Rotary Foundation Fellowship, and two years in Washington with the National Security Training Commission. When he became editor of the *Observer* in 1954, the paper had a subscription of 1,500; it now has subscribers in all the 254 counties of the state and 35 states outside.

. . . One American present at the First International Festival of Contemporary Music last fall in Warsaw was **Paul Moor** (p. 78), a reporter and photographer who is also a concert pianist. Texas-born, he has lived mainly in Paris, Munich, and Berlin since 1949, and made a concert tour in Western Germany in 1954, playing Khatchaturian and Bartók. His report on the Warsaw festival is convincing evidence of Poland's eagerness to re-establish cultural ties with the West.

. . . **Mark Van Doren** ("Know What You Want," p. 75) has writeen many books of fiction, verse, and criticism and will have a new book out this month called *Home with Hazel and Other Stories.* He won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1939 and is professor of English at Columbia.

Edward Weismiller ("College Town," p. 80) teaches English at Pomona College in California.

Pauline M. Leet ("Ah How My Cat Benjamin," p. 36) is a recent Boston University graduate, and this is her first poem to be accepted.

RECAP

. . . Authors *will* keep on writing, with or without encouragement. But it is a heartening experience for them and for their editors to see evidence occasionally that something good has happened which is traceable, in part at least, to their efforts.

In October 1956 Porter McKeever's article in *Harper's* on Iceland pointed out the relation between the threat of increased U. S. tariffs on fish imports and Iceland's decision to ask us to abandon our air base on the island. In December President Eisenhower turned down the Tariff Commission's request for an increase of import duties on groundfish fillets. Iceland withdrew its request that our troops go home.

In December 1956 Robert Moses warned in *Harper's* that the nation's new super-highways would be a blight unless roadside advertising were curbed. On January 7, Senate investigators heard testimony to the same effect by Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, who reported "widespread feeling" throughout the country in favor of curtailment of billboards near interstate highways.

In January 1957 it was suggested in the Editor's Easy Chair that U.S. Savings Bonds advertised as being "among the world's finest investments" are a relatively poor investment for millions of Americans. The *Wall Street Journal* reported on January 10 that the U. S. Treasury is considering an increase in the interest rate on these Savings Bonds, saying that fewer Americans today believe the Treasury's ad. Before the end of January two bills were introduced in Congress to increase the bonds' net return.



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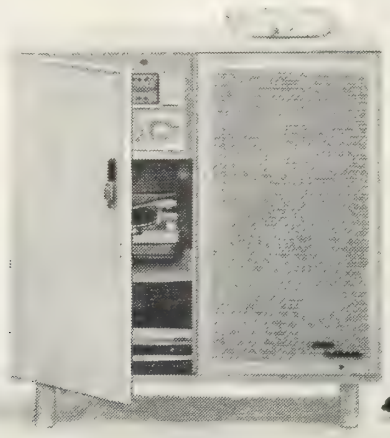
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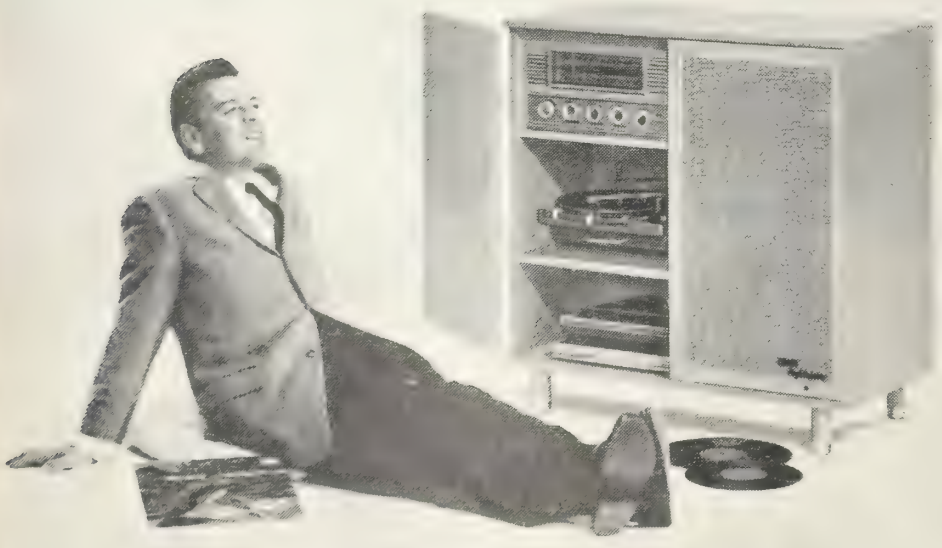
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Harper's MAGAZINE

AMERICAN YOUTH GOES MONOGAMOUS

CHARLES W. COLE

Drawings by Roy McKie

Courtship customs have changed so radically that today's college students are shocked by the "indecent" behavior of their parents' generation . . . and the new decorum is having far-reaching effects on family life, society, and even the economy.

IT WAS an autumn Saturday in 1935 when I was eight years out of college that I first realized I belonged to the older generation. But I did not understand that I was witnessing the first stages of a revolution which has dramatically altered the folkways of American youth and created a new and strange chasm between my generation and the next. Across the gulf which divides the adults who reached maturity in the early 1930s and the youngsters growing up today, communication on some subjects is difficult if not impossible.

The occasion was a dance at a fraternity house. My wife and I were chaperons. It was the first such dance we had attended since 1927. We noticed that the stag line was very small in comparison to our day, but thought that perhaps it was harder to get stags to come in depression times. One of my students was a tall dark basketball player named Fred. We saw him dancing with a vivacious girl in a bright yellow dress. Twenty minutes later he was still dancing with the same girl. We commented to each other on the fact that he was stuck with the girl and felt sorry for him. Another twenty minutes passed. He was still dancing with the same girl over in a corner by the fireplace. At this point I felt so perturbed about his plight that I went up to one of his fraternity brothers and said:

"Fred is stuck with that girl in the yellow dress; can't one of you do something about it?"

The young man looked at me wide-eyed and replied, "Oh, no! That's Fred's girl."

It was another five years before "going steady" was fully established as the standard and persuasive pattern for the social life of the young. But today it is so completely dominant that the debutante parties in some large cities where, through a kind of stubborn conservatism, stags are still used and the girl brings two or three young men with her are regarded as oddities by the young people.

Youth at present is almost completely monogamous in a thoroughly established fashion, and it

is aggressively sure that its customs and ways are right.

Not long ago, I was talking with three college seniors. They had been questioning me about the social customs of the 'twenties, which to them are as quaint (and as remote) as the 'nineties were to my generation, but appealing because of the good music like "Tea for Two" or "St. Louis Blues" and dances like the Charleston. I had been telling about stag lines and cutting in and getting stuck and the old story of the five-dollar bill held behind the girl's back. One of the seniors asked:

"But why did you cut in on a girl?"

I replied, "Well, maybe you knew her and she was a good dancer, or fun to talk to or had what we called a 'good line.' Or perhaps you didn't know her and got introduced and cut in. Then if the two of you got on together you asked her for a date."

There was a hushed pause. Then another of the seniors questioned me a little timidly. "Do you mean that when another man brought the girl, you felt you could ask her for a date right at the dance?"

"Certainly," I answered; "in fact, that was the way you met new girls."

A pall of disapproving silence settled over us, as the young men contemplated the immorality, the stark and blatant indecency of their parents' generation. Then one of them with visible tact changed the subject.

A boy today who seeks to make friends with a girl somebody else brings to a dance is known as a "bird-dog" and what he does is called "bird-dogging." The origin of the phrase is neither



known nor obvious. But the activity is frowned on in the most thoroughgoing fashion. There was the case of Weston Brewer. He was a member of the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity. At one of the house dances to which he had brought his own girl, he met a girl named Maureen, from Boston, who had been brought by one of the other brothers, Tim Morton. With Weston and Maureen it was love at first sight in the best romantic tradition. Weston went to Boston to see her. He went every weekend. When this fact became known, the matter was brought up at the next chapter meeting and it was proposed that Weston be expelled from the fraternity for bird-dogging a brother's girl. But Weston's friends—though in no way condoning his actions—pointed out that Maureen was not really Tim's girl, since he had only one date with her before the dance. It was concluded, therefore, that, while Weston was guilty of the worst taste, expulsion from the chapter would not be justified.

TIMING AND LIKING

ONE of the delicate questions in going steady is when the relationship may be said to have been established. Here, there is some difference of opinion. But in general three dates in fairly rapid succession are not enough and six dates are plenty. So the fourth or the fifth date may be considered crucial. I once saw a girl from the Middle West in tears. She had had three dates with a boy and had got on well with him. But she felt she did not like him enough to go with him on a steady basis and therefore was compelled to refuse the fourth date. "Like" is now, by the way, a word of art. In "Bill likes Sue," it implies the first stages of what, if all goes well, may result in love.

Going steady is a rather stylized relationship. (The phrase "going steady" is used in high schools though not much in college circles. But the institution is as strong in the latter as the former.) When it is fully established, it means that the boy will not go out with any other girl or the girl with any other boy. It means further that each can count on the other for any date, dance, or other social event. There are certain exceptions—concessions as it were to the weakness of the flesh. Let us say that Jack comes from Missoula, Montana, and is attending an Eastern college. In Missoula, he is going steady with Mary. But to be denied female companionship for months at a time is more than he can be expected to endure. It is not, then, wholly improper for Jack, under these conditions, to go out with Nancy from Vassar while he is in the East. Ideally Jack should tell Nancy about Mary and Mary about Nancy. And Nancy (or perhaps Mary) should be aware that she is secondary, the under-steady so to speak.

But it would be even better and Jack would be more admired by his fellows—granted that Mary is really his girl—if he lived a completely

celibate and monastic life while at college. This would be regarded as a great sacrifice, but it would bring him respect and sympathy.

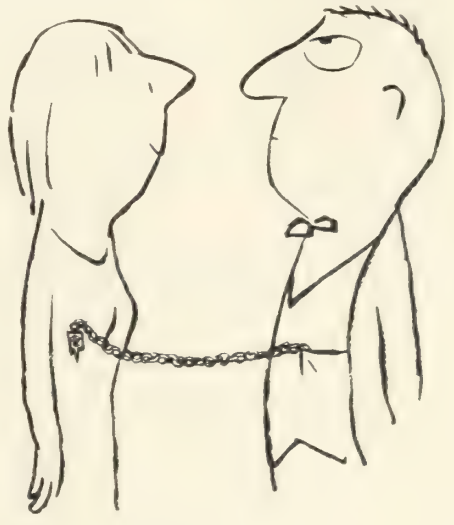
This sympathy might even take concrete form. There was the case of Donald, a junior in the Gamma Beta Alpha house. He was a scholarship boy with means so limited that he could not go home to Beaver Falls, Minnesota, for Christmas vacation. At home he had a girl named Grace, whom he dearly liked and to whom he was completely faithful. The time came for the spring house dance and all the chapter members were urged to bring dates. Don sadly refused and thought mournfully of Grace. The brothers were so deeply impressed by his constancy that they raised a pool to buy Grace an airplane ticket East and to pay all her expenses. The big scene took place before the dance when his friends said to Don, "We've got a blind date for you," led him protesting to the library, threw open the doors, and there was Grace beaming over a corsage of orchids. This romantic denouement made the weekend a happy and thrilling one for the whole chapter.

Going steady is a progressive not a static relationship. At the start, it means merely a monogamous social arrangement, but it is likely to move on to a point where the couple gets "pinned." (The typical symbol is the fraternity pin, but if the college has no fraternities, a Phi Bete key, a club emblem, or military insignia may be used.) Overtly "pinning" merely means that the girl can and does wear the boy's fraternity pin. Inwardly it means more than that, though there are various degrees. Merely "pinned" implies that the boy and girl plan to go steady in the future, like each other a good deal, and expect the relationship to develop further. To be seriously pinned means "engaged to be engaged" or perhaps even "engaged" preparatory to getting a ring, securing parental approval, and clearing up other details.

Since pinning is in many ways the equivalent of the betrothal of earlier times, it is frequently quite ceremonious. Friends of the pinned couple may give a little party, at which the girl appears with the pin on for the first time, and toasts may be drunk in champagne. There was the case of a returning alumnus of elder vintage who started to go into the music room in his fraternity house, but was stopped with the admonition, "Don't go in there, Joe is pinning his girl." The alumnus completely misunderstood the situation until the young couple emerged wreathed in smiles, the girl with the pin on her bosom, to receive congratulations.

The relationship of going steady, even of a pinned couple, may be ended with somewhat more ease than an engagement can be broken. It may be terminated by either party or by mutual agreement. If either the boy or the girl ends it firmly, he or she is said to have "axed" the other.

The duration of the "steady" arrangement is most variable. It may last from a few days to many years. There are instances where a couple started going steady in junior high school, continued through high school and college, and got married after eight or more years of going together. A boy or girl on the other hand may

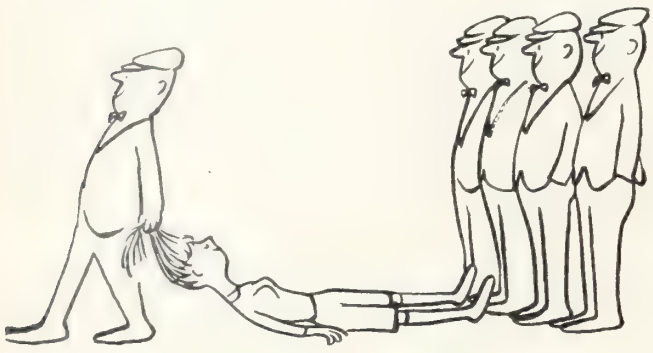


have several "steadies" in the course of a single year. But it is considered frivolous and light-minded to change too often. So monogamous (pro tem) is the younger generation that after losing a steady, it is thought proper to wait a decent interval before seeking another.

The philanderer of the 'twenties who dated a different girl every night and went out with dozens in the course of a year has disappeared. So has the prom trotter of earlier times. A clever girl today might conceivably have a male friend in four or five different colleges, but she would not be much admired if she had two at the same college. If she collected an array of fraternity pins from several boys—I knew of girls in the 'twenties who had as many as seven—she would be condemned by her acquaintances.

The dances have perhaps changed most visibly of all the social institutions. While the system of going steady has become more formalized, dances have tended to become more informal. (Why dress up for someone you see so often and know so well?) They have tended to become shorter. (When you dance with only one partner, two hours or so is enough.) There is a good deal of sitting around and listening to music or entertainment instead of dancing. In fact, an

effort is made to secure bands worth listening to rather than those whose music is especially suitable for dancing. The dances are a little heavy and somber because the excitement and shifting around of cutting in has disappeared and because neither the boys nor the girls feel under any special obligation to be gay or entertaining. The big dance of the prom type is fading slowly away. Since a couple is going to dance together anyhow they may as well do it in an informal fashion to phonograph records, or at a night spot, without going to the trouble and expense of attending a big formal affair.



GETTING MARRIED

THE revolution in the courtship and dating procedures of our youth has had profound effects on our society and even on our economy.

The average age of marriage has dropped very rapidly. A college girl of the 1920s *said,* at least, that she was looking forward to a career. Most of them did not expect to get married until two or three years after graduation. The college girl today declares quite frankly that she wants to get married and she frequently does so while still in college. A girl who gets as far as junior year in college without having acquired a man is thought to be in grave danger of becoming an old maid. A manless senior is considered to be more or less on the shelf.

Matrimony at an early age is facilitated by the disappearance of the idea that a man should be able to support a wife before he gets married. The GI Bill of Rights with its higher allowances for married veterans seems to have destroyed the older notions, and to have made the idea of married undergraduate students acceptable. Nowadays, one or both sets of parents are expected to "help." If the parents cannot be of assistance it is perfectly normal for the girl to take a job and help to support her husband through medical school or law school.

And then there is the birth rate. Thirty years ago a young couple usually planned to have two children and usually did. Today the ideal seems to be four or five children. The effect of this shift in attitude on the birth rate has been spectacular. Among college graduates of both sexes the classes ten years out already have substantially as many children as the classes twenty-five years out. It is known also of course that all by itself an earlier average age of marriage will raise the birth rate.

Why young people want more children is by no means clear. Partly the new attitude may arise from the fact that there is no servant problem. Since there are no servants, there is no question of waiting till it is possible to afford a maid to look after the baby. Housekeeping has, morever, been much simplified by washing machines, frozen foods, diaper services, and a score of other developments. Baby-sitting has become a national and fairly well organized institution. Partly the trend to large families may arise from the fact that many of the young people marrying today were only children or had a single sibling. They seem to envy the children who come from large families and had a more varied and exciting family circle. Partly, too, young people seem to be seeking in their own families the security that is outwardly denied by the unsettled state of the world.

In the 'twenties and early 'thirties, when the social pattern was one of multiple or polygamous dating—on the part of both boys and girls—young people did not think nearly so much about marriage as they do today. Thirty years ago a boy and a girl could have dates over a long period without seriously considering that they might some day get married. They dated each other for the fun of it, because they enjoyed each other's company, because they liked the same things, or merely because in the competitive social life of their time it was a good thing to have dates—the more, the better. Today young people often play with the idea of marriage as early as the second or third date, and they certainly think about it by the fifth or sixth. By the time they have been going steady for a while they are quite apt to be discussing the number and names of their future children. The fact that the steady may well be a future spouse gives a different color to the social life of the youth. It makes it more serious, less frivolous. The boys and girls spend a lot of time discussing their relationship and whether it is solidly founded on bases of long-run compatibility.

The oddest thing about the revolution in the social life of youth in the last twenty years is

that it constitutes the triumph of rural nineteenth-century American mores in the urban and suburban society of the mid-twentieth century. Anybody over seventy who was brought up in a country village or town finds the social customs of young people today strangely familiar. In the 1880s or 1890s it was normal to have boys and girls pair off in a more or less stable fashion, and such pairing often ended eventually in marriage. The very phrase "going steady" has the ring of rural America under President Cleveland.



THE PASSING OF THE WALL FLOWER

WHY have our young people reverted so sharply to the ways of an earlier era and a simpler society? There seems to be no clear-cut answer. The change has often been ascribed to the second world war, when the sudden shortage of men made each girl eager to hold on to any available male. But it was well under way before 1939. The new folkways may be related to the Great Depression when a boy putting out money for a girl on dances, movies, or the like wanted to be sure of some return on his investment. It is also true that the fiercely competitive social life of the 'twenties with the stag lines and the cutting in and the multiple dates meant that a popular girl had a very good time indeed. But the majority of girls were not popular. They dreaded being wall flowers. They were the ones with whom boys sometimes got stuck. It may be that the less popular majority of girls slowly created the present democratic system, under which any girl with a steady is just as well off as any other girl with a steady. Since each boy wants a steady too and since the numbers of boys and girls are about equal everybody seems better off at present, though it is possible that some polygamous male instincts are thwarted. On the other hand, girls would insist that the new system was created by the boys who are aggressive, possessive, and jealous of all rivals.

The new ways may also be related to the search for security. The boy or girl who has a steady is secure. Each partner knows that the other can be counted on for the coming high-school dance or the next football game. In a day when the population moves from home to home with such freedom and when so many homes are broken by divorce or otherwise, this kind of security is very precious to young people. Perhaps, too, the general decline of competition under the welfare state has led to less competitive social customs. Just as the retail stores have tried to shelter themselves from all price competition behind the so-called Fair Trade laws, so our young people have divided into non-competing twosomes.

Whatever the origin of the present pre-marital monogamy of youth, it is one of the most important phenomena of recent times. Already it is responsible for the new birth rate that has exploded the predictions that our population would become stable in numbers in the 1970s. It looks as if the United States would grow in population rapidly and indefinitely. Already it has produced the tidal wave of babies that will overwhelm the high schools in 1961 and the colleges in 1964. Already it has created a situation where parents and children find it hard to communicate on social matters. The mother who says to a daughter, "Why do you always have dates with Jimmy? Aren't there other nice boys?" seems to the daughter to be lacking in elementary understanding of the facts of social life.

It is too early to determine what the new system will do for the stability of marriage. On *a priori* grounds the oldsters would predict that a boy who had dated only one girl or at the most half-a-dozen would be less likely to find a permanently compatible mate than one who had gone out with fifty or a hundred. It would seem even that there might be anti-eugenic consequences, since the intelligent girl would have less chance of finding an intelligent boy to marry.

But it is also possible that a marriage relationship based on an elaborate system of premarital companionship progressing through recognized stages (dating, going steady, getting pinned, becoming engaged) may be built in a solid and enduring fashion. It is conceivable too that the fiercely monogamous premarital folkways may carry over into married life and erect strong buttresses to the institutions of marriage and the family.

Eli Waldron

the BUFFS AROUND US

An irritable report on a current outbreak of literary atrocities, shabby tricks, and lazy habits, by an author's author who is sometimes pretty irritating himself.

BEFORE things get completely out of hand, I would like to say a few last words about the buffs around us. They have been around us in quantity since 1954, and although (in early 1955) they showed signs of diminishing, there was a recent (1956) resurgence, or recrudescence, of buffs that was rather alarming.

Now, I fix the high water mark of buffdom—changing metaphors in midstream, as it were—during the last week of November 1954, give or take a hebdomad. That is to say, I *fixed* it thus in the spring of 1955 when I composed a monograph rashly entitled *The Dwindling Buff,* only to have it rendered valueless by a new spate of buffs.

The opening paragraphs of *The Dwindling Buff,* however, still have a certain antiquarian interest. I quote myself:

The Dwindling Buff

It is pleasant to note that the buff has been dwindling in recent weeks; perhaps by the time this is published, it will have disappeared altogether from the land. A dwindling buff, like other fashions, tends to disappear very quickly when it finally goes (like the last whirling slurp of water down a drain) and there is, as a result, no telling just *when* it exists and when it *ceases* to exist. This really requires the services of a good philosopher-theologian—someone on the order of Norman Vincent Peale, a power-of-positive-thinking buff. [Jokes about Peale, of course, are out of fashion now.]

In any case, when the buffs actually *did* exist, which was most monstrously during the last week of November 1954 [give or take a hebdomad] and continuing on into early 1955, they threatened for a time to overrun the country's press. At one time or another, I found myself fighting off sports-car buffs, fire buffs, underwater buffs, hi-fi buffs, and do-it-yourself buffs in the *Times,* the *Saturday Review,* the *New Yorker,* and God knows how many other cul-de-sacs and redoubts. These battles now seem to be over and I find I am breathing a little easier.

The 1955 essay, at this point, went on to list specific instances of railroad buffs, polo buffs, Our Lady of Lourdes buffs, and outer-space buffs, in such varied publications as the *New York Journal-American, Saddle and Bridle, Fantast,* and *Assumption.* It was, of course, impossible to list all the buffs appearing everywhere at that time—there were just too many of them. And if the monograph were brought up to date, it probably ought now to include Murray Schumach's "buff's buff" (*New York Times*), the instance of Dr. Melish, the Brooklyn preacher, as a "sailing buff" (*New York Times*), and Douglas Watt's recent "opera buff" (*New York Daily News*). I mention opera buff not because it is interesting in itself (it is a commonplace buff, second only to fire buff in frequency of appearance) but because it brings up the possibility—not as remote as you might think—of an opera bouffe buff. I hope Mr. Watt does not neglect this opportunity when it appears.

At any rate, a consideration of buffs led inevitably to a consideration of other current literary fashions. Chief among these in *The Dwindling Buff* was the genitival substantive (or, as some say, the double substantive). As it happens, Murray Schumach's "buff's buff" in the *Times* magazine section provides the perfect vinculum in a dissertation of this sort, being buff with a genitival interior and at the same time a double substantive (as they say) enrobed, and richly so, in buffness. (I ought to mention

that Schumach's buff was a tongue-in-cheek buff, or seemed so. However, the article in which it appeared was about fire buffs and was quite serious.)

As for the genitival substantive itself, allow me to quote from the original monograph:

> . . . a journalistic creature that has been around even longer than the buff, clinging tenaciously to the slippery ledges of editorial desks everywhere in the land. I refer, of course, to such expressions as "baseball player's baseball player," "doctor's doctor," "dancer's dancer," "jockey's jockey," and "performer's performer" (Robert W. Dana, night-club reviewer for the *New York World-Telegram,* for example, hailed Matt Dennis, the singer, as a "performer's performer" on April 20 [1955]).
>
> But perhaps the most familiar reference in this category is to William Faulkner as a "writer's writer" or as a "novelist's novelist." Faulkner has been called one or the other thousands and thousands of times. In any event, along with my file on the buff I am now closing my file on the double substantive and I am more than happy to share this occasion with anyone who has been keeping a similar tab on our journalists.

I had, in fact, intended closing this particular file in November 1954, when, after the Nobel announcements, the *Times* called Dr. Linus Pauling a "chemist's chemist." I thought this surely signaled the end of the double substantive. And, naturally, I was mistaken. Let me return to that strange season for a moment:

> . . . In his introduction to Ford's *The Good Soldier* Mark Schorer asks (perhaps a little timidly), "Is *The Good Soldier,* perhaps, a novelist's novel?" Now, aside from the fact that this represents an interesting variation on the double substantive, being a pseudo, or concealed double substantive rather than a true one, the question itself is of considerable interest. It is, for instance, a question one would like to put to the novelist's novelist, Mr. Faulkner. "Is *The Good Soldier,* perhaps," one pictures Mr. Schorer asking Mr. Faulkner, "the novelist's novelist's novel?" And one sees a Faulkner startled, followed by a Faulkner frowning over the question—and finally a Faulkner framing a slow, unanswerable reply.

My second rebuff (to choose an unlikely word) issued from a most unlikely source—the book section of the April 1955 *Foreign Affairs.* Here, in a review of Bernard Baruch's *A Philosophy for Our Time,* the author was saluted by the reviewer as the "elder statesmen's elder statesman." But just who the elder statesmen whose elder statesman he was were the reviewer did not go on to say. And the third came from Whit Burnett, who, in a foreword to his anthology, *Two Bottles of Relish,* a collection of strange tales, speaks at one point of "Pecos Bill and his epic pursuit of a coyote that *was* a a coyote, a veritable coyote's coyote."

It had been my original plan to tie up all the existing buffs and double substantives in a neat little packet and chuck them out the window; but having put *The Dwindling Buff* away to age for a couple of weeks, I soon discovered that the buffs were still running wildly underfoot. Similarly, the double substantives kept multiplying during the summer and winter of 1955. I kept tabs on them for a while during those chaotic days but finally, in despair, I tore up my notes, took *The Dwindling Buff* out of the filing cabinet, locked it in a suitcase, and put the suitcase under the bed. I can't actually prove it, but I can tell you certainly that in this world about us, running loose today, are not only baseball player's baseball players, but catcher's catchers, pitcher's pitchers, shortshop's shortstops, umpire's umpires, and batboy's batboys. And lawyer's lawyers. And magician's magicians. As for the preacher's preacher, he is also the pole-vaulter's pole-vaulter—and a quadrilateral substantive if there ever was one.

WHAT is more, I had the temerity that long time ago to predict the end of two other, minor, literary irritants—the mirror cliché and the reversed *that-clause* sentence. Here is a mirror cliché (two of them) from C. S. Forester's *The Good Shepherd,* the first at the beginning of the book, the second toward the end:

> He [Krause] was in his cabin, having come out from under the shower, and he had toweled himself dry. He . . . put on his thick, woolen underclothes, his shirt and his trousers, his socks and his shoes [and] stared into the mirror to check that his shave had been all that it should be. His eyes (gray by courtesy; more hazel than gray, and with a stony quality) met those of the reflection in the mirrow without recognition or sympathy. . . .
>
> On the bulkhead beside the loudspeaker hung a small mirror, a relic of peacetime days. He [Krause again] did not recognize the face in it—he gave it a second glance for that very reason.
>
> The eyes were big and staring and rimmed with red. The unbuttoned hood hung down

> beside cheeks that were sprouting with bristles. He still did not think of it as his face until he observed at the base of one nostril a dab of filth—relics of the mayonnaise that had been smeared there so long ago.

And here is a reversed that-clause, a lovely one, composed as a lead paragraph for a sports story by Daniel in the *World-Telegram:*

> That Tommy Byrne had pitched a 6-2 six-hitter, marked by only one pass, for his third consecutive victory in the opener with Kansas City, today stood out prominently for the Yankees.

The mirror cliché, as you probably know, is a lazy writer's trick. When lazy writer wishes to describe a character, he simply grabs him by the scruff of the neck, stands him in front of mirror, and jots down the reflection there. It works equally well for men (who shave), women (who apply lipstick), and children (who look at themselves in pools of water). Forester, to be fair, uses the device more or less legitimately.

The reversed that-clause is a somewhat different matter. It has its proper function as a sentence form designed to bring rhythmic variation into a piece of work, but it is more often abused than not. It occurs in the work of such widely disparate writers as Arnold Toynbee *(A Study of History)* and Herbert Gold *(The Man Who Was Not With It)* and it is always—without exception—misused by sociologists, professors of English, and that large, dim body of gentlemen who review Civil War books for the *Saturday Review.* Here, in an introduction to the Hamish Hamilton Novel Library volume, *Nightmare Abbey* and *Crotchet Castle,* is J. B. Priestley struggling with the octopus and losing:

> And there is in these novels of his, quite apart from the occasional verse that finds its way into them, a kind of poetry, mild and diffused, like the sunlight on the clowning, which helps to give them their unique charm. That they have a unique and long-lasting charm this recent re-reading of them has amply confirmed to me.

And here (in *The Liberal Imagination*) is Lionel Trilling struggling with the octopus and winning—or at least drawing:

> . . . the two books on which James placed the blame for his diminishing popularity were *The Bostonians* and *The Princess Casamassima,* and of all James's novels these are the two which are most likely to make an immediate appeal to the reader of today. That they should not have delighted their contemporary public, but on the contrary should have turned it against James, makes a lively problem in the history of taste.

Well, this was the tidy packet I intended chucking out the window year before last. You can see for yourself how unwieldy and *un*tidy it has become. I leave it on your doorstep now simply to be rid of it—and, in fact, I intend to run like hell after pressing your buzzer. Mind you, I'm not running *away.* I'm running to confront the word "confrontation," now rather wildly in vogue, and after that to meet the wise guy who thinks he can keep getting away with expressions like "give or take a hebdomad." This guy has got to go.

PAULINE M. LEET

AH HOW MY CAT BENJAMIN

AH how my cat Benjamin flies this midnight
At the window glass, and droops his yellow length along the sill,
Moaning for the cat-cobbled streets and slit-lit lamps
Of his long half grown dreams. All shadows move
Beyond the glass, and mysteries of noise and smells unravel
Before dun sooted bodies hot hearted stalking still.

How I do desire in my glass room heavy at his shoulder
To unglass us both, were not my powers less than his,
And spin us darkly tumbling to reproach the dogs
Amid stretching streets; and light green slant-eyed candles
In every darkened door and lair to enmity or love,
Till in a biding patient day, we lick real wounds in an open place.

By MARVIN J. BARLOON

Drawings by Helen Borten



The Second Transport Revolution

New ways of moving things—by water, air, road, pipeline, and even conveyor belts—are shifting people and industries to strange places . . . and may in a few years change the geography of America.

IN 1915, when I was eight years old, I used to be awakened at about five o'clock on a hot August morning by the sound of the Overland Limited coming around the bend at Maple River Junction, and in an excitement of awe and fascination I would hurry to the upstairs window of my grandfather's Iowa farmhouse and watch her coming, roaring down the track, a long train of gray-green coaches in the half-light.

I was certainly glad that the railroad had been built so close to Grandpa's farm, and it was not until some years later that I learned that the railroad had been there first. I used to marvel, also, at the way the railroad lines had been laid so skillfully right through the center of each one of our Iowa towns, and it took a much longer time to realize that our whole state with its thousands of farms and hundreds of towns had grown out of and around the trunks and branches of the railroad lines.

The railroads had made Iowa. The railroads had made the West. One could almost say the railroads had remade the United States. Between 1865 and 1915, almost every region—whether it lived by farming, as we did, or by mining or manufacturing, from the Dakota wheat country to the West Virginia coal fields and the Brockton shoe factories—had come to draw its livelihood from the cash crop shipped out by rail to the entire continent. On the foundation of these national markets, adventurous promoters had been able to rough out the structure of big industry under corporate control: Pittsburgh steel, New England textiles, Chicago meat packing, Cleveland oil, and a score of others—each in its own region pouring out its products to the entire nation over the new railroads. National industries brought national labor unions, and hotly fought political and social issues had their roots in the railroad revolution. By 1915, there was no better way for the Civil War veteran to understand what had happened to his country in a single lifetime than to gaze at the great trains roaring past.

Now something like this may be happening again. For the second time in our history, the nation's avenues of transportation are undergoing revolutionary changes.

The most basic of these is the growth of highway trucking. In 1929 the intercity truck lines moved only two ton-miles of freight for every fifty carried by the railroads. But in 1955 they carried over nineteen to the railroad's fifty. There are already nearly as many highway trailers and semi-trailers in the country as there are boxcars, and in a year's time they carry more freight than the boxcars do. (The railroads occupy their present declining leadership only by virtue of the tonnage carried in open-top cars and tank cars.)

Year by year, the trucks gain. We have long regarded the highways as supplementary to the railroads. But, as the stream of highway freight

continues to grow, it moves ever closer toward an ultimate central position as the trunk-line structure of our transportation system.

But the growth of trucking is not the whole story. Traffic on the waterways and through pipelines likewise has been growing rapidly. In 1929 the rivers and canals carried only one ton-mile of freight for every fifty carried by the railroads; in 1955 they carried seven. The old stern-wheeler is obsolete. The inland waterways have been reopened to volume traffic by the diesel engine and the squat twin-screw power boat pushing a tow of barges.

Pipeline movement, in turn, has grown with the mushrooming consumption of petroleum and natural gas. These are the chief competitors of coal—the largest-volume commodity carried by the railroads. From 1929 to 1955 the quantity of pipeline traffic multiplied five times while the nation's consumption of coal remained static.

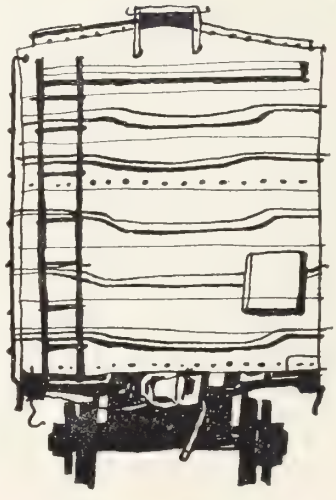
We are changing from a general-purpose transportation system to one of specialized services. In the past we shipped everything by rail. A random selection of railway bills would list, respectively, fifty carloads of coal, five crated bicycles, four tank cars of kerosene, seventy-five head of beef cattle, and one dozen bird cages.

But, the new media are specialized. Each carries a particular kind of freight better than railroads or than any other medium can do it. The truck lines take the high-value, high-rate traffic demanding speed and directness. At the other end of the scale, the barge lines take the low-cost, mass-transportation business. The pipelines are the most specialized of all, carrying only liquid and gaseous fuels. In 1954, for the first time in the twentieth century, the railroads carried less than half of the nation's total freight traffic.

Meanwhile designers and promoters are busily devising additional innovations. A long-distance pipeline has just been built to carry coal. Private capital is prepared to construct a gigantic intercity conveyor belt system and is held up, not by technological or economic obstacles, but by political resistance. Ocean-going ships in the coastal trade are being loaded, not with cargo in the usual form, but with loaded truck-trailers which eliminate cargo handling in the seaports. With the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway all the channels and major harbors of the Great Lakes are to be deepened by anywhere from three to six feet, bringing the economies of deep-water coastal transportation—possibly with trailer-ships—to Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo. Some of these novel developments may not proceed very far. But, taking them as a group, they very probably will take over a sizable chunk of the nation's transport load.

The railroad revolution of the nineteenth century opened the floodgates to reconstruction of the nation's industry and institutions and to a geographical regrouping of her population. The transport revolution of the twentieth century shows signs of an equally thorough overhauling of our institutions and geography. Throughout the country, new industrial concentrations are forming along the rivers and highways. Areas of the South and the West, sparsely furnished with rail facilities, become centers of industrial growth founded on highway and waterway shipment. Locally, housing developments cluster about new commercial and administrative centers in the outer suburbs. Geography follows the transport routes.

The changes in transportation now going on are in no sense incidental or superficial. They are a response to basic and continuing pressures in the wealth structure and living patterns of America, and there is no present sign that these pressures are going to abate. As they continue, they promise to carry forward a full rebuilding of the system.



STRAIGHT FROM A TO I

IT IS commonly assumed that highway trucking, like the seven-story building in Kansas City, has gone about as far as it can go. A few years ago I published a five-year forecast of an average production of 70,000 new intercity truck-trailers per year through 1956. Some people received this skeptically, on the ground that the roads were already so overcrowded that there would be no place to put all these trailers. But by the end of 1956 the actual figure will turn out to have been close to 73,000 and, while the average motorist may not believe it, there remains room on the road for lots more. The thirty-three-billion-dollar program for new highways, bridges,

and tunnels will help considerably. Trucks and trailers will probably continue to multiply.

They multiply, not so much because of improvements in methods of trucking or in the highway system, but because of the changing transport needs of the country. To shippers and consumers it becomes progressively more important to move things straight from A to B without stalling around at X, Y, and Z on the way. Intercity trucking provides movement which is fast and direct, and it provides tailored or individualized service. It does these things at a pretty high price, but to more and more people the service is worth the price. Besides, there is a good chance that the price will come down considerably.

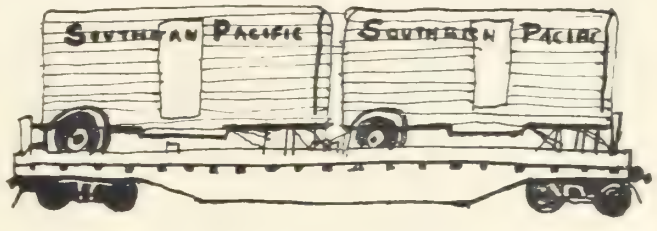
As an example of fast service, a truck loaded in Cleveland at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon will pull up to the receiver's dock in Rockford, Illinois, Friday morning. The same shipment by rail would take a week.

The railroads can't do much to overcome this disadvantage; they have to spend time making up and breaking trains. Instead of leaving town right away like a truck, a loaded freight car hangs around for anywhere from six to forty-eight hours being switched through the classification yard system before it is finally incorporated into the right train and taken out onto the main line. Furthermore, the train has to stop at intermediate points to drop off and pick up cars. This is why the average freight train speed between terminals in 1955 remained just under nineteen miles an hour. Again, on arrival, the freight car has to go through a second classification yard system. Freight shipments directed to a Chicago consignee sometimes spend as much as forty-eight hours in Chicago before the consignee gets them. Indeed, many shipments have to pass over more than one railroad line, in which event they go through still a third set of classification yards at the interchange point. The average rail freight haul is 429 miles, but because the freight car spends most of its time being switched from train to train, it covers only forty-eight miles in an average day.

Railroads do, of course, operate fast freights carrying perishable commodities at high speeds. But, to do this, they have to reduce the frequency of departure for other freight and make it even slower.

Contrary to popular belief, railroads are making a great deal of technological progress. But almost all of this progress is in the direction of cost reduction rather than of service improvement. The introduction of diesel-electric locomotives, electronically controlled classification yards, and centralized traffic-control systems is primarily an economy move, acccentuating the historic position of the railroads as low-cost mass-transportation media.

In only one respect do the railroads offer much prospect of rivaling fast highway service. That is by carrying highway trailers on flat cars, the "piggyback" movement. However, rail executives almost universally regard this development as a means of getting traffic back from the highways rather than of making existing rail service more attractive. They rarely offer it to shippers as a substitute for boxcar carriage via the classification yard system. But business once lost to the highways is hard to get back. If railroad executives do not promote the piggyback system much more aggressively than they have shown any sign of doing, it can do little more than retard the growth of highway freight.



TAILORED TRANSPORTATION

BESIDES being fast and direct, truck transportation is often fitted to the special requirements of individual shippers. For example, a manufacturer of garments in an Eastern city operates a large number of retail stores about the country. He wants shipments from the factory to be delivered at his stores only in the morning and only on four days of the week, Monday through Thursday. Because each truck is controlled by its own driver, the truck lines can assure this manufacturer that deliveries will be made only within the specified half-days.

This kind of tailored service extends even to the design of freight-carrying trailers. For example, a new livestock trailer features non-skid floors, controlled ventilation, and easy-riding gravity tandem underconstruction. The interior walls are designed to reduce damage to the animals' hides. All this protects the live cargo and assures a better price at the market. Refrigerated trailers are now built to provide temperatures down to 20 degrees below zero. A tank trailer especially designed for hauling bulk cement is equipped with two large hoses through which the trailer can be loaded in three minutes and unloaded at the work site in twenty.

Trucking is the great paradox of the twentieth

century. This era is generally identified as that of mass production and mass merchandising. But, in transportation, the mode offering the most individualized service is the one moving ahead most rapidly.

Such high-speed, individualized service is worth more to the American economy than it used to be. A much larger percentage of our national produce consists of highly fabricated goods. Frozen pies, cake mixes, orange juice squeezed in Florida for sale in New Jersey, precooked meats have displaced the unplucked chickens and the sacks of flour of earlier days.

Industrial products have changed in the same way. A much higher percentage of the output of the steel industry, for instance, consists of highly-finished steels, such as fine sheet and strip rolled to precision dimensions. Both household appliances and industrial machinery are more complex. These highly engineered products can pay a higher freight charge and they have to be moved at higher speeds. Highway shipment provides the answer.

Still another development which places a growing premium on speed is the greater interdependence between factories, warehouses, and stores at great distances from each other. For example, a branch plant of an automobile company makes body parts such as doors, rocker panels, and roofs—but no fenders. Fenders are made at another plant hundreds of miles away. And the bodies are assembled at still a third plant, to be joined with other vehicle parts gathered from a score of plants in a dozen states. The final automobile is assembled in a variety of styles, colors, horsepower ratings, transmission systems, and the like, so that the work of each factory has to be closely synchronized with that of the others. Consumer preference changes quickly and unpredictably. Stocks are small and replenishment has to be fast. Truck transportation gets the parts where they belong on time.

This type of operation is becoming more and more characteristic of American merchandising and manufacturing—chain stores, chain hotels, warehousing systems, and chain factories. Branch plants are often not really factories at all, but merely production departments, removed by hundreds of miles from the succeeding operations with which they are closely synchronized. Shipment by highway maintains the day-to-day coordination.

These influences are persisting. The complexity and value of industrial products continue to increase. The gearing together of geographically dispersed operations still has a long way to go. These continuing pressures promise to consign to the trucks most of the future increment to the nation's overland traffic.

THE BIG BREAK

THE growth in highway trucking indeed could at any time accelerate drastically. For some years truck transportation has been hovering on the verge of a technological breakthrough, and if this takes place, the effects could be revolutionary.

On the average, it now costs about four times as much per mile to ship a ton of goods by truck as it does by rail. An important part of this gap is caused by the fragility of our highway pavements. Every state now has to impose a limit on truck weight and size. The largest allowed in any state is 55 tons in Michigan, and limits of 33 tons or less are usual in other states. This keeps truck loads smaller than they might be and raises the costs of fuel and labor for each ton carried. Moreover, the truck lines spend a great deal of money on expensive light-weight construction of trucks and trailers so that as much as possible of their limited weight can be payload. Though the present tractor-trailer combinations may look big to the motorist, they could be made considerably bigger. Eventually, the most economical unit of highway freight may well be about the size of two railway box cars. For the time being, the engineering of the vehicle has outrun the engineering of the roadway—but this is not likely to last.

The railroads were once similarly handicapped by the fragility of iron rails. The invention of rolled steel solved their problem. Highway construction could get the same kind of a break at any time. A lot of research is going on in the field of materials—metals, plastics, rubber, and glass—and in the field of pavement construction. With improved pavements, the average intercity truck load of the future could weigh up to a hundred tons. If this should happen, the present four-to-one cost ratio of trucking to rail haulage would come down, probably to three-to-one, or even lower, and the gains in trucking volume would accelerate almost explosively.

Truck loads are already increasing in size from year to year. In 1941 the average intercity truck trailer was loaded with about eight tons of goods; in 1954 with nearly eleven. Since 1941, more than thirty states have raised the weight ceilings in amounts ranging up to seventeen tons.

Contrary to the popular supposition, the airlines have little prospect of sharing sub-

stantially in future freight traffic. First of all, air cargo has to be rehandled at the airport, and this means more boxing and crating. These operations use up most of the time air shipment might otherwise save. Besides the time usually isn't worth much except over very long distances. A shipper ordinarily makes a shipment in the afternoon, and the consignee won't be open for business and ready to receive it before the next morning. With a sixteen-hour schedule between Cleveland and Louisville, for example, the truck can pull out at 5:00 P.M. and draw up at the consignee's dock at 9:00 A.M. This is soon enough. Moreover, air freight is very expensive.

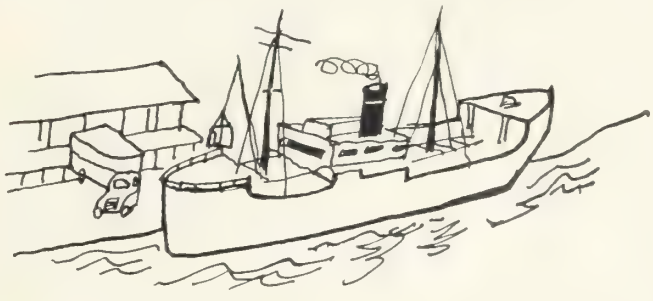
Although highways may become the main stem of the transport system, they will never achieve the exclusiveness once enjoyed by the railroads. They will have to share honors with the inland waterways. For most of our history the waterways have constituted the central network of mass transportation. The railroad rate wars that followed the introduction of the rolled steel rail in the nineteenth century reduced the waterways to a peripheral status though they have always remained important to certain communities and to certain shippers. For the past twenty-five years, however, waterway traffic has been growing tremendously, a growth that results largely from two new technologies: the diesel-powered towboat and radar.

The most important advantage of the diesel is its great power. The old steam-powered stern-wheeler was ordinarily rated at some 600 to 1,000 horsepower. But, diesel boats of 4,800 horsepower are being launched on the rivers today. A big packet steamer could carry 300 tons. A modern diesel, pushing a tow of 15 barges lashed together, will propel from 20,000 to 25,000 tons, the equivalent of four railway freight trains of 100 cars each. This is done with a single crew, and that a smaller one than the old steamboat's.

Furthermore, the diesel towboat is highly maneuverable, an important quality in the tortuous and narrow channels of the river systems. It can turn a tow in its own length. A skilled pilot can move it sideways, as when extracting a barge from the side of a tow. It can stop with normal full load in about one-and-a-half tow lengths. For the power it delivers, it is a short vessel, thus conserving precious longitudinal distance in the sharp bends of the rivers.

The diesel towboat requires very little maintenance. There are only 8,760 clock hours in a year, but diesel towboats are subject to so little down time that they will log from 8,000 to 8,500 of these hours in operation.

Radar is the second innovation which has helped to restore river traffic. A river vessel serves out its life in interminable danger of collision or grounding. For this reason, until the introduction of radar, it was common practice to tie up for the night. A towboat represents an investment of some $600,000, its cargo may well be worth a million, and its hourly cost of operation is somewhere in the neighborhood of $50. By enabling river traffic to move at night, radar saves a lot in both investment and operating cost. On the river systems, a ton of cargo is now moved at an average cost per mile of only one-half cent. The corresponding average railroad cost is three times this much. The comparable cost of trucking on the highways is twelve times as much. Needless to say, the highways and the waterways are not in competition with each other—at least, not yet. But, they are moving in on the railroad traffic from both directions. Freight on the rivers and canals multiplied itself by ten times from 1929 to 1955, and is now running at some 7 per cent of all the freight traffic in the country.



PIPELINES, CONVEYORS, AND TRAILER-SHIPS

THE future of pipelines appears to rest with the future of the fuel industries. It will be affected by the gas-turbine engine and the free-piston engine, by the caprice of nature, apparently now becoming progressively stingy, in opening new fields of crude petroleum to man's discovery, and finally, by the unpredictables of atomic power. Thus far, pipelines have been suited only for the movement of liquid and gaseous fuels, and they are tied in more closely with the petroleum industry than with the independent transportation industries.

One development may change all this—the coal-carrying pipeline. The Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company has just completed such a line, 110 miles in length, from southern Ohio to the Cleveland area, to carry pulverized coal suspended in water, a messy concoction called "slurry." When the slurry emerges from the delivery end of the line, it will be dried and the

coal will be burned in pulverized form. This line will carry an annual tonnage equal to 200 train loads at 100 cars per train and will be maintained by a crew of some three to six men, a stupendous economy of labor.

The potentialities of the coal-carrying pipeline are very great. The railroads carry more coal than any other single commodity, and derive from this traffic a yearly revenue of about one billion dollars, or a twelfth of their total income. Pipelines, of course, can't take all of this from the railroads. But they can take the continuous, large-volume movements to electric-power stations, iron and steel works, and chemical plants, and, if they do, the loss to the particular railroad lines which serve the coal fields will be very great.

Another project for carrying coal, which like the pipeline is backed by private capital, is one promoted by the Riverlake Belt Conveyor Lines, Inc. This facility would consist of a series of conveyor belt flights, each some 2,000 to 3,800 feet in length, extended overland, one after the other, for a distance of 103 miles from East Liverpool on the Ohio River to Cleveland and Lorain on Lake Erie. The belt system would carry coal northbound and iron ore southbound at an annual economy to shippers, in the estimates of the promoters, of about 45 million dollars. But the system could not be constructed without the right of eminent domain, and this the legislature of the State of Ohio has declined to grant. Possibly the legislative barrier can never be broken. But if it should, the belt system would join the coal-carrying pipeline in a two-fold threat to the bulk traffic of the railroads.

MEANWHILE, railroads face new competition from the deep waters. Except for tanker movements, coastal traffic has been in the doldrums since the beginning of World War II. Non-bulk, or packaged and crated freight has suffered especially. The costs of coastal freight have become too high, not for moving the cargo on the seas, but for handling it in the ports. Ocean movement, as such, is very cheap. As a standard rule of thumb, goods can be moved eight miles on the deep waters at the same cost as one mile by rail. But, because of high costs in the seaports, five major intercoastal carriers were spending half of their total income in 1953 in merely loading and unloading the cargo.

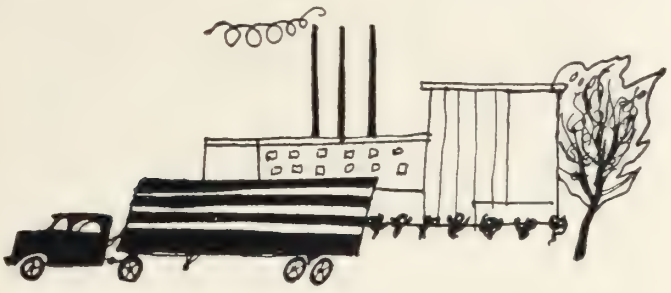
The cargo-handling barrier is now being broken by the use of highway trailers. Seagoing cargo has to be moved to shipside in some kind of wheeled vehicle in any case. So it is brought onto the pier in a highway trailer and, instead of handling the cargo into the hold in the conventional manner, the whole trailer is placed aboard the ship. By this method a ship which would normally require four or five days to load is packed with trailers and out to sea in eight hours or less. On the Atlantic Coast the cost of holding and loading a ship in port may run as high as $270 per hour, and the trailer-carrying vessel brings the loading costs down from half of total revenue to some two or three per cent. A number of leading authorities in coastal transportation are convinced that the trailer-ship will greatly increase the volume of coastal traffic. It may well draw traffic from as far as 200 miles from the seaports, and quantities of freight which would otherwise have traveled overland will be shipped via the high seas.

The St. Lawrence Seaway promises to bring the economies of the trailer-ship to the interior cities along the Great Lakes. All of the channels and major ports of the Great Lakes will have to be dredged to a new depth of 27 feet to accommodate Seaway shipping. The largest iron ore cargo carried on the Great Lakes in 1955 was just over 22,500 tons, whereas those on the high seas frequently approach 30,000 tons, with obvious savings of labor and fuel. The new 27-foot depth will bring these economies into the interior waters, and it is quite possible that the trailer-ship will serve Buffalo and Chicago as well as New York and San Francisco.

Taken one by one, the conveyor belt, the coal pipeline, and the trailer-ships are highly chancy, and any one of them may be dismissed as a novelty of limited promise. But, as a group, they cannot be so easily set aside. They represent a general movement toward innovation, and they reflect the determination of engineers backed by reservoirs of private capital to diversify the transportation system and to specialize its components. Somewhere these pressures are almost certain to burst the legal and technical barriers, whether with one of the devices I have described or with some new system still under wraps. Meanwhile, the highways, the rivers and canals, and the petroleum pipelines which, together, were carrying only 11 per cent of the intercity traffic in 1929 carried 42 per cent of the traffic in 1955. The Great Lakes carried 8 per cent, and the railroads clung to the remaining half.

During prosperity, the railroads hold their own in sheer tonnages carried. But experience shows that when recessions strike, the share of the rails falls more than that of other carriers. The underlying pressures which are diversifying the

transportation system appear to be continuing in full force, so that it is not unreasonable to expect the highways, waterways, and pipelines to be carrying some 70 to 75 per cent of the nation's traffic by 1975.



THE NEW GEOGRAPHY

THE American community builds itself around its transportation system. For the first three centuries of our history, our biggest cities were deep-water ports, and our major inland cities, with few exceptions, grew up at the head of navigation, as Minneapolis and Chicago did: or they grew at major waterway junctions, as did Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis. Because the railroad lines were built first into the major centers of commerce and population, they contributed to the further growth of these centers, but at the same time the railroads modified our geography fundamentally in the differential growth of certain cities, such as Chicago, in the emergence of non-waterway cities, such as Dallas, Indianapolis, and Denver, and in the settlement of extensive inland regions remote from water transportation. Our commerce and our populations became essentially railroad-oriented and grew far beyond the capacity of the waterways to keep them alive.

Similarly, we are now regrouping our communities about the highway system. Since World War II, new industrial plants have been going up in the open country along the highways, with access to a single railroad line in the case of the largest establishments, but often with no rail access at all. Land is cheap, and the new factories are often single-story structures sprawled across wide acreages. Trucking is suburbanizing the industries.

The General Electric Company now has seven plants beside the New York Thruway or close to it. Land at Syracuse which sold for $714 an acre in 1951 was resold for $6,000 an acre for industrial purposes in 1955 after the Thruway was opened. In 1954, the Automobile Manufacturers Association announced that 24,432 American towns were served exclusively by highway, although "a few" of these were also served by boat.

Industrial growth in the South and the West depends heavily on intercity trucking. Railroad facilities in these regions are less well developed than in the Northeast and, historically, rail rates have been higher and train connections fewer. But highways are now making up for the deficiency of railroad trackage. The volume of truck traffic on Western highways in 1953 had grown by 290 per cent above the prewar level, in contrast to only 217 per cent for the nation as a whole.

The growth of industry along the waterways, while more specialized, is fully as startling in its proportions. In 1955, waterside sites were selected for 6.5 billion dollars' worth of new manufacturing and electric power plants, 41 per cent of the national total. Navigation is only one of the attractions of waterway locations. An abundant supply of water and hydroelectric power are also important influences. But even in the supply of that key attraction, cheap electric power, water-borne fuels play a part far greater than that of the hydroelectric developments.

The plants along the highways and beside the waters are new plants, built on the latest designs with the most modern equipment. Competing in their respective industries with the older establishments, often in the center of cities, and usually railroad oriented, the newer factories are more efficient, offering lower costs and better service, simply, if for no other reason, because they are newer. As long as prosperity continues and demand is high, there is plenty of work for all and railroad traffic holds up well. But, with any sharp or sustained decline in business, the shock is likely to be felt more severely in the older business centers.

Just as the expanding industries of the preceding century committed themselves to the railroad system, so those of the present generation, step by step, are staking their future with the highways and the waterways. We cannot go back. The new forms of transportation are scattering our national community and suburbanizing industry and commerce. With the closer ties of the new transportation system—more expeditious in the case of the highways, and markedly cheaper in the case of the rivers and canals—our regional communities become more and more interdependent and the bonds which unite the national commonwealth more firm. The history of the United States is the record of the unification of the continent and of the consolidation of the national community. The revolution now under way in the technologies of transportation is opening a new chapter in this history.

Leonard Engel

The Science without a Name

The curious behavior of certain "impure" substances is opening up a floodgate of new inventions—which are changing our lives much more drastically than most of us yet realize.

IN THE world of 1957 it seems natural to expect revolutionary developments in pure science to produce revolutionary changes in our ways of living. But, oddly enough, the most striking changes now taking place in our way of life have little to do with the revolutionary branches of pure science, such as nuclear physics. Atomic energy, as far as it concerns the ordinary citizen, is essentially just another source of electric power; many of the changes it will bring us could equally well result from the discovery of immense new beds of coal or oil. The really radical changes in our daily life are coming instead from a nameless sub-branch of science and technology, one which many scientists still dismiss as gadgeteering. It deals with what the physicists call "electronically active solids."

Electronically active solids gave us both our first radios—the old crystal sets—and our latest, the midget portables built around the transistor (the tiny successor to the vacuum tube). TV (color as well as black-and-white) is based on electronically active solids, and so is an endless list of other things—fluorescent lights; radar; X-ray fluoroscopy; the electric eye that opens doors in railroad stations; electronic calculators; and many of the automatic control devices that are bringing the age of automation. And further: the "sniperscope" with which World War II soldiers spotted the enemy in the dark; radioactivity detectors; and the new Bell Telephone Laboratories gadget that generates electricity from sunlight, the solar battery.

Lest you think that this is all a matter of "little black boxes" filled with wires, electronically active solids are also involved in radium-dial watches, the new laundry whiteners, and paints, crayons, chalks, and inks that glow. Electronically active solids may soon improve on the gadgets we now have by bringing us refrigeration with no "works"; wall-panel lighting; wall-panel TV; "light amplifiers" to give night drivers a clear view of the dim road ahead; and, ultimately, atomic electricity plants without electric generators (they will obtain electricity directly from the heat of fissioning atoms instead of by raising steam for conventional generators, as in the atomic plants now under construction).

Electronically active solids come in several distinct types. Their common denominator is the curious behavior of electrons within them. In some, electrons can be induced to pop in and out of their normal positions in the constituent atoms, and to wander through the material. In others, wandering electrons may get lost in "electron traps." In still others, many of the electrons may be made to spin in the same direction instead of the usual some-this-way-and-some-that, a bit of electronic legerdemain with highly useful results.

One particularly interesting class of electronically active solids is that of the glowing substances called phosphors, which provide the image in your TV set. A moving beam of electrons paints the picture in a phosphor coat on the inside face of the picture tube. Other phosphors give off light under the influence of ultraviolet light; these are used in fluorescent lamps.

A second important class of electronically active solids consists of semi-conductors, materials that conduct an electric current more easily than insulators (such as glass) but not so well as conductors (such as copper). Transistors and solar batteries are made from specially prepared semi-conductors.

There are many other kinds as well. Naming them all at this point, however, would merely divert us from the business at hand, which is to see what electronically active solids are about and what makes them so fertile a source of invention.

Although it has no name, the science that deals with electronically active solids has something few other branches of science can claim—

a quite precise beginning. It is exactly twenty-six years old. It began in 1931 with a pair of scientific papers by A. H. Wilson, an English theoretical physicist, which opened a window into a world that had previously been quite dark, the world inside solid matter.

The greater part of what scientists have learned about matter, and the atoms that make it up, they have learned from studying it in its simplest and most dilute form, the gaseous state. It is not that solids, which make up most of the earth, are less interesting than gases; the study of solids has a long history and is the subject matter of a well-established branch of science, solid-state physics. The difficulty is that atoms are packed so closely together in solid matter (as compared with gases) that the forces acting on atoms in solids and the events occurring inside solid matter are hard to discern. As a result, solid-state physics dealt (and still deals) mainly with the mechanical and other, comparatively, superficial properties of solids.

Wilson successfully employed one of the great tools of modern physics, the quantum theory, to illuminate an important problem of solids—how energy acts on solid matter. A decade later, a book and a war expanded Wilson's work into the base for a new branch of physics and a new technology. The book was *Modern Theory of Solids*, by Frederick Seitz, then an assistant professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, now well known as the head of the physics department at the University of Illinois. Dr. Seitz' fat volume—which was, of course, built on the work of many individual scientists—systematically and brilliantly exploited the quantum theory's usefulness in dealing with solid matter. The war created an urgent demand for inventions, such as radar, in which the new insights afforded by Wilson's two papers and the Seitz book were applied.

REFLECTIONS IN A GLOWING EYE

THE best way to enter this strange realm is to focus on one particular kind of electronically active solid. Let us choose phosphors, because they have already made possible some fascinatingly improbable feats like color TV, yet are taken for granted by almost everybody except the people who have to manufacture them.

Everyone is familiar with the fact that various materials can be made to glow and give off light. The wire filament in the ordinary electric light is an example. Yet the wire filament is not a phosphor; it glows because an electric current heats it white hot. Nor is white phosphorus itself, which glows on exposure to air, a phosphor; the glow is the product of a chemical reaction between the phosphorus and the oxygen of the air. Phosphors are solids that give off light without heat and without chemical reaction.

The process of giving off light without heat or chemical reaction is called luminescence. It is a common phenomenon among gases. For instance, an electric discharge causes neon gas to emit an orange-red light by luminescence; the ubiquitous neon sign is simply a tube of neon gas with an electrical connection. Even air can be made to luminesce. What you really see when you think you see a lightning flash is air made to glow by the leap of electricity between heaven and earth.

Phosphors—solids that can luminesce—are much less common. About 350 years ago, Casciarolo, a Bologna shoemaker who practiced alchemy on the side, stumbled on the first phosphor by heating a mixture of charcoal and barite. When his crucible cooled, it contained crude barium sulfide, a material that shines feebly but unmistakably in the dark after exposure to sunlight.

The first natural phosphor was discovered some decades later. It was the mineral fluorspar, whose fleeting glow under the stimulus of ultraviolet light gave us the word fluorescence, a term often used interchangeably with luminescence, but no longer having quite the same meaning. It was the end of the nineteenth century, though, that produced the first real crop of phosphors. They came about through the discovery of a whole family of new radiations capable of causing various substances to glow—electron beams, ultraviolet light, X-rays, the radioactive rays of radium. In fact, phosphors were then pressed into service as radioactivity detectors.

At that time, no one had any idea why different radiations made certain substances glow, or what actually happened during the process. Indeed, it was not recognized that luminescence in solids was at least a cousin to luminescence in gases (which had also been discovered meanwhile). A generation of the new physics that followed the discovery of radioactivity was needed to establish the ultimate source of "cold light," whether in gases or solids. The source proved to be the excitation of electrons in some of the atoms in the luminescent material.

What happens is this: electrons are arranged around the nucleus of the atom in a series of

"orbital shells," somewhat like the orbits of the planets around the sun. Each orbital shell corresponds to a particular energy level—that is, an electron in that orbit must have a certain energy to stay there. If an electron moves from one orbit to another of higher energy, the electron must obtain additional energy from some source. If it moves to an orbit of lower energy, it gives up the energy it no longer needs.

The energy an electron requires to move to a higher-energy orbit can be obtained from visible light, ultraviolet radiation, X-rays, or the radiations of radioactivity. A rapidly traveling electron can serve to knock an orbital electron into a higher energy shell. So may heat. Likewise, in going to a lower-energy state, an electron may give up energy in a number of ways. Luminescence occurs when electrons that have been excited return to their original state and give up excess energy in the form of visible light.

In most instances, when matter is acted on by some form of energy, not just electrons but whole atoms are stirred up. Stirred-up atoms can be felt as heat; the substance becomes warm. "Cold light" is generated only under special conditions, when electrons alone rather than whole atoms are excited.

Early investigators had a clue to what these conditions might be. Phosphors like barium sulfide—the glowing substance chanced upon by the Bologna alchemist—luminesced only when they were impure. As soon as attempts were made to "improve" them by purification, they lost the ability to give off light. Evidently the impurities present in early phosphors had some part in their luminescence.

The mystery was solved by Wilson. He had no particular interest in phosphors, but his papers provided an explanation of their behavior and that of other electronically active solids as well. Wilson examined what would happen to an electron (*i.e.*, a bit of energy) striking a solid. He considered first a perfect crystal, a solid with no impurities and with all its atoms arranged in perfect regularity. On the basis of the quantum theory, he made the surprising prediction that the energy of the electron would be transferred from atom to atom without absorption or loss, so long as the energy was not enough to excite the crystal atoms (that is, raise an orbital electron to a higher-energy shell or expel the electron from the atom altogether).

But what would happen in a crystal containing alien atoms or impurities which interrupted the spacing of the parent atoms? Wilson suggested that the energy would be absorbed, chiefly at the sites of the alien atoms. In some instances, the absorbed energy would simply be dissipated as heat. In others—where the right impurity was mixed with the right parent substance in the right proportions—planetary electrons of the absorbing atoms would give off light and the material would be a phosphor.

LEVERENZ MAKES TV VISIBLE

AS IS often the case, the first use of phosphors did not wait for understanding of what they are or how they work. Radium-dial watches and clocks, for example, appeared soon after radioactivity researchers discovered that a zinc sulfide or zinc silicate phosphor could be made to glow the whole night through by adding a minute amount of radium. But widespread use of phosphors had to wait for quantum physics, since most natural phosphors give off little light and are not especially useful. Nearly all worthwhile phosphors are man-made; before they could be made, it was necessary to learn what they were.

Understanding came at just the right moment to launch not only two of the characteristic inventions of our age but also a notable scientific career. The inventions were TV and the fluorescent lamp. The career belongs to a stocky, muscular Chicago-born chemist and one-time semi-pro baseball player named Humboldt W. Leverenz.

In the early 1920s—while radio was still in its childhood—venturesome radio men were already seeking to push beyond radio into TV. By 1925 they had succeeded in producing a workable, if clumsy, means of broadcasting a TV image. The receiver was another matter, though. The difficulty was that TV receivers need a source of light to build up the image, and it must be a light whose brightness can be quickly varied, or the image will lack detail.

The only light source then available, the ordinary electric light bulb, could not be varied sufficiently rapidly to produce a decent picture. Phosphors excited into luminescence by an electron beam were possibly an alternative to the incandescent light. But the only phosphors then known that seemed fast-acting enough were the two watch-dial phosphors. Both were feeble and had an objectionable green color.

The task of finding better phosphors was taken on by Dr. Leverenz, who had just come to the Radio Corporation of America from Stanford University and study in Germany. Leverenz began by attempting to improve the watch-dial

phosphors. He was able to brighten them considerably, but they were still green. Leverenz and a staff of associates thereupon embarked on the systematic preparation of new phosphors. Over the next decade many thousands of parent and impurity combinations were investigated. Several hundred proved to have luminescent properties. Several score possessed them to a useful degree.

One, based on a compound of zinc and the semi-metallic element germanium, with manganese as the activating impurity, provides a watch-dial phosphor that will last almost indefinitely. (Conventional watch-dial phosphors have a useful life of only ten years or so.) But the new phosphor has never graced a watch face; for reasons that are obscure, no watchmaker has ever taken out a license under the Leverenz patents.

Another Leverenz-developed phosphor promised better luck. This was a complex salt of zinc and beryllium, again with manganese as impurity. The zinc-beryllium-manganese combination glows brightly from green to red, depending on the proportions of beryllium and manganese, under the stimulus of "hard" (short-wave) ultraviolet radiation. When joined with a blue-emitting phosphor, the zinc-beryllium-manganese phosphor could be made to yield a brilliant white light.

Though it has since been replaced by other phosphors, because of the danger of beryllium poisoning, this was the phosphor that put the fluorescent lamp in business. A fluorescent lamp is simply a mercury-vapor ultraviolet lamp (very much like the bathroom sun lamp) in a phosphor-coated glass tube. The ultraviolet light (which is trapped inside and which you couldn't see anyway) produces the light you do see from the phosphor coat. Fluorescent lamps yield three times as much light per watt of electricity as incandescent bulbs and appear to be driving the incandescent bulb from nearly all fields of lighting except the private home.

Leverenz and his colleagues also found several phosphors that glow white under the TV-tube electron beam. But they were not bright enough for practical use. In the end, the TV problem was solved by pairing blue and yellow phosphors, a combination that yields white light (though blue and yellow *pigments* yield green).

The development of phosphors for fluorescent lamps and TV helped pave the way for a succession of other devices. One is radar, which employs a special type of "picture tube" to record the information picked up by the radar signal; another is color television. In color TV, phosphors for the various primary colors are activated separately, to produce colored light and a colored image instead of the monochrome image of black-and-white TV. But the most significant recent development in electronically active solids involves another class of solid and a different sort of electronic behavior. This development is the transistor.

CAR RADIOS: HEARING AIDS

DURING World War II, radio engineers of the Allied and Axis sides engaged in a race to perfect a variety of aircraft detection and navigation radars. In order to detect small objects especially, American and British engineers began experimenting with very short radio waves as radar signals. The latter involved a number of formidable practical difficulties, but only one concerns us here. Vacuum tubes proved poor detectors of the desired kind of radar signal. An alternative to the vacuum tube was needed. It was found through a re-examination of the device that had ushered in radio, the old crystal detector.

The crystal detector was a crystal of the mineral galena (lead sulfide). It had been pretty good at detecting radio waves. History had passed it by only because it was apt to go dead without warning. Now, in the 1940s, researchers were armed with quantum theory and Wilson's ideas about what happens inside solids like radio crystals. They discovered not only why the old crystals had gone dead but how they worked. The crystal was an electronically active impurity-bearing solid. It detected radio waves (that is, an electric current was generated in the crystal when radio waves passed through it) by means of impurity atoms whose electrons could be set to flowing through the crystal.

The wartime studies produced reliable synthetic crystals, used in radar to this day. They also stimulated an extraordinary prediction by three of the men who had worked on the crystal problems—William Shockley, John Bardeen, and Walter H. Brattain of the Bell Telephone Laboratories—that materials much like those used in the new crystal radar detectors could be made to amplify an electric current. Of course, amplifying electric currents is just what a vacuum tube does, and the device that Dr. Shockley and his colleagues foresaw and later invented was the transistor, the revolutionary successor to the vacuum tube.

The first transistor was made just eight and

a half years ago. Transistors are now being manufactured at a rate of tens of millions a year. They have already completely displaced vacuum tubes from hearing aids, large electronic calculators, and many other devices. Novelty items in 1955, transistor radios will be standard in 1958 cars. Transistors are delivering rapidly on their promise of making familiar radio and electronic devices simpler and better, and of making possible many that were too complicated to be attempted before.

FAMILY OF GADGETS

SO FAR, we have looked at just two solid-state electron processes and two classes of electronically active solids. But there are at least several solid-state electron processes beside those we have mentioned (luminescence and the flow of impurity-atom electrons). Each has fathered a sizable family of devices, and will rapidly father more.

A number of substances called photo-conductors, for instance, have the property of letting pass very small electric currents under the influence of light; and a number of other materials (photo-emitters) give off electrons when exposed to light. Photo-conductors form the basis of the "electric eye" or photo-electric cell, which not only opens railroad station doors but grades fruit and vegetables, rings burglar alarms, tells photographers how to set their cameras, and helps scientists conduct experiments. Photo-emitters are the "film" that picks up the image in TV cameras.

Another important class of electronically active solids contains the so-called ferro-electrics, which hold an electric charge (that is, they store extra electrons) much as a permanent magnet stores magnetism. A porcelain-like ferro-electric material is employed at dozens of points in today's radio and television sets. Tomorrow, because they are compact and because batteries are essentially devices for storing electric charge, ferro-electrics may provide us a lightweight storage battery. Still another useful group of electronically active solids are the ferrites. Electrons in ferrites can be lined up to spin in the same direction by placing the ferrite material in the field of a magnet. That makes the ferrite a magnet, too, a magnet different from and in many ways handier than magnets of iron or steel. Other electronically active solids convert heat to electricity (the thermo-electrics) and still others change electricity to coolth, to revive a useful word.

There are likewise many different means of bringing about solid-state electron processes; each can conceivably produce its characteristic inventions. For example, electroluminescence, the property of phosphors which glow when an electric current passes through them, has already made possible decorative effects through lighted panels. Eventually it may liberate TV from the picture tube or bring us one of the most badly needed inventions of modern times—an electro-luminescent screen that would give night drivers a clear picture of the road ahead.

Not long after development of the transistor, in addition, it occurred to colleagues of its inventors that an electric current could be made to flow in the transistor material by sunlight; and it occurred to Radio Corporation of America investigators that this could also be accomplished by bombardment with beta radio-active rays. The latter led to the "atomic" or beta-ray battery, a device for converting radio-activity directly into a small electric current. Then came a still more remarkable instrument, the Bell Laboratories solar battery for generating electricity from sunlight. Solar batteries are already under trial as power sources for rural telephones, weather balloon radio transmitters, and other gear.

The accomplishments of electronically active solids and their futher possibilities extend not only to the externals of daily life, but to the most fundamental aspects as well. For some time physicists have talked of generating electricity directly from the heat of atomic energy, without boilers, turbines, or the other massive machinery of the contemporary power plant (either atomic or conventional). One idea that has been discussed is using the thermoelectric effect—the generation of an electric current in a pair of dissimilar metals joined together and heated at the joint.

Such thermocouples (as they are called) are widely used to control household furnaces, but they have not hitherto yielded enough current to be practical sources of electricity. A few years ago, however, a woman physicist on the staff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Maria Telkes, turned up thermocouple combinations of an entirely different order of efficiency, capable of converting at least several per cent of heat energy into current. Dr. Telkes' thermocouples fall only a little short of the efficiency needed to make a thermoelectric atomic power plant a serious proposition. Needless to add, her thermocouples are prepared from electronically active solids.

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

Author of the forthcoming book, *As France Goes*

Drawings by Philippe Jullian



Manners and morals of the French

CBS' well-known correspondent in Paris tells why Frenchmen—cynical and individualistic to the extreme—value freedom of the mind above all else . . . and risk survival as a nation to preserve their version of the good life.

A FRENCHMAN is rarely seen drunk in public or in private but France has the highest rate of alcoholism in the world. Frenchmen are fervent patriots but they invest their money abroad. A Frenchman is thrifty to the point of miserliness in his private family affairs but will cheerfully raid the public Treasury and laugh at constantly mounting national deficits. A Frenchman prides himself on his logic but turns off the heating system exactly on March 21, the first official day of spring, even though it may be snowing outside. A French deputy delivers fiery speeches in Parliament about the vital importance of putting down the rebellion in Algeria and then votes against the government's bill for increased taxes to pay the cost of putting down the Algerian revolt. All the French want is to be allowed to live in peace—yet France has been at war longer than any other country.

This dualism of the French confuses those who do not distinguish between what the French practice and what they preach. If you were to believe what Frenchmen say you would be convinced that they have nothing but contempt for their politicians and are totally uninterested in politics. But if you examine the results of national elections in the past fifty years you will discover that at least eight out of ten registered voters in France go to the polls on election day, one of the best records of responsible political action in the Western world. And, with startling regularity, the voters return to power the same men and the same parties they profess to hold in contempt.

The reason for these contradictions between words and deeds is that the Frenchman has a horror of appearing to be stupid or naïve. He hates to be fooled but even more he hates to have it known that he has been made a fool of. There is nothing worse that can happen to a Frenchman than be *"cocu,"* to be the victim of infidelity, in private life or in politics. A *"cocu"* is more to be scorned than pitied, for he is a fool. Frenchmen can forgive, even admire, a clever knave but not an honest fool. Therefore a Frenchman plays the cynic, pretends to believe in nothing and in no one. A cynic is foolproof; that is, he only fools himself, which is less painful and embarrassing.

A man's fears, like his hopes, reveal his basic philosophy of life. The fear of looking foolish is the negative expression of a positive force motivating French behavior: the cult of intelligence and of learning. The intellectual is the hero-type of French contemporary society.

Each nation has its hero-type, the model that

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every man strives to emulate. This image changes with the evolution of a society. In America the hero-type has been successively the frontiersman, the small-town boy who made good in the big city, the self-made man, the tycoon, and, in recent years, the executive, the soft-spoken but forceful man of distinction. In France the hero-type has been the aristocrat, the landed gentry, the high official, and currently the intellectual. He may be a professor of philosophy or a serious novelist who is a member of the Académie Française. He certainly writes front-page editorials for a Paris daily newspaper, and wears the rosette of the Legion of Honor. He may even be a politician.



THE LOGICAL CAB DRIVER

FRENCH intellectuals participate fully and vigorously in the nation's political life and French politicians, in return, share in the nation's intellectual life. Edouard Herriot is a distinguished historian, while Gaullist Jacques Soustelle is a professor of anthropology. Catholic writer François Mauriac, a Nobel Prize laureate, writes a weekly political diary for the pro-Mendès-France paper, *Express,* and is a vitriolic critic of the orthodox Catholic party. Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus, two of France's most famous novelists and philosophers, have been deeply involved in a polemic war for years, ever since Camus split with the "Stalinists" among the Communist intellectuals. Their debate has been given prominent front-page treatment in the press. No press in the world gives as much space and prominence to theoretical and philosophical discussions as the French.

This cult of intelligence is the very best and the very worst quality of the French. It is the force that has created in France the most adult, civilized, and literate society in the world. It is also a disease rotting that society. Intellectualism in France has reached a point of intensity and absurdity similar to the scholasticism of the monks in the Middle Ages. The debates in Parliament and the polemics in the press are brilliant and inspiring in language and erudition but have about as much relation to reality as a monkish dissertation on the number of angels that could stand on the head of a pin. The Frenchman, the freest, most nonconformist thinker, becomes a slave to his own dogma. A French statesman once said he would rather lose a colony than compromise a principle. By rigid adherence to this "principlism" the French have succeeded in losing most of their colonies.

This "intellectualism" of the French is found at every level of society. The café waiter, the taxicab driver, the restaurateur, the so-called "little people" of France are the most stimulating, if frequently exasperating, conversationalists in the world. Of them all, the most anarchistic and voluble is the taxicab driver. I deliberately provoke arguments with them—an easy thing to do—to see what they will say next. Of the hundreds of discussions in cabs one remains in my memory as uniquely, superbly French. It could not have occurred in any other country, except possibly in Brooklyn, where there exists a species of man akin in spirit if not in actual form to the French.

It was midnight in Paris and we were rolling along the Quai d'Orsay toward the Avenue Bosquet, where I live, on the left bank of the river Seine. As we came to the Pont Alexandre III the cab slowed down, for the traffic light was red against us, and then, without stopping, we sailed through the red light in a sudden burst of speed. The same performance was repeated at the Alma Bridge. As I paid the driver I asked him why he had driven through two red lights.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a veteran like you, breaking the law and endangering your life that way," I protested.

He looked at me astonished. "Ashamed of myself? Why, I am proud of myself. I am a law-abiding citizen and have no desire to get killed either." He cut me off before I could protest.

"No, just listen to me before you complain. What did I do? Went through a red light. Well, did you ever stop to consider what a red light is, what it means?"

"Certainly," I replied. "It's a stop signal and means that traffic is rolling in the opposite direction."

"Half-right," said the driver, "but incomplete. It is only an automatic stop signal. And it does not mean that there is cross traffic. Did you see any cross traffic during our trip? Of course not. I slowed down at the light, looked carefully to the right and to the left. Not another car on the streets at this hour. Well, then! What would

you have me do? Should I stop like a dumb animal because an automatic, brainless machine turns red every forty seconds? No, monsieur," he thundered, hitting the door jamb with a huge fist. "I am a man, not a machine. I have eyes and a brain and judgment, given me by God. It would be a sin against nature to surrender them to the dictates of a machine. Ashamed of myself, you say? I would only be ashamed of myself if I let those blinking lamps do my thinking for me. Good night, monsieur."

Is this bad, is this good? Frankly I no longer am sure. The intellectual originality of the French is a corrupting influence if you are subjected to it for long. I never doubted that it was wrong to drive through a red light. After more than a decade of life in Paris, however, I find my old Anglo-Saxon standards somewhat shaken. I still think it is wrong to drive through a stop signal, except possibly very late at night, after having carefully checked to make sure there is no cross traffic. After all, I am a man, not a machine.

Another Frenchman who is not a machine is the famous Paris restaurateur, Roger the Frog.

Roger runs La Grenouille, one of the most popular bohemian restaurants on the left bank in the old Latin Quarter of Paris. His specialty of course is frogs' legs, hence his sobriquet "The Frog." Physically, however, Roger looks more like a merry little squirrel. Short, wiry, with bright little eyes always twinkling, Roger scurries among his clients, chattering like a chipmunk, never pausing for breath or punctuation.

His usual greeting to me, in rapid-fire slangy Parisian, goes something like this: "So there you are looking fatter every day probably lapping up Normandy cream in some fancy right-bank brothel that calls itself a restaurant what's the matter with a nice calf's head *vinaigrette* good for the stomach and something else lower down too how's the family got a letter today from Mike Bessie and Jackson sent socks for the orphanage there's no table go behind the bar help yourself I'll be back later."

Late at night when the crowd has gone Roger has time to sit and talk with you over a glass of *mirabelle*. It is then that you get to know Roger best—a hard-working, moral, and gentle man. He supports an orphanage, devotes much of his time and money to the children, and is constantly nagging his friends and clients to send gifts. Roger lives a full, good life, has made many people happy, and is a happy man.

His attitude toward his life and his work is typically French. It tells why the suicide rate in France is as low as the rate of industrial production. I heard Roger's personal philosophy one night when I complained that his restaurant was closed on Saturday and Sunday, just when I wanted most to go there. I told him he was losing a lot of business.

Roger grinned at me: "Losing business, am I? And what the devil do I want more business for? I'm making enough money now to take care of my family and the orphans. More business? To pay doctor bills perhaps. Don't you think I need a night or two off? You think you're the only old rooster who wants to crow on Saturday night? No, my friend, weekends I don't work. You can go to some other place to eat. It will make you appreciate the old Grenouille more when you come back to us. And it will still be La Grenouille, my home, to receive my friends and not a factory for manufacturing meals and money."

I used to think that Roger was mad but now I know how sane he is. No man can work seven days a week, therefore if Roger were to keep La Grenouille open on weekends he would have to hire a maître d'hôtel to run it for him. But that would be unthinkable. La Grenouille is Roger. Without his lively spirit it would be just another restaurant. This is what distinguishes French restaurants from others, this individual, personal character of the place, the people, the cuisine. It is part of the mores of France, a dynamic element of French folkways and culture. A restaurant in France is not just a place to swill food. Eating is not just a necessary means of keeping the body alive. The restaurant and the café are the true community centers of French life and the process of eating or drinking in France is a social ritual which permits the warmest, pleasantest human contacts in a climate of intellectual freedom that is unique in our world. Other countries—America and Britain for example—have attained political freedom—but none has achieved the complete freedom of the mind, free of all taboos and social frustrations, of the French. Their horizons are unlimited, their curiosity insatiable. Nothing that is human is strange to the French.

THE CURIE SISTERS

THE conflicts of faith in modern France cut across all lines and frequently divide families as well as institutions or political parties. One of the most poignant stories is the story of two sisters, one a dedicated democrat and admirer of America, the other a pro-Communist married to a man who played a major

role in the Cold War on the Soviet side. Had these sisters been just ordinary women their story would have been only a vignette, of human interest but not of great significance. They were, however, very extraordinary women, of world stature, and the tragedy of their divergent ways was symbolic of the tragic divisions that have split the world. The story of Eve and Irène Curie is thus a story for our times, symbolic of the ideals and passions that can inspire men and women to acts of heroism and nobility but to completely incompatible ends.

I "met" Eve Curie long before I ever saw her, as did millions of other readers of her book, *Madame Curie*. Her sensitive, graceful style, her warm heart and fine mind were all evident in her tribute to her mother. Then I met Eve Curie in person, years later, in a jeep on a road in southern France, the day our troops landed in the invasion of Provence. She was a Free French Army lieutenant, attached to the staff of General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. World traveler, intimate of the great leaders of the Allied coalition, such as Roosevelt, Churchill, and de Gaulle, she was a brilliant political analyst.

She was as beautiful as she was brilliant. From the crown of her thick black hair to the tips of her feet she was a perfectly groomed, walking advertisement for Paris chic and charm. She had not inherited her mother's scientific genius—that was the gift of Madame Curie to her first-born, Irène—but Eve had inherited her mother's looks, humanity, and quick wit.

Eve Curie is one of the few people in the world ever to have gotten the best of Churchill in a verbal duel. It happened just after the war at a dinner party in the south of France. Churchill had been expounding his postwar policy on the dangers of Russia and the need for a reconciliation between France and Germany. He spoke of his impatience with the policy of General de Gaulle. Finally Eve interrupted Churchill and said:

"Mr. Prime Minister, if you can find it in your heart to forgive the Germans can you not also find it in your heart to forgive your ally General de Gaulle?"

Churchill roared with laughter and said: "I will try, my dear, I will try."

After the liberation of France Eve Curie founded the paper, *Paris-Presse,* as codirector with another close friend of de Gaulle, Philippe Barrès. Some years later she sold out her interest and joined the international staff of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as staff adviser to Lord Ismay, its Secretary General. She served in that capacity until she retired from public life to become the wife of an American lawyer economist, Harry Labouisse. Labouisse had been chief of the Marshall Plan Mission to France and then the head of the UN Agency for Palestine Refugees.

In twenty-five active years of writing, lecturing, publishing, war correspondence, and public service Eve Curie made many friends for France; we Americans have no better friend anywhere than this great Frenchwoman. She has become an American citizen. This is our gain but not France's loss, for Eve Curie is French and wherever she goes she carries the culture and genius of France with her.

Her sister Irène was, like Eve, a brilliant, courageous bearer of the great Curie name, yet in every other respect the two sisters were far apart. Where Eve was a Gaullist, Irène was pro-Communist. Eve was chic and smart; Irène lived in a gray chemist's smock. Eve traveled the world and mingled with the mighty; Irène's world was the laboratory of the Curie Institute and she mingled with molecules and atoms, whose power was less visible if mightier.

I first met Irène Curie on a tennis court at her house outside Paris. I had gone there one weekend, shortly after the liberation, to interview her husband, Frédéric Joliot, then one of the leading atomic chemists of the world. I was startled by her appearance when she came out to the court where Joliot was playing tennis with some of his students. She looked so old, so tired. Her hair was stringy, her teeth crooked and dead. I could hardly believe that this was the sister of Eve Curie.

No one knew it then but Irène Curie was condemned to a slow, painful death. She had given her life for science. An ampule containing radioactive elements had fallen and broken in her laboratory in 1942. Irène Curie, with complete disregard for her own safety, had immediately thrown swabs over the liquid and mopped it up while shouting at her fellow workers to run for their lives. The others escaped, saved by Irène Curie. She paid the ultimate price for her heroism. Radiation penetrated her bones and blood cells. She died in 1956. The genius, the contribution to science and to humanity, of Irène Curie will remain as a symbol of the best of humanity long after the world has forgotten the ugly political passions of our times, which caused her and her sister Eve such anguish.

Why does France produce so infinite a variety of individuals as the Curie sisters and Roger the Frog? It has become a cliché to say that

the French are individualists and that it is their individualism that prevents stable, efficient government, saps the economy, and keeps France divided and weak. This is true and obvious but what is rarely examined is the cause of French individualism.

Surely individualism is not a biological phenomenon. It is highly unlikely, I would guess, that a French baby sent to America to be raised would grow up to start a new political party at the age of twenty-one. No, what is passed on from generation to generation is a mistrust of all authority, of society itself, and, above all, the conviction that a man must count only upon himself for his own salvation. The French do not believe in the commandment, "Love they neighbor." They say: "Keep a sharp eye on thy neighbor, for chances are he is up to no good."



HOW TO GET ALONG

FRENCHMEN for centuries have had to fight to defend their homes, their property, their freedom, not only against foreign neighbors but against their fellow Frenchmen. The extension of the domains of the Capetians from the Paris basin to the Atlantic, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, and the Alps was not a natural expansion but a man-killing conquest of peoples and territories that went on for some eight hundred years, punctuated by raiding parties from Africa, Britain, Scandinavia, Austria, and Germany. The most cruel of all wars—religious and civil conflict—completed the ravages of feudal and imperial wars that set Frenchmen against Frenchmen. Other countries have suffered from war and invasion, of course, but none has the bloody history of the French.

The French are ready at all times to resist or circumvent authority. I recall discussing this "uncivic" attitude of most Frenchmen with some prominent citizens at a dinner party one evening, at the home of a good friend, Jean Delcroix, publisher of *La Terre Nouvelle*. Among the guests were a leading art dealer of Paris and one of the biggest real-estate operators of France. We were talking about the defense mechanism of Frenchmen, particularly the quality described by the French word *"débrouillard,"* which means literally the ability to unscramble or, figuratively, someone who is adept at cutting red tape and getting special privileges.

I said that I did not know of a single Frenchman of any standing who was not sufficiently *débrouillard* to have the special *"coupe-file blanc,"* a white police pass normally given only to members of Parliament or special officials to facilitate their work. Each one of the Frenchmen present laughed and pulled a *coupe-file blanc* out of his pocket. Not one of them was entitled to have it. Furthermore, each of those men considered himself to be, and was, a solid, law-abiding citizen. They were also, however, expert unscramblers. You have to be to live in France. It is France's equivalent of Britain's "muddling through" and America's "getting along."

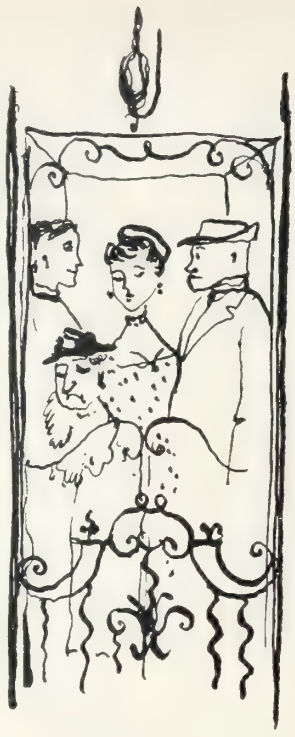
This is what is really meant by the term *"incivisme,"* which is more a lack of civic consciousness than bad citizenship. Frenchmen, who always resisted taxes, accepted compulsory military service long before American or British statesmen dared propose conscription for their peoples. The French make a sharp distinction between the nation and its government, and in many ways this is a healthy distinction. A man's ultimate loyalty is to the flag and to the republic for which it stands, and not to any particular incumbent administration. This has always been the traditional American creed, with occasional deviations in times of fear. It is also the traditional French philosophy of loyalty, with less frequent deviations, for no administration is in office long enough in France to test the public's loyalty.

If we Americans had had the same experience of government as the French we might well react the same way. British historian Phillip Williams put it neatly in his excellent book *Politics in Post-War France*: "The French, like the rest of us, are the prisoners of their past and the outside observer must endeavor to preserve the attitude of Spinoza: 'Do not laugh, do not weep, try to understand.' "

BAD MANNERS

A MAJOR word of warning to all foreign visitors: do not use an elevator in Paris. If you are a resident, then, of course, you will be obliged eventually to do as the French do and play the dangerous elevator game. The game is played with one or two elevators, generally one, for it is rare to find as many as two

elevators in any French building. The playing field, that is the elevator cabin, is an average size of one square foot, roughly equivalent to a small closet, but some are very big, large enough to hold as many as four people, if all four of them are slim.



The field is open, that is the elevator is suspended on thin wire cables in an open shaft. Each floor landing has an iron, openwork grille, so it is possible to put your hand through the grille and push the elevator door open as it comes to your landing.

This move breaks the electric circuit and stalls the elevator at your level, preventing it from going on up to someone on a higher floor. My office is on the sixth floor, which puts me at a great disadvantage in the game, for people on intermediate floors are able to "steal" the elevator before it gets to me. My only countermove is to wrench open the grille gate on my floor, which also breaks the circuit. This is known as a deadlock. The elevator remains on the lower floor, suspended between the two broken circuits. Each contestant then stands tensely, one hand on the up button, the other on the circuit breaker. The trick is to be able to close the circuit simultaneously with your opponent but then to break it again as soon as the elevator is exactly on your landing. It is considered bad form for a loser to wrench his gate open when the winner is already in the elevator and moving between floors. However, bad form is part of the game and many are the times that I have been stuck between floors by a poor loser. When that happens you either shout until someone closes the open door or you ring the alarm button to call the janitor. This occurs on the average of about once a month. On other days you get stuck in the elevator by accident rather than by spite, for the elevators in France break down every tenth trip.

The deterioration of public manners and morals has been in process throughout the twentieth century. It is largely a result of wars and inflation, which sap morale and destroy the traditional virtues of honesty, hard work, and thrift. In France, the process seems to have gone on more rapidly and more profoundly than in other countries. This is partly because the French have been the storm center of the Western world, partly because their native individualism and anarchy lend themselves more to public bad manners, and partly because the legend of *"la politesse française"* leads one to expect something better from the French than the way they behave in public.

Most of my French friends admit that the state of public manners and morals is a disgrace, and "something ought to be done about it," but they resent it when foreigners point this out. Normally I would not be so smug as to set myself up as a judge of French conduct. However, I would be remiss in my duty as a reporter of French affairs if I were to ignore this important aspect of national life.

There are signs, moreover, that the French are beginning to do something about stopping the decline in manners. One day in 1954 the Prefect of Police of Paris, André Dubois, decreed the outlawing of the horn. Until then the city of Paris had been deafened daily by the raucous cacophony of angry claxons. The horn was used by most motorists as a substitute for the brake. Many Frenchmen, who normally would never do anything so vulgar as shout, became bellowing fishmongers in traffic. Everyone complained of the noise, but seemed to assume that the other fellow was the guilty one.

Prefect Dubois decided to test the manners and civic pride of his fellow Parisians by making it illegal to blow a horn at any time. To everyone's astonishment Paris became the city of celestial silence overnight. No one blew his horn, not even women drivers. As if by magic every motorist, while still violating all other laws and procedures, suddenly decided to comply with the restriction on the horn. That was almost three years ago and not a horn has blown in Paris since.

The horn-choking experiment indicates perhaps that what the French need is courageous leadership and a sense of self-interest in obeying the law. I would suggest that the place to begin the task of creating a sense of community spirit among the individualistic French is in the schools. Of all the institutions, of all the influences upon French life, the one I believe to be most responsible for the lack of community spirit that divides the French people and weakens their government is the educational system.

A sense of community with others is not, I suspect, a "natural" human instinct. I have

A Story by DON MOSER

Drawings by Julian Levi



EVENING FLIGHT

IT WAS almost time for the evening flight, and Jeff walked along the Lake Erie beach near the water's edge where the sand was hard, and the late sun threw a long shadow in front of him. A boy of eleven, he walked slowly, hands in his blue jeans' pockets, his new tennis shoes leaving waffle-prints in the wet sand behind him. After a while he looked up and stopped. He saw Black Jack shuffle out of the sand dunes farther up the beach. Black Jack dropped his burlap sack of empty pop bottles on the sand and peered around. He saw Jeff and put his hand over his eyes to shade them from the low sun.

The boy and the old beachcomber stood on the sand looking at each other. Jeff took his hands from his pockets and rubbed them on his jeans. He was frightened. If Ken and Jimmy were with him he would not be afraid, but there was no one at all on the beach, nothing but the gulls curling over the water. Jeff didn't believe the stories he had heard about Black Jack putting children in the burlap sack and carrying them off to his shack down in the marsh. Jeff didn't believe that story or the others Ken's father had told him, but he was still afraid of the old man.

Black Jack kept peering at him from under his hand. Jeff thought: "I won't leave. I want to go to the bridge and see the birds. I'll just stand here and flip stones and maybe he won't recognize me. If he comes down the beach I can run and I can beat him back to the park, and if he goes up the beach I can wait a while and go on to the bridge."

Jeff picked up a small flat stone from the sand and flipped it out on the water, using only his wrist. The stone sailed flat and bounced off the water and sailed and bounced again and again. The low sun turned the waves bright and silvery and Jeff couldn't see the stone fly in the glare until it hit and made a splash of spray. He pretended to look for another stone then, watching the beachcomber out of the corner of his eye. He saw Black Jack pick up his sack of bottles again and sling it over his shoulder and go shuffling up the beach.

"He didn't recognize me," Jeff thought. "That's good. I can still go to the bridge now and see the flight."

Jeff stayed by the water's edge until Black Jack had gone farther up the beach, then followed slowly so that he wouldn't catch up. Black Jack moved along taking his time, looking on the sand for empty soda-pop bottles and things bathers had left during the day. Jeff saw him lean over to pick something from the sand and put it in the burlap sack. "I wish he would hurry," Jeff thought. "I'll miss them if I don't get to the bridge soon."

After a while the old man passed the point where the path to the bridge came out of the

dunes onto the beach, and when the boy reached it he ran in among the dunes, not afraid now that Black Jack couldn't see him. He ran along the faint sandy path, dodging twisted driftwood logs until he reached the grass meadow that skirted the marsh. He followed the meadow to the line of willow trees and went down among them, stooping low under the heavy-hanging branches. He parted the branches and came out onto the old wooden footbridge that crossed a neck of the marsh.

Jeff walked onto the bridge and climbed up on the wide handrail and sat on it, swinging his legs over the dark water. "I'm in time," he thought. "They haven't started yet." He looked out across the low dunes to the lake lying like hammered silver in the sun. "The flight won't start until the sun is almost on the water," he thought. He pushed his brown hair back from his eyes and watched the swallows spinning over the marsh, and thought about how he had first found the bridge and watched the evening flight.

TWO weeks before, Jeff had moved from the city to the little shore village on the lake. A few evenings ago his new friends, Ken and Jimmy, asked him to go to the beach with them. Jeff's mother didn't want him to go because of the things she had heard about the old man who lived in the marsh and prowled the beach in the evening.

"He's filthy," she said. "I saw him down at Morrow's grocery—he'd brought in a sack of bottles to get the deposit refunds. He's the filthiest thing I've even seen and I don't want you to go near that man." But Jeff's father said that he could go if he was careful.

So he and Ken and Jimmy went to the beach and they saw Black Jack there and teased him. After they ran away from him they walked along the water's edge looking for stones and shells. Moving ahead, Ken picked up something from the sand, then called for them to come look at it. He held a small piece of driftwood, smoothed and shaped by the waves so that it looked like a knife—like a pirate's dagger. Jeff wanted the dagger, but Ken said that he was going to sand it and paint it silver like a real dagger. And when they walked back down the beach Ken wore it stuck in his belt, draping his hand carelessly over the hilt.

The next night Jeff went back to the beach to see if he could find another. Ken and Jimmy had gone to the movies, so he went alone. He walked up the beach for a long way, much farther than they had gone the night before, and he watched the sand closely for a piece of driftwood shaped like a dagger, but he found nothing. Then he came upon the faint path leading back through the dunes, and wondering where it led, he followed it to the bridge.

He had sat on the rail, just as now, and then the flight began, with all the world yellow in the sunset and the small dark birds flying in thousands up the marsh. He watched it until dusk and he had never seen anything like it before. It was better than African movies, better than circuses, better than anything.

SOMETHING dimpled the water of the marsh and a ring swelled out across the dark smooth surface and rippled against cattail stems. Jeff wondered what had done it. Then a rustling sound came from the willows. Jeff looked at the green band of trees and stiffened.

Black Jack shuffled out of the willows onto the bridge. The burlap sack of bottles clinked as he set it on the footboards. Black Jack peered down the bridge and saw Jeff. "Hello, boy," he said. His voice was hard.

Jeff sat frozen still on the rail and didn't answer. He stared at Black Jack. The old man's face was red, with wrinkles black-lined with dirt. His long gray hair was matted over his ears and hung down from beneath his smashed hat. Red eyes looked out from under thick gray eyebrows. He wore baggy trousers and a dark and greasy suit coat ripped at the shoulder. He had old and horny hands. Black Jack leaned against the rail and looked down the marsh.

Jeff sat unmoving on the rail. "I wonder if I ought to run?" he thought. But if he ran down to the other end of the bridge he would come out into the marshes and he was afraid he would get lost or fall into the quicksand Ken said was there. And he couldn't get to the beach end of the bridge without passing Black Jack. He was afraid of the old man but he didn't want to leave and miss the flight. "Maybe he won't know me." Jeff thought. "I hope he doesn't remember me."

They had teased Black Jack when he came shuffling along the sand looking for bottles. They ran up the beach before him and found some bottles by a burned out campfire. They waited until the old man got almost to them, then they threw the bottles far out into the waves. Jeff wanted to stop them, but Ken ran near the old man and screamed at him, "You're a tramp! You're a dirty tramp!" Then Ken pulled out his slingshot and picked up a pebble

from the sand and snapped it away. It hit Black Jack in the shoulder and he dropped the sack of bottles and started to chase Ken, half running, half shuffling in the soft sand. They all ran then, down the long beach near the water's edge until the old man was just a small black shape behind them.

Suddenly Black Jack stepped away from the bridge rail and pointed out toward the lake.

"Look there," he said.

Jeff looked up. Two specks cracked down over the marsh and flashed high above the



bridge. At the east end of the marsh the ducks banked and turned and came back low over the bridge, wings straining against the air, heads out straight on long necks. They slid out across the bright water of the lake into the sun. The boy and the old man shaded their eyes with their hands and watched them until they were gone.

"Them's mallards," Black Jack said.

"I know it," Jeff lied. "Anybody knows mallards."

Black Jack took off his hat and ran his hand through his matted gray hair. Then he looked at Jeff, who was staring at him with wide eyes.

"You ever been here before, boy?"

"Sure, I've been here lots of times. I've been all through these marshes."

It was only the third time he had been there. There was the first night and then last night when he had asked his father to go with him to the bridge. He tried to tell his father about the flight, but his father was reading the paper and he said he was too tired to walk all that way down the beach. "Why don't you take Kenneth?" his father said. "And you be careful about that old tramp who lives down there in the marsh. I don't want you going near him." Jeff didn't want to take Ken somehow. He didn't think Ken would like the place he had found, but he did take him, finally.

"Hey, boy," Black Jack said. "Ain't you one of them kids who was pestering me the other night?" Jeff sat stiffly on the rail and looked at the old man's horny hands and the big burlap sack curled on the footboards. "Ain't you one of them kids?"

"No. I never bothered you. I've never seen you before."

Black Jack shuffled a few steps closer and peered at the boy with his small red eyes. Jeff gripped the rail and bit down on his lip. "Do you know that tow-headed kid? Ken, his name is."

"No. No, I don't know him."

"Well, that kid's no good. I better not ever get my hands on him. He'll be sorry if I do."

Black Jack rubbed his hands on his dirty trousers and leaned against the rail again.

Jeff relaxed his grip on the rail and sucked in a deep breath. When he had brought Ken to the marsh the night before to show him the flight, Ken stamped on the bridge and shook it and tried to break off a section of the rail, and Jeff began to wish that he had come alone. Later, after the flight began, Jeff looked over at Ken standing spread-legged with his slingshot pulled back the length of his arm. "Hey!" Jeff cried, but the sling snapped and one of the birds dropped from the flock and fell softly onto the water. The small brown bird floated slowly down beneath them with its still wings stretched out on the smooth water and its head turned sideways on the neck, one veiled eye gazing up at them.

"Here," Ken said, holding out the sling, "You want to get one?"

"No." Jeff watched the dead bird swing in slow circles on the water. "Don't shoot any more, all right?"

And Ken didn't shoot any more, but the evening was spoiled for Jeff, so this night he had come to the bridge alone.

Black Jack was fumbling in the deep pockets of his old coat. He brought out something wrapped in brown paper. He sloughed the paper off and took out a thick meat sandwich. He broke it in two and held one of the halves toward Jeff. "You want a piece of samwich, boy?"

"No, thank you," Jeff said. "I'm not hungry."

The old man shrugged. He ate one of the halves of the sandwich, stuffing it into his mouth and licking his fingers afterward. Then he took a chunk of the meat from the other half and dropped it into the water below the bridge. The water swirled and splashed and the meat was gone. Jeff stared at the rippling water. Black Jack looked at him and grinned.

"What was it?" Jeff whispered.

"Bass," Black Jack said. "There's big uns in here. Watch now." He broke another piece from the sandwich and dropped it into the water. The swirl and splash again, and the meat was gone. "If you stand right here above 'em," he said, "you can see 'em in the water."

Jeff hesitated, then climbed down from the rail and walked slowly down the bridge. A few feet from the old man he stopped and looked over the rail. His mouth opened in surprise. Two heavy dark shapes coasted in slow circles in the brown water below him. Black Jack dropped another piece of meat. Jeff saw one of the shapes circle near the floating meat, saw the muscle-banded tail snap and the sudden flash and swirl of the strike. Black Jack dropped another piece and this time the other fish struck. Jeff stood on the bottom rail and leaned out to watch the two long shadows cruising in the dark water.

"Hey!" Black Jack said. "You be careful you don't fall in there, boy." He held out the rest of the sandwich toward Jeff. "Here, boy. You want to feed 'em some?"

"No." Jeff stepped down from the rail. "They aren't anything. They're just old fish."

He moved back down the bridge a few feet and leaned against the rail and looked out across the dunes to the lake. The sun almost touched the waves. The flight would begin soon, Jeff thought. He wished that Black Jack would leave. If he stayed he would spoil it.

"If you find something really nice," the boy thought, "you want to tell somebody. You want somebody to see it with you and talk about it a little bit afterward. But if you do tell somebody they either don't come like my father or they spoil it like Ken, so it's better not to tell anybody and just watch it by yourself."

Black Jack scratched himself. "Birds'll start coming up the marsh pretty soon now," he said. "The sun is almost on the water, so they'll start pretty soon, and you never seen so many birds."

"There's not so many," Jeff said. "I've been here lots of times. This place isn't much."

"Well, maybe it's not," the old man said. "I always thought this was a pretty nice place, but I guess there's plenty of places I ain't ever been."

"Why can't he leave and not spoil it?" Jeff thought. He remembered some of the things that his father and Ken's father had said about Black Jack. Ken's father said that he was a worthless old tramp and the sheriff should get rid of him because the villagers didn't like to let their children go down to the beach alone with him always prowling around.



BLACK Jack took a dark old pipe from the pocket of his coat and dipped it full from a cracked leather tobacco pouch. He struck a big wooden match on the rail and lit the pipe. He puffed out smoke, then suddenly pointed down the marsh with his pipestem.

"Here they come, boy. Here come the first of them."

Jeff looked down the marsh and saw a group of specks grow into flying birds and whir in across the water. They passed low on straining wings over the man and the boy on the bridge.

Another flock spun out of the cattails and then another and another. The low sun cut across the marsh and the world of the marsh turned butter-yellow in the evening light. The north wind came in from the lake and moved in the sweeping branches of the willows and rustled them, and the tall poplars standing down the marsh spun their silver leaves in the sunset. The flocks of small brown birds came up out of the cattails and up out of the marshland and they filled the air with the rush of their soft wings and the high, thin sound of their voices. The flocks became larger and joined together and joined again and passed in streaming hundreds above the bridge.

The old man moved down the bridge and leaned against the rail at Jeff's side. The boy

looked at him, then looked back to the flight.

"What are they?"

"Red-wings," the old man said. "I call 'em that, but it don't matter much what the name is."

"But they are brown," the boy said. "The wings aren't red at all."

"Them is just the mother birds. The mothers and the young 'uns. The fathers got red on the wings, but they left already. Gone South for the winter. These'll go too, pretty soon now." He pointed into the streaming flocks with his pipestem. "Watch them, boy," he said. "Watch them, how they race the sun."

Jeff looked up again. There were flocks no longer, just a great river of flying birds thrumming up out of the marsh and whirring over the bridge on soft dark wings. Jeff sat on the rail with his legs over the brown water and smelled the strong, rich smell of the old man's pipe, and he saw the swallows cutting and skimming over the smooth water and whisking through the cattail clumps. He watched a pair of teal drop from high against a tower of clouds on fire in sunset and rifle in across the lake and over evening-yellow dunes and all the yellow burlap land of cattails and marsh grasses. And above the lake gulls turned on long, bent wings against the sun and dropped to the glittering waves.

The sun was almost gone behind the edge of the water and the marsh turned from yellow into gray and only the tall poplars glittered yellow and silver down the last seconds of the day. And the rushing stream above him became flocks again and the flocks grew smaller and smaller as they strained up out of the dusk. The gray line of night moved up the yellow and silver of the poplars and then it reached the top and the yellow and silver were gone and out across the lake the sun was gone and in the air the birds were gone, and the air was empty and quiet.

The boy and the old man on the bridge were silent. The old man drew on his pipe and blew the smoke out into the air; the boy swung his legs and looked down at the water below them.

"I wonder where they all go?" he said.

"To find some place to sleep, some place to spend the night," the old man said. "I don't know where they go, exactly, but I like to watch them here at evening when they fly the marsh. Look there, boy. There's the first bat. You see him?"

Jeff saw the bat spin and turn above the cattails on quick wings. "He's fast," Jeff said. "I didn't know they were so fast. I've never seen one before."

They stayed on the bridge for a while, watching the bat, then the old man knocked out his pipe against the rail.

"Be dark pretty soon, boy. You want to walk back down the beach with me?"

Jeff looked at the old man and hesitated for a moment. Then, "No," he said. "I don't go home along the beach. I go across the bridge and through the marshes. I don't care about the dark anyway."

"All right, boy. If you can find your way. Good night now."

The old man shuffled back down the bridge and picked up his clinking sack of bottles, then went down into the willows and was gone. Jeff sat on the rail with his chin in his hands and looked down at the water. He sat there for a while and then he climbed down and went off the bridge and through the willows. He crossed the meadow and went in among the dunes. He walked slowly along the path, his hands jammed down in his pockets. When he reached the beach he saw something dark and shiny half buried in the sand. He stopped and kicked at it with his tennis shoe, then reached down and picked it up. He held it in his hand and stood there looking at it for a long time, and then he looked up, and he ran, ran down the long beach in the dusk after the small dark figure far ahead of him, holding the bottle to his chest.



Ronnie Dugger

WHAT CORRUPTED TEXAS?

Like most everything else in the Lone Star State, its scandals come in king-size . . . its lobbyists are the most arrogant and some of its officeholders have the itchiest palms. A report on how far the public morality has decayed—and its prospects for recovery.

THE pink granite state capitol of Texas spread-eagles over the top of a grassy knoll in the center of Austin, a green, tranquil city that rises in easy stages from the valley of the Texas Colorado. Here Texans have buried their heroes and built their monuments; here are the laws passed; here live the Governor and his lady in their white colonial mansion.

But here also is as sick a "sickly weal" as there is in the Union. About half a million Texans have lost money in bankrupt Texas insurance companies. The collapse of a hybrid bank-like firm in which 150,000 people had invested with state approval was followed by the resignation of the chairman of the State Insurance Commission and the attempted suicide of the company president. At least half-a-dozen state senators and one congressman have been implicated in highly suspicious "fee"-taking.

What must surely be the most wide-open lobby in America moves into Austin every two years to entertain and coerce the men who write the laws. Bribery, cajolery, pheasant hunts, Mexican vacations, airplane junkets to the Kentucky horse races, bus junkets to the border brothels—you name it, the legislators have had it.

The Texas myth is thus substantially reinforced. We have the best scandals as well as the best liars, the wildest lobbyists as well as the wildest outlaws, the richest state officials as well as the richest oilmen.

Last year, in the logical climax of the most blatant of the scandals, Bascom Giles, the Texas land commissioner for many years, entered the state prison at Huntsville, convicted of agreeing to accept bribes totaling $74,000 and conspiring to steal tens of thousands of dollars from the state through his control of the veterans' land program. The ostensible purpose of the program, as Giles first proposed it to the Legislature, was to help veterans buy land through the state by providing them loans at low, long-term interest rates. Now and then, however, Giles would make a deal with a land promoter. As chairman of the Veterans' Land Board he would authorize state purchase of a large tract of land from the promoter at an outrageously high price in return for a slice of the promoter's profit. Then, acting for the state, he would re-sell the land in smaller tracts to individual veterans, who had agreed with the promoter in advance to sign the necessary purchase papers (sometimes in return for anything from a set of false teeth to $300). Allan Shivers, then Governor, and his Attorney General John Ben Shepperd were co-members on the board with Giles, but they explained copiously that they were not looking when Giles carted off the greenbacks.

WHO WORKS FOR WHOM?

WHILE it was the most overt of the Texas scandals, the Giles case was in some ways the least illuminating. For the others helped show the deterioration, not only of the public morality, but of the public identity. The very forms of government have been corrupted. Instead of the "conflict of interest" of an occasional adviser in Washington, the government in Austin harbors entire agencies which act from an identity of interest with the industries they are charged to regulate. In certain crucial re-

spects, government has become corporate; or, it is at one with the private controls.

The Texas government even enforces monopoly conditions—especially in oil and insurance—that would be illegal if they weren't required by state law. The Railroad Commission regulates the oil industry, as well as certain utilities. In the state which produces almost half the oil output of the United States, it is a legal offense to pump more oil from your well than the Commission permits. The refineries tell the Commission how much they want, and within narrow limits that is what the Commission authorizes. If the Commission's "allowables" exceed what the refineries will accept, the pipelines simply refuse to buy the excess from the wells ("pipeline proration" is the Texas euphemism for restraint of trade). In direct consequence, Texas wells produce only slightly more than half the oil which the Commission admits could be taken safely and wisely from the standpoint of underground conservation. Texas politicians join oil company spokesmen in fighting foreign imports to protect the high prices that result. The state government thus performs services for the industry that are practically identical with the work of a cartel's production-control division.

The chairman of the Railroad Commission, William Murray, has divested himself of some oil interests, but he is still in the oil-drilling business. His company actively solicits drilling contracts from the oil companies. He appears to see no conflict of interest in this situation, although he is a member of a commission which has enough control over industry practices to make differences of millions of dollars in a company's annual income.

The oil industry has an awesome power over the candidacies of the men who seek high office in Texas. The new Governor, Price Daniel, whose present oil and gas views parallel those of the industry, recently not only denied saying he didn't want oil money in his political campaigns, he added he didn't see how anyone could get elected in Texas without it. When the Texas County Judges and Commissioners Association convened in Austin in November 1955, the arrangements committee listed on the face of the program consisted of twenty-one oil and gas executives and one lawyer.

Such single-industry domination of the politics of a great state has implications for the nation as well as for state government. The Texas delegation in Washington very nearly sold the country the Fulbright-Harris bill to raise natural-gas prices to millions of American families. The Texas delegation effectively defends the oil "depletion allowance," a special privilege of a magnitude enjoyed by no other industry in the country. Thus the United States is subsidizing a class of multimillionaires and at least one billionaire who oppress the political life of their own state and extend their influence into half the other states of the Union.

INSURANCE GOES BROKE

NEXT to oil and gas, insurance is the state's most important industry. Here again government is an agent of industry. The Insurance Commission permits Texas firms to charge high premiums, and sets minimum (note, *minimum)* premiums in the $400,000,000-a-year casualty-insurance area. This is monopoly pricing where there isn't even a monopoly to enforce it. An established South Texas insurance man said:

"All this Texas insurance is stacked against the consumer, but my agency doesn't clip them any more than anywhere else. Besides, I can't charge less; I'd be breaking the law."

Appearing before a committee of the State Senate, Insurance Commissioner J. Byron Saunders should not have been surprised when Senator Wardlow Lane of Center, a man of moderate political views, said to him: "They [the insurance companies] helped create an agency here—more or less subject to their influence—to do indirectly what they can't do directly. You see they use you to set up a monopoly."

The Commission is supposed to protect the public against shaky companies, but an advised source estimates conservatively that half a million Texans have invested, either in stock or policies, in the fourscore Texas insurance companies that have gone broke in the last decade and a half. Four insurance examiners, one of them the chief examiner and another the supervising examiner, were fired. In an impending civil suit, they are variously charged with accepting "a paid apartment," a radio, meals, deer hunts, and "other gifts" from officials of General American Casualty, a now bankrupt insurance company with 57,000 policyholders and creditors. The suit also charges them with willfully violating their duties by declaring this company solvent when they knew it was insolvent, after which it continued in business two more years.

Insurance commissioners have accepted such favors as a vacation in Mexico City, airplane flights to Hawaii, Las Vegas, Miami, and Havana, and hotel-suite dining layouts. In every

instance the benefactors were executives of insurance firms the commissioners were supposed to be regulating.

Finally jarred into statewide reforms by the failure of U. S. Trust & Guaranty, the bank-like firm that was mentioned earlier, the commissioners struck upon a solution in the new Texas tradition. With the warm approval of then-Governor Allan Shivers, they ordered that a "state audit" of every Texas insurance firm be conducted by private accountants who were chosen, hired, and paid by the companies themselves.

"The Lone Star State" has also become known as "The Loan Shark State" because of the loan shops that line the shoddier commercial streets of most of the cities. Ten per cent is the constitutional interest maximum, but the Legislature has literally legalized "credit insurance," a subterfuge now widely used by the sharks to multiply their profits on small loans.

Early last year it was discovered that the credit-insurance rates the Insurance Commission was enforcing legalized total annual charges on small loans of more than 140 per cent. Two leading "credit-insurance" companies, The Bankers Health and Accident Insurance Company and The Home Life and Accident Insurance Company, both of Dallas, took in $21 million over a four-year period; they had given $18 million of this to the loan companies (as "commissions") and paid all claims with $1.3 million.

The commissioners (among whom was a former credit-insurance executive) held a day-long hearing and piously announced a 10 per cent decrease in the rates. They also announced that changes in the regulations will further reduce the lenders' profits. But the state is still legalizing usury instead of prohibiting it. What's more, citizens who appealed to the Attorney General for relief found that their complaints were being turned over to a committee of leaders of the small-loan industry.

This is not the only respect in which the state resembles an assembly of trade associations, or—as Mussolini would have called it—a corporate state. The State Bar originates and directs the prosecution of its malfeasant and nonconformist members in the courts. Most of the state profession-regulating agencies are supported by license fees on the professions. Even the Railroad Commission's oil and gas production control work is financed by an earmarked tax on the industry. One oilman sent in a complaint about a commission employee, noting that he and other oilmen had complained before and concluding:

"It is impossible to understand why he has been retained in face of such dissatisfaction. We pay the cost of operating the Railroad Commission and are entitled to the best service obtainable."

Even the concept of the public utility is weakened in Texas. Railroads are not required to provide passenger service that will accommodate the public convenience and necessity. About 125 passenger train runs have been discontinued since 1950; you can't even take a train from Austin, the capital, to Houston, the largest city in the South. The state does not regulate electric light and power, water utilities, or intrastate telephone rates. (A phone call from Austin to Texarkana, Texas, costs a dollar, but a call across the state line to Texarkana, Arkansas, costs only 75 cents.)

In a system which makes so little distinction between public and private functions, it has come to pass naturally that many officials perform both at the same time. Jesse James, the state treasurer for many years and a member of the State Banking Board which passes on new bank charters, did not support the formation of a bank in South Austin when he was also a member of the board of directors of a bank on the other side of town. The chairman of the State Board of Parks, Andrew Howsley, is also the principal oil lobbyist in Austin and executive vice-president of the Midcontinent Oil and Gas Association. Until late last year, Sam Neathery, Gulf Oil's lobbyist in Austin, was also a member of the State Board of Legal Examiners. R. C. "Doc" Lanning accepted $10,000 for lobbying ("legal work") for the now bankrupt U. S. Trust & Guaranty Co. while he was still chairman of the State Board of Control.

In 1947 James Taylor, a state senator from Kerens, accepted a job as public-relations director for the Texas Manufacturers Association. When a representative called him "the Senator from the T.M.A.," he replied that his opinions were the same as the T.M.A.'s so he didn't see that it made any difference. (In January 1949, however, he resigned the T.M.A. job because, he explained, he had been named chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.)

Trips by high state officials on private company airplanes are so commonplace they were written off by one Texas columnist as most likely a permanent custom, "things being the way they are." Governor Shivers admitted his frequent use of industry planes, especially a Tennessee Gas Company DC3, although he rode a lot of them. Railroad Commissioner Murray recalls a recent

flight by all the commissioners aboard a Phillips plane and other flights for commission personnel in planes owned by Magnolia and the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Association. Attorney General John Ben Shepperd flew to an out-of-state conference in a Humble Oil plane; one of his favorites was owned by a San Antonio money lender.

HOW TO BECOME A "SUCCESS"

MANY bright young men who ascend rapidly in the Legislature find themselves rocketing right out of it into jobs as lobbyists. Last year, the Speaker of the House, Jim Lindsey of Texarkana, helped ram through a state gasoline sales tax increase. While still Speaker, he accepted a position with the Texas Good Roads Association, which lobbies for higher gasoline sales taxes, but before the present Legislature convened he gave up the job to become chairman of the Democrats' state executive committee. One of the Austin lobbyists unblushingly asserts that when he was acquiring status in the Legislature, his principal motive was to get his present sinecure with oil and gas interests. Five of the nine other speakers of the Texas House of Representatives since 1939 have become Austin lobbyists.

In the Legislature with which Texas has been afflicted, bribery, "retainer fees," and free loading and junketing with lobbyists are openly rationalized. This or that senator has come to be known as "the loan shark senator," "a railroad man," "an oil senator," "a TIPRO man," as though the senate were a corporate assembly, as perhaps it could be called.

The Texas lobbyists inform, from their points of view, of course; but their basic methods are flattery, favors, political contributions, and, sometimes, bribery. The object is to obligate the legislator if possible, compromise him if he can't be obligated, befriend him if he can't be compromised, and defeat him if he can't be befriended. If he shows signs of apostasy on crucial issues like labor, taxation, or spending, it is broadcast in his home district that he is a dangerous radical. His campaign funds dry up. He and his family are ostracized from much of the social life of the session. Thus the lobby in Texas is brutal; it is paid; it is serious; and it is sovereign.

Even so, its circus-style methods can be diverting.

During the last session, a bill was introduced to authorize the Railroad Commission to set minimum (note again, *minimum*) prices on natural gas. Even though it was clothed respectably as a conservation measure, some gas-pipeline companies, perversely convinced it would raise the price of natural gas to them, disapproved of it.

With so much at stake, the lobbyists for Tennessee Gas Transmission Company were positively inspired. They decided to fly a dozen of the bill's house opponents to Kentucky for a weekend at the horse races. As the company plane took off, the proponents persuaded the house to meet the next day for a vote. But word was flashed to the sportsmen on the wing, and the plane touched down at Lexington and returned in time for the vote the next morning.

"Mistuh Speakuh, do you know when post time is?" "Are the hosses still at the post, Mistuh Speakuh?" needled gleeful proponents. "All right, let's have order, membuhs," gaveled Speaker Lindsey. That afternoon, the spoilsport uprising quelled, the undaunted dozen flew back to the races. Even so, the daily press did not mention the affair. "It's not our kind of story," said a wire-service man.

Each December, oil, chemical, banking, hotel, and other interests in the Gulf Coast area below Houston finance "the Governor's" annual duck-hunt for senators and executive officials only. The guests proceed down the Neches River on the Texas Company's yacht, *Ava,* which formerly belonged to the Vanderbilts and is a sumptuous craft. Arriving at the intracoastal marshes of the Port Arthur Hunting Club, the senators and officials (usually including the Governor and Lieutenant Governor) board motor launches and chug off into the morning mists. They are transferred to airplane boats and, for the last few miles, marsh buggies. Finally relocated in shooting boats, they fire away at the ducks (which "darken the sky," one senator says).

Last December, a quorum of the senate attended. Legislation is never discussed. But you make friends.

In 1953 the Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce invited the entire Legislature down (planes for the senators, buses for the representatives) for its booster "Buccaneer Days." One representative remembers: "Royal entertainment. The single men were well provided for with anything under the sun. . . . It was a horrible temptation."

In the long run the free meals and the gratuities are as effective as the junkets. "They keep you full and sleepy," said one representative. "You find yourself thinking: 'But damn! He's

been so nice to me!" said another of them.

During the 1955 session, for instance, permanent suites, complete with feedbags, were maintained by the Texas Medical Association and the Brewers' Institute. ("Sometimes so many members file through here they ain't no food left for the lobbyists," said beer lobbyist Homer Leonard.) Legislators could get free whiskey and beer from the unions as well as the pertinent lobbies. Daily meals were provided by the railroads, Lone Star Gas, and an oil association, while the Phillips lobbyist, Tom Dyer, offered the senators an elaborate repast once a week. There is also the daily round—lobbyists collaring legislators at the noon and late afternoon adjournments. Lobbyists caught eating with each other too often are in danger of becoming laughing stocks.

One of the most potent lobbyists in the state is Ed Clark of Looney, Clark, and Moorhead. Clark, a pleasant but elusive personality complete with Southern drawl, says a lobbyist should want to be a Christian gentleman and true to his trust, just like everybody else. As for reports about bribery, well: "There's got to be both a giver and a receiver. When a man goes sour up here, why I know it . . ." (he snaps his fingers) ". . . usually before the man that compromised him. It's a dangerous thing for a young man to come up here."

The only way to find out just how dangerous has been to ask legislators on the record, but with a promise not to use their names, what they know about the practice of bribery. A senator said outside the senate chamber late one afternoon that a lobbyist offered him four $100 bills for his "filing fee" (which was $50). Again, he said, he had a sudden and heavy financial setback, and upon his arrival at his office the next morning—to quote him directly—

"There were eleven of them [lobbyists] lined up waiting for me, and every one of them practically with tears in their eyes. They wanted to help me with expenses—all of them offered me money, except one. He was a friend of mine and I stopped him before he could."

NICE TO BE A LAWYER

ANOTHER senator told how a colleague kept badgering him to find out what a certain group had paid him for his vote on a bill. Finally the senator told him in jest that the sum had been either $1,500 or $2,000. "What!" the inquiring senator exclaimed. "Why, they only gave me $500!"

Said a third senator, who was later implicated for taking "legal fees" from an insurance company: "They sort of dangle this stuff out in front of you. . . ."

One of the principal devices for keeping senators associated with industrial interests is the retainer system. About three-fourths of the senators are lawyers. A weekly newspaper polled the legislators on the system last session, and the average estimate of those responding (59 of the 181 members) was that 60 per cent of the senators are on permanent retainer fees from various interests. It's been enough to revive the story about the old man who was sitting in the gallery at Albany listening to a young New York legislator whip himself into a passion on behalf of some big interest. The old man shook his head and remarked:

"There goes another young senator learning to distinguish a fee from a bribe."

In the ruins of bankrupt insurance and investment companies have been found many a charred but decipherable chit recording some senator's clandestine "legal fee." To confine the matter to a single company, when U. S. Trust & Guaranty went bankrupt, it became public information that A. B. Shoemake, the company president who later put a bullet in his head, had paid nine senators sums ranging from $150 to $10,000. Senator Carlos Ashley of Llano took $10,000 in cash just before and during the session at which he was Shoemake's floor leader for legislation protecting the bizarre U. S. Trust operation. And another senator, who took $3,600 from Shoemake, had also accepted $11,500 from veterans' land promoters. The question naturally arises, if one infirm insurance company can get nine senators on its payroll, how many can the oil industry get?

Proportionally fewer house members have been compromised, but the house has had its share of bribery. One member said: "In a discussion about a bill, several members who had been asked to introduce it said it was understood that it came with $500 annexed to it.

"You got an original, two copies, and a check. That bill has been introduced . . . and passed the house."

One representative said he had been offered $5,000 for a key tie-breaking vote in committee. Said another: "They've tried to entice me with tips on the oil business . . . good ones."

One of the most respected conservative members sat at his desk one evening and shook his head. "A member came to me," he said, "and told me that he was handling a controversial

bill, and that eighteen members of the house had come up to him and offered him support for anything from $50 to $2,500. . . . One of 'em wanted a boat."

But the game is played with rules. When a friend first arrived in the house chamber as a new member, a lobbyist gave him this advice: "If you ever sell a vote, vote that way. If anything will ruin you up here, it's not keeping your word."

There are, of course, many honest men in the Legislature, and they are unfairly reflected upon by the playboys in both houses; but they knew what was going on and consented by non-protest. During the last session Representative Maury Maverick, Jr., of San Antonio, tried to get the house to accept a lobbyist regulation bill. Of one of the hearings on it he said: "It was more like a requiem mass than a committee meeting."

Such systematic philosophical corruption of an entire government can't take place in a vacuum. Either the people consent or they don't know. In Texas the schools, the churches, and the press, the usual sources of the community morality, have been jammed.

DOES ANYBODY CARE?

AN EXPANDING society offers abnormal opportunities for profit through corruption. In Texas a lot of people are getting rich quick: oil is a golden source of wealth for people who own the land or are smart enough to make a go in the business; new industries are jarring the cities and the entire coastal bend. The Legislature is a century behind the times, dominated by rural and small-town members, hostile to organized labor, taxation, and spending, and therefore ideologically susceptible to the blandishments of the agents of oil and the invading industries.

The rich think they can buy stock in the Legislature or an executive agency as they can in a corporation; and they can. The men who reach public office are usually the ones who will adapt themselves to this assumption, because it takes real money to run a good campaign in a state five times the size of England.

But why can one study government at the University of Texas for several years without being made aware of the abuses of the general welfare taking place not ten blocks away in the state capitol?

Dr. Homer P. Rainey, many will recall, was president of the University of Texas until the Regents, acting on behalf of the oligarchy that still controls the state, fired him. He had not minded when lobbyists had worked against his requests for University appropriations. "But the second session," he said, "they had moved around the table and were speaking for the University." Some of the lobbyists had been appointed to the Board of Regents!

Today, ten years later, the crude educational tyranny of the Rainey years persists in subtler forms.

The editor of the student newspaper at the University of Texas, Willie Morris, who was awarded a Rhodes scholarship and is a high-minded young man, provoked the Regents by advocating higher state taxes on oil, gas, and sulphur and opposing the Fulbright-Harris gas bill. In a formal statement, the Regents said the *Daily Texan* was banned by law from discussing controversial state and national issues, since the University was financed by state funds. One Regent, oilman Claude Voyles, explained: "We feel the *Daily Texan* is going out of bounds to discuss the Fulbright-Harris natural gas bill when 66 per cent of Texas tax money comes from oil and gas." The Regents' censor subsequently failed to recognize and refused to permit publication of some paragraphs on freedom of the press that were written some time ago by one T. Jefferson.

Alarmed, the University's general faculty repudiated a new administration-spawned rule that faculty members could not publicly support or oppose candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or the state Legislature. But the administration's attitude was on the record.

In a National Education Association poll of Houston public-school employees, six out of ten reported pressures on what to teach in political and social areas; 900 of the 1,900 responding said they had personally experienced "unwarranted pressures" about support of a political candidate, social or political activities, or giving a "slant" to their teaching. Whether Houston is exceptional, no one knows.

If educators have been subject to pressures on sensitive issues, why have we not heard the voices of the preachers, the priests, and the rabbis raised to stay the deterioration of their society's government? Politics quite aside, have they no responsibility? Have they no duty to speak of the ethics of the leaders of the state, to question specifically the ways money is made and spent, and if not to expel the money-changers from the temple, at least to reject their tithes? Imperceptibly money has ascended into the pulpit here as elsewhere in the land.

The press has a greater immediate responsibility to a commonwealth than either the schools or the churches. The sensational aspects of the Legislature's corruption have been obvious for many years, yet the orders to the capitol press have been: "Cover the committee hearing," "Report the debate." Newspaper publishers have long imposed, and reporters have long accepted, a condition of willful inertness. Corruption is reported only when it is forced on the reporters (except for a few men on the *Houston Post*). The dailies simply do not comment on the identity of interest between state agencies and the industries they regulate, and their positions on issues and elections affecting their principal advertisers have been predictable and uniform.

The land scandal story broke, not in one of the overstaffed metropolitan newspapers, but in a tiny little daily, the Cuero *Record*. Many of us took heart from this right up to the day when the *Record's* publisher urged the re-election of one of the principal figures in the land scandal, Congressman John J. Bell of Cuero. Bell had admitted taking $28,000 or so in "legal fees" from land promoters when he was a member of the senate, and he had been indicted on a charge of conspiring to take "fraudulently" more than $150,000 from the state in one land deal. The indictment was thrown out on a technicality. Argued the publisher: "What [Bell] did in my opinion was at least morally wrong." But he's a good man for local interests, and anyway, "it is common practice for at least 75 per cent of those representing us in Austin and in Washington to get their fingers into public appropriations or to be remembered for their legislative efforts with legal fees and retainers. . . . Unfortunately for Congressman Bell, the legal fee payments in the veterans' land deal came to light."

In other words, said the publisher, Bell's mistake was getting caught. So finally it fell to the people, and they threw John Bell out of office.

IN THE 1956 elections, the people effected other changes, as well: changes of climate and changes of personnel. Every major statewide candidate promised to regulate the lobbyists, shore up legislative ethics, and further improve the state's insurance laws. The new attorney general, Will Wilson, promises to enforce the law against usury (such as it is), and he is the first high Texas officeholder since the 1954 integration decision who has sided with the law of the land on that issue. The new Governor, Price Daniel, is more responsive to demands for increased social and educational services than his predecessor. Every state senator seeking re-election who has been even tangentially connected with the insurance or land scandals was defeated. This the 1957 Legislature has duly noted, and while the lobbyists still rush about full tilt at their various works, they may be slowed down by the session's end. All this may mean that the guardians of the *status quo* in Texas, like the guardians throughout the South, are numbering their own days by attracting industries and unions into the situations they are trying to keep static.

If so, it is high time. The state's mentally ill are packed into overcrowded and antiquated institutions. Four hundred inmates of the prison system have been sleeping on the floor. The state's student-teacher ratio is worsening. Texas ranks 42nd among the states in aid to dependent children, 36th in aid to the blind, and 37th in old-age assistance. The state's average weekly unemployment benefit ($17.91) is 46th among the states, and only Alabama has a maximum workers' disability benefit lower than Texas' $25.

Texas Mexicans (about 1,300,000 people) finish only four grades of school on the average, and the 1,000,000 Negroes proceed only a grade or two further along. Half the Mexicans live without piped running water, two-thirds without inside flushing toilets. On the average Negroes and Mexicans make about half as much money as whites.

The Texas myth is symbolized by wide-open spaces, strapping range riders, and millionaires with pink Cadillacs, but you will not hear the Texan brag about the way his state takes care of its helpless children, its wrongdoers, its mentally sick, its old, its blind, and you will not hear him brag at all if he is one of the Mexicans and Negroes who are one-fourth of the people.

What is government for? We who have watched its coming to grief in Texas are driven to the question. Surely some resolution of the obvious depravity is inevitable. Perhaps, say in the summer of 1960, the people will rouse against the other corruption, too.

We are told again and again, by visitors to our state, that we are a primitive people, that our braggadocio is a shabby cover for our own maladroitness and immaturity. I suppose this is true. But if we are a young people, we are also a wide and hopeful people, free to experiment, to create, even to bring forth a new culture from our roustabouts, our shrimpers, our millionaires, our Negroes, our Mexicans, our rustics, our know-nothings, our sophisticates, our drones. Give us time; as soon as our voice changes, we will sing you a better song.

Mark Van Doren

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT

Lots of writers are smart, but only a few are also wise. One of these rare sages passes on a piece of advice which sounds selfish and cruel—but which turns out to be kindlier than you might think.

MY BROTHER Carl, the biographer of Benjamin Franklin, was famous for his generosity. Asked for anything, he was likely to give it. And nothing was more valuable than his advice, which he gave freely when asked. He was not one of those men who pull long faces and wonder whether you oughtn't to decide things for yourself. If you wanted his help, and said so, he never doubted that you did; nor did he foolishly assume that you were bound to take it; the final decision would of course be yours, but meanwhile he was happy to throw what light he could upon your problem.

I owe him more than I can say, and not merely in this one department of advice. Here, though, he was better than generous to me; he was prodigal, he gave me every thought he had. Books to read, people to meet, trips to take, restaurants to try—he included me in his world, so that I lived doubly while he lived. He was nine years my senior, and when we were boys in Illinois he did not hesitate to counsel me sometimes as if I were his son. If I didn't know enough to ask, he told me.

But as I grew up, and later when I followed him to New York, this changed. Nothing, I think, interested him more than what I did or did not do, but he was never in my way. He took it for granted now that I knew enough to ask; and when I did, which was often enough, he held back nothing. I was never dependent upon him unless I chose to be. It was always my choice. And the wonderful thing—wonderful, I mean, about him, not me—was that when I made it I felt stronger rather than weaker because I did. My problem immediately became his own; it excited him, it aroused his imagination; so that as we talked I could believe the alternatives to be his as well as mine, and the pleasure too of doing whatever thing would eventually be done, even though in the nature of the case I was to do that thing alone. There was the time, for example, when I begged him to tell me what I should write about for my doctor's dissertation at Columbia. He suggested a criticism of John Dryden's poetry; and within a few minutes was racing through the subject with such contagious zest that I caught fire and contributed a few ideas myself—to his work, as it were, though in the end it was entirely mine.

The one great comprehensive piece of advice Carl gave me, however, came later than that, and I am sorry to say I do not precisely remember the occasion that called it forth—perhaps it was a teaching position I had doubts about, or a job of editing I was afraid I should not stop other work to do. But no matter, it was what he said that counted. I have never forgotten it, nor do I expect to while I live. It has made all the difference to me. And I gladly pass it on.

"The real question is," said Carl, "do you *want* to do it?" "Why," I said, "that's what I can't decide." He laughed. "It seems to me you have decided." "What?" "That you don't want to do it." "How can you tell?" "Why, by your doubt. In my own case this would be decisive." "But doubts are not decisions." "Yes, they are. I have made it a rule never to do anything I didn't want to do—immediately, that is, or else without much thought one way or the other. The longer I hesitate the better I know my answer must be negative." "But you do hesitate. You've even come to me and asked me what I thought you ought to decide."

He laughed again. "Well, then, I was weak. I didn't know the strength of my own inclinations—or disinclinations. Believe me, *they* are clear. And the thing to do is to be as clear yourself. Of course things get in the way—duty, obligation, the desire not to disappoint or offend, the wish always to be liked. But in the end, my boy, do only what you want to do. And do nothing

you *don't* want to do. Now in this case you surely don't expect me to tell you what your inclination is—or your disinclination. You are the only one in the world that knows. I think I understand you pretty well, but here is private ground. I'm keeping off."

Now in one sense this was not advice at all. But in the best sense it was the best; and I needed it the most. Not, of course, that it was easy to take. For it threw me back upon the question of who and what I was, and whether I had knowledge of this person. How far should I trust my doubts and my desires? How confident could I afford to be that even if I knew my feelings I should let them master me? Who was I to announce that I would never do anything I didn't want to do? It sounded arrogant. It sounded ruthless.

And the queer thing was, Carl qualified in neither of those roles. He was singularly unselfish; everyone said so, and I knew it for a fact. He was generous to a fault; he praised people to their faces and behind their backs; he gave incredible amounts of time and strength to helping others through hard places; he rejoiced in their successes; he was humane to the last ounce. Also, as I told him in our dialogue, he didn't find it easy to follow his own rule. He could be tortured by doubts as to what he should do next, and by misgivings over what he had done last. His large nature was at the same time extremely sensitive; which was why so many loved him, and why there were those who could take advantage of his kindness. I knew these things then, so what should I conclude?

WHAT I concluded at that dramatic moment was less important for me than what I have concluded since. Without reservation, I now think Carl was right. His ideal—difficult for him, to be sure, but all the more an ideal because of that—still makes the clearest sense. Nothing else perhaps makes any sense at all.

Shall we consult the wishes of others? But what others? And if we could pick the right ones—whatever that means—how could we know that we would please them in the end? We would certainly fail in this if what we did was done unwillingly, unnaturally for us, and therefore against the grain. What they want is that *we* should want the same thing they do. When they invite us to their house they hope that it will give us happiness to come; and we hope they mean the invitation. Unwilling hosts and unwilling guests do not exactly mix; everybody has a poor time. My wife tells me I lean over backward with respect to this; she says I urge people to come only if they want to; she thinks I sound as if I weren't too eager to see them myself. Possibly so, but I defend the principle. There is only one guide through the labyrinth of choice: our own desire, if we know what that is. Sometimes, I grant, it is difficult to know. But I agree with Carl that ignorance is a serious matter. It causes others and ourselves no end of trouble.

The principle was stated recently by a man who I might have supposed was too young to understand it. But he had had, evidently, the necessary experience. He is a producer of plays, and I happened to ask him whether the interest he was expressing in a certain play had its origin in the sympathy and affection I knew he felt for the author.

"Are you being kind?" I asked. He looked at me in astonishment—I even thought, with pity. "Good Lord, no! I learned long ago that anything like that simply complicates everybody's life." He meant that false hope can produce more misery than no hope at all, that lack of frankness—about important things at any rate—has finally to be paid for by the innocent as well as by the guilty.

I remember being asked ten years ago whether I would consider accepting the presidency of a college whose aims I admired. The chairman of the trustees called me on the phone and put it to me in terms that were none too easy to ignore: I was the person they wanted, and I could do the college good. If I hesitated for as long as one minute it was because Carl's voice was for that minute farther away than the chairman's. But I heard it in time, and said what I really felt: this was not my kind of work, I would be unhappy with it, I wouldn't do it well, and therefore I would do the college harm.

"Let me come and see you anyway," he said. "But it wouldn't change my mind." "Then it will simply be a visit." "All right. You know I'd like that. But remember what I said. I'll never accept."

He did come—it was a day's train trip to my house in Connecticut where I was spending the winter—and when he left the next morning he assured me that he liked train trips because they gave him time to read. The presidency had been scarcely mentioned, and I still don't know if he was disappointed with respect to it. I do know, however, that his disappointment in me as president, supposing I had been weak enough to argue down my instinct, would have been enor-

mous and woeful; beginning and ending with me, everybody concerned would have had his life complicated for nothing.

Ruthless? No, I am convinced it is the finest form of scruple. I have not been describing a curmudgeon. The curmudgeon wants nothing, whereas the normal thing is to have many desires—and the ideal thing is to know which ones of them are strongest. The curmudgeon, presumably, wants neither work nor a wife, and does without them. The normal thing is to want a wife, and the ideal thing of course is to take (if you can) the one you want the most. What if you consulted her parents and her friends? What if you married her only because you promised to, and meanwhile had changed your mind? This has been done, but neither party could have benefited by the act. The truly ruthless thing is to do what you do because you believe you ought to, and for no gentler reason. That is invoking monsters you have no human right to invoke. It is being, in the crudest possible sense, impersonal. It will not merely complicate life, it will ruin it.

Why is it that we are flattered when an animal likes us—when, for instance, we are in somebody's house and the cat, after staring at us from across the room, comes over and jumps up on our lap? The mistress of the cat can say nothing better at that moment than: "Look! He doesn't do it to everybody." We may pretend otherwise, but we are deeply pleased; and surely the reason is that we know cats—particularly cats—to be devoid of the sense of duty. They do what they want to do, and cannot be forced to do anything else. So in this case the motive is pure. Which is to say, it is purely selfish. Which is to say, it is capable of giving pleasure unmixed with any other thing. The same is true of small children—those who are too small to have compromised with complication, the adult vice that will beset them later.

As a vice it has its uses in society, and sometimes its beauty too. But it is a vice. Which is why I have learned, when someone comes to me and asks for counsel, that the most helpful thing to do is to let him talk until he has told himself what his own choice is. He probably knew before he came, but doubted that others would approve. Now, though, in an atmosphere free of disapproval, he convinces himself that at last he knows what he wants. He is lucky in the knowledge, and so will those be with whom he is to be concerned.

EYEWITNESS IN HUNGARY

THE American traveler "bore testimony to the utter prostration of the people under the grinding tyranny of military despotism, the extinction of literature, the daily and nightly terror caused by the spies who infested every corner of the land—the streets, the cafés, the salons, the hotels, and even the family circle, watching and treasuring each word as it fell, and laboring with devilish ingenuity to twist innocent expressions into seditious or treasonable allusions—the ferocious insolence of the police, the unchecked brutality of the soldiery, the crowded state of the dungeons—crammed with wretches who had lingered in agony for months and years, untried, and in ignorance, not only of their accusers, but of the offences with which they were charged; the terrible cruelties practised in the fortresses, the torturings, the beatings with sticks, the daily fusillades on the glacis, and all the other horrors and enormities by which tyranny heaps outrage on humanity, and blasphemes God. But he bore testimony, too, to the reverence with which Kossuth's name and memory are treasured in the hearts of the people; to the pride with which they look back to that surpassing struggle in which the valor of their sons and brothers so long baffled the rage of despots, and fertilized the soil of every country with their blood; to their hatred of their oppressors, and their firm belief in the speedy advent of a day of terrible retribution."

—Observations by C. L. Brace, in *History of Hungary,* by E. L. Godkin, 1853.

Paul Moor

Revolt of the POLISH MUSICIANS

Pianists and piccolo players have found a new way to defy their Soviet bosses: they are beginning to play tunes the Kremlin can't whistle.

THE Stalinogród Symphony Orchestra—so-called during the years when, in honor of Stalin, the Polish city of Katowice bore that name—played the third and fourth of twenty concerts during Warsaw's First International Festival of Contemporary Music last fall. By the end of the twelve-day festival, the Stalinogród found itself once again the Katowice Symphony Orchestra.

All but the most ivory-tower musicians and listeners who had congregated in Warsaw started taking more than casual interest in the explosive political situation on October 19, when word swept the city like fire that Khrushchev, Mikoyan, Molotov, and Kaganovich had arrived at Warsaw airport that morning. Westerners who chose that time to express an interest in sight-seeing were politely but firmly impeded by the Festival Office because of the inordinate number of Polish soldiers in the streets; the Festival Office itself, like everyone else in town, was unnerved by rumors—soon enough confirmed—of Soviet troops ringing the capital in. Although few cared to utter the appalling fact, everyone was aware that the situation was such that World War III could have begun in Warsaw at any moment.

Yet in spite of all the electricity in the air those last few days, Warsaw's First International Festival of Contemporary Music ran its ambitious course with truly cosmopolitan suavity and *élan*. In retrospect—in view of happenings since then in both Poland and Hungary—the festival's significance as a gesture of defiance of the Moscow line seems like pretty small potatoes, but at the time the festival was planned, announced, and carried out, it was significant indeed. It was in 1948 that Zhdanov arose at a two-day congress of Soviet composers and read the riot-act to them, impugning all the leading ones—Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khatchaturian, even harmless old Reinhold Glière—with "formalism" and with not composing for Soviet Man, and the Zhdanov line has since 1948 been the official line in all Eastern European countries.

A significant break in this repressive line occurred last spring when the (East) Berlin State Opera produced Alban Berg's "Wozzeck." This was the first performance of a sizable twelve-tone work in any Communist country since the Leningrad "Wozzeck" thirty years ago and the subsequest damning by the Party of "formalistic" contemporary music.

"Formalism" is a tough term to define. A far-Left American composer once interpreted it for me as "an irresponsible emphasis on form to the detriment of content." The other day, here in Warsaw, a Polish composer told me, "Zhdanov's ideal chord was *C-E-G*. If you added a *B*-flat it became suspect, and a *D* on top of that made it formalistic." Whatever formalism is—or was: Zhdanov died some years ago—it embraced practically all works by Stravinsky, Hindemith, Schönberg, and almost every other leading non-Soviet composer of this century, and directly resulted in visiting upon Soviet Russia, and in due time upon her satellites, a musical isolation and aridity unique in the civilized world. The Warsaw Festival—planned and directed by the Polish Ministry of Culture under the firmly guiding hand of the Polish Association of Composers—was an audacious, obviously deliberate

nose-thumbing at this sort of artistic repression. As such, even despite the vivacious political and military events which overshadowed it, it remains the most courageous and genuinely progressive step yet taken by the arts within the Soviet sphere of influence.

Those forbidding, almost vowelless constellations of consonants through which Poles communicate with one another made the names of most of the many unfamiliar Polish composers on the programs melt and run confusingly together in the foreign mind, but even a cursory glance at the more familiar works and names on the programs informed reasonably hep Western visitors that the festival was going to be largely *vieux jeu* by Western standards. One Czech, more in contact with the West than most, showed me a postcard he was sending home inscribed,

Greetings from the Festival
of Former Contemporary Music.

It is true that many of the works offered by Stravinsky, Bartók, Honegger, and others have become almost chestnuts on American and Western European programs, but for Warsaw, even in 1956, most of them were novelties. Recent comprehensive American LP catalogues list five recordings of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, but a Hungarian who lectured in the Moscow Conservatory last year told me Aram Khatchaturian made his first acquaintance with the work only at that time—from an American recording the Hungarian had taken with him. Certainly the work was new to almost every Pole who heard it in the Philharmonia Hall performance in Warsaw. If the festival programs seemed by comparison stodgy, one had to take into account just how enormous was the vacuum upon which this festival constituted the first sizable assault.

By anyone's standards the festival was ambitious. Four Polish orchestras took part. From abroad came the "George Enescu" Symphony Orchestra, and its brilliant conductor George Georgescu, from Bucharest; the Brno Symphony Orchestra from Czechoslovakia; the State Symphonic Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. from Moscow; the Vienna Symphony; the French Radio Orchestra from Paris; and string quartets from Hungary and France. What's more, only conflicting engagements prevented the Poles from also importing the Concertgebouw Orchestra from Amsterdam and Sir Thomas Beecham's Royal Philharmonic. When one inquired at the Ministry how many millions of zlotys all this cost, eyes were averted and the subject changed.

In general, although the participating ensembles were not all of the first water, the standard of performance was high enough to distinguish the Warsaw Festival as a regular, permanent musical event of discerning taste and international importance. The best Polish orchestra was that from Katowice (or, at that moment, Stalinogród), which bespeaks incidentally a kind of cultural decentralization which results in Poland's best opera and ballet being not in the capital but in Poznan. Probably the best of all the orchestras in the festival was that of Radiodiffusion Française, although it played indifferently under Jean Martinon's direction. The most exciting performances were those by the State Symphonic Orchestra of the U.S.S.R.

THE RUSSIANS: MISSING AND PRESENT

ONE of the most interesting aspects of the festival was the chance to talk shop with Eastern European colleagues, especially the Russians. Most of the critics and radio people, from countries as remote as China, Israel, and America, all lived in the Hotel Bristol (it was once owned by Paderewski), where mealtimes in our own private dining-room became lively and at times heated forums.

At the beginning of the festival, we were assured that Shostakovich and Khatchaturian were coming to represent the Soviet Union. Then the day of the opening concert, which featured his Tenth Symphony, Shostakovich's regrets were announced. The reason given was the pressure of engagements connected with the observance all over Russia of his fiftieth anniversary year, but even then the tide of anti-Soviet sentiment in Warsaw made one wonder a bit about this. The next day, when the Bucharest orchestra was to play Khatchaturian's rackety Second Symphony, it was announced that he, too, had been detained; it seemed rehearsals for a new ballet in Leningrad suddenly required his presence on the spot.

When the official Soviet delegation finally arrived—later than all the others—it consisted of Ivan Martinov, a personable, trilingual musicologist I had met in Prague in June, and a lesser composer and professor from Moscow, Yuri Shaporin.

Two conductors came with the Moscow orchestra—Konstantin Ivanov, who looked startlingly like a Russian Evelyn Waugh, his faun-eyes and other features scrunched together down at the bottom of his small, inscrutable

face, and Nikolai Anosov, a towering, powerful man whose good-humored, bespectacled physiognomy bore a slightly oriental cast. It seemed hardly possible that these two men, different as night and day, could have sprung from the same nation. Ivanov was born into the most miserable, grinding sort of Tsarist poverty—as a child his first violin, which his peasant parents had somehow managed to save enough to buy, was taken away from him to be sold for food—and his early life was something like a Russian "Tobacco Road." The only word of any foreign language he seemed to know was *"merci,"* with which he acknowledged compliments upon what was the most exciting performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony many of us had ever heard. (Some of the visiting orchestras did one classical work, too, just to show another aspect of their range.)

Anosov was quite another proposition. Suave, polished, and witty in fluent Viennese-accented German and also quite at home in English, he obviously stemmed from those circles where foreign languages had been learned in childhood as a matter of course. Of the Soviet musicians I have talked to, he was far and away the best informed about music outside the Soviet boundaries, and a man with whom one could have contentedly talked for many more hours. He is also a conductor of genuine stature, drawing more expressiveness from Prokofiev's Second "Romeo and Juliet" Suite than even Koussevitzky used to. I have heard David Oistrakh's performance of the Shostakovich Violin Concerto with Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic, and with Mravinsky and the Leningrad Philharmonic, but the one Anosov conducted for him in Warsaw topped them both.

For obvious reasons, one did not discuss politics with the Russians, but among other Eastern Europeans in the private dining-room at the Bristol, the very jokes that were told indicated that few indeed had been sent to Warsaw primarily because of political reliability. One joke, told by one of them, bears repeating, for it crystallizes an attitude I found to be more or less universal; it arose from a discussion of symphonic poems about Peace, oratorios about Stalin, "formalism" and "socialist realism" and just what they all really meant. After a Pole had volunteered that a formalistic work had good form and bad content but a social-realist work had bad form *and* bad content, we were treated to the following story:

At festive dinners in Soviet Georgia, it seems, there still exists the old tradition of the "organic" toast—a toast with a story leading up to it and making the toast itself the story's snapper. During a visit to Georgia by a big shot from the Ministry of Culture in Moscow, a dinner was given him. The host arose.

"Honored guests," he said, "there lived once upon a time a mighty King. He was hunchbacked and blind in one eye, but he wielded terrible power. One day he decided to use his power as a patron of the arts. He commissioned a gifted young man to paint his portrait, but when he saw that he was portrayed as he actually was, he ordered the artist executed and engaged another one. The second one shared the same fate, and so eventually did several others, until a commission from the ruling would-be Maecenas became a reward much dreaded but impossible to shun.

"One day a commission to paint the King came to the young painter who, through elimination, had slowly risen to become the most talented in the land. He cleaned and laid down his brushes with a sigh, removed his smock, and walked slowly and resignedly toward the river, into which he intended to jump.

"But on his way he met an old fisherman who, after hearing his story, whispered a few words of advice into his ear. The young man returned home, painted the portrait, and soon thereafter became the mighty King's Minister for Cultural

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EDWARD WEISMILLER

COLLEGE TOWN

HOW gravely all this goes. The street lights burst,
At six o'clock, into their guarded flame:
All corners, it is clear, are not the same:
It matters where you turn

To someone. . . .
Matters, of course, to you.
Go gravely home, and kiss your wife, and weigh
How best to be a father: say
Do you like school? What did you learn?

And nod, and nod . . . .
Somewhere in dark fields,
Far from the level headlights of the cars,
Someone stumbles, looks up: Oh, stars, stars
No matter where you turn. . . .



Justice Marrero, Chief Justice Snyder, Justice Sifre. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

A remarkable new building—in Puerto Rico

HERE is the central staircase of the new Supreme Court in San Juan. This remarkable building is the work of two Puerto Rican architects, Toro and Ferrer.* It is worth seeing.

At the head of that staircase is the only *circular* Supreme Courtroom in the world. The shape is symbolic. For justice always lends an ear to every side. This round courtroom also has a practical advantage. With curved bench and bar, the appellant is the same distance from each of the seven judges. Thus, he never tends to address one judge only but speaks with equal emphasis to the whole court.

Such keen respect for a man's feelings is matched by Puerto Rico's *double* protection of his rights. First, by the new Commonwealth Constitution. Second, by the Constitution of the United States. What firmer guarantee for all who go to live in Puerto Rico?

*The collaborating architect for this building was Charles H. Warner.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico,
579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Transatlantic travelers come home with glowing reports of a marvelous new drink

IRISH COFFEE

Americans stopping at the famous Shannon Airport first discovered the unique delight of Irish Coffee. Now, more and more smart spots are serving this fabulous drink . . . more and more people are making it at home. In San Francisco, for example, Irish Coffee is becoming as popular as the Dry Martini.

The magic of Irish Coffee lies in the fact that the coffee, the John Jameson and cream combine in some mysterious way to create a seductive new flavour. It is what scientists call synergistic action, which means that the cooperative action of the ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently. Skeptical about that synergistic action? Well, try Irish Coffee. And do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—every drop matured 7 years in oak casks.



How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

JOHN JAMESON

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Affairs. Now what was this advice whispered by the old fisherman? He had said, 'Young man, the King cannot bear to be reminded that he is hunchbacked and blind in one eye. But the King fancies himself a great hunter. Paint him firing a rifle, so that the raised shoulder conceals his hump and the gunsight and stock his blind eye.' That was how the young man painted the King."

The host paused, smiled, raised his glass, and said, "Gentlemen, long live Socialist Realism!"

The reception this yarn got had hardly died down when another Eastern European told one about Mikhailov, the present Soviet Minister of Culture, which he said he had picked up recently in Moscow. A madman who walked through the corridors of the Ministry screaming "Mikhailov is a fool! Mikhailov is a moron!" was arrested, tried, and sentenced to five years' corrective labor—not for defaming a Minister, but for unauthorized revelation of a state secret.

This sort of twisting of the lion's tail was extensive enough among those who came to Warsaw to indicate that the Polish composers are far from alone in cocking a snook at Moscow, but the Poles have already established quite a lead for their neighbors to follow. It was significant and even symbolic that the place of honor in the Philharmonia Hall, on the right hand of the Association of Composers' President Kazimierz Sikorski, was occupied at all twenty concerts by that incredible Frenchwoman, Nadia Boulanger, who as a harmony teacher was discovered in Fontainebleau by the young Aaron Copland some thirty-six years ago and who since then has taught scores of the leading composers of many countries, including Poland.

When someone once asked Stravinsky why he never imparted the benefit of his gifts to young composers, he said, "Why should I, as long as Nadia Boulanger teaches?" One has only to have read post-Zhdanov Soviet demolitions of Stravinsky and all he stands for to grasp the import of Mlle. Boulanger's presence—by official invitation—in Warsaw. Although now sixty-nine years old, her former pupils' urgings were enough to induce her to spend four days on trains in order to be there, and she dominated the festival like a monument.

SYMPATHETIC CATS

A LIGHTER aspect of the sort of secret singing now coming into the open in Poland was afforded me by participating in the first anniversary celebration of Warsaw's Jazz Club, a group of students and young intellectuals who foregather once a week throughout the year to hear erudite disquisitions and listen to the latest cool, West Coast, and Dixieland stuff they've been able to import or scrounge—sometimes on the semi-q.t. from sympathetic cats at the American Embassy. They celebrated their first anniversary with a devastating mixture of grain alcohol and apple juice which they had the effrontery to call Calvados, and with the borrowed record collection of an Army sergeant from our Embassy who, upon arriving, was carried through the hall horizontally on the cheering crowd's shoulders and was obviously a darling of the club members. Poland's several jazz clubs now have their own weekly journal; its 10,500 copies are snatched from the stands and blackmarketed almost as feverishly as are the few token copies of *Le Monde,* the Manchester *Guardian,* and the *Times* of London that are sold on Warsaw newsstands.

To judge by a children's recital—also of contemporary music, most of it Polish—given one Sunday noon in the Palace of Culture, the world will before long be hearing from an entire new generation of outstanding Polish instrumentalists. Coddled with state scholarships, fine instruments, and the best of training, these kids are blessedly free of at least the material worries that harass their contemporaries in the Western world.

Indications are that plans for the Second Warsaw Festival will dwarf those for the one just finished. It will in fact be so ambitious that it may not be ready to be mounted until 1958, although this year is being aimed for. There is even serious talk of inviting an American orchestra—and anyone who knows Poland's dollar problems will realize from this how earnest the Poles are about putting this festival on a permanent basis to rank with the leading music festivals of Western Europe.

Errors were made last fall. Perhaps the most flagitious was that through lack of comprehensive programing not one participating ensemble played a work by Paul Hindemith. Nor was the real *avant-garde* represented at all; the nearest they got to it was Schönberg's Piano Concerto. But advice was earnestly invited from all sides, and the next festival should alone provide ample reason for visiting a country which by that time should be even more fascinating.

One thing is certain: the Polish Association of Composers has made its Muscovite brethren look like a bunch of hidebound reactionaries.

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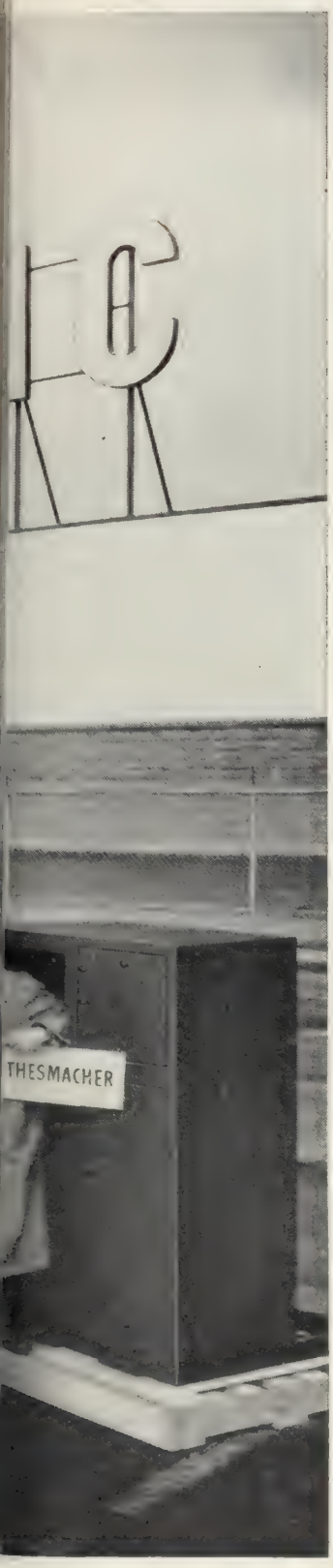


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After Hours



CONFESSIONS OF A YOGURT EATER

IT CAME to me only gradually that I was a food faddist. There are more charitable ways of putting it and I had tried them all. You begin by telling yourself it is curiosity and you think you can end by saying there is no substitute for experience, but sooner or later the suspicion grows on you that some deeper hunger is involved. The unavoidable truth is that your whims are not your own. Ten years from now you will be eating whatever they are eating ten years from now, and you might as well face it. I have finally reconciled myself to this and wish to share my hard-won, if precarious, state of ecological balance. Nature and I are now like *that.*

We first encountered one another in the matter of organic gardening—and I still refuse to hear an ill word of organic gardening. My wife and I once visited the center, or home station, of organic gardening in Emmaus, Pennsylvania, and had a most agreeable day. We were shown the odorless hen house by Mr. J. I. Rodale and fed an organic lunch by his son and daughter-in-law. The elder Mr. Rodale is the author of *Pay Dirt,* an eloquent defense of the compost heap and denunciation of "chemical" fertilizers. He thinks that soil can grow nutritious food—or naturally disease- and insect-resistant plants—only if it is renewed "organically" with decayed vegetation. Many soil scientists think this is nonsense; others think Mr. Rodale has something there but overdoes it. I am inclined to the latter view but I never did, to be frank, become much of an organic gardener.

Chiefly I took in the word through friends, one of whom had an organic-gardening problem that would soften the most resistant heart. For the wedding of a friend of hers, a young man she had successfully introduced to Mr. Rodale's views, she decided to make him and his bride the gift of a thousand hybrid California earthworms. Now everybody knows that thriving earthworms are a sign of good soil, but the theory here was that by adding earthworms you could improve your own backyard. The California hybrid kind were supposed to have the added virtue of tunneling only up-and-down, instead of side-to-side, so that you wouldn't lose them all to your neighbors' lawn. Unfortunately, when she ordered the worms, she discovered that they could only be shipped from California when the transcontinental weather was just precisely so, and she furthermore received a set of complicated instructions as to what to do with them when they arrived—find the right kind of earth, dig a hole, throw in a dead fish, etc.

The upshot was that she found herself with her friend married and gone honeymooning, and she with a thousand earthworms on her hands. Since she lived in an apartment house, this was a challenge. Finally she convinced her landlord that she wasn't kidding and he let her have a spot under the hedge—fortunately there *was* a hedge. Sometime later the lucky man came home, and she dug up and delivered his present, but by this time there were a good many more than a thousand. So far as I know my friend's faith is undaunted, the newlyweds are happy, and the hedge is bearing cherry blossoms; but the moral of this seemed to me that organic gardening was for the pure in heart, and I would never be able to live up to it.

The next—and more serious—step led to the culinary, or Adelle Davis, stage. This is characterized by eating liver and trying to find a store that sells the right kind of brewers' yeast (shows what you learn; I never knew there *were* two kinds). Later I realized that Mr. Rodale had left me with the lasting conviction that something was amiss with the American diet, and I was therefore the consistency of yogurt in Miss Davis' hands. Miss Davis is strong for yogurt and bacteria generally, as well as for wheat germ, vitamin C, and cooking meat slowly (vegetables in very little water) so the vital juices don't run out. She is the author of several books, one of them with the uncompromising title of *Let's Cook It Right,* which for a time became my inflexible guides.

Another friend of mine became so converted to Miss Davis' views on vitamin C that he gradually stopped adding water to concentrated orange juice and now takes it straight from the can. I wish to make it absolutely clear at this point that I myself do not practice yoga and have had nothing to do with Gayelord Hauser. I mention this only because, in going to the health-food store to get the brewers' yeast (they had the wrong kind), I encountered a num-

r of other customers drinking lery juice and buying calorie-duced birdseed who seemed to me give the wrong impression. Why ose people are fanatics!

Miss Davis saved me from this ase, but only at the cost of eating er, which I heartily detest. Liver apparently lousy with protein, and rious other things I forget at the oment, but they are important. e recommends several ounces for eakfast and tells with great good mor the story of a reader who ought she said several pounds, and ally complained. I was on this er kick for about six months and as supposed to feel continually bet-r. I guess the moment I gave it up incided with the moment when I uld admit to myself that I didn't el noticeably better but that I felt e. Then I could stop trying to ove something.

CTUALLY I have not deserted iss Davis *in toto* except on the estion of eggs. She says you should ok eggs slowly, because otherwise e protein molecules string together d you don't get the good of them, something like that. This is where got off. In the first place, if there such a thing as a slow omelette should be abolished forthwith. In e second, I like boiled eggs with e white hard and the yolk liquid; d the only way to achieve this at e atmospheric pressure of Man-attan Island is to plunge the egg to boiling water for four and a alf minutes and remove immedi-ely. People who want to boil eggs owly should live in Denver, where takes hours.

Otherwise she is still pretty much y girl. As yet I haven't reached the vel of Mr. Eddie Condon, the oted jazz performer and *bon vivant,* hose custom it is to rise betimes, rink a quart of milk (two quarts, if eling poorly), throw into a Waring lendor a mess of raw vegetables lus various nostrums, and quaff own the resulting mixture, his ver-on of what Miss Davis calls iger's milk." But I have already egun to mix up a batch of milk in e morning with dry milk solids lded, which is the preliminary age (it tastes too sweet but has a t of substance); and I can see it is nly a question of time before I find

"But Why The Candles, Holy Water And Beads?"



"It looks like hokus-pocus to me," Dave Smith said to Father Crane.

Dave was expressing a quite common view held by many non-Catholics . . . that the Catholic use of such articles as beads, crucifixes, medals and holy water is unnecessary in religion and even smacks of pagan superstition.

"What good does it do," Dave asked, "to light a candle or burn incense? And how can a little medal around my neck protect me from accidents?"

Unfortunately, too many people outside the Catholic Faith have a complete misunderstanding of these religious articles and the use to which they are put. There is nothing pagan or superstitious about them, and they do have a very real religious meaning and value.

"Actually," Father Crane told Dave, "religious articles used by Catholics are meant to be helps to their religious life —nothing more. The value of such articles is not in the metal, wood or wax of which they are made, nor in the form they may have . . . but in the prayer of the Church and of Christ, in whose name the Church prays in blessing them . . . as well as the fervor of the user's own prayer and his good disposition."

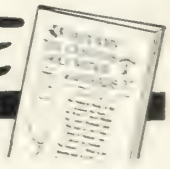
But Dave was still not convinced. He argued that religion is a spiritual thing . . . that it requires no external manifestations. "Yes," the priest agreed, "it is spiritual. But isn't it the natural thing for a human being to give outward expression to the things within his heart? How, for example, could you be sure that your mother loved you if she gave no sign that she did?"

Our Lord, Father Crane added, could have cured the blind man (John 9:6) merely by willing it. Instead, he first made a salve of clay and anointed the man's eyes. In blessing little children, He did not have to lay His Hands on them —but he did. Many people, Father Crane added, think the Catholic practice of kneeling to pray is unnecessary . . . yet Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "kneeling down . . . began to pray" (Luke 22:41).

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out where to get the right sort of yeast. Condon's brew is said to taste terrible, but he has the right approach—and anyhow, he has steak for dinner.

My theory is that if Nature wants it that way Nature can fix it up to taste better. Maybe you knew about incomplete proteins; I didn't, but they support my argument. Miss Davis explains that some proteins are only partly useful by themselves; they need other proteins to bring them up to strength. To be brief, it turns out that what a hambone does for pea soup, or baked beans do for brown bread, is just what Nature had in mind. It figures. Homemade bread is not only better for you, it tastes it; and only recently they have discovered that spinach is bad for children. Clearly there is an inner wisdom that leads us all; Mr. Condon to his Blendor, me to my egg-boiler, and both of us subsequently to sirloin. Henceforth I will feel free to diet at will, secure in the knowledge that wise old Nature will eventually manage to talk me out of it.

A FORM OF SLIGHT INSANITY

I HAVE a batch of cookies in the oven," Miss Helen Rice said to me on the phone. "Would you excuse me just a minute?"

I had called Miss Rice to ask her about the Amateur Chamber Music Players of which she is the secretary. She was back in a minute.

"I have a group of youngsters coming this evening to play," she said.

The group of youngsters, about twenty-five of them, were not strictly the business of the A.C.M.P.; they were alumni of the Cummington Music Camp where Miss Rice, who is a violinist, had once been a counselor. It was a sort of musical reunion. Any excuse for Miss Rice to meddle in the affairs of chamber music is a good excuse so far as she and a great many other musicians are concerned. "I'm afraid," she said to me when I met her later to talk about her organization, "that chamber music with me is a form of slight insanity."

The Amateur Chamber Music Players is private insanity of the most delightful kind multiplied thirty-five hundred times. The organization is now ten years old and its purpose is, simply stated, to put together people who like to play chamber music just for the fun of it. The society publishes each year a directory of names and addresses of fiddlers, pianists, and tooters, who don't mind being called up by strangers and asked if they would like to knock out a few string quartets, for example. There are now members of the Players in twenty-seven countries besides the United States, and if you are reasonably proficient and like to play with other amateurs, you can find a group of sympathetic souls almost anywhere you happen to be.

The names in the directory are graded A for Excellent, B for Good, C for Fair, and D for "etc." You designate your own grade depending on how good you know you are, and presumably if you are an "etc." you don't call up an "A" player and ask to play second fiddle. You fiddle with your own kind. There is also a classification called "Pro," obviously for professional musicians but, as Miss Rice explained to me, some of those listed as pros are not necessarily pros in the instrument they use when playing with amateurs.

"For example," Miss Rice, said, "Julian DeGray, who is a professional pianist, has taken up the cello and lists himself as 'C'."

The A.C.M.P. is a non-profit, all-for-the-pleasure-of-it organization to which Miss Rice, more than any other person, devotes a great deal of time, energy, and obvious devotion. It started in her New York studio apartment and was the brain child of the late Mr. Leonard Strauss, an Indianapolis woolens manufacturer who liked to play the violin. A group of ten met and decided to write to their friends and ask them to write to their friends. It took a great deal of letter-writing to produce the first directory of fifteen hundred names. It now takes a great deal of correspondence to keep up with the list ("I wouldn't have believed that people moved so often," Miss Rice said). There are no dues, but members are asked if they wouldn't like to contribute anything from a dollar up to help pay the costs of printing the directory and a news letter which is sent to members. So far (and there

ems no doubt that it will continue) e A.C.M.P. has met its costs rough contributions.

"We had one letter," Miss Rice ld me, "from a man who said he dn't want to contribute if it meant pporting the organization for peo- e who didn't. We don't want that nd of member. People who are ving a hard time financially or herwise may need to find people play with more than anybody se."



The A.C.M.P. produces anecdotes t a delightful rate. A friend of nine, an architect who is a violinist grade "B" he says) was called one vening by a man who said, "I am ne cello. I understand you are the iolin. I think I can get the piano." Iy friend invited him and the piano o his apartment to play. The piano urned out to be a rather timid lady ho arrived, looked around, and hen asked to use the telephone.

"Dearie," she said to her husband, I'm going to be perfectly all right."

Cello, however, was not happy bout piano who played *con molto spressivo;* he stood it for a while nd finally he tapped his music tand with his bow. "Please, madam, orget the expression and play the otes." She did and from then on verything was, indeed, "perfectly ll right."

One of the main delights of the ociety to those who are listed in the directory is that it helps them plan their lives. One man plotted his vacation in New England with his family so that they could drive from community to community where they would find people with whom to make music. Recently a young doctor attached to the American Army in Germany wrote to Miss Rice saying that he soon will be coming back to America to set up in practice and he would like to use the directory as a means of deciding where to settle. He wants to perform his music as well as his medicine.

Not long ago a U.S. Navy Lieutenant Commander wrote:

> Our service locations are so temporary that few of us can include ourselves in your address listings, but you can well imagine how much your geographical classified list helps us get acquainted in each new area where we are stationed.
>
> On arriving at my present station here in Glenview, Illinois, I "checked in" by phone to the players listed . . . and since then have been invited to so many sessions and have become so well acquainted . . . that this area already seems like my home town.

He added that one of his colleagues "with great success and with complete disregard of either instrument or grading, called only those persons listed as 'Miss'!"

Miss Rice spends three or four evenings a week playing with other ardent amateurs. One of her activities is a rather large group that plays *concerti grossi* every now and then. When I saw her she had a list in her hand of the occupations of the people with whom she had played the evening before. It will give you an idea of the nature of the private lives of the members of A.C.M.P. The group was made up of:

> 1 Swiss surgeon here visiting American hospitals (flute), 1 schoolboy (solo piano), 1 college girl (solo violin), 1 architect, 1 biochemist, 1 electrical engineer, 1 lawyer, 3 businessmen, 3 doctors, 4 housewives, 1 teacher, 5 college students, 1 medical student, 4 schoolchildren.

The ages were from fifteen to seventy.

The A.C.M.P. is delighted to hear about anyone who wants to join its ranks. If you would like information, write to Miss Helen Rice, 15 West 67th Street, New York 23, N. Y. If, of course, you like to play with other musicians, and you can't find them this way, then you may be interested in those recordings made with one part (your part) missing. But that's another story, and I'll get around to that in a month or so.

—Mr. Harper

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Where Responsibility Begins

CLOSE on the heels of Meyer Levin's fictionalized account of the Loeb-Leopold case *(Compulsion)* comes another novel which must have been at least suggested by the famous Chicago murder of the 'twenties—James Yaffe's **Nothing but the Night** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95). Yaffe has changed the place to New York and the time to the present, but he has kept the fundamental situation, the apparently motiveless killing of a boy of twelve by two rich and highly intelligent sixteen-year-olds.

What essentially interests Yaffe in the situation is where the responsibility for such a crime lies. One view, the view brilliantly advanced if not necessarily believed by the attorney who defends the young killers, is that they are the victims of psychological circumstance. They are not answerable for their crime because they have been badly brought up; it is really their parents' fault. This argument is of course open to the objection that their parents were once children and quite possibly unfortunate in their upbringing too; it makes guilt recede through the generations until nobody has been responsible for anything since Adam and Eve.

In developing his narrative Yaffe accepts this view of responsibility but only in a limited way. The two "thrill slayers" as he portrays them *have* been badly brought up. One father is an emotionally ineffectual man unable to communicate to his son the love he feels for him; the other is a crudely self-made man who is only too successful in communicating his wise-guy's code of behavior to his son. The two mothers are correspondingly unsuited to their tasks and correspondingly contrasted—one a foolishly domineering woman, the other weak and frightened. Yet it is hard to believe that these parents are much worse, if any, than the parents of many children who manage to keep their depredations this side of murder, and Yaffe shows that the complex of circumstances which makes criminals of two gifted boys includes more than the errors of their upbringing.

On the whole the account of the trial supports the old-fashioned legal idea of responsibility—that the individual not actually insane must answer for his offenses against society. In portraying the old judge who hears the case Yaffe pointedly shows how psychiatric conceptions of justice can distort legal conceptions. Since the judge, who is almost senile, wants to show that he has kept up with the times, he allows the testimony of psychiatrists to influence his decision without finding any legal basis for doing so.

In the aftermath of the trial Yaffe raises the question of responsibility to a religious level. It is no longer a question of psychological conditioning or of legal offenses against society but of the individual's acceptance of the full horror of what he has done and atoning for it through suffering. In prison one of the boys continues to see his crime as a smart trick; he is proud of the notoriety he has achieved in the press and of the book a German psychiatrist writes about him; he is damned. But the other boy confronts his deed; his heart opens to his victim and he is able to love his father as his father is able to love him; it is redemption of a sort.

Yaffe is a highly persuasive and accomplished novelist, with the ability to tell a story with wit and feeling and suspense. His command of narrative sometimes betrays him into slickness, and in *Nothing but the Night* he has sacrificed some possibilities in the situation by avoiding difficulties. For instance, although the main characters in his story are all obviously Jewish (as the boys involved in the original crime were), that fact is never mentioned. To have acknowledged their place in Jewish culture would certainly have complicated the story, and it might have



The Swivel Chair

Sometimes the reviewers take the privilege of blurb writing out of our hands — not necessarily with more incandescent prose but with all the glory of detachment from motives of sordid profit.

The Great Chain of Life ($3.75) by **Joseph Wood Krutch** set off this sort of reaction. *Marston Bates* in the *N.Y. Times* said, "A wise and very well-informed humanist has taken the time to look lovingly and wonderingly at the living world around him, and to study the ways in which scientists have tried to analyze this world. The result is far more than a criticism of biology; it is, I think, the best introduction to natural history that has yet been written. The book is full of thought-provoking comments: on the cult of sportsmanship and the implications of slaughter as relaxation: on pets as 'civilized animals'; on the Homeric attributes of many mammals (or the animal attributes of the Homeric heroes)." and in the daily *N.Y. Times, Charles Poore,*" 'The Great Chain of Life' is not a fetter as we see it here; it is a wonderful series of links binding together the story of the animate and the inanimate through millions of years on our astonishing planet . . . Mr. Krutch has read widely, pondered deeply and contemplated limitless horizons in the light of western stars. Once upon a time he taught dramatic literature at Columbia College; now he dramatizes the thoughts of philosophers in the scientists' domain. He is as much at home in the company of the one-celled paramecium as he is in the equally cloistered world of the one-idea scholar. He gives you a refresher course in your half-forgotten biological and geological courses of school days that is full of surprises and then bounces ahead, like the Rocky Mountain goat he so much admires, to cover all kinds of pinnacles of modern and ancient thought."



At least two reviewers were reminded of Thoreau " . . . a brilliant and provocative study of nature in which he emphasizes the privileges rather than the limitations of being an 'animal' . . . he tells us that the great lesson nature has to teach us is that the capacity for joy is perhaps the most singular and most characteristic feature of life . . . a masterful piece of descriptive writing in a quietly Thoreauvian manner." — *E. Nelson Hayes, Boston Globe,* and "The greatest of nature writers, like Fabre or Thoreau, had a unique talent for quickening the reader's sense of life — his own and other forms — through a kind of inspired bird's-eye view. The latest American to follow in their footsteps, Joseph Wood Krutch, has much the same flair. As entertaining a naturalist as ever there was." — *Newsweek.*

There are scores more, obviously written out of a sense of contagious enjoyment in a book alive in every line. Let one succinct observation sum it up — " . . . the humility of the truly cultivated man, the wisdom of the learned one. One vote here for the humanist in the desert."

— *John K. Hutchens, New York Herald Tribune*



Most of the books advertised in these pages are read quietly — with intense cerebration, or a dimming nostalgic tear, with silent lifting of the scalp or the low-pitched chuckle so irritating to all in earshot. Few books make readers scream. But consider this eloquent — yet actually understated reaction "A book that's needed writing for a long time . . . A book written, as the term goes, in anger and in pity . . . The shaken reader puts it down, stares for a moment and then screams, 'Somebody do something quick.' " — *Herman Kogan, Chicago Sun Times* and this — "Bitter the book is, but its author is not. Rather, he feels the icy fury of outraged conscience and compassionate humanity, a Swiftian, frustrated anger against the dehumanized, punishing demi-life which he anatomizes so fully. There is humor here (the author has a lively style and a sense of situation comedy), but it



is of the wildly rueful kind. Don Kindler's witty, biting drawings underline it nicely. But Drone's story is really a minor part of this book, supplying condiments (instead of sugar coating) for a serious, frightening sociological study. Basically, this is an analysis of uncontrolled profiteering and the rotten fruit it bears in housing developments and their miserable residents. Mr. Keats is thorough and his book devastating. His compelling description of what he calls 'a wild victory for apathy' may prove a telling blow against it." — *A. C. Spectorsky, New York Times*

The Crack in the Picture Window ($3.00), written by **John Keats,** a Washington newspaperman, is the product of disciplined research, of flexible wit and the crackling fury of a justly angry man.



Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. won a Pulitzer prize for the *Age of Jackson* when he was 28. And now comes **The Crisis of the Old Order,** a book that will eventually form part of **The Age of Roosevelt.** Every prepublication reader has made a speech about this event. From the formidably candid *Virginia Kirkus Service,* which tells the bookseller what to buy — "In Schlesinger's view, Roosevelt is the summation of an era in American social, political and economic life. He corresponds, in this respect, to Napoleon; anything about him, whether bearing directly upon his personal achievements or concerned merely with the period in which he lived, is of the same historical substance, compellingly important. The truth of Schlesinger's book is that it uses instances — small and large — of national crisis, statements of opinion, personality sketches, syntheses of philosophic and psychological forces, and even the biographical circumstances of its central hero as exemplifications, as viewpoints, and mass prisms for an almost indefinable movement or idea or embodiment which is the raw nature of 20th century history in America. The materials are transcended and transfigured, and in this creative act their inherent meaning is exposed. Not to be missed by any person with a potential interest in the subject." "It is history with a scope, grandeur, and verve that are seldom found on this side of the Atlantic. Without in the slightest resembling Churchill in style, it has a mature magnificence not often matched elsewhere." writes *Frank Freidel, of the Department of History at Harvard.*



Book-of-the-Month Club has made it the March selection.(To be published on March 4 at $6.00 — but a prepublication order gets it for $5.00.)

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

offended some readers, but it would also have given the book a dimension it now lacks. In spite of this and some other simplifications of the subject, Yaffe has written an eminently readable account of a kind of behavior that will always tease the mind for explanations.

RESPONSIBILITY AND THE WORD

GERALD GREEN'S **The Last Angry Man** (Scribner, $4.50) is another study in responsibility. The novel is built around two main characters—Woodrow Thrasher, a youngish and very successful ($35,000 a year) television executive in an advertising agency, and Dr. Samuel Adelman, an old Jewish physician in a Brooklyn slum. Thrasher is a fast-talking opportunist, a small-town boy who has made good in the big city; he feels responsible to his own career and to very little else, though he justifies the kind of life he leads on the grounds that it is "creative" (a word that seems to be used somewhat freely in television and advertising circles) and on the grounds that what he does makes jobs for other people by increasing economic demand.

Dr. Adelman, on the other hand, feels responsible to the truth as he sees it. He could say with Martin Luther, "Here I stand; God help me, I cannot do otherwise." Through his inability to refrain from saying what he thinks he has lost most of his practice to younger men who take a more conciliatory tone with their patients, and his great skill as a diagnostician is largely lost on the routine cases that still trickle to him out of the slums.

The plan of the novel is almost a cliché: it makes use of the trustworthy formula of Debased Art meeting Undebased Life. Thrasher is in trouble with a sponsor over a television program that is not drawing a sufficiently large audience. To save his skin he hastily concocts a new program that will show Real People doing Real Things, and he stumbles on Dr. Adelman as a subject for the first show. Then he makes the predictable discovery that the trouble with real life is that it is indeed real, and therefore not necessarily amenable to the convenience of television producers.

The framework of the novel, then, is a gimmick, and there is too much about the television and advertising people, who are practically indistinguishable from the television and advertising people in the last half-dozen novels on the subject you have read.

The best of the book is an account of the doctor's life, from his childhood as the son of an immigrant garment worker through his struggles as an impoverished medical student and on to his long years of devoted but largely thankless practice. His character is so strongly marked from the beginning that most of the scenes from his career are illustrations of what is already known about him rather than disclosures: consequently the narrative has a certain repetitious quality, which is little alleviated by Green's conviction that the reader will miss a point if it is made only a time or two. But Dr. Adelman is an interesting and authentic character. In the situation Green has provided for him he ought to turn into Grandma Moses in the end, but he actually remains himself.

At its most abstract, Green's subject is the responsible use of language. Thrasher belongs to the cult of glibness, the tribe who use language to cajole and distort and deceive, whereas Dr. Adelman, a disciple of Thoreau, is unable to use language except as an instrument of revelation. You cannot take Green's treatment of this subject altogether seriously because there is too much glibness in his own work, but you must call Dr. Adelman an honest effort. (A Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.)

PATRICK KINGSGRANT, the main character in Charles Bracelen Flood's novel, **A Distant Drum** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50), is a young man trying to find his responsibilities in a world of conflicting loyalties. He wants to be a writer, but this brings him into conflict with his father and with a family tradition of law and land-holding. He wants to marry a beautiful girl with whom he falls in love, but to do so would bring him into conflict with the Roman Catholicism in which he has been reared by his dead mother. In the end, the ruin of Patrick's health in military training during the Korean war effects a reconciliation between him and his father, and he goes back home to write. The girl drifts away.

Like many another novel about a young man who wants to write by a young man who writes, *A Distant Drum* gives the impression that the author is getting a little ahead of his material, that he hasn't had quite enough experience to draw upon to construct a novel and has had to fall back on more or less undistilled autobiography. At its best, as in the account of Patrick's military training, this is no handicap; but at its worst, as in the detailed recounting of the very fulsome praise lavished on young Patrick's writing by one of his teachers at Harvard, the result is slightly embarrassing, both for the reader and for Harvard. [*Continued on p. 92.*]

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EDITOR AT LARGE



Twenty-five years ago there was published in this country the first novel of a young English writer. It had a modest sale and quickly went out of print.

Among those who bought the first edition were many who cherished it greatly. They talked about it constantly, recommended it highly and gradually built up an audience of devoted enthusiasts. In recent years it has become a much sought after item in second-hand bookshops, where it has sold at premium prices.

The novel was called "His Monkey Wife," and its author was John Collier, who has since achieved an international reputation for his short stories.

The book has been brought back into print by Doubleday. It is the story of a most unusual triangle: a missionary teacher in the Congo, a British society belle and a girl chimpanzee. It is a light-hearted, witty story which I am sure is going to find today the audience it deserved to have back in 1931.

When it first appeared the reviewer in the New York *Herald-Tribune* wrote: "'His Monkey Wife' is a book with which to choose your friends. I shall choose mine among those who share my excitement for this extraordinary first novel."

Similarly, I can assure you that, if you are a friend of mine, you will like "His Monkey Wife." And if you like "His Monkey Wife," you're a friend of mine.

And remember: never, never underestimate the power of a chimpanzee.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"His Monkey Wife" ($3.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Fancies and Goodnights" ($4), a collection of 49 of John Collier's finest short stories. Doubleday has also just reissued "The Magician" ($3.75), one of the best early novels of W. Somerset Maugham. All of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 921 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

Yet the book has an assurance and finish and narrative ease rare in novels by young writers. Flood's first novel, *Love is a Bridge,* was a best-seller three or four years ago, and *A Distant Drum* will almost certainly find a large audience. The view of life is a normal wholesome middle-class view that will offend no one; the characters are handsome, well-born, mannerly, prosperous people who try to do things decently, without a neurosis or even a discreditable impulse among them. The writing is smooth and untroubling to the mind. I do not find much insight or imagination or reality in the book, but I hope that my limited admiration will not keep anyone else from enjoying it.

THE EVADERS

THE most brilliant novel of the month, and surely one of the most brilliant in a long time, is **A Legacy** by an Englishwoman named Sybille Bedford (Simon and Schuster, $3.50). It is laid in Western Europe, chiefly in Germany, in the years before the first world war, and it recalls (perhaps mostly because of the setting) the earlier novels of Thomas Mann, especially *Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain.* But Miss Bedford is utterly unlike Mann in technique; where he builds up a great mass of detail with the painstaking care of a genre painter, she writes like an impressionist—all light and air and grace and deftness. In fact, the surface of the book is so light that at first one supposes it is nothing but surface—a witty comedy of manners. But it is a good deal more.

Someone once said of the opening scenes of *Romeo and Juliet* that the characters do not know that they are in a tragedy. Neither do Miss Bedford's, and that, in a sense, *is* their tragedy. Her main characters are irresponsibles, creatures of evasion, men and women who have refused or simply neglected to look for the truth in their own lives, and are therefore lost to the truth of what is happening to Europe. If Miss Bedford writes like an impressionist, her characters *are* impressionists—people living by their senses, taking the sun on the Riviera or in Spain, buying paintings or keeping mistresses in Paris, dozing in their gardens of South Germany or leading their overfed, overstuffed, overheated existences in Berlin.

In the hands of a less skillful novelist such characters might be trivial objects of derision or dreary object-lessons in morality, but in Miss Bedford's hands they are wonderful. Their wastefulness and drift and self-absorption are so enchanting that the way they live ought to have worked. But unfortunately reality was headed in another direction.

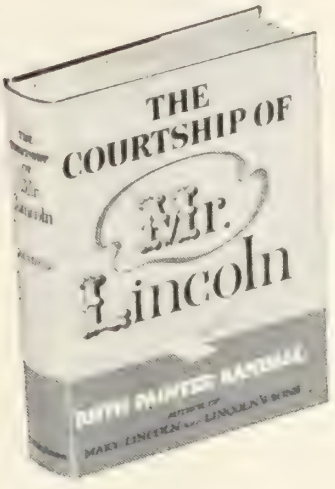
The action of the novel centers on two families—one the family of a South German baron and his sons, Roman Catholics more French than German in their culture; the other a Jewish banking family in Berlin. The main event of the novel is a marriage that links the two families, a marriage full of comedy and poetry, of eccentricity and heartbreak.

But not the least of the oddities of this unusual book is the fact that what seems in retrospect the main character hardly appears. He is the third son of the old baron, a gentle affectionate boy reared in the Indian summer of the South German Catholic aristocracy. Early in the novel the baron decides that because of his declining fortunes he must provide his sons with careers, and though he hates the Prussians who now dominate all of Germany he sends the boy to one of the new Prussian military academies to be made into a soldier.

The sensitive boy is so outraged at the treatment he receives that he escapes and with great difficulty returns home. Then the problem is whether he should be sent back to school. After a characteristic series of evasions and some outright dishonesty, he is, and this time loses his mind. He never appears again, but his madness lies behind all the sunlit glitter of the subsequent action and finally erupts in a strange Dreyfus-like scandal that becomes the talk of Europe. The scandal itself clarifies nothing; it only leaves the world a little muddier than it was before. But in its aftermath one character, a woman, refuses to go on with evasion; though by no means an unsullied person herself, she sees that someone somewhere must testify, in however minor a



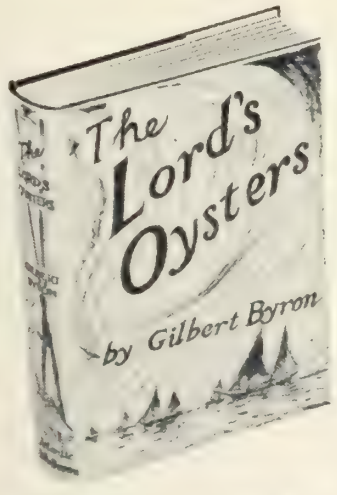
STOPOVER: TOKYO by John P. Marquand. In the exciting literary surprise of the year a master novelist has written a spy story that critics hail as a masterpiece in its field, "a superlative suspense thriller." (*N. Y. Times Book Review*); "A spellbinder," says the *Chicago Tribune*. "Moving romance added to breathless intrigue in a story which keeps the reader guessing and never lets him down. International spy-catching de luxe." $3.95



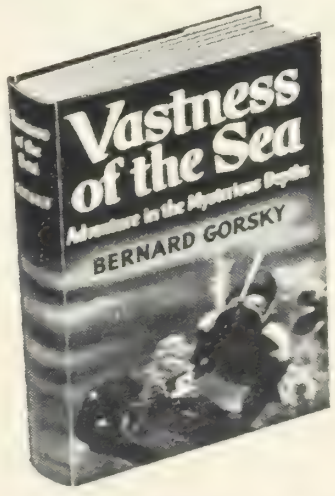
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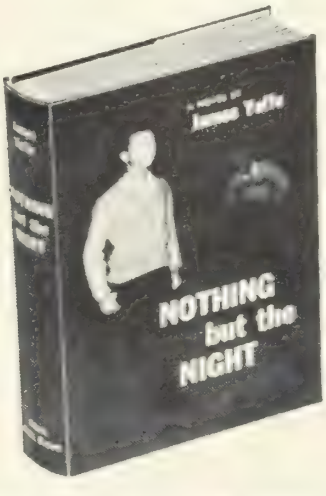
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A McGRAW-HILL BOOK

way, to the truth, and she does it in the only way she can.

A Legacy is not what is usually called an "experimental novel," but it is so very much itself that in form it is like no other book I can think of. Although it is written in the first person, most of the action takes place before the narrator is born; it skips from place to place and from time to time and from character to character in an apparently arbitrary though actually highly artful way. But its great accomplishment is that it both recreates and condemns a whole world without one ponderous gesture. Rarely have gaiety and charm, irresponsibility and madness been mixed as they are in this book.

ANOTHER new novel from England, **The Loving Eye** by the prolific William Sansom (Reynal, $3.50), is less easy to assess. The trouble is that Sansom is at the same time a very good writer and, in this book at least, a rather indifferent novelist.

Sansom is a good writer because he has a way of looking at the world that is really his own and a fine command of language. He sees things with a terrible objectivity, a precise detachment that makes him a first-rate travel writer, and as much a travel writer when he is examining a London backyard as when he describes some exotic city. But he sees people just as he sees everything else, as objects, and people looked at in that way are pretty disgusting. In a characteristic passage Sansom imagines people all over London disassembling themselves before going to bed—taking out their false teeth and glass eyes, removing their wigs and braces and artificial arms and breasts and legs. It is, I think, a sick way of looking at one's fellow creatures, because it is a sign of the failure of sympathy, a loss of identification with or concern for common humanity.

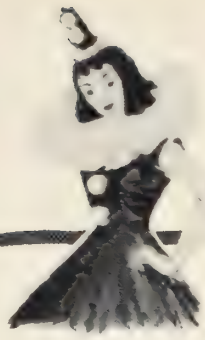
The central character in *The Loving Eye* is a man approaching forty who suffers from exactly this kind of relationship with the world, or rather lack of relationship. Handsome, successful, with comfortable private resources, he has lost all sense of direction or purpose in life and has collapsed in a welter of psychosomatic complaints, spending his days staring out the window into the windows of his neighbors. Then one day he sees at one of the windows an attractive girl, and the rest of the novel is an account of what happens between them.

But this account, though certainly ingenious and often entertaining, is almost completely superficial, without any real awareness of what a dissociated man faces when he attempts to rebuild his bridge to the rest of creation, or of what he must overcome in order to accept love and its responsibilities. It is disappointing to see a writer inventing a character who embodies the central problem of his own work and then solving that problem by legerdemain.

Sansom can nevertheless use language with remarkable effect. Some of *The Loving Eye* is written in a highly colloquial English that makes you realize how much the language spoken by at least some Britishers differs from our own. A few sentences defy translation: for instance, "In the Goat [a pub] they'd turned that picture of the bare two-legger [woman] in the lily pond to the wall: all that charley wasn't nice any more, it gave the Green Howards chopper-eyes."

Most of the writing, however, presents no difficulty. A more typical example is this description of a garden on a night in early spring: "Now basement walls would see the edging out of big black spiders, the flick of beetles' mandibles, the creeping of hard black shells along cracks in the skirting: early in the year yet, but soon in the warm months, when night-flowers would smoulder with colour and scent for the shade-loving moth, when even the yellow moon's rays would give out a kind of heat—then this life would reach a furious peak . . . what avalanches of silent sound in the garden's quiet, what sexual screams, what crashing of hungry jaws through carapace and underbelly, what tearing madness for survival in the moon's quiet heat!" In such a setting an easily-resolved little love story is bound to be unconvincing.

The Hell Bent Kid by Charles O. Locke (Norton, $3) is a minor but memorable piece of fiction. It is the story of a boy in the cattle country



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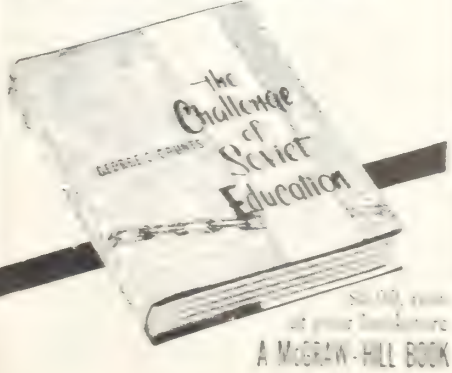
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By GEORGE S. COUNTS



A McGRAW-HILL BOOK

of the American Southwest in the 1880s, as stark and as stripped of unessential detail as a ballad, and with something of a ballad's intensity.

Through the violence of man and nature the Kid at eighteen has lost all his family except one brother (who has disappeared) and his father, once a highly respected peace officer and now thought to be dying of tuberculosis somewhere in the New Mexico Territory. The Kid feels that it is his responsibility to leave West Texas and go to his father and take care of him, but this is no easy thing to do, for his way lies through the extensive domain of the Boyds, a powerful grasping clan of cattlemen who are out to get him, because he has killed a son of the family in a brawl at a country dance.

So the story is a record of how the boy serves his duty as he sees it in a world of violence, including the violence of his own nature. Locke has written it as if it were pieced together from old letters and other documents, chiefly the Kid's own diary, all in the language of the time and place. The empty threatening land and the power of such a land to give rein to the whole range of man's destructive nature are skillfully evoked.

MODERN MAN, AGAIN

ON THE dustjacket, Albert Camus' **The Fall** (Knopf, $3) is described as "a new and major work of fiction." That it is new is granted, that it is major is doubtful, and that it is a work of fiction is at least open to dispute.

The book is a monologue, or more properly a series of monologues, by a man formerly a successful lawyer in Paris but now living in shady circumstances in Amsterdam. His remarks consist of a very large amount of moralizing laced with an infinitesimal quantity of narrative, an unheady combination that may constitute a novel but reads more like a collection of aphorisms or *pensées*.

The Fall is an attempt to portray a modern Everyman, "an aggregate of the vices of our whole generation in their fullest expression," but it is in fact a work that often verges on the commonplace in its moral perception. There is scarcely anything in Camus' revelations of the shocking state of modern man that you could not have heard from a moderately well supplied Middle Western Methodist pulpit thirty years ago. What Camus is writing about is the conviction of sin, and it turns out that he has nothing very new or very impressive to say on the subject.

For instance, Camus spends considerable time pointing out that when we help a blind man across the street we may be moved less by a feeling of charity for the blind man than by a desire to appear charitable in the eyes of others and in our own eyes. That is certainly true, and it doubtless does us no harm to be reminded of it, but surely most people who have reached the years of discretion know that much about themselves.

The Fall is a piece of adroit rhetoric, and its closing scene is well managed. When Camus takes himself least seriously, which is not often, he can make a graceful observation: "You know what charm is," he says at one point: "it is a way of getting the answer yes without asking any clear question." That has neatness and wit, and if it does not exhaust the subject of charm nobody cares. But as a whole *The Fall* can only disappoint readers who have admired such previous works of the author as *The Stranger, The Plague,* and *Caligula.*

AND A MODERN WOMAN

IT IS curious to turn from Camus' dissection of the agonies of modern man to Elizabeth Sprigge's **Gertrude Stein: Her Life and Work** (Harper, $5), for Gertrude Stein regarded herself as a writer who was nothing if not contemporary, and yet one can only conclude from all accounts, including Miss Sprigge's, that she had an extraordinarily serene and confident life. Once when someone made a remark in her presence about unhappy childhoods, Gertrude Stein said, "I never had an unhappy anything." The reader of this life may doubt the complete honesty of her assertion, but he can hardly doubt that she enjoyed herself vastly more than most people do.

The reasons for her happiness are probably not very hard to discover, but it is another matter to duplicate

em for oneself. Gertrude Stein had e wit or luck to discover exactly e right kind of life for herself, fficient money to live it, and im- icit belief in the value and impor- nce of what she was doing. She was sappointed in having to wait a od while for recognition, but the iting drained neither her purse or her assurance. Otherwise she d things as she wanted them: a ithful companion in Miss Toklas look after her, her work to occupy d justify her days, and an easy ay with people that enabled her make friends with anybody who terested her and to break off with ybody who didn't. When she de- ded that Ezra Pound was not her sh of tea, for instance, she had the ne effrontery to break an engage- ent with him on the grounds that e and Miss Toklas were busy icking wildflowers.

Miss Sprigge has written an ad- irable biography, well informed he never knew Gertrude Stein but as talked to many people who did), raightforward in manner, sympa- etic without being adulatory. She ttempts almost nothing in the way f psychological analysis, and her entures into literary criticism are odest. Her eye for passages is very ine, and not the least of the pleas- res of her book is its excellence as n anthology of selections from Ger- rude Stein's work. For many of us hat work will always be most ap- ealing in snippets, and Miss Sprigge as chosen her snippets well.

SOME of Gertrude Stein's friends mong French painters reappear in he pages of Clive Bell's book of ecollections, **Old Friends** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50), but the best chapters n the book are the reminiscences of nembers of the so-called Blooms- ury group — a series of portraits of Lytton Strachey, John Maynard Keynes, Roger Fry, and Virginia Woolf. Of these the most unex- pected is the not particularly flat- tering account of the economist Keynes, whom Bell describes as the cleverest man he ever met but a cultural provincial with cocksure opinions on subjects of which he was thoroughly ignorant. Virginia Woolf is more enthusiastically dealt with (her sister is Bell's wife), but Bell makes it very clear that when her



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The tale of a gentle, intensely musical Pope whose dearest wish is to raise Johann Sebastian Bach to the ranks of the saints. ". . . a sweet book in the right, radiant and unsentimental way. It is a little book but far bigger than it seems, a short book which stays long in the mind because of its warmth and wisdom, a book about the love of God and music so charmingly felt and written that it leaves a song in the heart." —JOHN MASON BROWN, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.00

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By ALAN MARSHALL

Justly compared to *The Yearling* and *Little Britches*, the spirited true story of a boy who grew up in pioneer Australia — on crutches. *Illustrated.* $3.50

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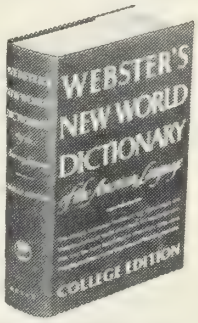
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complete *Diaries* are published we need not believe every word in them, especially about Clive Bell.

The later chapters, dealing with the author's experiences in Paris and his acquaintance with various painters, are rather too full of important names and unimportant dates, but they contain a good many interesting details, such as the fact that the sculptor Rodin stank. (Though that fact is less interesting than Miss Sprigge's information that Gertrude Stein and others kept Picasso supplied with the comic-sections from American newspapers, and when he and his second wife separated one problem was who was to get these accumulated and treasured items.)

Bell writes very elegantly, and anyone interested in the people he discusses will certainly enjoy his book.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

NON-FICTION

To See the Dream, by Jessamyn West.

This is the extraordinary journal of an extraordinary woman. It is, on one level, the story of making *The Friendly Persuasion* into a movie so that there is much of Hollywood and Gary Cooper and other members of the distinguished cast and company. But it is really the story of a whole lifetime of perception by someone who loves life and perceives wisely, kindly, and with amusement. She can be sharp too, and some of her sharpnesses are wonderful. Miss West not only sees what others don't; she has a half-personal, half-Quaker way of saying things as no one else can. Talking of mimosa she says: "It is best to smell it in sunshine, as all good things are even better when the circumstances are toward." And when, though admiring Anne Lindbergh's prose in *Gift from the Sea* she doesn't feel its impact, she writes: "It doesn't speak to my condition." I think Miss West's is a book which will speak to everyone's condition. It certainly speaks to mine.

Harcourt, Brace, $3.95

Only Yesterday: An Informal History of the 1920's, by Frederick Lewis Allen.

When Mr. Allen was editor of this magazine he used to say with amusement: "You know, if you just go on being an honest journalist long enough, pretty soon people start calling you an historian." He has become so much an historian that his book about the 'twenties has become a classic and is now reissued with a new introduction by Roger Butterfield. For those who haven't read this most eminently readable "history" of America's recent past, this book is a must. For those who have, the re-reading is still as lively, informative, and rewarding as it was the day it was published.

Harper, $4

The Road to Monte Cristo: The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas. Condensed and edited by Jules Eckert Goodman.

Although Alexandre Dumas was a dramatist first, and second a novelist, he too is remembered as an historian, as he had hoped he would be. In the final pages of these memoirs as ably edited (from six volumes to one) by Mr. Goodman, the well-known dramatist, Dumas writes: "I then understood that there was to be done for this great and beauteous France what Walter Scott had done for poor little Scotland: an illustrated, picturesque, and dramatic story of the past, a bringing to life again of all the great dead, a kind of last judgment of all those who had worn a crown, whether of laurels, flowers, or gold." And here in the journals, as well as in his plays and novels, is a most vivid and exciting description of the France of his day in which he lived to the hilt among the flamboyant characters of the theater and literary world, in the politics and wars and revolutions of his time. As the editor reminds us in his preface: "Dumas in his later life was paid by the line," and the reader

BOOKS IN BRIEF

s grateful to Mr. Goodman's theater ense which makes available the vital ssence of Dumas' story without the rococo and often extraneous padding. What remains of the life and imes of the author of *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers* is romance and history enough. Scribner, $6.75

The Crack in the Picture Window, by John Keats.

For some time there have been hints that all was perhaps not as rosy in suburbia as it seems on the surface. But now we have a book examining in detail what has gone wrong in those postwar developments that now surround the cities of America in ever-increasing waves. "Developments," the author calls them, "conceived in error, nurtured by greed, corroding everything they touch." He goes on to document this assertion and though he is amusing in his exposition, he is very serious in his purpose. Lively reading, if frightening commentary on one of the social phenomena of our time. Houghton Mifflin, $3

The Story of Gabrielle, by Catherine Gabrielson.

One often wonders how people who have lost someone who is dear to them can sit down and write the story of the final illness. But Anne Lindbergh in her book of poems called *The Unicorn* has one called "Revisitation," about the death of someone she loved, which ends:

For I must meet and marry in myself
The truth of what has ended, what is new;
The past and future; death and life. And when
At last the two conflicting pairs are met;
. . . Then
I shall be able to refind myself,
And also, you.

It is this kind of resolution that one imagines the mother of Gabrielle is seeking in her forthright and touching story of the last few months of her nine-year-old child's life, as she died from what all of them knew though none admitted was a fatal illness. It is a painful book, though an inspiring one, for the mother writes it as a letter to the child, and with scrupulous but not morbid honesty spares neither of them a single mem-

Books to remember



Jules Eckert Goodman
EDITOR

THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO

The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas

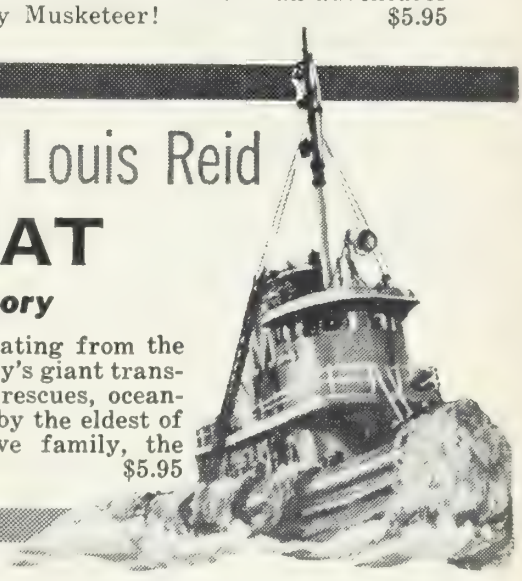
A vivid self-portrait, skillfully edited for readers of today from Dumas' six-volume autobiography. Here is Dumas as a playwright in Paris and as a veritable D'Artagnan in the Revolution of 1830—an adventurer as dashing as any Musketeer! $5.95

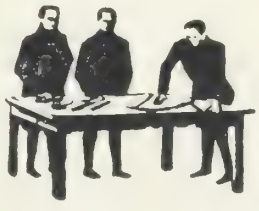
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Albert Camus

THE FALL

A new and major work of fiction by the man who, since the death of Thomas Mann, is in our opinion Europe's greatest living writer. Camus, in his first novel since *The Plague*, has chosen a subject worthy of his supreme gifts: the conscience of modern man in the face of evil. Masterful in style and form, *The Fall* is elegant, mordant, brilliant with aphorism and paradox. *Translated by Justin O'Brien.* *$3.00*

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ory of the anguished months. But the courage and beauty of the child and the tenderness of their relationship are the residue, and must be what she sought. World, $2.75

The Tao of Painting, by Mai-mai Sze.

The author has taken the occasion of this lavish republication of a seventeenth-century Chinese treatise on painting to describe the theory behind the technique. She herself has a foot in both worlds, East and West, and is especially skillful at sounding reasonable (in fact, expert) about the intangible sense of oneness with the universe that to the Chinese painter is the most important thing about his work. She can explain how he can feel original and individual while using a traditional vocabulary—the stock, standard way of painting different trees or rocks that is shown in the "Mustard Seed Garden Manual of Painting" in her second volume. More of Oriental art makes sense after this introduction. An especially interesting section illustrates how written Chinese characters for complicated ideas are built up from simple ones. Expensive, but not half as much as it is worth. Pantheon, $25

FICTION

Stopover: Tokyo, by John P. Marquand.

Two American spies, male and female, go to Japan to track down an unknown Communist, Big Ben, and his Russian chief, who are thought to be fomenting the blackest anti-American propaganda, riot, and assassination. By the time they reach the Tokyo airport, Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart have identified themselves to each other as in "the business"; they share a common "cover" as naïve do-gooders; and they have begun to fall in love. When Jack is negotiating for a cab, "a small, middle-aged Japanese, dressed in a business suit of an unpleasant purplish blue color and wearing very yellow tan shoes" steps up to offer help. He is, thank heaven at last, Mr. Moto—the Japanese secret agent who sold a number of profitable mystery novels for Mr. Marquand in the late 1930s before Mr. Marquand decided he had better be interned "for the dura-

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ion." After twenty years, Mr. Moto s still quite a relief, particularly in omparison with the stilted Amercans, whose "cover" requires them o say things like, "Well, I can't beieve we're here, can you Jack? So his is Tokyo. I must say it isn't so omantic as I thought it was going o be." Mr. Marquand's skill with exotic background and intrigue—especially in the climax at a mountain resort hotel—are good as ever, but from the creator of George Apley and Willis Wayde, we have come to expect too much meaning and satire to be satisfied with a return to routine.

Little, Brown, $3.95

FORECAST

Self-examination Persists

America is still contemplating her navel. Knopf alone has on the March list *The American Conscience,* by Roger Burlingame; *The Politics of Industry,* "a masterful analysis of the organization of the present-day economy," by Walton Hamilton; *A Contribution to the Heritage of Every American: The Conservation Activities of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,* by Nancy Newhall; and in April, *The American Oasis: The Land and Its Uses,* by Edward Higbee, with a foreword by Fairfield Osborn.

Stories of Religious Men

Reading the lives of men dedicated to their faiths may not be one of the recognized varieties of religious experience but it is one that many people will be indulging in this spring, if the publishers' lists are any indication. Doubleday will publish in late March *The Third Eye: The Autobiography of a Tibetan Lama,* by T. Lobsang Rampa; in the same month Farrar, Straus & Cudahy will publish *The Victory of Father Karl* (Father Karl was a leader of the Catholic Youth Movement in Germany who was actually ordained while imprisoned in Dachau), by Otto Pies, S.J.; later, in April, the same house will publish *Priest of the Plague: Henry Morse, S.J.,* by Philip Caraman, and *Edwin Vincent O'Hara, an American Prelate,* by J. G. Shaw. And in May they will publish more stories of that other well-known churchman



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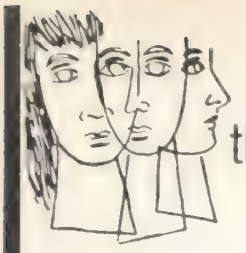
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—NASH K. BURGER, *The New York Times*

"If Miss Prescott has not quite succeeded where St. Paul would never have tried, she has, nevertheless written a lovely, tender book imbued with the sacred love that in our times increasingly haunts the hearts of men."
— MAX WHITE, *The N. Y. Times Book Review*

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Son of Dust
by H. F. M. PRESCOTT



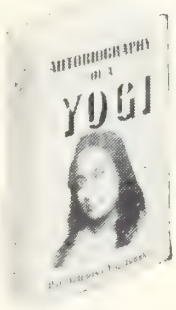
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

who is no less human for being fictional, *Don Camillo Takes the Devil by the Tail,* by Giovanni Guareschi.

Special and Different

Several important books on the spring lists, not easily classified, clamor for attention. *The Bridge at Adnau* by James Michener *(South Pacific)* is the story of the Hungarian terror from the time it began until Mr. Michener (who personally helped many refugees across that bridge) left Vienna early in January. Random House will publish it on the first of March. On March 7 from Rinehart comes *The American Woman: An Historical Study,* by Eric John Dingwall, a "famed British sexual anthropologist." On March 25 Holt will publish *Day of Infamy,* Walter Lord's much-heralded story of Pearl Harbor. For April Norton announces *Asia and the West: Elements of Conflict and Co-operation,* by Barbara Ward, the distinguished contributing editor of the *Economist;* and in May Rinehart will publish *Air Force: A Pictorial History of American Airpower,* by Martin Caidin, in co-operation with the U. S. Air Force.

And Then the Novels

Richard Bissell, whose novel *7½ Cents* subsequently became Broadway's "The Pajama Game," has a new one on Little, Brown's list for March 21, called *Say, Darling;* John Steinbeck has what he calls a lighthearted "fabrication" laid in France of the near future on Viking's April list, *The Short Reign of Pippin IV;* and a first novelist, Nicholas E. Wyckoff, has written for Macmillan (April, too) an historical novel about Boston just before the American Revolution called *The Braintree Mission.* All three are Book-of-the-Month selections.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Requests for our 1956 Children's Holiday Book List compiled by Jane V. Wylie and Barbara A. Thacher are still coming in and we shall be glad to furnish them as long as the supply lasts. If you would like to have a copy, write to:

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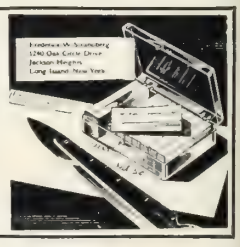


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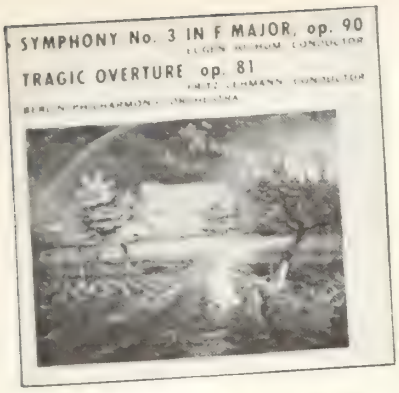
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KNOWING THE UNKNOWNS

A *new unknown composer!* That has been the cry for seven or eight years now among record makers, and we're just beginning to realize that it indicates a significant change in our basic thinking about music. For in the recent past we weren't interested in unknown composers and unknown works; we preferred tried and true names, the great pieces that, as so often has been said "have stood the test of time." Evolution, we knew, eliminated the lesser stuff and we were contented to have it out of the way. Not so any longer.

Yes, a lot of the resurrected music is unimportant. Some of it is just plain worthless. The gods of music have not been shaken, for all the flood. We haven't turned up any new Schuberts and we probably won't. What we have turned up, though, is a vast and comprehensive cross section of the whole body of music—good, bad, and indifferent. We have listened to all this and we are coming to know it, in all its phases, as no large audience has ever known music before.

We know it and we like it, lesser stuff and all. The significant thing is that we do enjoy lesser music where we once turned up our noses at it; nor is this an outburst of bad taste on our part! Just the opposite. Instead, I suggest, we're acquiring *good* taste, in the most fundamental way, by learning to know music itself in its own terms and at all its levels, top to bottom, learning especially to value the work of hundreds of composers who were not gods but merely men, top-ranking creators in their craft, in their times. It's good to be able to understand their language.

It's healthy to know the bad along with the good. If there is a difference, it will become apparent of itself, firsthand. And so I'd rather see a dozen householders listening wide awake to Hummel, Ariaga, Telemann, Rosenmüller (see below), Boyce, Berwald (below), and Leonard Bernstein, than a hundred dowagers dozing politely to Bach. Bring on more "unknowns," I say, and the more the better, good or bad.

Looking Back

Fauré: Masques et Bergamasques, Op. 112 (1920). Duparc: Lénore (tone poem, 1875). Chausson: Viviane (tone poem, 1882). Hamburg Philharmonia, Winograd. M-G-M E3434.

The interesting find in this trio of little-known works is not the Fauré, which is dull, nor the Chausson, which is very noisy and brash, but the unexpectedly lyric and sweet tone poem by Henri Duparc, who is known widely for his few famous songs with piano. The sweet, singing gift that has put the songs in almost every singer's repertory finds a lovely outlet in sections of this work. The music is strongly affected by Liszt—even more than by Duparc's mentor, César Franck—but it is the quiet, introspective Liszt of the "Faust Symphony" that has inspired Duparc. (There is, indeed, almost a direct quote from this.) The inevitable loud mid-section of this "Lénore" stems from the "Ride of the

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Mr. Bach at Vauxhall Gardens (music by J. C. Bach). Jennifer Vyvyan, Elsie Morison, sops., Boyd Neel Orch., Dart. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50132.

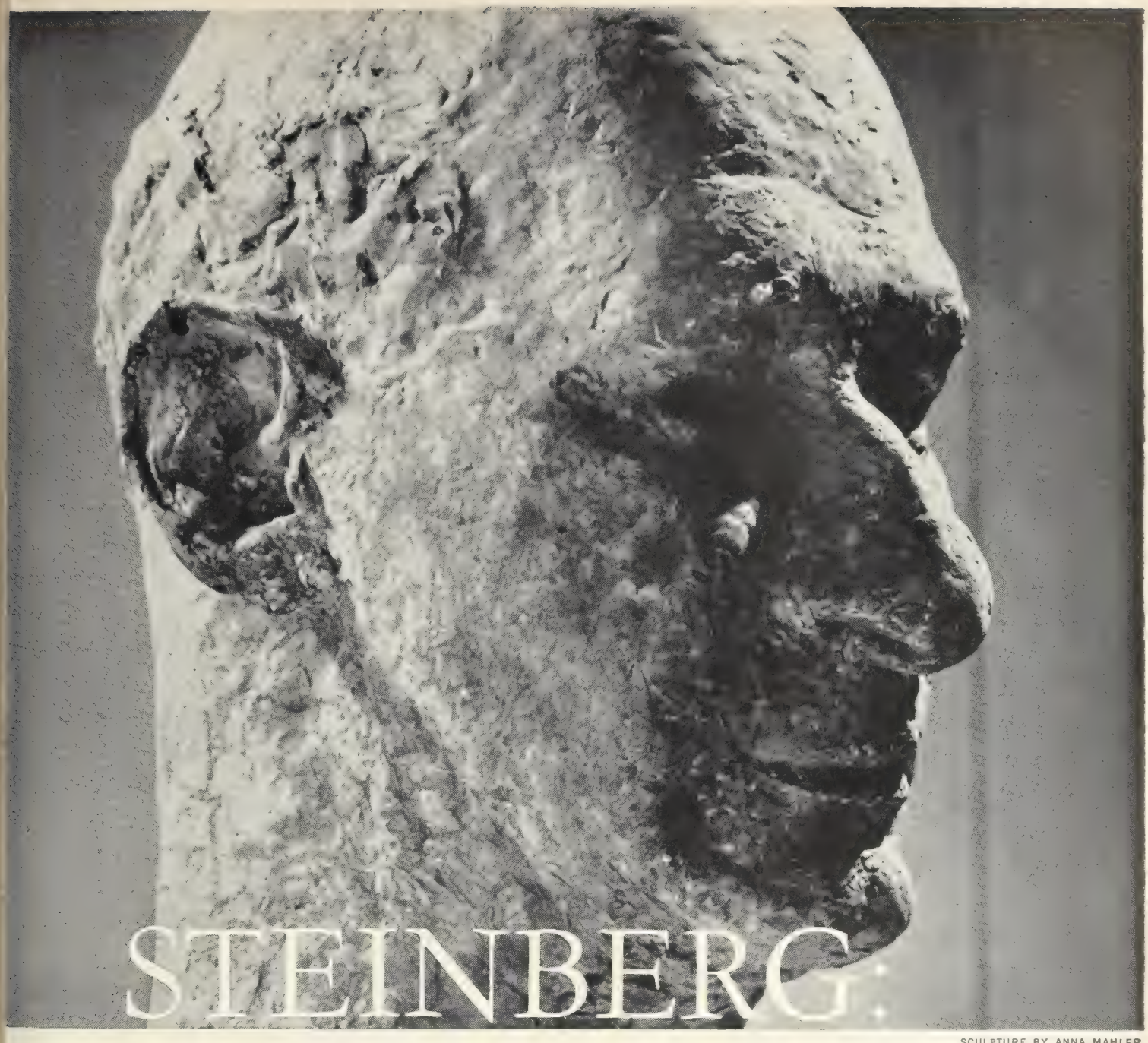
Strauss: Till Eulenspiegel; Death and Transfiguration. Vienna Philharmonic, Reiner. RCA Victor LM 2077.

Palestrina: Masses "Papae Marcelli" and "Assumpta est Maria." Pro Musica Choir, Vienna, Grossmann. Vox PL 10020.

Leibert Takes Richmond (Hi-fi "Mighty Wurlitzer" organ music). Dick Leibert, organ, Byrd Theater, Richmond. Westm. XWN 18245.

Music of India (5 Complete Ragas). Dr. Guarang Yodh, Dinesh Patel. Westm. XWN 2210 (2).

Ravel: Trio in A Minor. Fauré: Trio in D Minor, Op. 120. Beaux Arts Trio (Guilet, Greenhouse, Pressler). M-G-M E3455.



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Valkyries" and "Flying Dutchman"—but so does almost every piece of the period, as a matter of course. A lovely work to put beside your Franck, Liszt, and Wagner.

The Chausson piece, of a few years later, stems from the same background but is far more outward, more complex, and more contrived in its harmonies and climaxes. Fauré's very late attempt at music in the "olden" style is simply feeble, not much else.

Berwald: Symphony in C ("Singulière"); Symphony in E Flat. Berlin Philharmonic, Markevitch. Decca DL 9853.

Franz Berwald, Swedish by birth, virtually unknown outside of Sweden, was born almost with Schubert (1796) and died a year before Berlioz (1867). He was evidently one of those gifted people who cross themselves up at every opportunity. He almost gained recognition on various occasions but somehow didn't, gave up music twice (to become an orthopedic gymnastics expert and a glassmaker), managed to settle down as a respected musician only at the end of his life—twenty years after these surprisingly interesting symphonies were composed.

They are quite extraordinary; both are of top "second-class" distinction and easily the equals of numerous well-known repertory pieces familiar to all. Composed in 1845, they reflect the high early Romantic school, the time of Mendelssohn and Schumann in Germany, of the young Berlioz in France; these men, plus Schubert and Beethoven, can be heard throughout the music.

This man was no ordinary imitator, though. His own personality quickly comes through, his own style is consistent and masterful, the outside "influences" are beautifully absorbed—Berwald's is an oddly nervous, fragmented, jittery, almost hysterical manner, full of off-beat syncopations and studied rhythmic irregularity, modern-sounding to us who make so much of this sort of expression ourselves.

He is a superb orchestrator, after Berlioz; his work is transparent and as mobile as quicksilver. It explodes, sighs, and rushes like Berlioz, but his violins fly with the wind like Mendelssohn, and he can exult, in rather awkward melodies, like a temperamental Schumann. You can find Grieg and Tchaikovsky and even Sibelius in him too, if you wish, though these men came later. And you'll be delighted at the lack of anything heavyweight, in a time when music was on the way to its most extreme ponderousness. A real musician, Berwald, who speaks in his own musical terms fully, if not with genius.

A superb performance under Markevitch.

La Lande: Symphonies pour les Soupers du Roi. Rameau: Musique de Ballet (Les Paladins: First and Second Suite). L'Orch. des Conc. Lamoureux, Colombo. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50106.

Three eighteenth-century suites, played by relatively large orchestra and evidently to some extent arranged, in the manner of the Handel "Water Music" and the like. La Lande's music is simple and straightforward. Handelian without the pomp and circumstance; he was here a sincere but somewhat colorless composer. The two Rameau suites, from one of his last operas dating from 1760—almost into the "Mozart-Haydn" period—show the characteristically complex thinking, in melodies, harmony and rhythm, that complements Rameau's famous abilities as a musical theorist. A didactic mind, saved by a marvelous lyric gift, and this music is the sort that grows better on rehearing. A bit turgid the first time.

For those who enjoy the Suites of Bach, Handel, William Boyce, Telemann, and the like, these should give pleasant contrast.

Pergolesi (?), Il Maestro di Musica. Elisabeth Söderström, Arne Ohlson, Carl-Axel Hallgren, Drottningholm Theater Ch. Orch., Gardelli. Westmin. XWN 18262.

This is the Swedish company that gives regular performances of such period pieces (mid-eighteenth-century Italian) in the royal palace theater of 1766, now in use for public opera, and is a prime tourist and local attraction. The humorous operetta about a music teacher and his fractious girl pupil is acted with sincerity and good stage business—it becomes almost a burlesque in spots so energetic are the singers!

The singing in itself is lovely but, in all three principal voices, a bit on the wobbly side. Small string orchestra and harpsichord, as in the original. The extensive Italian recitative is reeled off with gusto, a mile a minute (in Sweden, too!); for my ear some of its harmonies smack of a later time than the middle of two centuries ago—but this is hardly important considering that the opera itself, traditionally ascribed to Pergolesi (a big name) actually is—in its present form—a composite by numerous composers whose identity is mostly hearsay.

All of which makes the undoubted virtues of the music the more remarkable. Much of it is really lovely in its gently humorous way, and the assorted composers who may have written parts of it were clearly able to compete with the famous Pergolesi.

You'll note, as of here, that in the

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ast our worship of famous names has een so great that we have transferred ood music by little-known composers ver to names with bigger fame, and nen used the borrowed music further enhance the big name's reputation! o it was with Pergolesi. He died young nd only moderately well known, but ter he became a super-celebrity and, ke Haydn, "became" the composer of uch music actually by other men.

osenmüller: In te, Domine; Die Augen es Herrn; Confiteor tibi; Nunc Dimit-s. (Four Baroque cantatas.) Helen oatwright, sop., Choir of St. Thomas' hurch, New Haven, instrs., How. Boat-right. Overtone 9.

osenmüller, whose vocal works were navailable until recently, was one of ne "pre-Bach" composers who followed ne great pioneer Heinrich Schütz in dapting the radical new Italian opera-nd-instrumental styles to German needs; osenmüller died a year before Bach's irth. These recorded performances are pparently the first of some of the works n some two centuries.

It's a pleasure to hear the lovely, in-lligent singing of Helen Boatwright in lmost any "old" music. She does Rosen-müller proud—we have no trouble hear-ng "through" her into the musical sense self of this relatively straightforward nd highly competent composer. The yle, inevitably, is derived from that of ne older Schütz (whose music is now ecoming well known) but Rosenmüller s smoother, somewhat more conven-ionally harmonic; he lengthens out the hort, dramatic Schütz sections into more ustained and Bach-like writing.

In the characteristic seventeenth-cen-ury manner, these works are set for key-oard continuo accompaniment (harp-ichord or organ) with a pair of violins *bbligato*. There is still in Rosenmüller refreshingly free and vocal rhythmic ense; the steady "Bach" beat has yet o be fixed. One of the two larger works for chorus, the Confiteor (Psalm 38) is unusually dramatic with fre-uent ritornellos, rondo-like, after the tyle of Monteverdi. A worthwhile rec-rd, decidedly, and Rosenmüller is surely ack to stay.

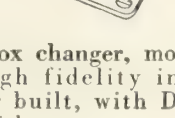
William Byrd and His Age. Alfred Deller, counter-tenor; Wenzinger Con-ort of Viols, Basle. Bach Guild BG 557.

Alfred Deller, following his first suc-esses of a while back, is being well ex-loited by Vanguard-Bach-Guild. Here ne is in his element, the Elizabethan Age, inging solo songs which, in this case, re accompanied by a consort of viols. (The works are all arranged for these old instruments, from the original ac-ompaniments for lute.)

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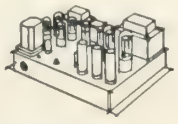
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Some superbly beautiful music here, notably Byrd's, including his Elegy on the death of Tallis ("Tallis is dead, and Music dies . . .") and the solo voice original of the "Lullaby, My Sweet Little Baby," often heard in its sacred madrigal form. Early Elizabethan music, pre-Armada, makes an interesting part of the program—Deller specializes in it.

The Renaissance Chorus (Isaac: Motets from Choralis Constantinus: Motets by Des Prés, Ruffo, Palestrina, Tallis, Hassler). Harold Brown, conductor. Esoteric ES 546.

The first side of this LP is devoted to some of the most superb singing I've heard, of a hitherto unavailable series of motets by Heinrich Isaac, contemporary of Josquin des Prés. The group consists entirely of young people drawn from the High School of Music and Art in New York, whose voices have the uniformly even, brilliant, non-vibrato quality that is very seldom possible in this day of luxuriant vocal wobbling. Their pitch is superb, their ability to sustain long, flowing phrases almost impossible to believe.

This, it is easy to feel, must have been the sound of the old choirs who sang such music! This high, thin, perfectly balanced sound from childish voices (musically adult beyond their age) was the standard for which countless composers provided their finest works. Listening here, you will understand how far afield our present-day adult choruses have wandered from the original tonal intent.

The second side is not as successful. The stylistic variety of the works calls for more sophistication than the young singers can muster, though there are beautiful passages and much expert singing.

Binchois: Mass; Secular pieces by Isaac, Crequillon, Gerard, etc. (Burgundian school). Chor., Musicians, Chapelle de Bourgogne, Eeckhout. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50104.

The unaccompanied Mass for men's voices on the first side of this recording is attributed to Binchois, of the mid-

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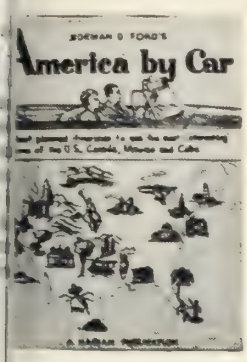
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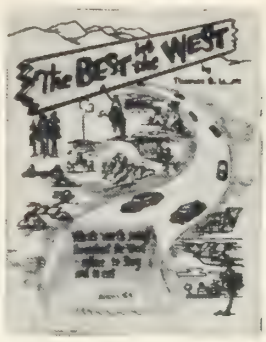


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THE NEW RECORDINGS

fifteenth century; by him or not, it is surely a fine example of the developing polyphonic expression of that time. The secular works were all composed within the "school" of Burgundy, which then encompassed a large area centering culturally upon what is now mostly Belgian territory. Peoples now divided into quite unlike groups were then of more or less uniform culture, customs, language, under one rule; hence the importance of this school of "Low Countries" music.

The reconstituted Chapelle de Bourgogne, now Belgian (1950), works assiduously at restoring its old music. But cultures change; these performances reflect present-day French training and attitudes, and a certain French obstinacy toward the performing of old music in its own terms. No old instruments here—there are oboes and bassoons; the playing has something of the Conservatoire in it and the singers are unmistakably of the present-day French tradition, nasal, somewhat operatic. (I was reminded of Yves Tinayre, an old hand at this sort of presentation.)

The musical scholarship seems to be doubtful, at best. The *musica ficta* (added sharps and naturals) is mostly ignored for a falsely modal antique effect, especially in cadences. And in the Mass—inexplicably to me—the customary solo Gloria and Credo intonations to Gregorian chant, are missing—the words never appear at all.

I'd suggest that the Chapelle needs a bit of modernizing before it can project its own older music to best advantage. So does its recording, which contains too much rumble.

French Troubadour Songs of the 12th and 13th Centuries. Yves Tessier, with lute. Elektra EKL 31.

Though nominally this record will pass as a rather specialized folk item, and though the hypothetical lute accompaniments are not at all "authentic" but are composed by the singer himself, Mr. Tessier's performance is quite remarkably musical and, indeed, gives perhaps the best, most alive sense of the beauties of this early music so far put on records. He has a communicative voice, a superb sense for language (and there are many old tongues here), and a beautiful feeling for the sensuous—often elaborate—phrases of the old music. The lute accompaniments are mostly unobtrusive and tasteful, only occasionally showing some trace of anachronism.

I can't vouch for the precise accuracy of either the music or the pronunciation but I am quite sure that no scholarly presentation of this music has succeeded better in bringing it to life. Anybody can—and will—enjoy it. Complete texts and extensive notes.

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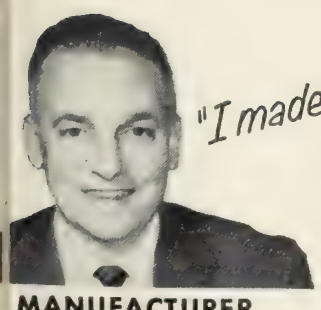
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About the Authors of "A Marriage Manual"

DR. HANNAH STONE and Dr. Abraham Stone founded the first Marriage Consultation Center in America. Dr. Abraham Stone is now the Medical Director of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church and of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau.

In 1947 he was given the Lasker Award for his contribution to marriage counseling and Planned Parenthood. He is on the faculty of the New York University College of Medicine.

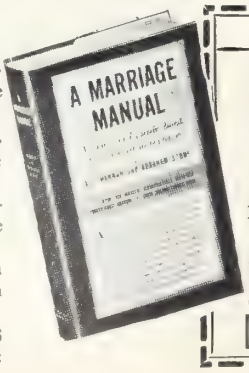
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LETTERS

Safer Cars

To the Editors:

At long last comes an answer to my years of questioning in Mr. Paul Kearney's lucid article, "How Safe Are the New Cars?" [February].

I feel sure that the automobile industry must and will follow Mr. Kearney's suggestions. . . . It is very true that the average salesman's idea of "what the people want" is as far from fact as any idea has ever been. . . .

Virginia E. Lee
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Hats off to Mr. Paul Kearney . . . and to the Ford Motor Company for paving the way for safer automobiles. I think they should talk up this angle more in their advertising.

I think the next thing people want in their automobiles is back-seat comfort. There isn't a single American car outside of a limousine that has sufficient leg room. They have made cars longer, but it is all in the trunk. . . . The rear seat, I believe, needs about eighteen inches more than it currently has. . . .

H. William Harrison
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Mr. Paul Kearney has prepared a fine article.

A long time has passed since Henry Ford first started to build an automobile for the people. You probably know that it is a function of those of us engaged in the field of traffic engineering to use engineering techniques to plan, design, and operate our streets and highways for safe, convenient, and economic transportation of persons and goods. The sooner the automobile industry adopts those same basic objectives in lieu of high sales pressure, the better it will be for all of us.

T. T. Wiley, Commissioner
Department of Traffic
The City of New York

[Mr. Kearney's] article is purportedly a review of current measures being taken to increase the protection of passenger-car occupants when accidents happen. We have, for the past four years, been collecting statistical data on a nationwide scale on the causes of injury in passenger-car accidents. These data have been made available to military, automotive, insurance, medical, and safety groups, and used as a basis for inc ing automobile passenger prote

Examples of misinformation w appeared in Mr. Kearney's article a follows: throughout a considerable of it, Automobile Crash Injury Rese Cornell University Medical Col N.Y.C. is obviously confused with Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Mr. Edward R. Dye, Chief of Safety sign and Development, at Buffalo, The function of our group is to co data in collaboration with police medical groups and to perform stati analyses of these data. The grou Buffalo are engineers who perform tests and are concerned with the d opment and testing of safety design The long-term sponsors of our st are the U. S. Department of De and the U. S. Public Health Ser Actually, the Ford and Chrysler m [mentioned in the article] was furni simply for expansion of studies alr in progress. . . .

Mr. Kearney has not visited Project in approximately three y and, therefore, his statements on findings do some injustice to the motive companies (other than Ford he had visited this Project in Au he would have learned the general portance of the roles played by belts and safety door locks, bot which have been installed or offere at least one other major company.

John O. Moore, Dir
Automotive Crash Injury Rese
Cornell University Medical Co
New York, N

My latest contact with the ge subject was at the New York A mobile Show in December whe think I covered it pretty well, an a practical rather than a labor basis. My previous contact with Cornell project was not three ago, but in September 1955, wh spent three days at the Ford S Forum in Dearborn, at which Moore was the keynote speaker. .

Paul W. Kea
Brooklyn, N

Like a Magazine Sho

To the Editors:

Regarding D. W. Brogan's "Unno Changes in America" [February], stuff reads good like an article shoul

William J. L
Culver City, C

In Personal & Otherwise for Febr you quote Shaw's Saint Joan as say

you are **MORE** *up to date with the*

1957

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LETTERS

"I do not need beautiful armor made
my measure like you wear."

This seems to me to be entirely c
rect. It is the equivalent of: "I
not need beautiful armor made to
measure like [the armor] you wear
You confuse it with: "I do not ne
beautiful armor . . . like you do." whi
would be quite different.

"'Whom are you?' said Cyril."

ARTHUR B. BRENN
New York, N.

Buying Babie

TO THE EDITORS:

May I indicate some areas of conce
regarding Keith Monroe's article on t
Adoption Institute ["A Better Way
Adopt a Baby," January]. . . .

The Institute definitely does not s
babies. It sells a service. . . . The I
stitute does not deal with "buyers wh
pass a strict investigation." It serv
clients who become known to it throug
a friendly process of professional stud

So far as fees are concerned, the Ins
tute differs from other licensed ado
tion agencies only in that it is *co
pletely* fee-supported, whereas oth
agencies besides charging fees secu
additional financing through other cha
nels. . . .

Money in adoption-agency practic
relates no more to the purchase of
child than a physician's fee for obste
rical services means a couple has pu
chased anything other than a profe
sional service. Eighty per cent of ou
total expense is . . . for social worke
who attempt to assess the wholesom
ness of would-be adopting parents *befo*
placement, . . . for counseling the gi
in trouble, . . . [for providing] car
fully supervised temporary boardin
home care for the child pending th
parent's decision, . . . and providin
financial security for that host of chi
dren still the Institute's legal wards aft
physical placement, pending the fin
adoption decree. . . .

I was somewhat concerned that M
Monroe's emphasis on money oversha
owed our deep feeling of respect f
the dignity and privacy of the indivi
ual. . . .

BEN HOFFMAN, Exec. Di
The Adoption Institu
Los Angeles, Cali

Your recent article on a new type
adoption agency offered hope to tho
of us who feel that the agencies a
grasping for power and are serving
bottlenecks between hundreds of chi
dren who need homes and thousands
parents who could give them love an
shelter.

So many agencies hold back childre
at the time when they most need lo



27
VISITED

ebruary 1936 a young, est-looking and virtually nown pianist named olf Serkin stepped out on stage of Carnegie Hall for first time to play a o concerto by Mozart. ents later it was clear veryone there that art had never been in er hands. The conductor his occasion was Arturo anini, a notorious ectionist. Flinging aside baton, the maestro self led the ensuing ion from the podium. in's Mozart (like his hoven, and his Schubert his everything else) a class by itself. He eives of the concerti as d-scale works and plays with drama, but without trics, letting the music k for itself. Among the Serkin recordings are of the Mozart concerti, ding No. 27, which led all the excitement ears ago. Mozart, we glad to report, is still e best of hands.

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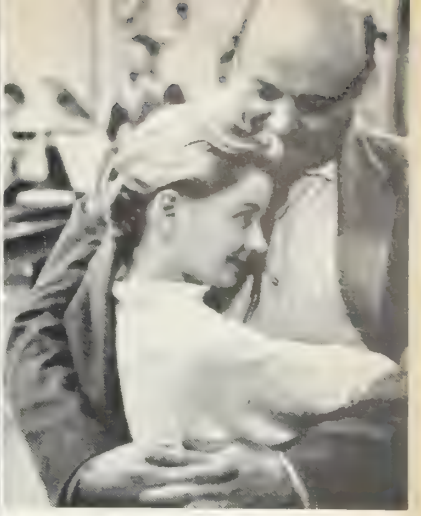
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SOUNDS OF NEW ORLEANS

The French called it Nouvelle Or-le-ans and bequeathed it the minuet. The Negro called it New Or-leens and gave it jazz and the blues. The Creole called it New Or-liens and made it pulse with the voodoo dance. There have been as many distinct musical cultures in New Orleans as there are ways to pronounce the name of Louisiana's "Crescent City." Oddly enough, the job of synthesizing the three strains has fallen to a Yankee from Springfield, Massachusetts. To paint this musical portrait Paul Weston has augmented the usual strings and woodwinds with tambourines, triangles, a small jazz band, honky-tonk piano, tom-toms and even a calliope. Drawing on folk tunes and original themes, he has constructed a tone poem which vividly depicts this city of romance, history and charm.

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LETTERS

and affection that it has become a n tional scandal. . . . The agencies ha created the bugaboo of the gray or bla market to give themselves more pow Their excuse is that the agencies a the exclusive ones through wisdom a experience to make good placemen

LEONARD D. WE
Stony Creek, Con

. . . I am concerned with [Mr. Monroe implication that the fee system can sol all of the major problems of child ado tion today and that "meticulous" matc ing and an interminable battery of te are responsible for the log-jam in "ol line" adoption agencies.

I can't undertake to speak for adoption agencies, but as a member the Executive Committee of the Chi Adoption Service of the State Charit Aid Association, I should like to spe on behalf of one of the country's olde and most distinguished agencies.

I do not think there is any adopti agency today which delays in placi the normal white infant because of meticulous matching process. It is tr that families have to wait, for there a not enough of these babies for all t fine couples who apply. With so ma families to choose from, an agency h great responsibility to place each infa with the family who can presumptive give him the maximum of opportunit

I note the Adoption Institute usual limits itself to "quick, easy adoption We do not limit ourselves . . . and I a bothered by how easily the author gloss over the children who are "hard place."

The reason for the existence of a social agency is *service* to those in nee For an adoption agency, this means t children whose natural parents are u able to care for them. Many of the are children who have had a poor sta in life, Negro children, children mixed racial background, those wit some physical handicap, and older chi dren who may already have deep em tional scars. (For an adoption agenc children are "old" at four.) For the children we must seek out families, an it is these children for whom the moun ing costs of care . . . run into t thousands of dollars. . . .

We don't happen to employ a f system in our agency, although man agencies do. But even in those cas the fee must be supplemented by add tional funds. My point is that no fam ily should be excluded from being co sidered to adopt a child only becaus of inability to pay a fee. . . .

MRS. ARTEMUS L. GAT
Long Island, N. Y

As a social worker with experience i an adoption agency, I was intereste

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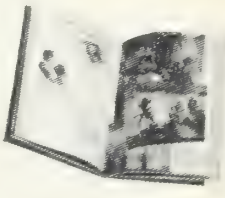
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in "A Better Way to Adopt a Baby."

I hope I will not seem like a tongue-clicking social worker if I say that I wish Mr. Monroe had not made adoption seem so easy and so joyous. Joyful, one hopes it will be; but easy I think it can never be. I wish *Harper's* readers might have a broader picture of what adoption involves, and of what its significant problems are. Financial solvency . . . has never been one of them. Methods of operation certainly have been. . . . In general the methods described as being employed in the Adoption Institute represent those accepted as good practice by most adoption agencies throughout the country. It does not follow, however, that this is because the Institute led the day. . . .

Adoption . . . is bound to be emotionally charged for all the participants. It needs to be approached not just sympathetically, but with all possible seriousness and, on the part of the agency, with wisdom founded in professional training and experience. . . . Joyful as the occasion may be, the problems of adoption do not end when an agency places a baby in his would-be parents' arms, as any parent who has brought up a child knows; and for adoptive parents they are just beginning. . . . The purpose of adoption is to give the child the best substitutes [for his natural parents]. . . . It makes for clearer thinking to remind oneself that this intriguing bit of babyhood is not going to remain so, but, growing to adulthood, may even emerge as a Daniel come to judgment. What greater bitterness than that of the child in an unhappy adoptive placement, and what greater cause for grief and regret on the part of the adoptive parents. . . .

EMILY MITCHELL WIRES
Port Chester, N. Y.

Citation

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations on the very fine story of Merrill's Marauders [January]. I have a brother who was in that incredible adventure, but he never talked about it. Now I can understand why. . . .

MADELINE LAUZIER
Ridlonville, Me.

As historian of Ninth Gurkha Rifles, which provided Morrisforce, the Chindit constituent in the Myitkyina operations, I can bear witness to the accuracy and restraint of Charlton Ogburn's story of Merrill's Marauders in Northern Burma in 1944. It is doubtful if there was ever a more complete snafu in the war. Many of the orders issued to this American striking force, new to the theater and to jungle warfare, appalled the seasoned British Chindit officers. In interviewing such officers for the Gurkha history, I was repeatedly urged to give Merrill's men special praise for their gallant behavior, and this in my small way it was my great pleasure to do.

G. R. STEVENS
Lieut.-Colonel, O.B.E.
Montreal, Can.

Foreign Aid

TO THE EDITORS:

I would like to applaud Dan Lacy's analysis of the foreign-aid program of the United States ["Foreign Aid: Is It Still Necessary?" February]. As an instructor in economics I have been interested in and also upset by our policies which confuse humanitarian desires with "politically governed decisions." This is particularly true in Egypt today where we have permitted the anti-Western attitude to grow—simply because we have made economic development a tool of power-balancing politics.

On a broader scale our "economic-aid" programs fail to recognize the basic fact that you do not—or should not—give a hungry man bread and expect cake in return.

ALAN R. PLOTNICK
Orono, Me.

Kitchen Gourmets

TO THE EDITORS:

My childhood memories are of cooks and starched maids who brought the food to the table without anyone in the family knowing too much about what was involved in getting it there. Perhaps that's why I went overboard with marriage and being turned loose in my own, very own kitchen. . . .

The American woman may be running amok in her kitchen; and although I have yet to shoot a hare, I laughed at myself in Marilyn Mercer's "The Gourmets Get Out of Hand" [February]. But let them rip, I say. It can lead to anything—and it's fun.

MARY CORNELIA PORTER
Park Ridge, Ill.

If in outer suburbia there is a situation such as the author describes, this is indeed a sad state of affairs, but shouldn't the title be "Competitive Cooks Get Out of Hand?" Gourmands, perhaps, but never gourmets get out of hand.

SUSAN B. WILSON
Wakefield, R. I.

While my Giraffe Torte was baking in the oven last night, I leafed through the February issue of *Harper's* and was shocked to discover a self-portrait of me written by Marilyn Mercer (No. 2, The Internationalist). So someone else knows of those Saturday afternoons on

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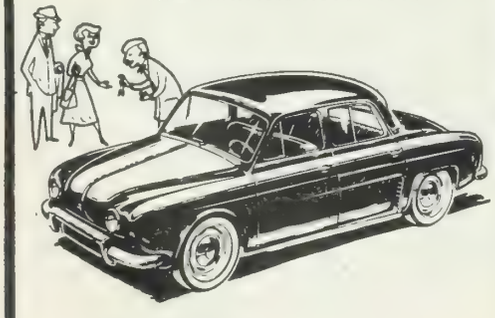
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LETTERS

Madison Avenue in desperate search of a new (or obscure) Norwegian fish for competitive hors d'oeuvring! My greatest feat of cook-upmanship has been found out. . . .

As a result, we're now using the butter churn as a bar stool and I've canceled my saffron order at the pharmacy, but the wine-press has gone only as far as the cellar. When this exposé has blown over, we shall rise again!

MARIE GUTTENTAG
Astoria, N. Y.

Song Writers' Rights

TO THE EDITORS:

Some surprising misconceptions appear in Mr. Harper's After Hours February piece concerning charges of conspiracy made by song writers against the broadcasting networks.

The least tenable of his conclusions is that "the battles of the titans take place largely in the newspapers and seem to have little relation to the music we hear. . . ."

BMI has announced its philosophy of suppression in these frightening words: "The public selects its favorites from the music which it hears and does not miss what it does not hear."

The broadcasters fortified this threat of censorship by subsidizing hundreds of music publishing firms, many of them owned by recording artists. They employed Martin Block, a disc jockey, to preach suppression openly. In one instance, Block exhorted radio stations to play certain BMI recordings. He added: "May I *warn you*, however, to watch the backing of Cugat's 'Amor.' *It is not BMI.*"

A blueprint for censorship was suggested by Murray Arnold, program director of a network affiliate. Arnold outlined a month-by-month plan for radio stations to graduate the increase of BMI performances and correspondingly decrease ASCAP performances. "People can't like a song," he wrote, "if they don't *hear* it. They won't be able to know all ASCAP songs because we won't be playing them." . . .

The field of new popular songs is today dominated by BMI, frequently with seven out of ten hit songs each week. . . . The greatest works of Berlin, Kern, Porter, and Gershwin have declined in performances more than 50 per cent during the precise period when the networks pushed BMI into the ascendency.

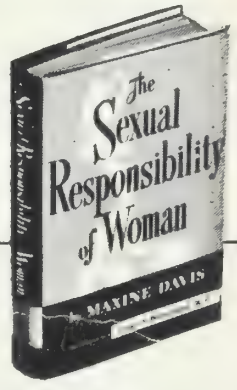
The "titans" Mr. Harper refers to are not of equal strength. BMI is in effect a company union. The networks which own it can and do decide what music and whose music shall be heard.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
New York, N. Y.

Ask your own Doctor about this book

The Sexual Responsibility of Woman

By MAXINE DAVIS



WHEN MAXINE DAVIS wrote this book, she set out to accomplish what no "marriage manual" had ever done before: to awaken women—whether long married, newlyweds, or brides-to-be—to the fact that credit or blame for sexual gratification is *not* the husband's alone; to reveal to women the obligations which they must fulfill for joyous, uninhibited married love; and to show women exactly how best to encourage and satisfy their mates to achieve the conjugal contentment so necessary for a happy marriage. The following statements—selected from many by prominent medical authorities — testify that the author more than accomplished her goals. *Your* doctor will agree.

"Maxine Davis' work fills a noticeable void in that it is directed exclusively towards awakening in women the realization that their responsibility in the maintenance of sexual harmony in their marriages is as important as that of the husband. Whether a wife of 20 years standing or a girl contemplating marriage, the average woman will find this book an invaluable aid in the establishment and preservation of marital harmony."

—WILLIAM N. HENDERSON, M.D.

"At last, we find a writer sensible enough to say that, on the honeymoon, the bride may have to be the one who is kind and patient and understanding. She may need much tact in encouraging a bashful or inhibited or fearful husband who, at first, may not do very well. Maxine Davis has a helpful chapter on premenstrual tension and depression. Many marriages go on the rocks because, although the wife is angelic for most of the month, for a few days she is 'a devil not fit to live with.'"

—DR. WALTER C. ALVAREZ,
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—GEORGE LAWTON, PH.D.,
Columbia University

"These things should be said. And Maxine Davis has said them in a way with which no marriage counselor could possibly quarrel. It is sound, accurate, balanced, and well-written, and I can recommend it without hesitation."

—DAVID MACE, PH.D.,
Drew University

"You would do well to study this volume as you would a textbook. It is written in the earnest hope of serving as a help and a guide in making your marriage a thing of beauty rather than an act of duty or submission. You will be justly rewarded by dissolving your fears and anxieties, by obtaining complete fulfillment, and by lowering all the invisible Walls of Jericho that may be separating you from your husband."

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This Hurts Me More Than It Hurts Mr. Harrington

DEAR MR. HARRINGTON:

Enclosed please find Form 1040 and two quarts of my life blood—or, as your boys would say, the equivalent thereof.

The operation hurt plenty, and has left me weakened, dazed, and peevish. It is my duty, I guess, to give you a report on my enfeebled condition, since you will be expecting to tap my veins again next year—and right now even a vampire bat would not regard me as a hopeful prospect.

What hurt most was the three weeks of torture—most of it unnecessary—which you forced me to go through while I was trying to figure out how much blood money I had to send you. It's only fair to admit that your Tax Forms and Instructions are less appalling than some of those concocted by your predecessors. But they still add up to a cruel and unusual punishment of the kind forbidden by the Constitution. (See Amendment VIII, Line 2, and enter balance here and on Line 1, Schedule D Summary on Page 3.)

They were designed, apparently, by a bureaucratic sadist with a permanent grudge against the English language. The result is a thicket of Spanish-bayonet prose impenetrable to anybody except a Philadelphia lawyer, accompanied by a CPA and two sherpas with machetes. Look, if you can bear it, at those last five paragraphs on the back of Schedule D. I have pored over them, in my braver moments, for the best part of a month—and I still don't know whether I am a fiduciary, a decedent, a carryover, a surviving husband, or a collapsible corporation. My pulse and blood-count point to the latter.

Couldn't you hold out a few dollars, Mr. Harrington, from the $73 billion you expect to collect this year, and hire a writer to translate your horrendous documents from fiscalese into English? Nobody fancy. You wouldn't need a Hemingway or a John Ciardi for a job like this—just an honest hack, with calloused finger-pads and a working knowledge of the language. I could name you a dozen—all sound Republicans—who would leap at the chance. You could get them cheap, too, especially during the first two weeks in April, when they need every penny they can scrape up.

Such a translation not only would ease the aches and bafflements of millions of your serfs. It also would eliminate what now amounts to an additional, unfair tax, never authorized by Congress. You wouldn't mind; this extra tax never reaches your vaults anyhow, because it is a levy on time, not income. If I could have worked at my own trade during the hours I wasted trying to decipher your marrow-chilling demands, I could have earned almost enough to pay the quarterly installment on my Declaration of Estimated Tax. (See Line 17-b, Page 1, and Instructions, Page 8.)

DON'T think I fail to appreciate *your* problems, Mr. H. I do, indeed, and my heart would bleed for you if it had a drop left. I realize that you didn't stud your instructions with all those verbal fishhooks just to lacerate us ordinary, or dopey, taxpayers. What you had in mind, I am sure, were two of your other duties—duties which are both difficult and contradictory:

(1) You have to catch The Sharpies—those specialists in the barely-legal buck, who can afford to retain lawyers by the platoon to figure out new ways to evade your net. This presumably accounts for that poetic passage, full of Empsonian ambiguities, about "Wash Sales" Losses. (Refer Section 1091, Internal Revenue Code of 1954.) And I can see what you were hinting at when you whipped up your General Rule for Annuities (Schedule E and Page 13) with all its clotted syntax and bristling formulas. The warn-

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's



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ing is clear enough: Better a man should cut his throat than start messing around with those annuities.

(2) At the same time you have to leave a few loopholes, no bigger than an oil pipeline, for the benefit of The Blessed Few. This isn't your fault, of course. Congress ordered you to poke those holes in your net, as a kind of legalized political pay-off. But it must be hard for you to devise language which will permit a farmer or an oil man to squirm out of paying taxes on a good share of his income, and yet clamp tight on every grocery clerk and filling-station operator.

Embarrassing, too, if the common taxpayers—who don't vote in blocs like the farmer, or chip into campaign funds so generously as the oil-lionaires—should happen to read it. They might not understand. That, I suppose, is why you offer farmers a special Schedule F and Additional Instructions, which are not distributed to the common herd; and why oil men can send in for Form O, on which they may claim their special 27½ per cent depletion allowance in privacy.

I didn't understand myself until my Congressman explained it to me. He pointed out that when God put oil in the ground He intended it for people of saintly character, like Clint Murchison and H. L. Hunt and Sid Richardson and Glenn McCarthy. It would be un-Christian to expect them to pay taxes on their whole take, as the worldly do. Moreover, their oil wells will run dry some day, and we have to give them an incentive to go out and hunt some more.

A little bitty incentive won't do. Some of The Blessed already are taking in a million dollars a day, and you can't ask a man with that kind of money to get outdoors and hump himself for peanuts. Besides, they have a lot of extra expenses—financing the campaigns of Congressmen who understand about the oil and gas business, for example. Sometimes even their generosity is misinterpreted; look at all the trouble that oil company had with Senator Francis Case.

So anybody who really tries can see why a 27½ per cent rebate for oil people is none too much. Just the same, I think you are prudent not to call their special blessings to the attention of the rabble.

ACTUALLY, the only thing wrong with this depletion business is that you don't carry it far enough. Take the case of old Joe Louis. He left a little of his youth on the canvas, along with the blood and sweat, every time he crawled out of the ring. Even Joe, the best of our time, had only so many fights in his system, just as an oil well has only so many gallons of crude.

Yet nobody gave him a depletion allowance—and today I understand that he owes you more than a million dollars which he has no chance of paying off, no matter how hard he works for the rest of his life. Not even another Emancipation Proclamation could get Joe out of bondage to the Internal Revenue Service. This bothers me sometimes, because I can't help feeling that maybe we owe Joe Louis more than he owes us, on account of that evening when he took Max Schmeling apart. When Schmeling went down, screaming, the Nazi myth of racial superiority collapsed with him. What was that worth to us in the war years that followed?

Or look at the way we treat artists. Until you see a novelist who has just finished a book, Mr. Harrington, you don't know what a depleted man looks like. He is a natural resource too: maybe the most important one we've got. A civilization can get along without oil—Plato's Greece managed fine without a drop of it—but unless it produces poets and sculptors and storytellers and philosophers, it isn't a civilization at all. So you might think it sound public policy to encourage such people with the same tax incentives you give to the other flowers of our culture, like Messrs. McCarthy and Hunt.

What you do give them, of course, is a fiscal kick in the belly. Many a writer spends most of his life in poverty, while he is working up to one first-rate book. Then, if it sells well, he may earn a fair amount of money in a single year—and you promptly grab the bulk of it. This is a dandy way to drive the temperamental ones to drink, and the practical ones into the dry-goods business; but maybe it isn't the best way to foster The Good Society. Couldn't your Treasury experts find some way to grant artists the same kind of depreciation write-off that you allow for drill presses or vending machines? They depreciate just as fast, and are harder to replace.

PLEASE don't think I am complaining about my own taxes. I'm depleted, all right, but I'm neither a Joe Louis nor an artist, so that last suggestion wouldn't apply to me. It is true that I moaned like a banshee when I finally worked my way to that last dread figure (Line 12, Page 1) but after I had stared at it for a couple of hours I quieted down to a mere whimper.

Because—I keep telling myself—the things I need most can't be bought except with tax money.

This household needs a lot of things. The car is four years old and wheezing a little. That roof gutter on the north side will have to be replaced one of these days, the stairway carpet (I am told) is a sheer disgrace, the upstairs plumbing isn't too sound, and all the women who live here say they are practically in rags. The car probably will hold out for another year, though, and the rags that fill every drawer and closet in the house still look fetching enough to me.

The thing that won't hold out much longer—and isn't a bit fetching, either—is our school.

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CHARMING CUSTOMS. Here come the village Maypole Dancers. Hop over in Spring and you can see the Helston Furry Dance; "Hobby Hoss" Day at Padstow; and the Varsity Boat Race.



GENTLE MANNERS. These children have been competing at a Welsh Eisteddfod. Their gentle speech will impress you. They make those jaw-breaking Welsh names sound like music. A feat!



GREAT EVENTS. Guess where this is. Wrong. It's at the World's Pipe Band Contest in *Northern Ireland!* Most of the Highland Games take place in Scotland of course—in the fashionable Fall.

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THIS IS Lotti Tischer's ballet school in San Juan, the old Spanish capital of Puerto Rico. In the sun, the warmth is friendly. In the shade, the breeze is champagne cool.

Lotti Tischer's is one of half-a-dozen such schools now thriving in this exciting new Commonwealth. Fifty or more pupils come here to learn their pirouettes and fouettés, their bourrées and their entrechats. Classes are conducted in Spanish and English. Fifteen of Lotti's students are daughters of executives from the U.S.A.

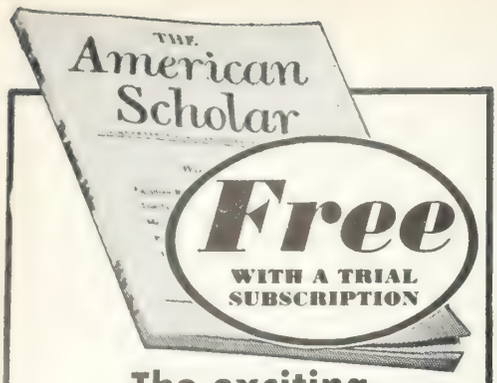
Many visitors are surprised to find such lively signs of cultural renaissance in Puerto Rico today. But when you look around at the new homes, the new schools, the new highways—you begin to see why this land is so buoyant with hope.

The impetus comes from Operation Bootstrap, the industrial development program which is doing so much more than raising Puerto Rico's standard of living. It is giving *dignity* to man's labor. It is giving the old Spanish culture a richer leisure to express itself.

If your firm is considering the powerful incentives that Operation Bootstrap now offers to new industry, take time out for a personal reconnaissance. Your family will love the open-air life. And maybe your daughter will win a scholarship to Sadler's Wells; one of Lotti Tischer's Puerto Rican students did.

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Open-air ballet class in a residential section of San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.



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It should have been torn down twenty years ago. Instead it is bulging with kids—35 in some classrooms—and the kind of education they get shouldn't happen to a dog. The teachers get paid less than truck drivers, and one of the best of them has to wait tables at a country club on weekends in order to feed his family. (Our community pays its teachers better than the average, too.) If we don't do something drastic, and fast, the youngsters are going to come out of that school knowing even less arithmetic than I do—and, as you can see from the attached, that would be catastrophic.

Something else I'd like to buy is nicer Sunday afternoons. It would be worth a good deal not to have to spend them in a two-hundred-mile traffic jam, inhaling carbon monoxide, hanging onto my temper with gritted teeth, and listening to my blood pressure climb notch by relentless notch. And before the weekend is over, I would like to get a few hours of serenity in a quiet stretch of woods, uncluttered with billboards and beer cans, or on a clean, uncrowded beach. These are getting to be about the scarcest commodities in America and—like the schools—the only way I can pay for them is with taxes. So maybe the money you take for national parks and highways and pollution control and regional planning are the best dollars I spend. That is why I wrote the enclosed check cheerf—well, not quite cheerfully, but at least with resignation.

THE reason I can't be entirely cheerful is that I'm uneasy about what you people are doing with the rest of the money. You all seem happy because Modern Republicanism has at last accepted the basic ideas of the New Deal. But don't you think that sort of thing can be carried a mite too far?

The basic economic idea of the New Deal (so far as there was one) came straight from John Maynard Keynes. He argued that the government ought to spend a lot of money in hard times, to boost the country out of the slump, and that in good times it ought to save money and pay its debts, in order to level off the boom before it reaches a dangerous peak. Whether the whole theory is sound or not, it seems pretty clear that you can't run a sound econom on just half of it—the easy half.

Yet here we are, high on the uppe reaches of the biggest, longest boo in history—and Washington sti seems to be operating on the depre sion half of the Keynesian gospe According to the new budget, th government will fork out sheaves green money next year at a ra which will make Franklin D. Roos velt look like a Vermont miser. Eve the non-military parts of it are mo lavish than anything That Man ev dared suggest.

At the bottom of the depressio for example, FDR was considered reckless fellow because he spent billion dollars a year to rescue o bankrupt farmers. Now twenty-fi years later, they still seem to ne rescuing—but this time it will co five billion. Harry Truman duri his last free-handed year in offi didn't come close to that.

Isn't it time, Mr. Harrington, f somebody to ask whether our eve hungry farmers are worth all th rescuing? If they can't stand on the own feet, after all these years ar billions, when will they? Wouldn it be better for the country—and f their characters—to let a few millio of them learn to be self-supporti in some less chronically-busted bus ness?

Another puzzling item is that $2 million you people have budgete for reclamation projects. Buildi dams may be a good way to mak jobs in a depression—but why bui them now, when everybody is wor ing about inflation, not unemplo ment? The Interior Departme wants to build these projects, as get it, to bring more land into cul vation, to raise more crops which don't need. At the same time t Department of Agriculture—abo ten blocks away—wants to spe $984 million for its Soil Bank take 40 million acres *out* of cultiv tion.

You can see how this sort of thi unsettles a taxpayer who is a litt confused already by all that fine ty on Form 1040. He gets to wonderi whether somebody couldn't intr duce Mr. Seaton to Mr. Benson—pe haps at the golf course—and l them chat about whether they wa more crop land or less. Maybe the little talk would save only a fe

red millions—but to a citizen in an and shaken state even that like something.

TURALLY I realize that no- in Washington can waste much on such chicken feed when the big money—$45 billions of it— ng spent on defense. This is a l subject, of course, and I hesi- o bring it up. But there are a oints I wish somebody would hten out for me.

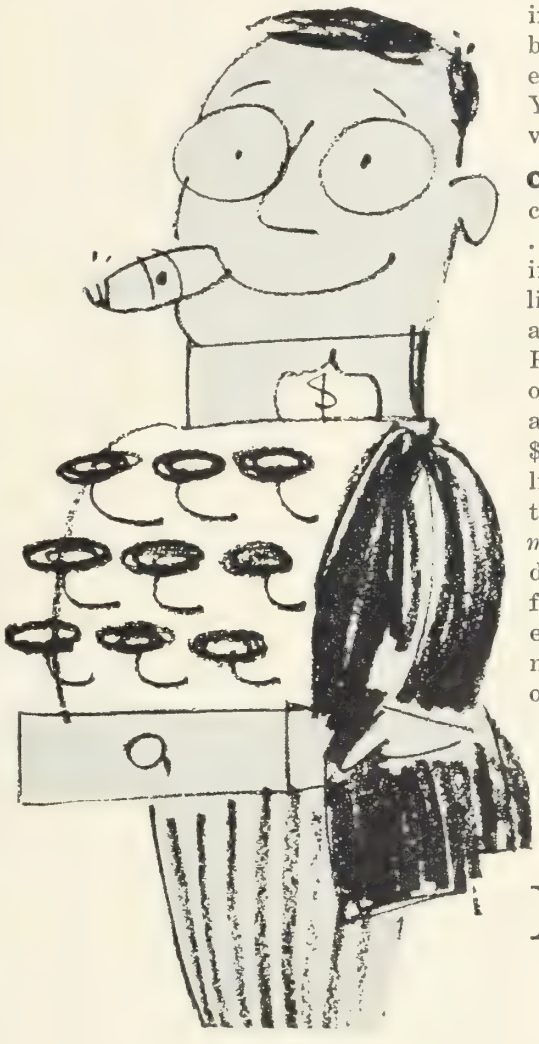
erybody wants all the defense eed, regardless of cost. No argu- about that. But does anybody know what an adequate de- program *ought* to cost?

rtainly I don't; there is no con- ble way for me—or any other te citizen—to find out. Nor do newspapers, our traditional ndogs over public expenditures. is field, they are barred from ng at the facts, because of the sity of secrecy. (Although most papermen believe that a great more facts are classified et" than actually need to be; bureaucrat is under an almost stible temptation to use that to cover up his mistakes and vagances.)

Congress doesn't know either. No ressional committee has any- like the time, or the staff, for ning more than a once-over- y survey of the military esti- s. And I doubt whether the tary of Defense and his staff are better off. They have to spend bulk of their time on the over- ning job of day-to-day adminis- on, and coping with Congres- l committees. I belong to that minority which suspects that les E. Wilson, for all his indis- ons, may be a pretty good man he job—but I know that there orridors in his own Pentagon he has never penetrated, and s of multimillion-dollar instal- s which he can never visit. His too, have only 24 hours.

he thing we do know is that normous apparatus has been oped to pressure the Adminis- on and the Congress for ever- ing military appropriations. It des the highly efficient propa- a machines of each of the armed es. It also includes the indus- -a large fraction of the nation's

How good a pocketbook executive are you?



You may have the good old executive knack for getting a job well done . . . but perhaps you're still not getting enough work out of your own money. If you have dollars that might be bringing in a second income . . . then you ought to ask yourself these searching questions:—

Am I ready to invest? Maybe not. But if you have money put aside for family emergencies and have allowed for paying your bills, you're ready to consider some interesting possibilities. Owning stock, for example, would make you part-owner of a company. If the company grows, your money may grow, too. And you're entitled to share in any profits which may be distributed as dividends. Owning bonds, makes you a company's creditor, and you're paid interest for the use of your money.

Where do I begin? You can't just jump in with both feet. Stocks don't always pay dividends, and security prices can fluctuate like the price of anything else. So don't buy on tips or rumors. Get the facts. Have a chat with a broker from a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll be happy to help you plan an investment program to fit your needs and your income. Should you buy stocks or bonds? Should you invest right now? These are some of the questions he can help you decide. You'll find, too, that a sound investment plan can benefit you in a number of ways. It can help you build toward retirement. It can give you extra income. And stocks on the New York Stock Exchange are readily convertible into cash.

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total—which have a stake in defense contracts. It includes every town with an Army post, or air field, or defense plant which it would like to have expanded. (No Chamber of Commerce ever asked to have such an installation closed down; that is why we are still operating some forts originally built as outposts in the Indian wars.)

Pressure for more spending also comes from the powerful veterans' lobby, and from every foreign nation which would like to get a few hundred tanks or planes for free, and from an army of scientists who have discovered that they can finance almost any sort of research—with a lavishness beyond their most grandiose dreams—if only they can find some way to label it "Defense."

(For instance, Werner von Braun, the rocket genius we imported from Germany, undoubtedly has contributed a lot to the development of guided missiles. He is quite frank, however, in admitting that his real interest is in developing a space ship which will someday travel to the moon. This is a harmless ambition, shared by nearly every boy under twelve—but I can't think of any reason why the taxpayers should pay for his toys. Does anybody really know how much of the millions we have handed over to the von Braun team is being spent on practical weapons, and how much on space cadetery?)

Such futuristic boondoggles are probably small change, however, in comparison with the money we are wasting on obsolete weapons. As everybody knows, once the government starts spending money for something it is incredibly hard to turn off the tap. We kept building battleships, for example, a full generation after they were out of date, and the last remnants of the horse cavalry still survive. So it is hard not to wonder whether we are now building tanks which would have been very useful in World War II, or planes which already have been made obsolescent by the new missiles.

This all adds up to one question, which must be bothering a lot of taxpayers just as much as it bothers me: Has the budget got out of control?

We can see the pressures—almost irresistible pressures—which have built up for more spending. N where can we see any organized pr sure for economy. Moreover, t governmental machinery for c trolling the purse strings was signed for an earlier and simpler e Each of its parts—the Congressio committees, the Budget Bureau, a the rest—are pitifully vulnerable the spending pressures. They ha neither the independence nor manpower to look at each dema with a searching, icy eye.

Is there anybody in Washingt then, besides George Humphr who really cares? His pierc screams of frustration are the m frightening thing of all. For George Humphrey can't get budget under control, who can?

Maybe you know the answers, Harrington, and if you do I s wish you would enclose them o little slip of paper when you send your sheaf of Forms and Instructi next spring. It would be a lot ea to cope with this annual ordeal didn't get that sinking, no-bott feeling when I write out the ch

(Line 18, Page 1.)

COMING NEXT MON

The chemical that went into ev witches' brew, and that Vikings when they went berserk, is now be studied as a possible cause of sch phrenia—the most fearsome of mental illnesses. **Dr. Howard Fabing** of Cincinnati, who is h self engaged in these researc tells how history and anthropol lore about toads and mushrooms turning up promising new leads the men in the laboratories.

Whether you devoutly follow scores yourself or just wonder on earth anyone else does, you enjoy **Fred Schwed, Jr.'s** lively cussion of "The Baseball Num Game" and why it delights fig minded historians, amateur and fessional.

What we have for years called "M ern" architecture—the unador structure of steel and glass—has come an outdated bore, says architectural historian **Henry H Reed, Jr.** In his "Summons to a Architecture," he calls for new more enjoyable designs to reflect new age of plenty.

The great expansion of voluntary health insurance in recent years is part of a significant but little noticed social and economic transformation in the United States. The president of the Health Insurance Association of America tells how the insurance companies have pioneered in the development of sound principles and techniques of protecting millions of families and individuals against the high cost of ill health and loss of income.

HEALTH INSURANCE *and the American Public*

By E. J. FAULKNER

President, Health Insurance Association of America

Since 1941—in a short span of sixteen years—the American people have witnessed some of the most phenomenal social and economic changes in the entire history of our country. In keeping with our democratic way of life these developments have found public favor only when they provided a service or product that was desired by most of us.

The financing of health care is an outstanding example of a social need which American business has been striving to meet through the development of voluntary health insurance. In 1941, voluntary health insurance was comparatively unknown to the majority of American people.

Today, voluntary hospital insurance alone protects 110 million Americans; 94 million have insurance against surgical expense; 58 million against general medical expense; and seven million are insured by the newest and broadest health protection available—major medical expense insurance introduced just six years ago. In addition, close to two-thirds of all gainfully employed civilians in this country participate in some plan enabling them to continue their income during a period of disability.

Considered in another light, the extraordinarily rapid growth of voluntary health insurance since 1941 shows that the number of people protected by hospital insurance has increased 600 per cent; surgical insurance 1,300 per cent; and general medical insurance 1,700 per cent. Since 1951, when major medical expense insurance was introduced, its volume of coverage has multiplied fifty times.

The Public Demand

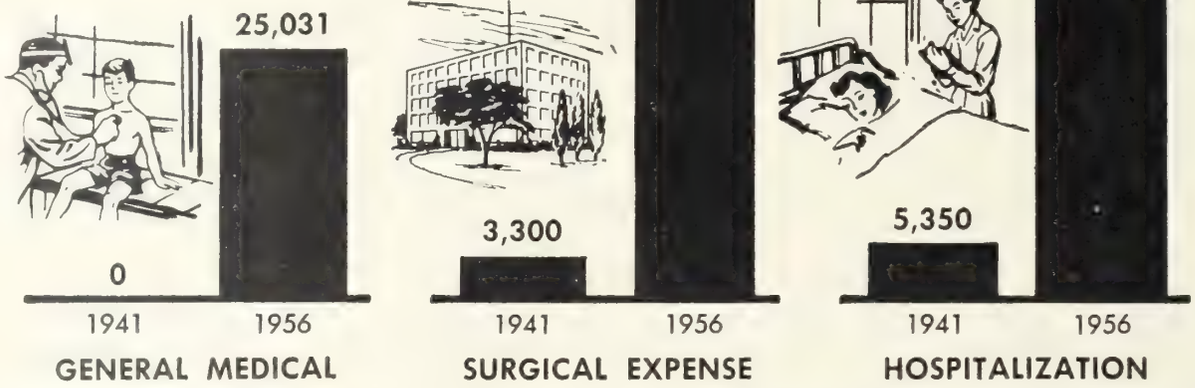
There are several good reasons for this amazing growth and expansion—all stemming from public interest and demand. The widespread distress of the depression years of the 'thirties taught us many bitterly learned lessons. Uppermost was the lesson which led us to think very practically about the ways a man could best protect himself and his family against the devastating effects of another such period in the future. And a major part of personal and family security depends on protection against accident and sickness.

Employers, too, began to recognize health insurance as a necessary, in fact, a primary part of any program for developing sounder, more stable relationships with their employees. Organized

INSURANCE COMPANY PLANS TO HELP PAY DOCTOR AND HOSPITAL BILLS

Public interest in Insurance Company Medical Expense Plans is illustrated by the increased number of people insured since 1941. (General Medical Expense Insurance first came into prominence in 1944.)

In millions



labor, particularly during the wartime period of wage-freeze, turned to fringe benefits, especially health insurance, as desirable bargaining objectives.

Another contributing influence was the increasing complexity of health care, which by 1941 included oftentimes expensive professional specialization, employment of new and expensive drugs and equipment, and not only the greater use but the increasing cost of hospital facilities. All such factors had the effect of directing public attention to the high cost of ill health. Hospitals themselves have always been concerned with the payment of their charges—and doctors, zealous to preserve the private practice of medicine, encouraged their patients to be insured.

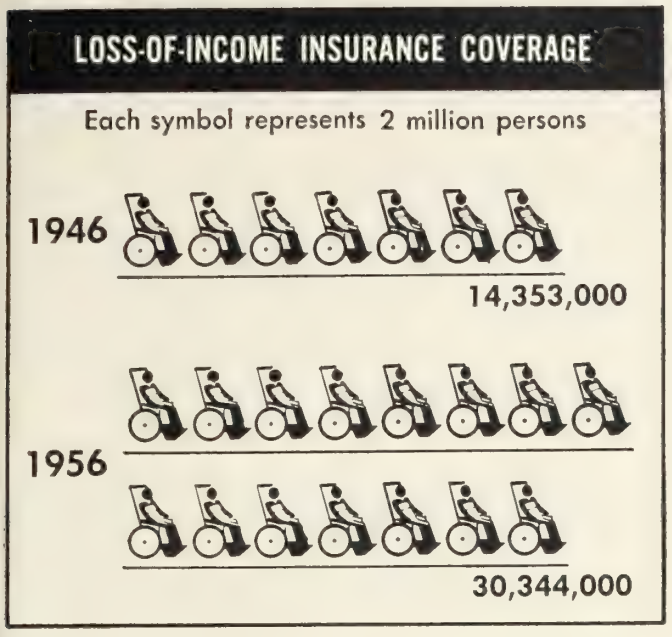
No one group or organization can claim credit for fulfilling—or approaching fulfillment—of all the public's needs for protection against the cost of ill health. However, some indication of the part insurance companies of America played in serving the health insurance objectives of the public can be gained from the totals cited on health insurance coverage in 1956.

Of the 110 million who have hospital insurance, more than 60 million are insured by insurance companies. Included in the 94 million with surgical insurance protection are more than 57 million covered by insurance companies. In the area of general medical expense insurance where 58 million people are protected, insurance companies underwrite more than 25 million Americans. Insurance companies pioneered the major medical or catastrophic type of coverage which insured practically all of the seven million people who had this form of medical care protection by mid-1956. Of the nearly 40 million persons protected against loss of income, more than 30 million are covered through insurance company plans.

Flexible Planning

In providing for the public's interest, the role played by insurance companies in 1941 and today does not of necessity follow a prepared script. This, in general, accounts for the reason public acceptance has grown so rapidly. The type of health protection desired and needed by a family in Delavan, Illinois, may be entirely different from the protection required by a department store clerk in Atlanta, Georgia.

Consequently, there must be a great deal of flexibility in insurance planning if health protection is to meet the requirements of individual interests, personal circumstances, and local condi-



tions. It is this flexibility plus energetic reliance on the American tradition of free competition that has enabled the 800 insurance companies in this country to vie with each other in planning and providing the most acceptable insurance protections to fit the public demand. Some indication of the success with which these principles have been carried out might be gathered from the figures just quoted.

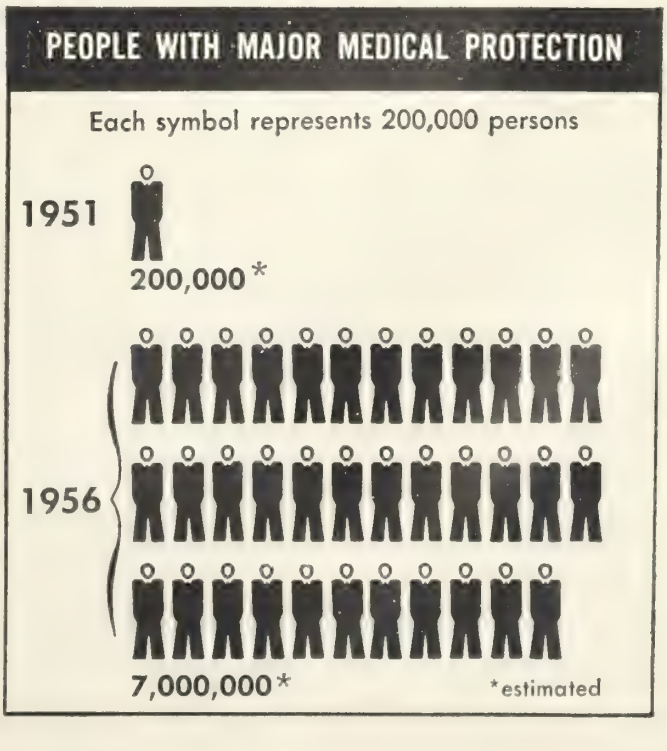
Basic Insurance Principles

While individuals differ in the types of health protection desired, and personal circumstances vary as well as local conditions, certain basic insurance principles are still applicable to all the millions of people who want personal and family health insurance protection. Though it performs a significant service for both the individual and the community, voluntary health insurance is simply a practical device for pooling or sharing a risk. Through it, a person substitutes a small certain loss—the premium paid—for a large uncertain loss—the wages forfeited and the expenses incurred because of disability. When a large number of people are about equally subject to the same risk of loss, and the incidence of risk is fortuitous or beyond the control of the people to be insured, the insurance technique may be applied successfully.

Although much illness is subjective, and there are many problems of evaluating risk and substantiating loss by a person, family, or larger group, underwriters have pretty well perfected the process of insuring against most of the financial losses arising from disability. To the person insured, it means he can expect cash benefits in specified amounts for time lost from work because of illness or injury. Or his protection may take the form of cash benefits against expenses incurred because of necessary medical care during disability. In either or both events, the voluntary approach to health insurance gives the person the right to select what he desires. He can choose the amount and kind of benefits he wants to purchase within the broad limits of underwriting rules established to protect the whole body of people with whom he shares his risk.

To make this arrangement possible at a reasonable price for all within the group, another time-tested insurance principle is practiced. In health insurance a fundamental that is becoming more apparent is that only the serious or financially crippling losses should be insured. Losses that are routine, recurrent, and trifling are financed much more economically as a part of the regular family budget like food, shelter, and clothing. Nearly everyone loses a day or two a year because of a scratch or sniffle and will spend a few dollars at the drug store for his favorite nostrums—or will have a physical checkup and visit his doctor. By eliminating these inconsequential and seemingly inevitable small losses through a deductible provision (similar to those found in automobile collision insurance), the buyer's premium dollar is conserved to purchase more adequate coverage for the serious loss.

Another insurance principle of great importance to sound voluntary health insurance, and



understandably acceptable to the vast majority of insured, is that the person holding health insurance protection for himself and/or his family should have a financial interest in the loss by bearing a part of it himself. This is called "co-insurance."

The purpose of this principle is to discourage the possibility of utilizing unnecessary and extravagant services and care in gaining recovery, for, as a logical result of the risk-sharing principle, if no consideration were given to the extent and costs of unnecessary service and care, widespread adoption of a "shoot-the-works" attitude would mean increased premiums for the entire group sharing in the protection.

Broader Coverage for More People

These, then, are the basic principles used by insuring organizations to meet the public demand for such health insurance as it wants to select. As has been mentioned above, the broad fields of coverage designed to meet the demand include protection for hospitalization, general medical expense, surgical expense, and loss of income due to disability. And while great progress has been made in voluntary health insurance to serve the public interest, it has not yet reached every segment of the population. Those who cannot pay the relatively modest cost of insurance are beyond its reach. Happily, they are a sharply declining percentage of our growing population. Their care is now, as it always has been, a proper charge against the entire body politic and is best and most economically provided by direct assistance, locally administered through the established agencies of government.

Millions of Americans, many of them in the lower income brackets, are assisted in securing voluntary health insurance on a group basis through the contribution of their employers. Splendid advances are being made in the provision of insurance for the aged. Most insurance companies have raised the age limits for continuing the coverage of their policyholders and for the issuance of policies to new applicants at older ages. Increasingly, group contracts permit a continuation of coverage to retired employees and their families while some policies provide "paid-up" benefits at retirement.

Many physically impaired persons can now buy health insurance with premiums adjusted according to the severity of the impairment. Substantial numbers of people in sub-standard health are insured at regular rates under group policies which do not require individual evidence of insurability. People living in rural areas are being reached much more effectively than ever before.

There is still a great deal to be done to fulfill the health insurance requirements of our population. Perhaps the most significant stride that has been made in recent years has been the all-encompassing health protection offered by major medical insurance. It, too, has been subject to many changes, additions, revisions, to fit public interests. In its present stage, it provides the major share of payment for substantially *all* the costs resulting from medical, surgical, hospital, drugs, appliances, and the "incidental" charges brought on by a big medical bill running into the hundreds or thousands of dollars. This is the plan which has the seal of approval of seven million people who have subscribed to it after its introduction six years ago.

Guides for the Future

Voluntary health insurance of the future will unquestionably be based on principles which have accounted for its spectacular growth in the past sixteen years. There will be public demands and increased interest—it will be up to the insuring organizations to continue answering and serving the public needs.

One thing is certain, the public's demands and the response made by insuring organizations clearly indicate voluntary health insurance is America's answer to the problem of financing health care costs on a "pick and choose" basis without regimentation of the individual, the subordination of the medical profession to the state, or the standardization of a health insurance panacea handed to the public in a "take-it-because-it's-good-for-you" package.

[*Additional copies of "Health Insurance and the American Public" are available from the Health Insurance Institute, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.*]

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

A Distant Light on Traffic Jams

A TAXI-driver in New York City picked up a soldier at Penn Station who wanted to catch a train out of Grand Central in twenty minutes. It was 5:15 on Friday evening; it was raining. The driver told the soldier he couldn't make it, not with the traffic—though it's a five-minute trip under favorable circumstances. The soldier argued.

"He kept *jawin* me," said the driver; "he couldn't believe it wasn't my fault. I kept on tellin him to get out and walk."

The soldier got out at 5:28, swearing, at Park and 34th Street, with eight blocks to carry a bag. The driver was surly when the next fare jumped in. "I wanted him to catch his train, dint I?" he growled.

It is this kind of small exasperation, multiplied a million times in every big city, that George Alpert reckons with in "A Better Deal for Commuters" (p. 29). Every city's situation is different, he says, but any solution which aims primarily at making more room on the streets for cars eventually just makes more congestion.

We recently came across a brochure that seemed to soften these problems in the light of a faraway place and comparatively long-ago period, and so to romanticize the frustrations that make us surly. It was a talk given in Shanghai in 1921 by the general manager of the Shanghai Electric Construction Company Ltd. The speaker, Donald McColl, had worked for a quarter-century in municipal tramway companies—horse and steam and electric—in London and other cities around the world. He was plugging for development of Shanghai's system of railless electric cars, which he wanted to integrate with the steam railroads entering the city from outside.

Donald McColl was a foreigner—one of some 26,000 of them in a city of 1,700,000 people—and talked about public transit only in the Foreign Settlement, but he wanted to keep fares within the range of the low-wage native customers.

Traffic jams in Shanghai were on the verge of the impossible. "We are rapidly reaching a point when the demand made by vehicles on road space must produce unworkable congestion," said McColl, and he listed the types of vehicles using the streets of the Settlement as follows:

Passenger	
Rickshas (private and public)	10,500
Carriages	320
Motor cars	2,000
Motor cycles	205
Tramways and electric cars	190
Freight	
Wheelbarrows	8,500
Handcarts, etc.	2,400
Motor freight trucks	200

To transport a given number of passengers for a given number of miles, rickshas required more than seven times as much room as railless cars. There were 55 rickshas to every tram or electric car.

For the "unfettered development of Greater Shanghai," McColl said, there was a special need for the utmost good will and co-operation in "a city split into sections of geographical absurdity," and he hoped for a "single, all-embracing territorial League of Nations planted on the shores of China for the common purposes of international commerce and community life."

THIS practical Scot proved to be a blind romantic about the future. In 1925, shots fired by foreign police into a mob of rioting students and ricksha coolies effectively dissipated one traffic jam, and in 1937 two bombs dropped by mistake on the Foreign Settlement by Chinese pilots intending to fight the Japanese were the beginning of the end of the special "geographical absurdity" of Shanghai public transportation. Shanghai has endured twenty years of no peace, since then, and the present Communist regime has not reported, to our knowledge, on the

How many stocks should you own?

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As we said, that's just a rough rule of thumb.

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progress of railless electric cars in a city now grown to five or six million. But we can safely guess that although the ricksha problem has been relieved—traffic is still on the verge of the impossible.

. . . **George Alpert**, who reckons the space ratio between autos and commuters' trains today, became president of the New Haven Railroad on January 20, 1956. Since then he has been concentrating on improving service and husbanding the road's resources. The New Haven, which operates in the most heavily urbanized region in this country, had been hit hard by New England floods in the fall of 1955 and was taking a beating from dissatisfied commuters.

It is interesting that the New Haven's chief rival in the New York area—the New York Central—shares many of its problems. When Alfred E. Perlman, the Central's president—was questioned on a recent television panel, he avoided the word "subsidy" but noted that commuters seemed to think the railroad was only a public-service institution. "We feel that we cannot carry the burden of passenger service into New York much longer and survive as a transportation company," he said.

Mr. Alpert came to his job by way of corporate law practice—he tried 66 cases before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in recent years, winning 61, and acted as receiver for several big New England companies. Born in Boston, the son of a Polish immigrant junk dealer, Mr. Alpert worked his way through college as a court clerk and dance orchestra leader and violinist, served in the Navy in 1918-19, and was admitted to the bar in 1919.

Active in many civic and Jewish philanthropic causes, he is called the "Father of Brandeis University." He usually divides his working week between New York, New Haven, and Boston.

. . . The information about the sexual behavior of the Italian male in **Edith Templeton's** "Warning to Women Traveling in Italy" (p. 34) will appear later this month in her forthcoming book about Italy, *The Surprise of Cremona*. Mrs. Templeton is a traveler of international background and the author of three novels. She was born in Prague and educated mostly in Paris; she married an Englishman and lives in London.

. . . **Leonard Engel's** article on heart surgery (p. 38) presents the basic techniques of the doctors' new attack on our Number 1 killer. Mr. Engel is a writer on science and medicine whose many articles have given him entry to the major laboratories and hospitals in this country. He is at work on a book on the history of medicine.

. . . Burlesque from backstage—as seen by **Gypsy Rose Lee** in her personal story, "Stranded in Kansas City" (p. 44)—has the vital flash of humor, without which it might be a pretty bitter concoction of one part illusion to nine of grim life. How the awkward adolescent trouper turned into an accomplished Strip Tease artist will come out in Miss Lee's article next month; and her full story, including her graduation into the Ziegfeld Follies, will be published in May in her book *Gypsy*, from which these episodes are taken.

As Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" audience knows, Gypsy Rose Lee now lives with her young son Erik in a twenty-six room house on Manhattan's fashionable East Side. She pounds her own typewriter, has written articles and stories for many magazines, and turned out two successful mysteries, *The G-String Murders* and *Mother Finds a Body*.

. . . One of the shocking facts that have shown up in the present struggle over integration of the nation's schools is the strength of the demagogues and bullies in our midst. For the moment—for reasons presented by **Benjamin Muse** in "When and How the South Will Integrate" (p. 51)—the rowdies seem to dominate over moderates who are reticent about their views.

A citizen of Manassas, Virginia, Mr. Muse is a former state senator and candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, now a businessman and civic leader in one of the states where resistance to integration is strongest. He is a Sunday columnist on Virginia politics for the Washington *Post and Times-Herald*, and has written articles and lectured on the segregation question before Negro and white audiences at Howard University, American University, and the University of Maryland.

Mr. Muse was born in North Carolina and settled in Virginia in 1934, after service in the British army during World War I and 15 years in the State Department and U. S. Foreign Service. In World War II he was a "swivel chair" major and lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Army.

. . . **Dr. Jerome D. Frank's** article, "Are You a Guilty Parent?" (p. 56) was to some extent a work of autotherapy for the author. As a psychiatrist and the father of four small children, he suffers not only the usual parental qualms but also the special hazards which a psychiatrist (like a minister) runs up against when friends and neighbors scrutinize his children.

Dr. Frank is associate professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins Medical School and is in charge of the psychiatric out-patient department of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. After getting a Ph. D. at Harvard, he switched to medicine, also at Harvard. He has discussed the problem of guilt with parents at a Baltimore group of the Mental Hygiene Society.

. . . "The Decision" (p. 60) is the first story by **Tom Burnam** to appear in *Harper's*. He is professor of English at Colorado State College and, up till now, his fiction and poetry have appeared in little magazines. He has published scholarly and critical articles in the journals, mostly on Twain, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway.

. . . A new variant on the disease which Gilbert Highet (species: book critic) has labeled *criticosis* may possibly be the ailment from which Walter Kerr (species: theater critic) seems to be suffering in his article "How to Beat the Critics" (p. 65). This variant is a fear of actors and actresses, induced by the guilt of reviewing new plays. Mr. Kerr has chosen to fight the disease with reason and a dose of humor.

Mr. Kerr is theater reviewer of the New York *Herald Tribune*. His acute taste for quality is based on a thorough acquaintance with the stage from several points of view. He taught playwriting and directing at

atholic University in Washington, . C.; wrote and directed "Sing Out weet Land," which was produced by ie Theater Guild: collaborated ith his wife in other productions. His book, *How Not to Write a Play*, as published by Simon and Schus- er two years ago.

. . **Franz Spelman,** who reports on What the Hungarians Say About merican Propaganda" (p. 70), ob- erves close-up the operations of a urprising multitude of middle Eu- opean radio broadcasters. He lives n Munich and is special correspond- nt of *Newsweek* magazine. Born in ienna, he came to the United States n the 1930s to practice architecture. He served in the U. S. Army and fter the war worked in Europe for he U. S. Foreign Service and then or Radio Free Europe until 1954.

. . Conservative Americans—as well s citizens who feel repelled by the ery idea of conservatism as a goal or the U. S. A.—will rise to the quiet ogic of **Clinton Rossiter's** article on age 75, which analyzes who the con- ervatives are and what they want. Ir. Rossiter is chairman of the de- artment of government at Cornell Jniversity and author of three influ- ntial books: *Seedtime of the Repub- c* (which won three coveted history rizes), *Conservatism in Amer- ca*, and *The American Presidency*. Though Mr. Rossiter has been re- erred to as a prophet of the philoso- hy he has studied so fully—and oncedes he is theoretically and by ersonal habit conservative—he fre- uently takes a liberal position in ractical matters.

. . **Ernest Kroll's** "American Pan- ls" (p. 37) are pieces from a cycle of atiric poems which he is writing. He is the author of *The Pauses of he Eye* and of other poems, and he vorks for the government.

"A Winter's Tale" (p. 64) is **Bar- bara Watson's** first poem in *Har- per's*. Her verse and criticism have ppeared in *Poetry* and elsewhere.

May Sarton ("My Father's Death," p. 82) is the author of *The Land of ilence* and other books of poems, nd of *Faithful Are the Wounds*, ne of several novels. Her father vas the distinguished historian of cience, George Sarton.

"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd"



Jim Brown read these words in the Gospel of St. John and was deeply disturbed.

Elsewhere in his Bible... in the Epistle to the Ephesians... he noted the exhortation of St. Paul that there be "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"Where," he asked Father Crane, "is this unity of which the Bible speaks? How is anyone to know which is 'the one Fold... the one Faith... the one Baptism,' when Christ's followers are divided into hundreds of denominations, many holding conflicting beliefs?"

The priest agreed that good and sincere people are indeed confused by the claims and counter-claims of a divided Christianity. Instead of traveling on a single highway clearly marked with the words: "Come – follow me," they find themselves wandering in a network of roads with signs pointing in all directions.

"But how," Jim persisted, "can the average person know what to do? When doctrinal claims contradict one another, how am I to know which is right and which is wrong?"

A study of Christian history, Father Crane replied, will provide a better answer for the troubled and confused than would a study of conflicting creeds.

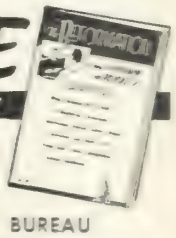
"History will tell you, Jim," the priest went on, "that Christ proclaimed His intention to establish a Church, with Peter as its head and the other Apostles as its bishops. History further tells us that this is the Catholic Church, which was established during the time of the Apostles, with Peter as its first leader – the first Pope."

The Mass, Father Crane continued, was the central act of public worship in the early Church, as it is today. There were seven Sacraments for the early Christians – seven for Catholics the world over today. Catholics of 1,900 years ago confessed to a priest, and they do so today. Catholics believed then, as now, that Baptism removes original sin ... that matrimony is a Sacrament, not just a civil ceremony... that bishops and priests receive their powers through a Sacrament instituted by Christ.

Many people," Father Crane concluded, "are either uninformed or misinformed about the Catholic Faith. They would, in many cases, want to be Catholics if they knew the truth. So all that we ask of you... and all other sincere people... is that you investigate – that you learn for yourself what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics, since the days of the Apostles, have sincerely believed."

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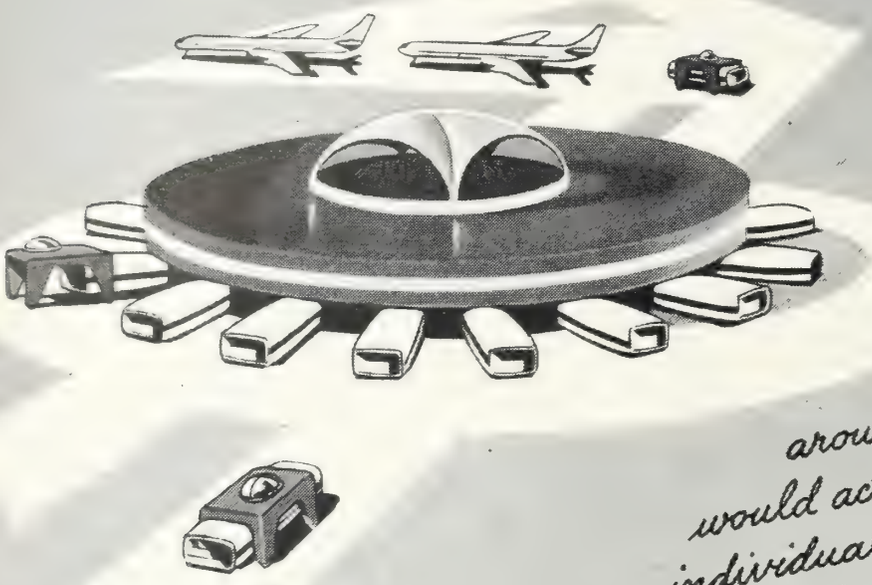
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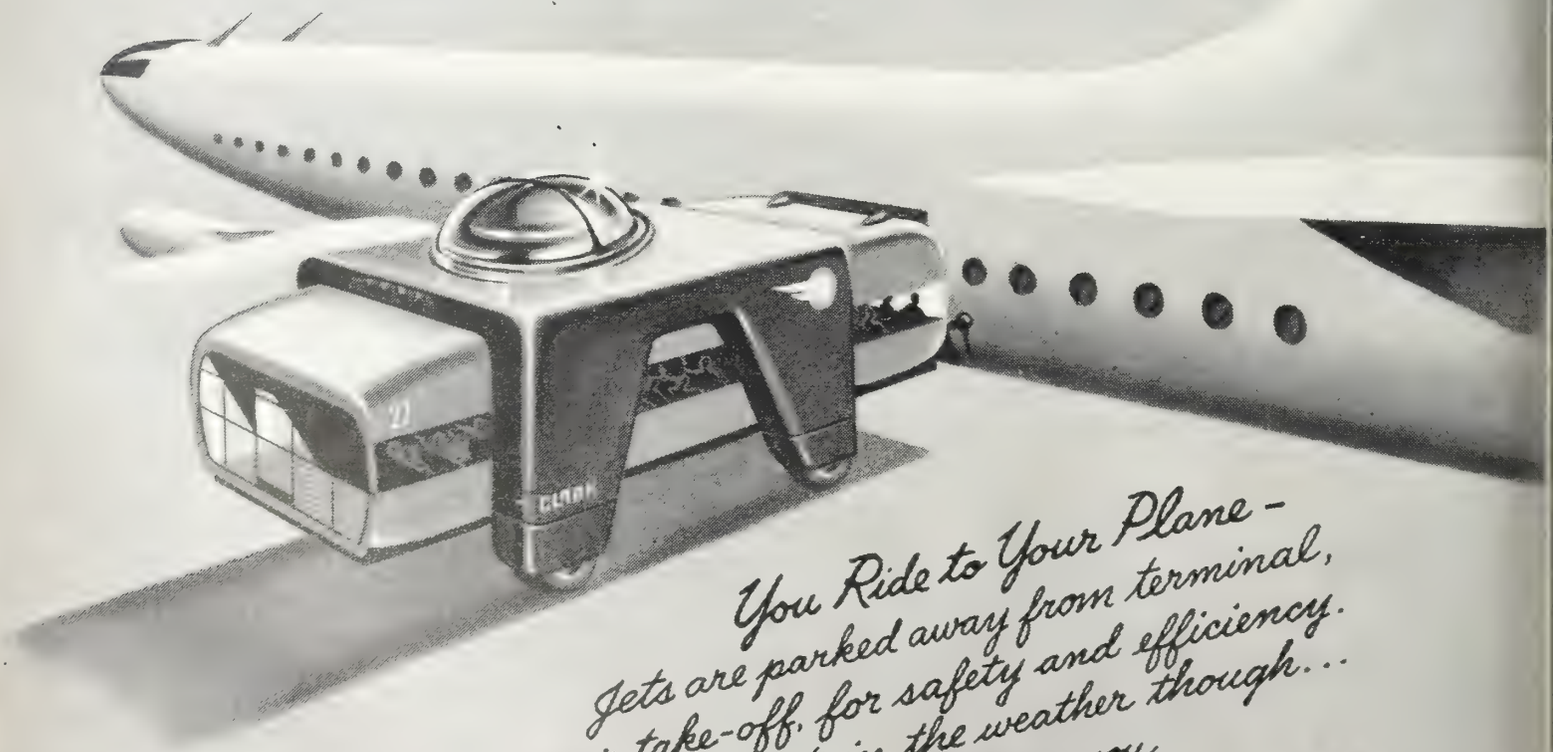
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Harper's MAGAZINE

A BETTER DEAL FOR COMMUTERS

GEORGE ALPERT

All rail executives get sworn at by their exasperated passengers—including the president of the New Haven. He now replies by proposing a plan—which will shock many businessmen—for rescuing both the commuters and the companies that carry them.

IN THE dozen years since World War II, American cities have spent large sums of money to relieve traffic congestion, only to find their streets remaining as congested as before. Many circumstances have combined to bring about this exasperating result. One of the most important, it seems to me, is the mistake that was made in building nearly all new metropolitan-area transportation facilities around the private automobile and the motor truck. As we shall see, it is an outright physical impossibility to provide space in the center of town for all those who must come in, if they come by car. Downtown traffic congestion can be eased only by making it possible for people to come in *without cars.*

Actually, cities like New York and Chicago already have railroad networks which could provide a practical, comfortable, efficient system of doing just that. A two-track commuter rail line, occupying no more space than an ordinary city street, can carry at least five times as many people per hour as a four-lane super-highway—and there are no cars to be parked on arrival.

A complex of financial and other problems has prevented rail commuter services, for all their inherent advantages, from growing enough to play their part in metropolitan transport. I believe, however, that the difficulties can be cut through and that we can make it possible for many more people to come to town by train. I would like to make two simple proposals to that end. The first is that rail commuter lines be given, where necessary, a public subsidy in return for guaranteed, low-cost, frequent service. Already most other forms of transportation in the United States require and get a subsidy. Since the public is demanding better commuter services, it would make sense to provide the necessary subsidies here as well.

The second proposal is that new trackage needed to complete and extend present commuter networks should be built by a public authority and leased to the railroads—again on a firm guarantee of frequent, low-cost service. We have toll highways. Why not toll railroad tracks?

Lest I be accused of proposing an unlimited giveaway to the railroads, I hasten to add that I am confident the overall cost of these measures can be kept within bounds—and will, indeed, prove much cheaper than providing highways of equivalent carrying capacity. Parkways cost several million dollars a mile—in heavily built-up areas, land acquisition and bridging run the cost far over $10,000,000 a mile—and their carrying capacity is limited.

THE DAY TRAFFIC STOPPED

NEITHER of my proposals is wholly new. Somewhat similar suggestions have occasionally been made in the past. But the time has come to examine them seriously and see how they can contribute to relieving the urban transportation problem.

It will be useful to set some limits to the discussion. The urban-area transportation question has bewildering ramifications. It involves local habit and custom; the form of government organization in the area; the changing location of factories, stores, and homes; the movement of goods and people to and from points entirely outside the metropolitan district (long-haul traffic); the distribution of goods within the area and within the neighborhood; the movement of people within the neighborhood. It even touches upon such seemingly unrelated matters as the financial structure of the companies furnishing transportation service; thus, for a variety of reasons, airline and trucking companies carry nothing like the railroads' onerous burdens of bonded indebtedness. (Unlike the railroads, airlines and trucking companies did not have to provide their own right-of-way; in some cases, they enjoyed fast defense tax write-offs for equipment; and, being newer, they were organized in an era of greater financial prudence.)

We will not have room to go into any of these matters. We are discussing only one phase of urban transportation, the movement of people between the outer edge of the city area—the so-called commuter zone, rather than the inner rapid-transit zone—and the center. It will be difficult enough to deal concretely with this alone, for each city's situation is different.

The *Saturday Evening Post* recently printed a short story, called "The Day All Traffic Stopped," about a woman who brought every vehicle in Chicago to a standstill for weeks by abandoning her car when it stalled at a downtown intersection on a busy afternoon. The story was fiction, but it could happen in a score of American cities. I sometimes feel as though it happens in my own city of Boston twice a day—at the morning and evening rush hours.

A little calculation quickly shows why incredible traffic jams are inevitable in our great cities. According to counts made by the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, approximately 900,000 people come into Boston daily by private automobile. They ride, at an average of 1.6 persons per vehicle, in some 575,000 vehicles. Standing bumper to bumper, 575,000 of today's mammoth cars would occupy more than 2,000 miles of traffic lane; to keep them moving, at least several times as much traffic space must be provided.

Of course, large cities furnish respectable mileages of street. But no city does or can provide street mileage, let alone parking space, on such a scale; there would scarcely be room for the city if it did. Moreover, cars are not uniformly distributed throughout the city; they congregate in particular sections and, at the rush hours especially, on a small proportion of the streets.

Up to now, attempts to improve matters have proceeded chiefly along two lines: the construction of arterial roadways, and (on a smaller scale) of off-street parking facilities. Everyday experience and numerous formal studies agree on the outcome. In nearly all cases, the completion of a new vehicular traffic facility results in an immediate rise in the number of cars entering the city streets.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce, for example, recently checked what happened in one downtown area after the opening of a convenient new parking garage. Within three days, two additional cars were coming into the area for every three accommodated in the garage. In two weeks, the street parking places were once again full, and the streets were more congested than ever, for there were now many more cars in the area than before.

Someone remarked not long ago that Bob Moses, the high-powered New York public-works man, had made it possible to dump more cars into 34th street. The comment would make a fitting epitaph for nearly all metropolitan parkway-building programs. Unfortunately, if steps are not taken to limit the increase in cars entering the city, it may serve as an epitaph for the core of our cities as well.

After all, why do so many people still choose to buck all that traffic and drive into the city? Though it is often said that Americans just *like* cars, the fact is that, in too many parts of

too many metropolitan areas, there is no other convenient way to go.

The streetcar and its variants, such as the inter-urban car, are all but dead—killed as much by failure to modernize in time as by their inherent limitations. Buses, which have largely taken the streetcar's place, are uncomfortable and do not by any means go everywhere. Bus schedules, moreover, are often highly irregular, and the street corner is hardly an all-weather waiting-room.

Trains are faster and more comfortable, and much more nearly weather-proof than road vehicles of any description. But several of our largest cities have little rail commuter service, and even the New York area has major suburban districts without a direct rail connection to mid-Manhattan. Furthermore, outside the rush hour, trains are often few and far between; this makes things difficult for those who cannot be certain of always catching the 5:15.

So millions drive to work. It is doubtful that any significant proportion of car riders can be induced to switch to buses. In fact, bus patronage is steadily declining throughout the country.

I believe, however—and there is solid evidence for my view—that many car riders would go by train, if train service were frequent, cheap, and available. For where service is good, the great majority of commuters do go by rail; and metropolitan-area rail services are holding their own or better.

This is true of Chicago, where daily passenger traffic is again increasing, after a postwar decline, on both the main rail lines and the Chicago rapid-transit system. It is also true in Boston, where the number of passengers carried daily has increased consistently, at least on the commuter lines of my own railroad, the New Haven. And it is true for those parts of the New York area with direct rail service to Manhattan: the main commuter lines in Long Island and Westchester are either gaining or holding their own. On the other hand, the New Jersey railroads without a direct link to Manhattan are slowly but inexorably losing traffic.

A few months ago, a close study of commuters from Westchester County and nearby sections of Connecticut was carried out for the Metropolitan Rapid Transit Commission, an agency set up jointly by New York and New Jersey to investigate transportation problems in the New York area. The study found that 77 per cent of Westchester and Connecticut commuters enter the city by train. Only 23 per cent commute by car, and at least half of those have destinations that are outside Manhattan or not easily reached from Grand Central Terminal. An earlier study, conducted under different auspices, showed that over 90 per cent of the commuters in the Westchester area served by the New Haven go by rail.

Despite the differences between commuter railroads and rapid-transit systems, I think I may cite the experience of Cleveland and Toronto. Cleveland has a new rapid-transit line parallel to the lake front, and Toronto a new subway, a single double-track line, beneath its main street. In both cities, the new rail transit facilities have already led to a substantial reduction in the number of cars entering the downtown area. In Toronto, the reduction is reported as more than 10 per cent—enough to make the difference between jammed and open streets.

WHY RAILROADS LOSE MONEY

THE effectiveness of rail transportation in minimizing traffic congestion argues persuasively for expansion of rail service in metropolitan areas. Unfortunately, these lines carrying hundreds of thousands of passengers daily—and keeping hundreds of thousands of private cars out of downtown streets—are in danger of going under. For many commuter lines are losing money, often a great deal of it. The railroads concerned cannot continue to absorb these losses indefinitely.

It is possible for reasonable men to differ over methods of determining whether a particular rail service is making or losing money. I think myself that the system of allocating costs enforced by the Interstate Commerce Commission (the federal agency that regulates the railroads) exaggerates the share of general railroad costs chargeable to passenger services, some of which are really earning money for the road. But many commuter services are losing money by *any* method of accounting.

The basic difficulty is the short work week and the decline in non-rush-hour travel. Thirty years ago, the commuter rode the railroad six days a week and there was a sizable volume of off-peak travel, too—wives coming into the city to shop, couples spending an evening in town, and so forth. Today, commuters ride only five days a week; their families shop in suburban shopping centers or by car; and many of them stay home evenings to watch TV (a circumstance that has brought woe to other industries beside the railroads).

As a result of these changes in working and living habits, much of the equipment and many

of the men employed in commuter service work but twenty hours a week. Car builders, however, give no rebates for lightly used equipment; and a railway employee receives a day's pay, whether he mans a train one or eight hours a day.

A number of commuter lines are also burdened with other difficulties. Many are on branch lines with little or no other business; the commuter services must bear the entire cost of maintaining the right-of-way. Traffic on other lines is highly seasonal. But it is the rush-hour service demand which is chiefly responsible for the deficits of commuter service and, incidentally, of all forms of rapid transit.

I see only one solution for this problem—short of complete abandonment of commuter service or a revolutionary change in work patterns (spreading out the hours at which employees have to report to work): public support of commuter services.

Such support might take any of several forms—including, conceivably, public ownership and operation of the commuter lines. The latter would be awkward as well as expensive, though; for while many commuter services run on branch lines, many operate over main-line tracks, heavily used for freight and long-distance passenger service.

The best arrangement, in my opinion, is to pay railroads the difference between the revenue and the cost of good service at reasonable fares on vital commuter lines. I think there should be explicit agreements between the railroads and appropriate public agencies, spelling out the bargain, commuter line by commuter line: (1) services to be provided (including enough off-peak service to make it *easy* to use the train); (2) fares to be charged; (3) the method of computing costs (what part of general railroad costs each service is to bear, etc.); and (4) provision for needed improvements.

I am unable to say how much such a program might cost, because the cost would depend on how widely it is applied. But I am certain it would cost a very small fraction of the scores of millions large cities are now spending in a vain effort to cope with traffic congestion by other means. And I am sure arrangements that give adequate protection to the public interest, yet are flexible enough to meet changing conditions, can be worked out.

Spokesmen for several railroads have on occasion suggested relief from local taxes (in states where railroads are subject to local taxes) as a means of offsetting commuting deficits. I think tax relief and its effect on both community budgets and commuter-train losses should be explored. But I think a direct payment to the railroads, in return for specified services, is likely to prove better.

WHAT CITIES CAN TRY

AN INTEGRAL part of any plan for supporting rail commuter services must be a careful weeding out of lines with little real traffic potential. It is no more sensible for the public than for the railroads to carry the losses incurred by lines serving areas of limited population. It might be more economical all around to let commuters from those areas contribute to urban auto traffic.

At the same time, the need is urgent for additional rail commuting facilities in every large city. The need is so great, in fact, that several cities (San Francisco and Chicago, to name two) are giving serious consideration to the construction of regional rapid-transit networks.

It seems to me that much can be done in many cities without going that far. The construction of new commuting facilities by the railroads themselves is, however, out of the question; the dismal financial record of existing commuting services makes it utterly impossible for the railroads to raise the money. The new facilities should be built by local public authorities; and, where it would be advantageous to integrate them into existing rail networks, the new facilities should be leased to the railroads—as toll highways are now "leased" to trucks and private automobiles. The leases can and should contain guarantees of the train service to be provided with the aid of the new facility.

Here are a few examples of the facilities that should be provided in this way. In New York, the first need is for additional railroad trackage under the Hudson River between New York and New Jersey. At present, the only tracks under the Hudson are those of the Hudson Tubes (whose tunnels are too small for standard railway cars or rapid-transit cars of adequate size) and the Pennsylvania Railroad. The other lines serving northern New Jersey and nearby sections of New York State end on the Jersey side; to reach Manhattan, their riders must take the ferries or the Hudson Tubes—or commute by bus or train. Increasing numbers of Jersey commuters have chosen the automobile, to the despair of New York officials, who must cope with the daily flood of cars from across the river. The solution is to provide new rail trackage to

carry trains from Jersey directly into the city.

In northeastern Westchester—an area due for rapid growth over the next two decades as part of the New York dormitory belt—many communities are miles from the nearest existing railroads, the Harlem division of the New York Central and the main line of the New Haven. A spur to the New Haven would not only help these communities grow, but prevent them from adding still more cars to New York streets.

Philadelphia is another city with a New Jersey problem. The Pennsylvania and Reading railroads serve many suburbs to the southwest, west, and north. But only one rail line crosses the Delaware into New Jersey, where many Philadelphia workers live. Additional lines into New Jersey would help reduce congestion in downtown Philadelphia and might well be included in the program of transportation improvements under consideration in Philadelphia.

Boston and its suburbs are served by a score of commuter lines operated by three railroads—one of the most complete commuter networks in the country. Trains from the south of Boston stop in one part of downtown Boston, and trains from the north in another. A tunnel between South and North Stations—originally proposed by a New Haven Railroad president more than forty-five years ago—would double the usefulness of the Boston commuter lines by allowing all of them to serve the entire downtown area.

For Chicago, Stanley Berge, professor of transportation at Northwestern University, recently proposed a highly imaginative suburban redevelopment scheme. Its main features are:

(1) Substantial addition to the extensive network of suburban rail lines Chicago already enjoys as the world's greatest rail center.

(2) Passenger conveyors across the downtown business district.

(3) Two tunnels to close gaps between the main railroad stations and thus allow commuter trains to run around a downtown loop (the way the Chicago "el" now goes).

The full plan would cost $500 million and take many years to complete. But some parts of it—such as the tunnels—could be started right away.

There are cities, of course, like Los Angeles, where traffic and transportation problems seem hopeless. On the other hand, the large cities of the Midwest—like St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis—have rail lines radiating out in every direction. With new signals and other modest alterations, many of these lines could be utilized for traffic-relieving commutation service. The needed improvements could be financed either through the commuter-service subsidy or through a public-ownership, lease-to-the-railroads arrangement.

As with the service subsidy, I cannot say just how much a rail-facility program of this kind would cost, since the price would also depend on how widely it was employed. Again, however, the cost would certainly be far less than the outlay required for vehicular-traffic facilities of equivalent carrying capacity.

Of course, neither of the measures I propose will finally "solve" the urban traffic problem. In a country that is still growing as swiftly as the United States, there will be no final solution to any major transportation problem. But with suitable public support, the railroads can provide frequent, low-cost, all-weather rail commuter service that will certainly take a lot of the pressure off the crowded streets.

THE LACE CURTAIN

WHEN we asked at the travel bureau in Rockefeller Center for road maps of the New England states, we received a cold reception. The clerks were able to give us only a general map, which surprised us because New England is famous for its tourist centers, which usually have detailed maps. Our American traveling companion, explaining the behavior of the clerks, said that New England is now almost closed to tourists. It would not be to the advantage of certain people in the United States for foreign tourists, particularly foreign journalists, to see the miserable conditions and impoverishment of the working people in these states. As regards Soviet journalists, the authorities purposely caused difficulties, and to overcome them took a great deal of our time and effort.

—From "The Dying Towns of the United States," in *Pravda,* January 16, 1955 *(News from Behind the Iron Curtain,* August 1955).



WARNING

to Women Traveling in Italy

By EDITH TEMPLETON

Drawing by N. M. Bodecker

TODAY there is less than an inch between my table and the one adjoining it, and the guest who occupies it is sitting practically at my side.

He is a handsome young ox of a man with large, blank eyes, wavy chestnut hair, and a well-rounded chin, which he tries to push out to make it look square and forceful. He also has a trick of hunching his shoulders forward in order to give himself an air of commanding virility.

He starts with the usual opening. Do I mind if he smokes? Then follows a conversation which is not new to me either, but I will give it in full because it is the prototype in cases like these and should be known, just as the Colosseum should be known as being the prototype of Victorian concert halls, or Venetian campaniles, which are the models for Victorian water towers.

First he holds forth on the merits of Italian cigarettes, and in what way they differ from English and American cigarettes, and so on. This cigarette lyric has two purposes: the performer establishes himself as a man of the world, and also he can thus impart to his audience all the countries he has visited, and draw exclamations like: "So you have been to Turkey? How interesting! Have you really?", and this gives him the chance of spending the rest of the time entertaining you with the extraordinary experiences he had there.

As I do not act my part, Spain and Africa have been mentioned and passed by, unsung and unlamented. Now that he has established himself as a seasoned traveler, he can turn his attention to me.

"Will you be staying long in Parma?"

"No, I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Couldn't you stay longer? Is it not a pity to leave now that we have met?"

"I cannot stay on. I must go to Mantua."

"Will you allow me to drive you there in my car?"

"No, this is impossible," I say. "I have already

booked my train ticket and I cannot disappoint the railways."

"Would you like it if I came to visit you in Mantua?"

I get so bored with this game of "Would I? No, I would not," that I say to him: "Look here, why do you want to bother with me? There are plenty of women in Parma. You cannot seriously tell me that you haven't seen a white woman for two days."

He says, with a frankness which is almost revolting: "Ah, yes, but you are a foreigner."

I understand.

Here I must touch upon a point of travel in Italy which has not been mentioned by any of the famous travelers, like Goethe, Heine, Smollett, and Lord Byron in past centuries, or by D. H. Lawrence or Aldous Huxley in the present. They could not mention it because they did not know it, and they did not know it because they were men. The point is: What is it like for a foreign woman to travel through Italy?

I think I am very well suited to make a few observations on this subject because I am a woman, and neither young nor beautiful. Therefore my experiences are, so to speak, the common denominator. If I had the face of a Garbo and the charm of a Marlene Dietrich I would never presume to generalize.

The foreign woman, be she fifteen or fifty, is highly prized as an acquisition by the Italian man. Often she is approached in the most harmless and impeccable manner but, whatever the opening, it is merely a short prelude. Very soon the Italian gets to the core of what is in his mind with a directness which some women find funny, some childish, some insulting, some disarmingly sincere, some flattering, some disgusting.

THE TIRELESS LOVER

FURTHERMORE, it is not only the speed and the directness of his approach, but also his perseverance, which the foreign woman finds astonishing.

It is quite a usual occurrence in, say, Florence and Venice, where the native men are specially foreigner-minded, that a man will follow a woman traveler through the streets for literally hours. Or, if he has found out where she lives, he will hang about in front of the house for literally days, hoping to find an occasion for catching sight of her and speaking to her. The traveler's hair will probably be wispy, her gray flannel skirt will be creased, and her blouse crumpled from frequent packing and unpacking. She will wear ugly and comfortable shoes because she has to walk miles a day through the heat, from one palace to another, and she will be aware of her dowdiness, as she observes the many young, pretty, well-groomed, and well-dressed Italian women who move through the same town as the foreigner and who yet are never being followed in the streets, are never pestered when they visit museums, are never chased when they sit down on a bench in a park.

The Italian seems to be blind to these ravishing creatures and the foreign woman is to him what the sun is to the sunflower. To her the Italian scene is peopled with men who try to make assignations. Even the policeman whom she has asked the way to Santa Croce regrets that as he is on duty he cannot accompany her now—but what about meeting in the evening? During my first stay in Italy I had experiences like these, and kept saying to myself: "This happens to me. But it does not happen to an Italian woman. Why? What is the matter with me? What have I done to make these men behave in such a forward manner?" and the whole time I felt I was playing a game of which I did not know the rules. "I travel alone. I like talking to people. Why am I not able to talk to Italians without giving them the idea that I am a tart who has reduced her fees?"

It took me several years to find the explanation, and what I offer here may not be the whole truth, but certainly is a great deal of it. The behavior of the Italian springs from two main streams: calculation and vanity.

His common sense tells him that he cannot go wrong if he has an affair with a foreigner traveling by herself. If she is married, there is no husband on the spot who could be awkward. If she is a young girl, she cannot make him marry her because she has not got the hold over him which an Italian woman has. She cannot set her whole family on his heels and threaten to blacken his name in the whole town. She cannot make trouble for him if there should be any consequences to the affair because she would find it impossible to sue him for paternity across a thousand miles.

In other words, he can behave as irresponsibly as he wants to and he knows that no punishment will befall him.

With his own countrywomen, things are different. Hardly has he been seen promenading on the Corso with a young girl than Mama will already want to know what his intentions are. And if, by a lucky chance, Mama does not get

onto his scent, the girl herself will put in some good work and dissolve into tears and throw scenes in order to make him declare himself, and he will have to fight for every kiss. But most often he will not even get as far as this. Much as she might like to, a young Italian girl cannot afford to have a lover. Towns are small and life is narrow, and once she is known to have slipped, her chances of ever getting married are poor. No wonder that the realistic Italian thinks that a foreigner in the hand is better than two lovely Italian girls in the bush.

Add to this the fact that the young Italian has been brought up on brothels and is, therefore, not choosy. He is as sensitive to beauty in woman as any other man, but owing to his amatory upbringing he has learned to compromise.

Now we come to the other mainspring, governed by vanity. This is maintained by a long tradition. For centuries Italy has been the education and playground of the young Northerner of good family, English, German, and Scandinavian. This gave birth to the very understandable belief among Italians that every Englishman was a "Milord," and monstrously rich into the bargain. A tradition like this does not die easily. Even today, when travel abroad is no longer a privilege of the ruling class, the Italian has not yet weaned himself from this prejudice. Also, since America has become a world power there has been a steady industry of providing husbands of noble Italian birth for American heiresses, All this is so familiar to the average Italian that it becomes a matter of prestige to hook a foreign woman, no matter for how short a time. It is a conquest to be shown off on the Corso, to be bragged about in the café, to be boasted of not only to friends but to acquaintances.

HOW TO SAY NO

BUT, you will say, surely it takes two to make a love affair. Of course it does.

Consider the ordinary English or German girl. Quite pretty, quite pleasant, but not very striking. In her own country she has had to work hard to find admirers. Her escorts to dances and parties did not grow on trees. In a discreet way she has had to chase the men and she has never been chased herself. Now she comes to Italy. She is told she is beautiful and that men swoon at her sight. She is told that her charms make a man's blood run hot. She is showered with attentions such as she never knew before—and I must admit that, when an Italian wants to be attentive and devoted, he is much better at it than other men. To him this is all routine; but the young girl does not stop to think, that, if he had not made the same identical protestations of love a hundred times before, he would not be so good at it.

And so, even if her admirer does not particularly appeal to her, her head will be turned and she will be an easy conquest.

Or take the other extreme, that is the case of a wealthy woman of about fifty who has been a good wife and mother for the last thirty years, who finds herself widowed and wants to see the world. After having lived for so long with a bore she will fall even more easily than the young woman. Contrary to common belief, it is not the young who yearn for romance; it is the middle-aged.

And the harder she is on the surface, the softer she will be in her heart. The grimly efficient career woman who has looked after a business with all the ruses of a masculine brain, and who could see through a confidence trickster in half a minute, will lose herself to the Italian who is nothing more than an amorous confidence man. His job is easy. The well-worn clichés work well when nature does his wooing for him, with silky air, moonlight on ruins, and the lapping of waves against a distant shore.

The disintegration is quick. I remember once, in Taormina in Sicily, a Swedish countess of about fifty who was cashing a check in front of me at the bank. She was got up like a widow of royalty in ankle-length black draperies, a widow's cap with a heart-shaped peak pointing down the forehead, and a black veil. She was chatting with the cashier, and from her talk I gathered that she had just arrived in Taormina and intended to look for a house, to settle down in modest retirement.

I returned to Taormina half a year later. Like so many of her kind before her, she had become one of the sights of the village. Not only had she shed her weeds but she had been forced to take a short trip to Sweden in order to sell some securities because her Taorminese lover cost her very dear. So exuberant had she become that she used to enter shops, stop on the threshold, throw herself into a mock operatic attitude, and sing as though she were on the stage: "Be greeted, good people. My husband is dead."

My advice to the woman tourist who is pestered in the street by an Italian is: do not try to ignore him. If you do he may follow you

for hours and spoil the whole afternoon for you. When he comes out with his usual request to be allowed to accompany you, say something like:

"Alas, it is not possible."

"But why is it not possible?"

"Because I am on my way to meet my lover."

"Perhaps I am better than your lover. Is he nice?"

Put a hand on your heart, turn your eyes heavenward and say: "He is—I can't tell you how wonderful."

This will get rid of him. I guarantee the success.

In cases like these, Italians are like children. It is not enough to say No. "How no?" they will say. They must know why it is No. And they will go to great lengths to sway you.

Once in Naples I was pursued by one of the porters in my hotel.

At first I said to him: "It's no use, you know. You will not get any money out of me."

"Ah, but I am not thinking of money."

"Sweet of you," I said, "but even so, forget about it."

"I am even prepared to spend money on you, madam. If it embarrasses you to see me in this hotel I will take a room in another hotel. Will you let me?"

"No," I said.

He made his last bid. "Look here, madam. I am a very good lover. Please try me. As you know, I am employed in this hotel. If you are not satisfied with me you can complain to the *padrone* and he will give me the sack."

If you are a stay-at-home do not be impressed by your friend who returns from Italy full of "adventures." My mother had a word for it. She would say:

"What do you mean by 'adventures'? She just does not know how to say No."

From AMERICAN PANELS by Ernest Kroll

Marine

The cabin cruiser
Sleeps four;
The ocean,
More.



Armored Car

Safe from the touch of sun, of rust,
Safer from the reach of man,
The coins together in the van
Sing, "In God We Trust."

Crab Grass

On hands and knees upon the green,
The weeder doubts his trouble's worth,
Suspecting when he's off the scene
Weeds shall inherit the earth.

Diner

Its final stop beside the pines,
The trolley car forswears the street,
Lowers its destination signs,
Breaks out the flag of "EAT."

Church Supper

To congregate below the street
And dine from plates upon the knees
Is secretly believed to ease
The soul beyond the pearly gates.

Leonard Engel

Heart Surgery:

A new attack on our Number 1 Killer

A handful of youthful doctors—working against considerable opposition—have pioneered a series of breathlessly dramatic operations . . . which already are saving thousands of lives.

LIKE the Army, hospital operating rooms have rank: orderlies and student nurses at the bottom; then graduate nurses; then interns, the wet-behind-the-ears second lieutenants of the medical world; next, surgical residents and anesthesiologists, who are the first lieutenants and captains; finally, the battalion commander, the surgeon. As in the Army, however—where the major of air-borne troops outshines the mere major of infantry—there are surgeons and surgeons. In 1957 the Prince of the Operating Room, the man the big-league hospital can't afford to be without, is the heart surgeon.

Heart surgeons owe their new star-touched status to a breath-quickening fact. In the space of a decade, surgery of the human heart has graduated from the class of the unusual and unlikely, into an established practice. Operations around, on, and within the heart are being done at a rate of many thousands a year. At half-a-dozen institutions, "open-heart" surgery—with a heart-lung machine keeping the patient alive, while the surgeon works inside the heart—is being done several times a week. At still others, the heart is stopped altogether, then started again after the surgeon has finished.

The cardiac surgeon has strategems and techniques for overcoming about three-quarters of inborn heart defects and the commonest form of rheumatic heart disease. Now it seems likely that surgical remedies will even be found (indeed, may already have been found) for some cases of coronary disease. The latter—the underlying cause of coronary thrombosis and other diseases of the heart artery—is the most widespread of diseases of the heart, responsible currently for upwards of 400,000 deaths a year in the United States alone. All at once, heart surgery is not only remarkable; it has become a part of the everyday battle for life.

Bringing heart surgery to this point took a lot of doing. There were immense problems to be solved. There were tragic failures and brilliant successes. Above all, there were desperately sick patients pleading for help at any cost, and surgeons with the courage to plunge ahead—frequently over the open opposition of colleagues.

Just how far have the heart surgeons come, up to now? What can we rightly hope for in their strategic attack on the greatest killer in the Western world?

BAD HEARTS FROM BIRTH

HEART surgery began in a substantial way less than twenty years ago. In 1883, Theodor Billroth of Germany, one of the outstanding figures of nineteenth-century surgery, threatened professional excommunication to any surgeon rash enough to suture a heart wound. Thirteen years later, the British physician Stephen Paget predicted that the heart would never be operated on safely. Billroth's and Paget's warnings put the heart out of bounds to surgeons for nearly fifty years, except for an occasional operation (done despite Billroth) to sew up a stab wound. By the mid-1930s, though, modern methods of blood transfusion and anesthesia and other new aids to surgery were making surgeons bolder. Moreover, surgery was clearly the only possible answer to one form of heart disease.

This was the congenital kind. Approximately one child in every 125 is born with one or more defects in the architecture of the heart or the great vessels associated with it—the pulmonary artery (which carries blood from the heart to the lungs) and the aorta (which carries it from the heart to the body). Without aid, half of these babies do not make it to the first birthday, and few reach their teens.

Drugs cannot correct inborn errors in the architecture of the heart; but surgery might. The challenge of congenital heart disease was taken up at the logical place by the logical man in the logical way. The place was Children's Hospital, Boston, one of the complex of hospitals

around Harvard's old but still bold-and-pioneering medical school. The man was Dr. Robert E. Gross, pupil of Dr. William Ladd, trail-breaker in infant and child surgery.

Dr. Gross decided to begin with an anomaly of the great vessels rather than with the more difficult problem of a defect in the heart itself. Specifically, he chose "patent ductus arteriosus," an abnormal opening between the aorta and pulmonary artery. A patent ductus leads to severe damage to the blood vessels of the lungs and predisposes to dangerous infections of the heart.

Dr. Gross performed the first operation for closing an open ductus (and thereby giving these youngsters a normal circulation for the first time in their lives) in 1938. Today, the operation is part of the surgical repertory in scores of hospitals. It has been performed upon thousands of children and some hundreds of adult survivors from the pre-ductus-surgery era. *Under favorable circumstances, the mortality rate is well under the rate for major abdominal surgery.*

The striking success of the Children's Hospital surgeon stimulated, over the next ten years, the development of procedures for dealing with other defects. These procedures, however, still involved congenital defects of the great vessels or operations on the great vessels. For instance, the widely-known "blue baby" operation devised by Drs. Alfred Blalock and Helen B. Taussig of Johns Hopkins was designed to relieve the effects of a set of heart defects called the tetralogy of Fallot; but the operation is performed on arteries outside the heart. Cardiac surgeons were not quite ready to operate on the heart itself or to move on to heart diseases other than congenital heart disease.

Both steps were taken simultaneously in 1948. The new kind of heart disease taken on by the surgeons was mitral stenosis, a form of rheumatic heart disease. Mitral stenosis is the narrowing of the mitral valve, which controls the flow of blood through the left side of the heart—the high-pressure side that pumps blood to all the body (except the lungs) through the aorta. The cause of mitral stenosis is rheumatic inflammation, which welds the valve leaflets into a nearly immovable stone-like mass instead of permitting them to open and close with the flow of blood. The result is a crippling diminution of the flow of blood, overloading of the heart, and premature death.

Early in 1948, Dr. Horace G. Smithy, Jr., of South Carolina (who was to die of rheumatic heart disease himself a few months later) successfully reopened a patient's stenosed mitral valve. In June of the same year, similar operations were performed by two other surgeons, Dr. Charles P. Bailey of Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, and Dr. Dwight Harken of Harvard.

The three surgeons employed somewhat different techniques. Dr. Bailey's is the one in widest use now. To reopen the mitral valve, a small incision is made in the tip of the left auricle, the receiving chamber for blood on the left side of the heart. The surgeon inserts his finger—armed with a special knife—through the incision and into the valve inside the heart. The knife is then manipulated to open the valve.

Mitral commissurotomy (as the Bailey operation is known) sounds hair-raising. But it has been performed more often than all other heart operations together and, in expert hands, is effective and quite safe. In grade II and III stenotics (patients going downhill, but not yet wholly incapacitated by their disease), the mortality rate is about that of other major surgery (1 to 2 per cent); and *three-quarters are restored to normal or near-normal living.* In fact, in less than a decade, several score of young women—including Dr. Bailey's first successful patient—have borne babies after recovering from this operation.

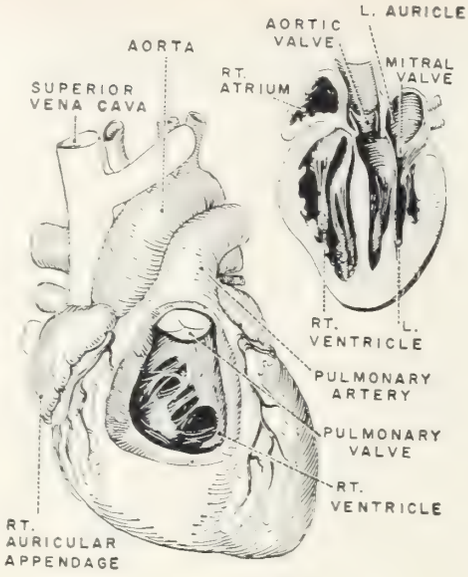
OPENING UP A HEART

WITHIN a few years of the Smithy-Bailey-Harken penetration of the heart, operations were developed for remedying a number of other defects—inborn and acquired—within the heart, or requiring an approach through it. Drs. Bailey and Gross devised separate procedures for closing atrial defects (holes in the partition between the right and left auricles, a congenital defect). Dr. Bailey worked out a method of relieving aortic-valve stenosis (a consequence, usually, of rheumatic heart disease). Sir Russell Brock, the noted English cardiac surgeon, found a way to open stenotic pulmonary-artery valves (an inborn anomaly). There were other new cardiac surgical procedures as well.

These operations were remarkably ingenious and helped a good number of patients. But they were considerably less than ideal, for they were "closed" procedures; that is, they were carried out by sense of touch, either from outside the heart or through an incision just large enough to admit a slender instrument or one or more fingers. The surgeon could not see what he was doing or really be certain of effecting a good repair. For that reason, the results of some of

these operations have been quite uneven. As we shall see, moreover, there are heart defects and injuries that *ought* to be remediable by surgery, but which cannot be dealt with by any conceivable closed operation.

What was needed was a method of draining and opening the heart and operating on it under direct vision, as any other organ in the body. Several methods of doing this now exist. But their achievement cost a long and frequently bitter struggle.



The problem, of course, is that the function of the heart may not be interrupted for more than a very few moments without disastrous consequences. Extensive investigations have shown that many tissues can survive for quite considerable periods without a continuous supply of freshly oxygenated blood. Provided it is doing no work (*i.e.,* pumping no blood), even heart muscle can probably go bloodless for fifteen or twenty minutes without harm. The brain, however, is a different matter; under ordinary conditions, the safe limit for brain tissue is under four minutes.

Curiously, among possible solutions of the problem, the last starter was the first into the operating room. This was hypothermia, the artificial lowering of body temperature. Hypothermia—which is generally carried out by placing the patient in a rubber blanket through which cold water is circulated—originated as a means of combating shock during major operations. It also lowers the demand of tissues for oxygen, so lengthens the period they may survive without oxygenated blood.

At a body temperature of 84 degrees Fahrenheit—not quite 15 degrees below normal—the blood flow can be stopped safely for eight minutes. In eight minutes, a fast operator can open the heart, make a simple repair inside, and close up and start the flow of blood again. In the hands of two surgeons in particular—Dr. F. John Lewis, until recently of Minnesota, now at Northwestern, and Dr. Henry Swan of the University of Colorado—hypothermia has been an effective means of repairing atrial defects.

But hypothermia was not the right solution to the open-heart surgery problem. For one thing, eight minutes is not enough to deal with surprises—defects more complex than diagnostic reports had led the surgeon to expect. For another, the main pumping chambers of the heart, the ventricles, cannot be opened without danger under hypothermia; thus defects in the ventricles were still beyond repair.

The problem has finally been solved by the development of heart-lung machines—astonishing devices that pump blood and also breathe for the patient. With their aid, surgeons can operate in literally any part of the heart, and for as long as an hour.

In "The Automatic Heart" (in *Harper's* for June 1952) I gave an account of early work on heart-lung machines. I told why it had to be a heart-*lung* machine and not just a heart machine (because of the heart's anatomy, a substitute for the heart alone would be in the surgeon's way); and how, though suitable pumps were not hard to come by, duplicating the function of the lungs was difficult. I wrote especially of Dr. J. H. Gibbon of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, who had virtually single-handedly opened the field of heart-lung machine research in 1935 and who, by 1952, had a device that seemed nearly ready for the operating room.

Dr. Gibbon first employed his machine for a human patient in the spring of 1953. That patient died, and so did several others before the first success. The historic successful patient was a young woman with a huge opening between the auricles (atrial defect). On May 16, as the machine whirred away, keeping her alive, Dr. Gibbon opened her heart and with deliberation and care stitched the defect shut.

Dr. Gibbon's hard luck with his other patients probably had little to do with the intrinsic qualities of his machine. Gibbon pump-oxygenators are being used with success at the Mayo Clinic today. The trouble was, most likely, the condition of his patients (all were near death before entering the operating room) and the state of the art of managing cardiac-surgery patients in 1953. The difficulties of the man who had labored so hard and so long nevertheless plunged heart-lung machine researchers into gloom. As 1954 began, nearly all despaired of ever making an effective stand-in for the heart and lungs.

But rescue was to come, with surprising speed and in astonishing form. That spring, four University of Minnesota surgeons—Drs. C. Wal-

ton Lillehei, Richard L. Varco, Morley Cohen, and Herbert Warden—went into the operating room with a bold expedient tested for months in the animal laboratory—hooking up the blood vessels of the patient to the blood vessels of a "donor" who would breathe for the patient during the operation.

The technique is called cross-circulation. It was used some forty-five times in the next dozen months. With it, the Minnesota group carried out surgical repairs, for the first time in medical history, inside the ventricles. With it, the group demonstrated also that even the sick heart can be by-passed with comparative safety.

The effect was to re-stimulate interest in heart-lung apparatus—not least at Minnesota itself, where three additional methods of by-pass were soon worked out. One was an extraordinarily simple heart-lung machine devised by Dr. Lillehei and a young Minnesota resident, Dr. Richard B. De Wall. It consists of little more than a pair of pumps (one to draw blood from the patient and the other to return it) and a few feet of plastic tubing. Oxygen is bubbled into the blood in one section of tubing; excess oxygen is removed, with the aid of an anti-foam chemical, in another section.

The Lillehei–De Wall heart-lung machine was introduced in June 1955, and has performed well in some three hundred open-heart operations at Minnesota and elsewhere to date. With this device, Drs. Lillehei, Varco, and others have carried out a lengthening list of hitherto impossible heart repairs. For example, they have repaired ventricular flaws and corrected the main defects in "blue baby" disease (rather than merely palliating them, as in the earlier Blalock operation). There have been deaths, to be sure, but few, if any, that involved the machine.

In fact, heart-lung machines as well as open-heart operations are becoming positively commonplace. In a recent run-through of medical journals, I counted seven distinct *types* of heart-lung machines—beside the Gibbon and Minnesota devices—that have been used with at least some success in recent months. It would seem that there are many ways to skin a cat, especially after a couple of fellows have showed how.

THE SURGEON'S FAITH

THE most fascinating character in the drama of heart surgery is, of course, the man who does it. Cardiac surgery is still a small enough field so that I can say I have met and visited and talked at length with a majority of the men who have made significant contributions to it.

Nearly all cardiac surgeons are young. The founding fathers—men like Dr. Gross of Boston Children's and Dr. Blalock of Hopkins—are in their fifties. The recent headliners—such as Dr. Lillehei and Dr. John W. Kirklin of the Mayo Clinic—are mainly in their late thirties or early forties. So far as I can find out, there is in the United States no heart surgeon old enough to retire.

Some cardiac surgeons are flamboyant, like the two well-known Eastern heart surgeons who have entertained medical meetings for a decade with a ferocious running feud. Some are the very model of the Ivy League doctor. The other striking characteristic of cardiac surgeons, besides youth, is a strong belief in the rightness of what they are doing—which is another way of saying they have courage. There are no mice in cardiac surgery.

The heart, however, is at the center of life and the frontier of surgery. In spite of the fact that it is the patient's blood on the floor, no surgeon approaches the heart (at least for the first several hundred times) without an inward quiver of fear. Moreover, the medical doctor—on whom the surgeon depends for cases—will often be reluctant to send patients to heart surgery.

Indeed, some medical men are openly hostile to heart surgery, especially of the experimental kind. They point out that new heart operations inevitably involve deaths—sometimes a substantial number of deaths—however carefully rehearsed and studied in the animal laboratory (because experimental animals cannot be an exact equivalent of sick human beings). These men feel that it is usually better to keep the patient alive as long as possible (if only for a few months) by medical treatment than to risk immediate death in the operating room.

The wisdom of sending a given patient to heart surgery can certainly be a perplexing and painful question to decide. I mention it not to judge between heart surgeons and medical men, or to decry medical conservatism (which has its proper place), but to make another point. To bring cardiac surgery to its present state, heart surgeons have not only had to resolve their own doubts. They have frequently had to overcome open opposition from medical colleagues and hospital officials as well.

In the Philadelphia area, there are several hospitals where Dr. Bailey—the mitral commissurotomy man—is now a power and, within limits, can do very nearly anything he wants. He

faced a rather different situation eight and a half years ago.

Dr. Bailey performed his first successful mitral-valve operation on June 10, 1948. It was actually his fifth commissurotomy. The first four patients died.

These deaths led to Dr. Bailey's ouster from three of the five hospitals where he had operating privileges. Another failure would close all Philadelphia to him. To guarantee himself one more chance, Dr. Bailey resorted to a bold maneuver. He scheduled his fifth commissurotomy for the same day as the fourth, so that he could get the fifth one done before word reached the hospital of the outcome of the fourth.

To do what he did, Dr. Bailey had to believe that he was right—as he was. But all cardiac surgeons must believe strongly in what they are doing. A few minutes' conversation with any one of them makes it clear that they do.

THE OPERATING THEATER

THE ingenious procedures surgeons have devised for operating in and around the heart—as well as the cardiac surgeons themselves—are only part of the story. Like other recent developments in medicine, heart surgery depends upon a complex of advances in related fields.

This kind of surgery in particular owes much to anesthesia techniques that have made it possible to open the chest safely; to modern methods of blood transfusion (sizable volumes of blood are usually needed during heart operations); and to greatly improved methods of preparing patients before operation and caring for them afterward. Above all, heart surgery would be unthinkable without means of detecting and identifying surgically correctible heart lesions—procedures like cardiac catheterization, the tube-in-the-heart method that recently won a German physician and two Columbia University professors the Nobel prize. This technique locates heart defects from pressure readings and blood samples taken through the tube.

In short, heart surgery requires many skills beside those of the heart surgeon himself. This is nowhere clearer than on the stage where the climax of the heart surgery drama takes place—in the operating room.

A heart operation is a team affair. As many as a dozen men and women will be in the operating room, especially if a heart-lung machine is to be used. There will be a surgeon or even two (as at the University of Minnesota, where Drs. Lillehei and Varco frequently work across the table from each other), and two or three surgical residents to assist the surgeons. Two "sterile" nurses are generally needed to pass instruments to the men at the table, and also a "circulating" nurse to bring in fresh supplies and take away used instruments. At the head of the operating table will be the anesthesiologist and an assistant (a resident physician studying anesthesiology); they not only administer the anesthesia, but act as "physiological bookkeepers" for the operation, keeping track of blood losses, blood and fluids administered, and so on. Last but not least, there will be another resident and perhaps a technician to man the heart-lung machine.

A heart operation usually takes between two and a half and four hours. An hour is needed to work down, layer by layer, through the muscles and tissues of the chest to expose the heart; the chest must be dissected carefully, in a way that will allow it to function normally when put together again.

Now the sac around the heart is opened, laying bare the heart itself. In healthy individuals, the heart is somewhat larger than the fist and a glistening pink in color. In patients needing heart surgery, it is often enormous (I have seen a boy with a heart as large as his lung) and a sick purplish blue in hue.

The surgeon connects the heart-lung machine to veins from which blood will be collected, and the artery to which the blood, refreshed with oxygen, will be returned. The surgeon calls, "Pump on!" Under the watchful eye of its crew, the heart-lung machine whirs into life.

In a moment, the heart is free of blood. It continues to beat, to be sure, but much less strongly. The color is lighter, too.

Let us say the patient on the table is a child with an opening in the wall between the ventricles. To expose it, the surgeon makes a long incision in the right ventricle. The defect can be seen plainly; it is nearly the size of a half-dollar—much too large simply to be sewn shut. So the surgeon shuts it with a plug of plastic sponge cut to shape and carefully stitched into place.

Then the ventricle is closed, the surgeon calls "Pump off!", and the heart-lung machine is disconnected. The surgery within the heart took fourteen minutes—about par for the repair of a ventricular defect. Only in repairing certain complex defects is it necessary to use the heart-lung machine as long as three-quarters of an hour.

What happens from now on is essentially anticlimax, though each step must be taken

with deliberate and delicate care. About an hour later—literally as the surgeon ties off the last stitch to close the chest wall—the patient opens his eyes. (Anesthesia is kept light nowadays; it's safer that way.) The anesthesiologist gets the youngster (who is still groggy and feels no pain) to say a few words to make sure he is all right.

For the next twenty-four hours, the youngster is in the post-anesthesia recovery room, where equipment and personnel specially trained in dealing with post-operative emergencies stand by continuously. Then, three days or so in the hands of private nurses experienced in nursing heart-surgery patients. Finally, three to five weeks later, he leaves the hospital, his future immeasurably brightened by a truly great feat of the healing arts. In all, some thirty or forty highly skilled individuals will have had a quite direct part at some point in the intricate process of repairing his heart.

NEW BLOOD VESSELS?

IT WAS remarked earlier that heart surgeons are now able to repair, by one means or another, defects responsible for about 75 per cent of congenital heart disease, and to relieve narrowing of the mitral valve, the commonest consequence of rheumatic heart disease. And the horizon is widening constantly.

For instance, instead of narrowing them, rheumatic heart disease often causes heart valves to leak, *i.e.,* to allow blood to flow backwards. Considerable progress has already been made in methods of patching up leaky valves or in replacing them altogether with plastic substitutes.

Another striking recent development is "elective cardiac arrest"—stopping the heart altogether with drugs during repair, then starting it again when the mending job is done. (A heart-lung machine carries on for the patient meanwhile, as in conventional open-heart surgery.) The stopped-heart technique was introduced into the United States last spring at the Cleveland Clinic, from England, where it originated. Surgeons are still divided about its merits. Stopped-heart surgery simplifies some operations, but perhaps at an added risk.

Most exciting of recent developments, however, is the prospect that heart surgery may soon have a place in the management of the Number 1 heart-killer, coronary disease. Actually, surgical techniques for treating coronary disease already exist. The question is, do they work? Specifically, do they work well enough to warrant the hazards of a major operation?

In coronary disease, the primary difficulty is the formation of fatty deposits in the coronary arteries, the vessels which supply the heart muscle with blood; as a result, the heart muscle is deprived of an adequate supply of blood. Disability and death follow if a large enough part of the heart muscle is deprived of blood.

Logically, coronary disease ought to be dealt with by prevention rather than surgery, and much research toward this end is under way. Still, great numbers of people already have coronary disease. They cannot be ignored.

Surgeons have taken two approaches to the treatment of coronary disease. One is the provision of a new blood vessel system for the heart. This is the purpose of the well-known talc operation of Dr. Samuel A. Thompson of New York Medical College, the several procedures of Dr. Claude S. Beck of Western Reserve, and the artery-transplant operation of Dr. Arthur Vineberg of McGill University. The other surgical approach to coronary disease is the direct removal of coronary-artery obstructions. It was accomplished in man for the first time just a few months ago by Philadelphia's Dr. Bailey, who used a reaming-out technique conceived by a young San Franciscan, Dr. Angelo May.

Cardiologists and surgeons alike have been doubtful that the new-blood-vessel operations either add to the heart muscle's blood supply or help the patient. Last October, though, the American College of Surgeons heard evidence that some of these operations do promote the formation of new blood vessels and have helped carefully selected patients, disabled by coronary disease, back on their feet. "I won't say they have earned a place in the treatment of coronary disease," a distinguished cardiologist commented. "But there may well be something there and, with care, they seem safe enough. The time has come to try them on more patients in more hospitals."

As for the May-Bailey operation, at the time of writing Dr. Bailey had performed it on three patients only. Three patients are too few, and the time since operation has been far too short to answer two key questions: do reamed-out coronary arteries stay open, and are patients really helped? But Drs. Bailey and May have answered the first question about operations directly on the coronary arteries. They can be done. Thus, Drs. Bailey and May have made it more probable than ever that heart surgeons will some day have much to say about coronary disease, too.

First of two articles about herself by

GYPSY ROSE LEE

Stranded in Kansas City

or, a fate worse than Vaudeville

A personal account of the turning point in the career of the most famous—and wittiest—practitioner of a unique American art form: The Strip Tease.

MY SISTER, June, was thirteen years old when she eloped with one of the boys in our vaudeville act. I was fifteen and a half. There was no act left, without June, until Mother decided, one day, to pick up the tangled threads of her life, as she put it, and organize another company. The new act was all girls. (Mother wasn't taking any more chances.) It was named "Madam Rose's Dancing Daughters." Mother had called herself Madam Rose for many years—ever since we headlined on the Orpheum Circuit. There were six girls in the new act besides me. Mother found them in dancing schools and amateur contests in Seattle, our home town. None of them received a salary; Mother convinced their parents the experience the girls would receive would be worth more than money.

The oldest girl, little Mary, was sixteen, but so tiny everyone thought she couldn't be over ten. Two of the girls, Nancy and Millie, were sisters. They were comediennes in the act so they didn't have to be pretty. Nancy's blond head sat on her long, thin neck like a jonquil. Millie sang June's comedy number and did a bustle dance with me. The braces on her teeth added to the comic effect. None of the girls could do my sister's ballad about her little dog, but Ruby did a contortion dance in place of it. Contortionists didn't have to be pretty, either. Ruby's neck was even longer than Nancy's. Her legs were long too and thin, with red chapped knees that looked like candied apples on sticks. The brassière part of her costume was ruffled to hide the two tiny swellings that embarrassed her when she did the back bends.

Then there was Dorothy with her big brown eyes and sweet little singing voice and Hazel, the only one of the girls with any stage experience. Hazel, who was thirteen, had appeared in six dancing-school recitals. She learned June's Russian toe tap dance, minus the more difficult steps, and appeared in the walking doll number and the Military Finale, where we all did a drill complete with gilded guns and costumes that lighted up in the dark spelling out the name of the act in radium letters on our backs. I sang "I'm a Hard-boiled Rose" in a striped skirt and comedy jacket. I had been doing the same number since I was four years old—mainly because I couldn't learn a new one.

Mother had been told, before we left Seattle, that talking pictures were killing vaudeville, but she wouldn't believe it. "They said the same thing about radio," Mother replied. "We weathered that storm and we'll weather the talkies, too. Nothing will ever take the place of flesh."

In Yuma, Arizona, I bleached all the girls' heads until they were albino-like and we changed the name of the act to "Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes," but with all of that, and Mother's confidence and salesmanship, she still couldn't find bookings. The few places we did play only confirmed the fact that our new act was a dismal failure.

Mother sat on the foot of the bed in our hotel room in Kansas City and counted the money again. There was eleven dollars and eighty cents left. She put it back in the shabby gray suede

money belt and fastened the strap around her waist. "It's always darkest before dawn," she said cheerfully to the girls who watched her with wide frightened eyes. "You'll see," she added, "God won't let a little act like ours lay off."

The phone rang and Mother ran to it. "What did I tell you?" she said triumphantly as she took down the receiver.

"Now here's the deal, Rose," the agent was saying on the phone in a loud shrill voice. "They bought some act out of Chicago but because of the snow storm the act can't make it. It's for a full week, right here in the city, two shows a day—"

"What is the salary?" Mother asked.

"Well," he replied, "I might as well be frank with ya, it's short money, but you gotta look at it like this, two shows a day, right here in town—"

"What," Mother repeated, "is the money?"

"Three hundred," the agent said.

We had been asking for five and taking two fifty. Mother tried to keep the elation out of her voice. "As a personal favor to you, Sam, we'll take it."

"Fine. Now write this down, it's the Missouri Theater, Tenth and Missouri Avenue. Rehearsal at twelve noon, sharp. I'll meet you there with the contracts."

Little Mary grabbed up her long underwear and began pulling it on. "I'm glad it isn't another night club," she said, wrapping the leg of the underwear neatly around her ankle and holding it in place while she unrolled the brown stocking over the fold. "I don't think my parents would like me working in a night club."

AT A quarter of twelve we were on our way to the theater, all except Hazel, who had been sent on ahead in a taxi with the scenery and costumes. We all wore scarves tied twice around our necks and fastened with safety pins. Under them, pinned to our underwear we each wore a small bag filled with camphor cubes, which was Mother's precaution against pneumonia. The dogs wore two sweaters each. It was very cold and my hand, carrying the bag with Porky, our performing pig, was almost frozen in its mitten. I shifted the bag to my other hand and Porky made an angry oinking noise. His pink snout pressed close to the air hole looked like a rosebud.

Dorothy, carrying two of the dolls and the gilded guns, ran up beside me. "Wait for me, Louise. I don't want to walk alone on this awful looking street."

I hadn't noticed anything unusual until she



mentioned it, but then I saw what she meant. There was something sinister about it. The all-night movie theater we were passing, for instance, with the lurid pictures out front advertising "Pitfalls of Passion."

We passed a barber shop with a sign in the window reading: "Tattooing Artfully Done." Samples of the artist's work decorated the sign. One was of a woman clinging to a rock with MOTHER written under it, the other, a dagger being thrust through the skin of an arm.

Nancy let out a whoop. "There it is, there's the theater!" she yelled.

Next door to a hotel advertising beds for fifty cents was the Missouri Theater. In electric lights was the word BURLESQUE. Mother closed her eyes, then opened them, as though in that time the sight ahead might have been altered. A canvas banner hanging from the marquee read:

40 girls 40
Burlesque As You Like It
40 Girls 40

"Burlesque," Mother gasped. "Sam wouldn't dare do a thing like this to us."

She advanced on the theater, a steely glint in her eyes. Stopping at the stage-entrance alley she gave Millie the dogs' leashes. "Wait here," she said, "and stay close together. I'm going in to get Hazel." She made it sound as though she was about to rescue Hazel from a burning building, but I knew exactly how she felt. Vaudeville performers looked down on Burlesque. For an act to play such a theater was professional suicide. Mother took a deep breath before she opened the stage door and strode purposefully through it.

While we waited, the girls and I watched a man on a ladder adjust an electric fan under the marquee of the theater. He was aiming the breeze from it down on a larger-than-life-sized photograph of a blond woman who wore nothing but a triangle patch where she should have worn panties and two smaller patches for a brassière. Another man was nailing black silk tassels to the brassière part of the photograph. As he stepped aside the breeze from the fan picked up the tassels and made them spin like windmills.

The girls and I inched closer to the lobby so we could see more. The animated picture of the blonde had silver flittered letters nailed around the head, and above it in flittered letters that sparkled like rhinestones, was her billing: *Tessie, the Tassel Twirler.*

Inside the lobby there were other life-sized photographs. The women in them were all half-naked; each of them peeked out from behind something such as a parasol, a fur muff, or a balloon. Millie, her eyes like saucers, nudged me.

"Look at that!" she said pointing to an easel that read *"Wine, Women and Song. Beauty! Form! Shimmy!"* At the bottom of a long list of names was "Rose Louise and her Hollywood Blondes."

"We're not even headlining," Millie whispered. "Wait'll Madam Rose sees that."

We scooted back to where Mother had told us to wait, and just in time, too. Mother, holding Hazel by the arm, was marching up the stage alley. At the same moment a taxi stopped at the curb and Sam, the agent, got out.

"Did ya bring the pictures for the lobby?" he asked.

"Pictures?" Mother said, glaring at him. "Do you think for one minute I'd let these innocent little girls play this filthy dive?"

"Dive?" Sam repeated. "This happens to be one a the cream de la cream houses on the whole Burlesque wheel. Plenty of acts'ed give their eye teeth to play this theater."

"Not our little act!" Mother said. "Come along girls, we're going back to the hotel!"

"Now wait a minute," the agent said. "I okayed this deal. You walk out on me and I'll blacklist you in every theater in Kansas City—"

Little Mary began to cry. "What are we going to do, Madam Rose?" she wailed. "Where can we go? We're stranded!"

The word stranded was all the other girls needed. They weren't sure what it meant, neither was little Mary, but it had a terrifying ring to it. Nancy's face screwed up, then she began to blubber and they all started. The agent, his polo coat flying behind him, ran from one girl to another pleading with them to be quiet. "Not in front a the theater," he begged. "If you gotta bawl, for crissake bawl inside, we got trouble enough with the cops. Let's go inside, Rose, and talk it over."

Mother pulled her arm away from his hand. "I'd rather starve first!"

"Well, I wouldn't," I said, and the sound of my own voice startled me. For the first time in my life I had contradicted Mother. "I mean it," I said. "I'm tired of starving to death. That's all we've been doing for years—even before June left us—"

Mother caught her breath in a tight gasp, and I was afraid for a moment she was going to have an asthma attack.

"You don't know what you're saying," she cried. "Something will turn up. It always has and it always will."

"Nothing better is ever going to turn up for us, Mother. There's no place left for us to work any more." I picked up Porky's bag and walked toward the stage entrance. "We'll play the date," I told the agent. "We need the money."

As I walked down the alley I knew Mother and the girls were following me because I heard Mother sobbing.

THERE was a star on the door, but even so it was the dirtiest dressing-room I had ever seen. Mother wrinkled up her nose at the stale, sour odor. I hesitated in the doorway, "The doorman told us to take one of the empty rooms," I said.

For an answer Mother moved a few of the sweat-stained, sleazy costumes to make room on the hooks for ours. I took Porky out of his bag and tied him to a pipe under the sink, along with the dogs. Ruby, surveying the littered make-up shelf, picked up a glittering patch of rhinestones and held it to her thin neck.

"It's kind a big for a necklace," she murmured.

"Put that down!" Mother commanded. "Don't touch anything in this room that doesn't belong to you. You don't know *what* you might catch!"

A blond woman wearing a black satin dress stood framed in the doorway, her hands on her big soft-looking hips. "Of all the gawddamn nerve," she said. "The only thing you'll catch around here is a swift kick in the butt if you don't leave my stuff alone!"

She was fatter and older looking than in her picture, but I knew this was Tessie, the tassel twirler.

"Hey, you with the neck," she said to Ruby. "I just paid six bucks for that G string. It's no play toy. Put it down."

Ruby was too frightened to move. The woman strode into the room and snatched the glittering thing from Ruby's hands. "Who told you to come busting in here like it was a public bath house?"

"The door was open," I said. "We've always had the star dressing room and I assumed we'd have—"

"Oh, you did, huh? Well, you can just assume yourselves to hell out."

"We'll see who gets out," Mother said. "Girls, unpack the make-up!"

The blonde's anger left her like the air sputtering out of a busted balloon. She flopped onto a chair and let her head hang down between her legs. "Ohmigawd," she moaned, "what a hangover I got. I love my drinks, but they sure don't love me. . . . Why I slop up all that gawddamn beer when I know I got a rehearsal the next day I dunno."

Mother picked up the music case. "Stand by for rehearsal," she said; then with a slight curl to her lips, she added, "and no talking to strangers."

The blonde gazed up at her sadly and belched. "I wanta apologize," she said when the belch was over. "I didn't mean to chew your heads off like I did—it's just that I got this lousy hangover—then to find a troupe a acrobats sprawled all over my room—"

"We aren't acrobats," Mother said witheringly. "We happen to be a vaudeville act. We were booked into this theater by mistake."

"Weren't we all!" the blonde exclaimed; then she belched again.

A voice called out in the hallway, "Everybody on stage for the opening number. Step on it. We're late gettin' started."

The hallway began filling up with chorus girls wearing red satin brassières and abbreviated pants to match. The pants were open at the sides and held together with pink elastic straps that cut into the flesh, making their hips look corrugated. Long red satin tails were attached to the backs of the pants. The girls' hair was tucked up under red satin skull caps with tiny horns at the ears. Each girl carried a spear and, as they ran chattering and complaining toward the stage, they poked one another playfully with the pointed ends.

In a moment the orchestra played the introduction to "Lucky Little Devil" and the chorus girls pranced lackadaisically on stage singing the lyrics of the song in several different keys. The stage hands yelled even louder than the chorus girls as they gave instructions to one another: "Let that tab in a few inches—okay, now tie it off and bring in the front traveler—not so fast—give the broads a chance to finish the number—"

"Is it always this exciting on opening days?" Nancy bubbled. "I love all the noise and the people running around—"

Tessie didn't answer her. She had spotted Porky who woke up from his nap in a bad humor. He pulled on his leash and squealed in fury, kicking out with his hooves at Nancy, who tried to quiet him. "He's hungry," Nancy explained. The dogs began barking, and she raised her voice above the din, "We use him in the act."

"Gawd help us," the blonde said, "and they wonder what happened to vaudeville."

Then we heard our music and Mother's voice as she gave the orchestra leader our cues. I tugged at my long brown stockings and walked down the hallway to the stage. The girls, staying close together, followed me. The stage hands watched us as we took our places for the rehearsal of our opening number.

"*This* is supposed to keep the cops out?" one of them remarked.

"Yeah," another one said. "Next week 'East Lynne.' "

THE agent sat in the front row of the gloomy theater with another man who looked just like him. "You won't recognize 'em when they get their make-up on," he was saying. "The costumes and lights help a lot, too, ya know."

"I hope so," the other man said grimly.

The orchestra leader pounded out our music on the piano and the girls and I tried to pretend we couldn't hear the men as we went through our act.

"That big one," the man said, "can she talk?"

"Sure, talks great," Sam replied. "Why? You wanna use her?"

"Maybe. I dunno yet. Think she could handle the 'Illusion' scene?"

"Sure," Sam said expansively. "They don't look like much but they all got a load a talent."

"Hey you," the man yelled suddenly and loudly. "You, the big one on the end." The music stopped and the girls and I looked at one another. Little Mary was on one end of the line. I was on the other.

"Do you mean me?" I asked, my voice going funny on the last word.

"Yeah. Lift up your skirts and lemme see your legs."

"Her *what?*" Mother screamed from the wings.

"It's nothing, Rose," Sam yelled reassuringly. "This is Herbie Michaels, the boss. He just wants to see if she's bowlegged or something—"

"Rose Louise is not showing her legs and that's final!" Mother said firmly, striding on stage.

"All right, all right," Sam muttered, waving her off into the wings. He turned to Herbie Michaels. "You can take my personal word for it. The legs are okay."

The stage hands were moving a big pink satin-lined sea shell on stage behind us.

"Speed it up, will ya?" Sam yelled up to me. Mother ran out on stage with the guns and hurriedly shoved them at us, then called out the directions from the wings as we went through the gun drill and into our Finale dance.

Before we could get off stage the chorus girls were dancing on, dressed as sea sprites. "Where's Gladys?" someone yelled, and a girl with brassy red hair, wearing a flowered print robe, scurried across the stage, sat herself in the sea shell, took her knitting out of a bag and began to count off the stitches. "Knit two, purl two, knit two—"

"Isn't it exciting?" Nancy whispered. "This is what I always dreamed show business would be like."

It wasn't like any show business I'd ever known, but I had to admit it was exciting. I glanced back at the undersea ballet number and turned my head away quickly. Gladys had dropped her knitting and was standing up in the sea shell with nothing on but a string of big fake pearls.

The girls and I walked, close together, back to the dressing room. "I'm not going to write home about this," Millie said thoughtfully. "Mom isn't professional enough to understand."

In our dressing room we took off our street clothes and hung them on the hooks we had cleared for ourselves. We were busily passing the community powder puff when there was a knock on the door.

"Don't come in," we screamed in a chorus, "we're not dressed."

The door flew open and Herbie Michaels stood there with a man in a funny sailor suit. The girls and I grabbed for make-up towels, kimonos, anything at all to cover our long underwear, but the men didn't appear to be looking at us.

"We want ya to be happy here, Joe," Herbie was saying to the man in the sailor suit. "We just done the 'Dirty Restaurant' or you could do that, but if you wanna do the 'Illusion' scene, okay, we got a fine talking woman to play it with ya. She's that big one over there."

They both looked at me and I tried to shrink so the make-up towel would cover me.

"Will she do?" Herbie Michaels asked.

"Who's got a choice?" the man in the sailor suit replied.

"Get hold a hula skirt," Herbie Michaels threw over his shoulder at me as he left. The man he called Joe sat down in Tessie's chair and bent his rubber cigar back and forth.

"Ever done the 'Illusion' scene before?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Well, it don't matter," he replied. "I do a rehash on it, anyway. I don't use none of that Tondelayo dialogue, I go right inta the switch on the Joe the bartender bit only I use a ukulele instead of a bull fiddle. And after the yok yok with Stinky, the second banana, the lights come up and you're lying stage left in front of a grass hut. I give you a skull, then a slow triple, and you get up and start giving me the business. You do about four bars a bumps and grinds while I chew a hunk outta the grass hut, then you throw me your lines, 'I'm no illusion,' you say. 'I'm real—here, take my hand—touch me, feel me.'"

"I'm no illusion," I repeated slowly. "I'm real, here, take my hand, touch me, feel me."

"Great," the comic said, "you got it already. You scram on the blackout and I finish the scene with Stinky."

"What finish?" I asked faintly.

"Him and me clinching—the old tried and true. Is it clear?" Then without waiting for my answer, he walked out of the room and left me standing there behind the make-up towel, confused and bewildered.

MOTHER was delighted when I told her about the scene but Tessie wasn't. "It detracts from your prestige," she said. "Look at me, for instance. I do only two numbers. One in the first half a the show, the other in the second. In Burlesque, you gotta leave 'em hungry for more. You don't dump the whole roast on the platter."

She didn't approve of the hula skirt, either. I had it hooked on around my waist, and she pulled it down low on my hips. I tugged it back up again. "I couldn't wear it down there," I said. "My navel shows."

"I'll fix that," Tessie said. Rummaging through the mess on the cluttered make-up

shelf, she found a red pear-shaped jewel and putting a bit of glue on the back, she stuck the bauble on my stomach. "There," she said, "how's that?"

It looked silly, but I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and I had to admit the skirt was better around my hips; it didn't make me look so fat that way.

"I like a covered navel," Tessie said. "It's more classy." Then she looked down at my patent leather dancing shoes. "You can't wear those. They make you look like a rube comic. Here—put these on." She fished a pair of gold high-heeled sandals out of the litter under the make-up shelf and tossed them to me.

I'd had on high heels only once before. I had the same feeling now as I had then, as though I were going to fall flat on my face.

"You oughtta see how much better ya look," Tessie said approvingly. "For a kid, you got a lot of sex in your walk."

Mother came hurrying into the room. "Hurry, dear," she said. "The Illusion scene is next. My, how nice you look."

Then she looked at me more closely. "Pull up that skirt!" she commanded. I ran out of the room and down the hallway. "Louise! You come back here and take off those ridiculous shoes and pull up that hula skirt!"

I ran as fast as I could toward the stage. Then I heard Tessie calling Mother, and they were both behind me. I stood in the wings, nervously waiting for my cue. Mother was right and I knew it. The shabby gold shoes were silly. The red stone glittering in my navel was vulgar and ugly. The lights suddenly blacked out. That was my cue but I couldn't move.

"I can't do it," I cried. "I can't go on!"

"The hell you can't," Tessie said, giving me a shove. "There ain't anything you can't do. You got the world on a string, kid, and don't you forget it."

Peeking around the side of the grass hut I could see Joe and Stinky lying on the mat. "Six long months on this God-forsaken island," Joe was saying. "Six months and not a human being in sight!"

"What am I," Stinky mumbled, "chopped liver?"

"There you are my beautiful darling," Joe cried throwing his arms around Stinky. "I wanna go home!" Stinky yelled, trying to pull away from him.

"Come to my arms," Joe said. "I've always loved you. I adore you. I dream of you by night and think of you by day—I can't get you out of my mind. Your eyes are like burning pools, your lips are like rubies, your teeth like pearls—are you following me?"

"Following you Hell," Stinky chortled, "I'm way ahead of you."

"Kiss me, my darling—"

The lights blacked out and Stinky passed me in the darkness. "You're on," he whispered, and I found my way to the front of the hut before the lights came up.

"You *are* real!" Joe cried as he saw me. "You're not an illusion—"

"Louise!" Mother whispered from the wings. "Hold in your stomach!"

I took a deep breath, "I'm real," I said. "I'm no illusion—here, take my hand, touch me—feel me—"

Tessie greeted me as I stumbled into the wings on the blackout. "There, that wasn't so tough, was it?"

I looked back at the comics who were doing what I presumed was the tried and true. "He said he was going to give me a skull," I murmured. I guess he forgot."

Tessie roared with laughter. "A skull's a take," she said. Then seeing the question in my eyes, she added, "He gives you a slow look, then he looks away, and looks back again—that's a take, a skull, see?"

Back in the dressing room, the girls were already dressed in their opening number costumes.

Anything but That!

ONE final word. It is not enough to *offer* psychic rewards in an advertisement. The product must "deliver." To buy a beverage advertised as sweet and soothing and to discover that it tastes and acts like Epsom salts discourages further purchases. Effective advertising has to be true in its appeals—true in the sense that the product gives the purchaser the rewards he has been led to expect. This is essential, even if it means changing the product.

—Mark Abrams, "Advertising: How to Attract the Consumer," *The Listener*, December 20, 1956.

"Take that thing out of your navel," Mother said, "before you get an infection."

I picked out the red bauble and laid it on Tessie's place on the make-up shelf, then I put on the cretonne pinafore and my hair bow and snatched up my walking doll.

Mother, leading the way, escorted us on stage.

Flossie the ingénue was finishing her song, "I'm Looking at the World Through Rose-colored Glasses," and at the end of each phrase, she crinkled her newspaper costume provocatively. There didn't seem to be any connection between the song and the costume but from the occasional hoots of approval from the audience, I knew they liked her. I squeezed closer to the wings so I could see better.

I had seen the runway at rehearsal and wondered what it was used for. Now, as Flossie stepped daintily onto it, I knew. It was a narrow strip, with a frosted glass floor, extending out into the audience over the heads of the men who sat alongside it. As Flossie wiggled the newspaper costume at a baldheaded man, lights came on under the glass floor and made her bluish legs take on a rosy glow. She tore off a strip of the newspaper and tickled the man with it, then with a little cry of girlish abandon she darted toward the wings. Just before she exited, she tore off a larger piece of the newspaper and her whole backside was bare—all but the pink net pants which hardly showed at all. There was a bit of scattered applause and a lot of hooting and hollering from the audience.

The orchestra played "Whispering" and Flossie came out again, tearing at the newspaper, this time in a slower tempo. As she tore off the strips, she rolled them into balls and threw them into the audience. She danced out onto the runway and asked a man in the audience to help her. "Would ya, Daddy?" she asked in a baby voice. The man struggled to his feet holding his overcoat with one arm. He winked at the men sitting beside him and hauled off and slapped Flossie on her net-covered bottom. He appeared to be quite pleased with himself as he sat down. Flossie, squealing like Porky the time he got his tail stuck in the door, limped off the runway. Just as she reached the wings, she tore off the last bit of newspaper covering her front, and rolling it into a ball held up her arms to cover herself. The audience yelled, "Take it off!" and Flossie obligingly revealed her breasts that were cupped in soiled flesh-colored net like two used tea bags.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I jumped a foot. "You're on after the next scene," the man said. It was Herbie Michaels and he was smiling at me. "You looked great in the scene," he said.

The orchestra played the introduction of the "Doll Dance." There was a surprised silence from the audience as the girls and I walked our dolls on stage in time to the music.

Mother, in the wings, whispered, "Count four, Louise; then start." I counted to myself, then made the doll kick out a chubby leg.

The piano player had a container of beer beside him. He raised it to his lips and took a swig as he played our music with one hand. The girls and I walked the dolls through the routine. "Forte on the last eight bars," Mother hissed and the music swelled as we walked the dolls off the stage.

Then I was on in my "tough" number. "I will now sing a little number entitled 'When your hand itches you're going to get something—when your head itches you got it'—I'm a Hard-boiled Rose—"

Matches flared up here and there in the darkness and I realized the men were lighting cigarettes. The smoke threw a glow around the spotlight. My eyes became accustomed to the haze and I could make out the figures of the men in the front row. They sat slouched way down in their seats, their feet up on the orchestra railing. Their faces were expressionless as they looked up at me. But there were a few laughs from the balcony. At the end of my number there was a bit of applause. Not the kind of applause Flossie received, but enough anyway.

When the Finale was over Mother helped us hang up our costumes. "The orchestra just about butchered our music," she said, "but all in all, I think it was a pretty good opening show."

Sam and Herbie Michaels agreed with Mother. Before the night performance, we had signed to stay on for another week. I was to have a new hula skirt with a higher waist band on it, and the following week, if the scenes were ladylike and met with Mother's approval, I was to appear in several of them.

As Mother said, it all came under the heading of experience.

"A lot of big stars played Burlesque," she said. "There isn't a reason in the world why we can't—at least until vaudeville comes back."

[*Next month Miss Lee tells about the intrigue, the accidents, and peculiar kind of artistry which finally made her a star in a now-vanished realm of the theatrical world.*]

Benjamin Muse

When and How the South will Integrate

A former Virginia legislator with long and honorable experience in race relations forecasts what is actually possible . . . and what both sides can do to calm down the South's rattled nerves.

I AM one of those Southerners who rejoiced when the Supreme Court handed down its decision declaring segregation in the public schools unconstitutional.

I wished that Steve Lewis had lived to see it, but Steve died three years too soon. Dr. Stephen J. Lewis was a Negro dentist in our village of Manassas, Virginia, whose editorship of the *Bulletin of the* [*Negro*] *National Dental Association* had won for him wide respect among leaders of his own race and among dentists of both races. I am in the printing business; we printed his magazine.

A majority of the patients who visited this excellent dentist were white—a phenomenon which few in this Southern community attempted to reconcile with their notions about Negro inferiority. Dr. Lewis could not drink a Coke at the drug-store soda fountain. He could not, of course, eat at any public eating place in town.

Unlike many Negro intellectuals in the South, Lewis tried to play a part in public affairs. He often talked politics with mildly condescending white citizens on the street corner. He accepted the humiliation of sitting on the Jim Crow bench in order to attend meetings at the courthouse; not infrequently he arose to make a well-considered point on a highway problem or a bond-issue proposal.

He was a proud man at heart. Steve did not enjoy cringing. Most of the townspeople casually assumed that "Old Doc Lewis" was contented with his lot. But, in spite of much insistence that "we know our Negroes," few Southern white men really know the contemporary Negro American. I knew how Lewis suffered. I knew how he dreamed of a Promised Land of human dignity. Hardly a week passed that he did not drop into my office to discuss the progress of race tolerance in the nation, elated at some encouraging incident or saddened by a setback.

In his final illness the fact that I, a white man, should have shown him the attention of a friend touched him deeply.

"I'll not live to see it," he said in his last words to me, "but it's coming. It's coming —the day when we'll all be just *people*."

How much closer have we come to being "just people" since the Supreme Court's decision? Whatever the impact of that pronouncement upon the long future—and I feel that there is reason for confidence in those terms—at the present stage we are more race-conscious than before.

Before May 17, 1954, we were people and Negroes. The distinction lingers in our terminology. We say, "American Negro," not "Negro American." I have never heard the expression, "Negro Southerner," used. A "Southerner" is emphatically a white person.

Often have I heard a state legislator half or more of whose constituents are Negroes say "my people" this or "my people" that, or, "My people will never stand for integration." His "people," of course, are only the white people of his district.

Now in 1957 we are all people. That, indeed, has happened. But we are not *just* people. We are suddenly two different groups of people, separated by distrust, fear, and some degree of rivalry. The discovery that our colored neighbors are members of the human race and citizens of the United States—which was the essence of the Supreme Court decision—came to many with an infuriating shock.

Many of us have begun to realize also for the first time that Negroes in the whole nation are spending sixteen billion dollars a year. White Southerners are learning with some chagrin that Negro patronage means something to bus companies, to food and soft drink distributors, and to business in general. They are finding that

some Negroes are pretty smart, even brilliant, and that Negro lawyers are able and tough.

These discoveries have not brought increased tolerance and good will, not as yet, but the contrary. White Southerners are now going through a painful, not to say angry, reappraisal of the Negro race.

Since the Supreme Court decision was handed down on May 17, 1954, public-school segregation has entirely disappeared in a vast area—covering most of ten states of the twenty-one in which it was previously required or permitted. The segregation stigma has been lifted from approximately 350,000 Negro children.

Although the change has taken place mainly in border-state school districts of small Negro population, major desegregation operations were carried out in Washington, D. C., Baltimore, St. Louis, and Louisville. Out of the study of the experiences of these localities and the desegregation techniques developed, a valuable file is accumulating to help other localities taking the desegregation plunge. Situations vary radically, however, and methods followed in one city often are not applicable in another. No Southern school board, for instance, could rely upon such community backing as that of St. Louis, where the Metropolitan Church Federation set aside a Sunday for "prayer of thanksgiving for public-school desegregation" in its 600 member churches!

In the District of Columbia, Baltimore, and St. Louis the transition covered a period of about two years, but in Louisville, where school superintendent Omer Carmichael won wide renown and an invitation to the White House for his highly successful program, complete integration was accomplished at one swoop when school opened last September.

Many of the smaller school districts prefer to go about desegregation step-by-step. Some begin with the elementary schools and end with the high schools, or vice versa, and some are desegregating one grade at a time. Many school administrators find the high-school end easier to take hold of first, because fewer teachers and pupils are involved and because the high-school plant is generally superior to the elementary school plant and more suitable for the transition.

Beginning with the first grade and desegregating gradually upward has the advantage of embracing children before the idea of segregation has taken root, and it tends to minimize the differences in educational level, enabling white and Negro children to start their school careers on an equal footing and progress in step.

A further device—abolition of co-education in public schools—has been suggested from time to time as a means of easing the desegregation problem. Much of the objection to integration undoubtedly could be overcome by separating boys from girls in the public schools. But the cost of establishing such a dual system would be even greater than that of bringing present Negro schools up to a level with those for white children. When school districts in the hard core of segregation in the South finally come to the point of taking steps of compliance with the law of the land, this plan will no doubt be considered, but these localities at present are far from a mood to make sacrifices to that end.

Meanwhile, approximately 2,400,000 Negro children are still in segregated schools. In Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia not one Negro child has yet been admitted to a public school with white children. These eight states—and three more where the ordeal of adjustment is far from over—cover the area of the former Southern Confederacy.

But a significant distinction should be drawn between the situation in Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee and that in those other eight states. In these three, resistance is no longer "massive." It cannot well be massive there again. In Texas public schools have been integrated in more than 100 out of 714 school districts; in Arkansas integration has been accomplished in five districts and is officially scheduled to begin next year in Little Rock and Hot Springs; in Tennessee integration has taken place in one school district and is scheduled to begin next year in Nashville.

These gains seem small, and they were attended by considerable turmoil in some cases. But they are tremendously important. Local initiative is operating in these states, and a beginning has been made.

THE ROWDIES VS. THE SILENT MODERATES

THE crux of the problem lies in the eight totally recalcitrant Southern states. These form a compact region, representing approximately 15 per cent of the population of the United States and approximately 12 per cent of its land area. The movement of compliance with the Supreme Court ruling has reached the edge of this region and here has come to a dead stop.

The situation in these states is disturbing from many points of view. Race prejudice is

being systematically promoted here. Respect for law, even state law, has been badly shaken. A rowdy, irresponsible element, acting in various extremist organizations, is playing an ominously powerful role. Impressionable children and ignorant people hear the Supreme Court denounced daily. Many who before were only dimly conscious of the nation's highest tribunal are becoming familiar with it now as a kind of wicked and Communistic South-baiting conspiracy.

Of course, there are many people in the South who deplore all this. There is no way of knowing how many there are, because they are almost entirely silent. I meet so many moderates individually that I am constantly amazed at their lack of influence upon the course of events.

In areas where the moderates have not been driven systematically underground notable manifestations of tolerance sometimes occur. Ministerial associations have been integrated in a dozen cities. In Richmond, even while politicians were shouting defiance of the desegregation ruling, the bi-racial ministerial association elected a Negro clergyman, Dr. J. M. Ellison, president; more astoundingly, juvenile delegates from all the city's schools, meeting on Student Government Day, elected a Negro lad city manager!

Last January the stirring of the Southern conscience was reflected in a ringing statement issued by the Richmond Ministers Association, denouncing this state's whole program of resistance and evasion, and urging that "wherever possible, and as rapidly as possible, social custom violating the dignity of the Negro should be eradicated."

But moderates generally can be quickly intimidated by a little racist rowdyism. In the winter of 1954-55 a number of meetings were held by parent-teacher associations and other small community groups in Northern Virginia to prepare the way for public-school integration. I addressed a dozen such meetings in an atmosphere of complete decorum. Then one such meeting was invaded by a band of white supremacists, members of the Virginia organization called the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties.

When noisy harassment made it impossible for the meeting to proceed, I led the PTA leaders, mostly ladies, in a march out of the hall. That was practically the last of such meetings in this area. The prospect, not necessarily of violence, but of unpleasantness is enough to make most moderates prefer to stay at home.

There are many uneasy consciences, and many unhappy people, in the South today. Educated men who speak lightly of abolishing public schools, patriotic Americans who voice contempt of the government of the United States, Christians who flout the teaching of their churches—these do not sleep well at night.

Scores of Southern public-school administrators in 1954 were planning with grim confidence to meet the challenge of integration. Now, in many cases, if such plans exist in writing they had better be concealed or destroyed. Some of these educators—and some liberal politicians, too—have felt obliged to compromise until they show physical effects of the nervous ordeal.

THE "BLACK BELT" PROBLEM

IF WE look for the explanation of how the South has come to this pass, we must give large consideration to the ascendancy in Southern thought and policy of the white people of the Black Belt. Some people object to the term, "Black Belt." But I know no other word for it, and any attempt to understand what is happening in the South is hopeless unless we take this phenomenon into account. The Black Belt is that vast area of low-lying country stretching along the coast, and for varying distances inland from the Chesapeake Bay to the lower Mississippi, where—for reasons rooted in the agricultural, economic, and social history of the South—the dense Negro population is concentrated. This is the region where slavery flourished, and where Negroes today constitute from 30 to 80 per cent of the population. I represented a Black Belt constituency in the Virginia Legislature.

The greater part of the Deep South is covered by the Black Belt, but in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia it embraces less than one-third of the total population. More than half of the South as a whole is outside of the Black Belt. There are forty counties in the eight recalcitrant states in which Negroes represent less than 4 per cent of the population. There are counties even in Georgia and Alabama with less than one Negro to one hundred white persons. But the white people of the Black Belt—together with scattered extremists in other sections—have held the initiative throughout this crisis.

Race prejudice, I submit, is a fearful thing. It can be aroused more easily and can be transformed into action more quickly than almost any other popular emotion. Itinerant white supremacy agitators like Bryant Bowles, John Kaspar,

and Asa Carter have been able to set whole communities on fire almost overnight. This kind of activity has enabled many persons of little prominence before to develop leadership over large numbers of their fellows. Undoubtedly many have gone into the race prejudice business for that reason.

Politicians have found in race prejudice a veritable gold mine of political capital. In Virginia 12,000 members of the Defenders of State Sovereignty have been more effective politically than 100,000 moderate citizens.

These circumstances have tended to reduce each Southern state to the level of its most prejudiced minority. They have actually prevented many localities of small Negro population and only minor race problems from complying with the law of the land. Black Belt-dominated legislatures have moved with something like ferocity to suppress desegregation initiatives. When a tentative plan of school desegregation was put forward in Arlington County, Virginia, the General Assembly quickly took punitive action: that county was deprived of its privilege of electing its school board by popular vote.

Segregationists who like to feel that this is not a matter of prejudice argue that integration is impossible because of the greater prevalence of crime, immorality, and disease among Negroes than among white people, and especially because of Negro backwardness from an educational point of view. But these considerations are hardly relevant in the wide areas of the South where there are only from one to one hundred Negro children to be placed among one thousand white children in a public school system. The argument also overlooks the existence of many equally backward and underprivileged white children.

These pitiable people—the poor whites of the South—have been too often overlooked anyway. In Virginia there are twice as many poor white people as poor Negroes—that is, twice as many white people in the lowest income group. There are thousands of whites in the South who are as deficient in all indexes of civilized progress as any Negroes. But nobody has suggested segregating them.

The board of education of the District of Columbia just now is vexed with many problems arising from the abrupt integration in a general school system of a large number of pupils whose cultural level is below par. But that is not a race problem. Greater confusion would result if Washington should attempt within a short period of time to absorb in its public school system 50,000 children of poor whites from the hills and backwoods of the South.

Nevertheless, in the Black Belt the backwardness of Negro children is a very real problem. This is where public schools are worst and where the disparity in quality between white and Negro school facilities is greatest. Not only is more education needed, but the replacement of many pitifully inadequate school buildings is a definite prerequisite to any amalgamation program. The cold fact must be recognized that desegregation cannot be accomplished by requiring white pupils to share the present inferior schools of Negro children.

The gap between the educational levels of the two races is far greater here than it is in Washington, D. C., and public-school resources are relatively meager. Down-grading Negro pupils in these schools would cause protest and demoralization. Adjustment specialists, special classes for retarded children, "four-track" systems, etc. are luxuries which this region is far from able to afford.

These obstacles will be largely removed as the years go by. The South is building new schools now at what, in the light of its limited resources, might be called a rapid rate—and the emphasis is on schools for Negroes. In Alabama Negro high-school enrollment rose from 28,078 in 1936 to 87,634 last year, and the number of accredited Negro high schools increased from nine to 94 during this twenty-year period.

In Mississippi, the toughest desegregation problem of them all, an "Equality of Opportunity" program is being carried out with genuine enthusiasm. The object is to make Negroes contented with "separate but equal" schools. The fact that no desegregation suit has yet been filed in Mississippi is cited as evidence of the success of this program. Nevertheless, an insurmountable barrier to eventual integration is steadily being removed.

THE CASE FOR GRADUALISM

THE white people of the Black Belt have, indeed, a case. Nor do they exaggerate when they say that public-school integration would upset their social structure and way of life. I realize that I am coming close to the racist argument here, but a grave dilemma can be recognized in this region without any concession to race prejudice.

In the rural counties of the Black Belt, where "everybody knows everybody else," the public school is the center of social activity to a rare

degree. Here also color is a convenient, and largely accurate, dividing line between the people of high and medium incomes and the underprivileged. The white public school, surrounded by the walls of race segregation, affords a kind of exclusiveness, which—however inconsistent with the democratic principle—is a fairly ancient and basic part of the social structure. Desegregation must wait for the development of a new conception of the public school. Private schools, which offer a legitimate escape from unwanted associations for those who can afford it, may play a part in the ultimate solution.

In at least one third of the South there is no valid excuse for delay, but time is needed—a very long time—before public-school integration can be seriously planned in the Black Belt. Yet gradualism is rejected by extremists on both sides.

The official organ of the [Negro] National Baptist Convention said of some of the speakers at its meeting in Denver:

"Steel, Johnson, Kilgore let the world know in no uncertain terms that GRADUALISM to them was nothing but a child of the devil and a compact with hell. The Negroes will have none of it."

Last winter I urged through my newspaper column that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People relax its pressure upon a Virginia Black Belt county, Prince Edward, saying that a definite desegregation order from the court would result only in the closing of that county's schools. A few days later I read this in an anonymous letter addressed to me: "Let Prince Edward be the first. Let them close their schools. Let them burn their schools to ashes!"

I can understand perfectly how a Negro might be moved to write a letter like that. I know the humiliations which many of them have suffered. But that, of course, is not the road to truth and justice. Genuine progress will not be made except step by step, beginning in the right places. In the hard places it will only be retarded by harassment.

Immediate desegregation everywhere is utterly impossible. White people of the Black Belt have regarded the Supreme Court ruling, therefore, as a demand for the impossible. They have read into that ruling an urgency and a Draconian inflexibility which were not there—and they have reacted with a feeling of outrage. I believe an actual misunderstanding has been at the heart of much of the angry defiance in the South.

White people of the Black Belt have felt—in the words of the bitterly hostile Richmond *News Leader*—that "they are looking down the barrel of a marshal's gun." In Prince Edward County the governing body met a few hours after the Supreme Court pronouncement of May 31, 1955, and cut off all funds for public-school operation. It resumed school appropriations later only when convinced that the state was going to resist the court's ruling.

It is not so much a criticism of the Supreme Court, as a reflection on developments since its decree was handed down, to express the wish that it could have been more explicit in allowing time for adjustment in the "impossible" areas. Federal district courts now appear to be developing this concept. In a decision rendered in February 1956, dealing with a school district in the maximum difficulty class, a federal court said:

> The granting of a temporary injunction in this case does not mean that the public schools in the Parish of Orleans would be ordered completely desegregated overnight or even in a year or more. . . . It is a problem which will require the utmost patience, understanding, generosity, and forbearance from all of us, of whatever race. But the magnitude of the problem may not nullify the principle. And that principle is that we are, all of us, freeborn American citizens with a right to make our way, unfettered by sanctions imposed by man because of the work of God.

Last September a federal court gave unqualified approval to a program of the board of education of Little Rock, Arkansas, for the gradual desegregation of that city's schools, to begin in 1957 and reach completion in 1963!

In January of this year the case of Prince Edward County, in the heart of the Virginia Black Belt, was again in federal court. Judge Sterling Hutcheson declined to order desegregation "until the entire situation can be considered and adjustments gradually brought about."

"I believe the problems to be capable of solution," he said, "—but they will require patience, time, and a sympathetic understanding."

The most urgent need now is to restore calm nerves and balanced judgment to the Black Belt. If progress is to be made in the other half of the recalcitrant eight-state area, Negro leaders and white idealists would be well advised to bi-pass the Black Belt for the present as a school-desegregation objective. It is necessary to bring assurance to the responsible white citizens of this region that the impossible is not being asked of them, and that they are not "looking down the barrel of a marshal's gun."

Jerome D. Frank, M.D.

ARE YOU A GUILTY PARENT?

A practicing psychiatrist—and father of four children—offers some comforting advice to parents who are afraid to smack Junior for fear of damaging his delicate little psyche.

IF YOU are a parent at all, the answer is probably yes. Never before in human history has there been so much agonized concern over the raising of children—or so pervasive a feeling of parental inadequacy and guilt—as there is in America today. Once all a parent had to do—when he was faced with a disturbing bit of child behavior—was to recall how he himself was handled at the same age and repeat the treatment. Today there is far more apt to be a harried search through the pages of one or more of the countless books and articles on child guidance that have flooded the popular press, a desperate attempt to understand why the child has done whatever he has done—and a nagging sense that, whatever the reason, the parent is somehow to blame and may unwittingly make the whole situation worse if he fails to react properly.

It is tempting to place the whole responsibility for this uncomfortable state of affairs on the psychiatrists with their insistence on the importance of childhood experiences to adult behavior. But this would hardly be accurate. The psychiatrists have played some part, for good and for bad. But there are more important and general aspects of contemporary American life that have in truth made raising a child more difficult than it used to be.

In the first place, our large family groups with grandparents aunts, and uncles—all of whom used to take a hand in the rearing of the young—have, by and large, been broken. Mobility is one of the most noticeable characteristics of our present society. A man packs up his wife and children on a few weeks' notice and moves halfway across the continent to take a new job. In a few years he may move again. As a result, the typical modern family unit is a small island.

On such an island, relationships tend to get overheated and hypersensitive because the members cannot get away from each other until they cool off. A child who is mad at his mother cannot rush to an aunt or grandparent for consolation. His mother cannot relieve *her* mind talking to *her* mother. The upset child and the upset mother are left facing each other, with no buffers. It is interesting to note that, by contrast, children may do extremely well in societies where many adults act as parents to each child. A fascinating example in American history was the Oneida Community which had no family units. Sexual relations between the adults were on the basis of mutual consent, and all the adults regarded themselves as the parents of all the children. A few years ago the surviving children of the community—all of them by then elderly people—were studied. All looked back on their childhoods as happy; all had had successful lives.

The isolated, mobile family is only one illustration of the extent to which our whole civilization is changing. And it is doing so with breathtaking speed. Some twenty-five years ago Alfred North Whitehead observed that his was the first generation in human history that could not use the precepts of its grandfathers as reliable guides. Today we can scarcely count on those of a decade ago. Thrift, for instance, was a basic and unquestioned virtue during the centuries when men lived in an economy of scarcity. In our present economy of abundance it may well

prove a vice. As Kinsey amply demonstrated, our patterns of sexual behavior differ widely from those of our parents. How, then, can we raise our children according to the rules of a society that no longer exists? To make it still harder, who knows what our society will be like when these children are grown? Old standards of morality have been shaken, but the new ones are not yet established.

Living in an age of change and cut off from our family clans, many of us have turned instead to the community in which we happen to find ourselves for guidance and have attempted to measure ourselves—and especially our children—in relation to those around us. Herein lies one source of our guilt as parents. Measuring children against others of the same age fosters an inclination to base acceptance of a child on his competitive performance rather than on his attributes as a unique personality. It also leads to unrealistic standards. A parent may come to expect a child who does well at most things to excel at everything, and to feel he himself has failed if the child does not. Now it stands to reason that every child will do worse than most of his contemporaries in something, and a child who is best equipped for one form of activity may, by that very token, be poorly equipped for others. Albert Einstein's magnificent theoretical intellect probably had a lot to do with his feeling of remoteness from his fellow man, and he was a notorious dud at parties.

THE CHILD AS PUTTY

BUT suppose a parent turns for help to the professionals—the authors of the child-guidance books and articles? He will find it all right—in bewildering profusion. A copy of a woman's magazine that does not have at least one such article is a rarity indeed; and many of them, like many of the books, perform a real service. But the authors, like everyone else, are influenced by the culture in which we live, and their preachments are changing as fast as the rest of our civilization. All of us have seen the precepts which are looked on with horror today return to favor tomorrow. In one brief span the doctrine of rigid child training and what has been termed "antiseptic neglect" went down before the onslaught of "unconditional love," only to re-emerge as the necessary "setting of limits."

The child experts are influenced by the psychiatrists, and the psychiatrists, too, are influenced by the society. Twenty years ago many psychoanalysts were blaming the ills of their patients on sexual repression resulting from the excessive modesty and prudery of their parents. Today some of the same analysts attribute the difficulties of their current crop of patients to sexual overstimulation in childhood from seeing their parents in the nude. What is a parent to do?

For one thing, he can remember that psychiatrists deal with people who are mentally ill or neurotic. The essence of these conditions is that the individual has failed to profit from experience. Psychiatric patients may, in fact, react in their adult lives in terms of the attitudes and perceptions they had when they were children. But many psychiatrists, who see only such patients, make the mistake of assuming that all people are equally influenced by their various childhood experiences.

This is partly a reflection of the American emphasis—inherent in the democratic philosophy—on the importance of environment over constitution in shaping a personality. Americans too often twist the dictum "all men are created equal" to mean that if a person is unequal in capabilities or happiness it is solely because of what has been done to him, and primarily because of the way he was treated by his parents. A great deal of modern child-guidance literature, as well as some psychiatric thinking, mirrors this point of view and presents the child as if he were a piece of putty to be passively molded by Mom and Dad. Coupled with this is the implication that the slightest misstep may seriously damage a child for life. The effect on an apprehensive parent can be severe.

A striking illustration of how far it sometimes goes is a well-meaning book on child raising called *The Rights of Infants* by Margaret Ribble. Dr. Ribble did some excellent research on infants and noticed, quite correctly, that newborn babies do not have their breathing machinery under very good control and that handling the baby helps him breathe more regularly. On the basis of this she made the following statement:

"The young baby is never for a moment beyond his mother's reach, for it is vitally important to observe the breathing and to stimulate it by constant personal attention. The importance of mothering in helping a child to breathe can hardly be overstressed."

I know of one intelligent but anxious mother who took this literally and was, for a while, afraid to fall asleep lest she miss some faltering in her first-born baby's respiration with heaven knows what dire consequences. This was obvi-

ously hardly the reaction Dr. Ribble had hoped to produce in her readers.

The extent to which the belief that children are infinitely fragile and sensitive objects, to be blighted by a look or a word, has been accepted was recently demonstrated by Dr. Jean Macfarlane. In a study of the behavior problems of normal children between the ages of twenty-one months and fourteen years she found that by far the most common was oversensitiveness which she described as "like the common cold. Almost everybody had it." It seems to stem from two causes. One is the mother's attitude: "I am the understanding, protective mother of a very precious, vulnerable child. While his oversensitiveness complicates living and is hard to deal with, it gives me considerable satisfaction to have produced and to be indispensable to such a child."

The second cause is that children have discovered that "hurt feelings" are their most effective means of dealing with their parents. No other system of control and coercion at their command is half so powerful because no other behavior technique is so subtle or so disturbing to their parents.

Surely this is a peculiarly contemporary problem. Imagine how Clarence Day's father would have reacted if one of his boys had come sniveling to him with hurt feelings!

No one of us today could, of course, transform himself into a Father Day, even if he wanted to. But we may perhaps be able to alleviate some of our guilt feelings if we reconsider exactly what it is that we are trying to do.

Our goal as parents is not to produce adults who are continually serene, but individuals who are able to distill strength and wisdom from the vicissitudes of life. Our remarkable success in this country in achieving an incredibly high standard of living has led some of us to aim at the same lofty goal in our emotional lives. Basking in creature comforts as we do, we are more apt to resent the inevitable hardships and sufferings of life and are perhaps more easily demoralized by them than members of less materially favored societies. The notion that happiness is mankind's due strikes people in most cultures as odd. Europeans are constantly amazed at how readily Americans show resentment in situations of minor inconvenience or adversity, as if these were not the expected thing. And even the Declaration of Independence considered man's unalienable right to be the *pursuit* of happiness, not its attainment.

We have not failed with our children if they are not happy all the time or when they suffer from frustration, fear, and other unpleasant emotions. A cornerstone of mental health, as I see it, is the ability to deal confidently with new experiences and profit from them. A child develops this ability best through having to cope with problems from the start. Far from being as infinitely fragile as some child experts would have us believe, most children are tough, adaptable, and resilient. Given the slightest encouragement, they enjoy surmounting difficulties, and their development is at best only partially influenced by their parents. To be sure, parental mishandling can permanently warp a child, but to do so it must be long continued and severe. A single mistake, or even a series of mistakes, is never fatal. It is not underestimating the significance of childhood patterns in determining adult attitudes to point out that a salient fact about human beings is the capacity to learn. Brain damage or severe, prolonged emotional stress can impair this capacity, but the ordinary child can always modify his early patterns in terms of later experiences.

VALUE OF REAL FEELINGS

RAISING a child is a two-way street in which the child, too, plays a part. We must ask ourselves not only how we are coping with our child, but also, with Dr. Macfarlane, how our child is coping with his parents. Since no two human beings are alike, relationships in each family will be different. It is ridiculous to think that what is good for one child and one parent is good for all. An active, aggressive parent and child will work out quite a different pattern from a passive, thoughtful pair. Trouble starts when a parent tries to fit a pattern to which neither he nor his child is suited. It is not necessarily wrong to spank a child, if spanking comes naturally. But it is not necessarily right either. If a parent, when his child is on a rampage, will try to understand what is going on in himself as well as in his child and then do what seems natural, he will be better off than if he tries to remember what Gesell or some other authority has to say.

The authorities' main service is making available to each parent the accumulated experience of many others, filtered through the mind of a specialist. A parent is constantly facing problems he has never met before. In such circumstances it is comforting and useful to learn how others have handled similar difficulties. But it is not a final answer. There is still the individual child —and the individual parent.

The most important thing is the state of mind in which we approach our children. If we are constantly aware that what we are trying to do is to produce adults who can deal competently with a vastly complicated, continually changing world, we will cease to concern ourselves so much when we fail to provide them with a perfect home life—which is impossible anyway. And we will realize that, no matter how many books to the contrary, negative emotions are not always bad. They can clear the air on both sides, and they most certainly simulate the conditions which the child will find in later life.

Anger, for one, can reinforce the parent's instructions so that they really make an impression. A furious shout can stop a baby dead in his tracks before he touches the hot stove, and make him think twice about approaching the stove in the future, where no amount of sweet reasonableness would. Anger directed at a child's shortcomings is good for his self-esteem and contributes to his emotional growth: it implies that he *can* do better.

Beyond this, it is almost always preferable to let a child know how you really feel than to pretend that you don't feel that way. Children are not easily deceived. If an angry mother insists she is filled only with loving thoughts for her child, the child, who probably senses her anger, becomes confused and distrustful. If he and his mother agree she is angry, he knows where he is.

For example, I once heard a four-year-old who was on excellent terms with her mother remark, "Mother is giving me a hard time this morning." She used exactly the same slightly aggrieved tone as she would in saying, "This soup is too hot." Both were temporary inconveniences of life which one had to accept. On the other hand, a schizophrenic patient, describing her mother, said: "Mother always said the opposite of what she meant." And it seemed clear that this had contributed importantly to the patient's intense distrust of others, so characteristic of schizophrenics.

Conflict, too, is good for emotional growth. Sibling rivalry is generally regarded as a terrible thing to be avoided or forestalled whenever possible. And, of course, fixed, unresolvable tensions between members of a family are harmful. But such tensions rarely occur unless one or both parents, to satisfy hidden needs of their own, make a practice of playing off the children against each other.

To take an extreme case, I know of a psychiatric patient who had suffered all her life from feelings of sibling rivalry with an older sister who had died when both were babies. The sister had caught an infectious disease from the patient, and the mother had somehow made the child feel this was her fault. Still worse, she had hung a framed lock of the dead child's hair in the other child's room. Here, clearly, the patient's feelings of rivalry reflected a disturbed relationship with her mother. In families where each child feels he has reasonable access to his parents' attention and affection, sibling rivalry is not only inevitable but desirable.

It is inevitable because every child, at least initially, wants to be his parents' favorite. It is desirable because every child is bound to meet conflict sooner or later, at school if not before, and there is no better place in which to learn how to cope with it constructively than in the home where there is love and concern for both parties. Sibling rivalry is one of the major ways by which children can develop a sense that the world is, within limits, a trustworthy place in which they can feel reasonably secure.

Conflict increases strength of character in various ways—through victory, through learning how to handle defeat, through the discovery of hidden reserves of strength, or the realization that one has convictions worth fighting for. In conflict a child learns to withstand the pressure of other personalities and to keep his head in the face of such powerful emotions as anger, fear, and elation. Defeat, if not too drastic, strengthens his capacity for self-discipline or may lead to a beneficial change of attitude. When two children fight over the possession of something that both want and end up deciding to take turns, they are developing the sense of fair play, justice, and keeping one's word that is so basic to the individual's sense of personal security and his ability to inspire this feeling in others.

And finally, it is conflict that teaches the invaluable skills of compromise—for if there were no disagreements there would be nothing to compromise about—and develops the quality of empathy—the ability to feel with another person, to put oneself in his shoes even when one disagrees with him. The importance of both these abilities does not need to be underlined.

We will never get rid of all our guilt as parents. It is part of the price of *being* parents in mid-twentieth century America. But if we will bear in mind that every child's development depends at least as much on his own characteristics and potentialities as on how his parents handle him, we may make a better job of raising our children. Certainly we will get more fun out of it.



A Story by TOM BURNAM

Drawings by W. T. Mars

THE DECISION

"THAT looks like a nice spot," said Myra Bagley hopefully. She was tired, and the boy Kit was irritable; the day's ride had been long and dusty.

"Well, I don't know," said her husband, slowing the car as they studied the grassy meadow ahead. "Maybe we're not supposed to camp there."

"For Heaven's sake, we're in *Montana,*" said Myra. "They told us we could camp anywhere that wasn't posted. You know that." She had not meant to sound quite so sharp.

"We'll flip a nickel," said John Bagley, but then Kit wailed, "Oh, Dad, make up your mind."

John set his lips and stepped on the gas; and though it was too late now, Myra wanted to say, "Kit, *keep quiet!*"

Then a miracle happened. A mile farther, beyond a curve, was a Forest Service marker, "Camp Ground Ahead," and then a triangular sign with an arrow pointing down a narrow winding road which led from the highway to the bank of the stream below.

John slowed the car.

"Will this do?" he asked. Myra bit her lip and didn't answer. The trouble with being married to a scientist, she had long ago decided, was that everything had to be so scientific. First the Hypothesis: This camp ground will serve us well. Then the Examination of the Facts: Is there water? Do poisonous snakes abound? Are there adequate toilet facilities? Will the slope provide surface drainage in case of rain?

Sometimes she protested while they were trying to buy a new car (this one has a good transmission, he would say, but that one has better brakes) or new furniture (will foam rubber stand up?) or even a new can-opener for the kitchen (the consumer people say it drops metal shavings into the soup). Then John would withdraw in offended silence after pointing out that he had been *trained* to think on all sides of a question before making a decision.

But for once she had no cause for alarm. "We'll camp here," John said, and both Myra and Kit sighed in relief.

SOMEWHAT downstream from the Bagley's camp ground, though on the other side of the large creek, a huge rock had for uncounted years squatted on the brow of the narrow defile at the bottom of the canyon where now the railroad ran. The train crews sometimes used it as a kind of informal check-point: "There's the rock. Two minutes behind today."

Near the point where the rock hung over the tracks was a small fault. Over the years, this fault had resulted in a slight slippage and settling, so that the rock began to tip just a trifle more toward the tracks some sixty feet below. None of the train crews noticed the almost imperceptible increase in the angle of the rock's inclination; and certainly none of them knew that the rock was now very precariously balanced, so that the slightest further movement in the fault—indeed, perhaps just the right vibration set up by a passing truck on the highway or a locomotive on the tracks—might send it hurtling down.

At such locations as this small canyon where the rock was, the railroad maintained protective fences; any slides or falling chunks would break

one or more of the electric wires, setting into operation certain warning devices. An hour or two before the Bagleys found their camp ground, a boy who lived on a nearby backwoods ranch had aimed his new .22 rifle at an insulator atop the electric fence. The bullet shattered the insulator but did not sever the wire, which merely hung an inch or two lower, the electric circuit remaining unbroken.

"Let's not try to push on too fast tomorrow," Myra said after they had pitched the umbrella tent and Kit had set up his own pup tent close by. "I'm tired."

"But—" John started to say. Then he grinned. "Suits me," he said. "I'm tired too. And maybe tomorrow Kit and I can get in a little fishing. This *is* a nice spot."



THE camp ground—they were a little surprised to have it all to themselves—was secluded from the highway. Close by tumbled the large creek which rushed through the canyon; on the opposite side were the railroad tracks, and the rock above them.

"Come on, son," said John the next morning. "Let's cross the bridge and see if we can stir up a trout or two."

The bridge was of heavy but ancient timbers; once used by logging trucks, it was now placarded "Unsafe for Vehicles."

"Be careful," said Myra Bagley. "Don't get run over by a train."

"Oh, Mom," said Kit, but he saw that she was joking, or at least mostly joking.

The man and his son picked up their fishing rods and set off.

"Did you hear that old train go past last night. Dad?" said Kit. "*I* thought it was going right through my pup tent."

John Bagley grimaced. "I think it did go through our tent," he said. "It woke your mother up in fine fashion, I can tell you."

"I bet it did," said Kit, and they grinned together, sharing companionably their masculine delight at the way the noise of the train had alarmed Mother.

"I'll bet that's why we had the camp ground to ourselves," said Kit. "Probably all the natives around here know about the trains."

"Probably," agreed his father.

They had reached the other side. The old truck crossing was barricaded now, though a footpath remained, and a sign said "NOTICE. Property of Montana & Pacific Railway. Permission to Cross Revocable at Any Time."

"What's that mean?" said Kit.

"It means the railroad doesn't want to lose its legal title to the right-of-way," said John.

"Oh," said Kit, who was willing to accept his father's explanation even though he did not wholly understand it. "Can we walk up the tracks?"

"I guess the railroad won't care," said his father, laughing. "It's certainly easier than scrambling along the bank."

"Let's go toward that big rock," said Kit. "See? The one above the tracks, there. I'll bet there's some good fishing right about there."

"Why?" said his father.

"Well," said Kit, "well, that rock makes a shadow on the water, and the trouts like to stay there."

"Trout," said his father. "It's the same, singular or plural."

"O.K.," said Kit, who secretly could not see that it mattered much.

Together father and son walked up the track. It was straight only for a short distance; at either end of the straight stretch the tracks curved away, following the S sweep of the stream and the canyon.

"Better keep our eyes open," said Kit, proud of remembering caution like an adult. "If a train came roaring along, we wouldn't see it."

John looked ahead and behind. For only a quarter-mile or so, until the tracks curved around rock cliffs at either end, did one have a clear view. He smiled at his son. "We'd hear it in plenty of time," he said. The thought of the shattering, surrounding roar the train had made last night caused him only half-consciously to prick up his ears a little. Evidently the trains came through here fast, faster than one would think for mountain country. On a sudden impulse he stopped, went down on one knee, and placed his ear on one of the rails.

"What are you doing?" asked Kit, astonished.

"An old trick I learned when I was about your age," his father said. "Didn't you ever try it?" Then he realized that of course Kit, raised in the city, had never learned how to listen for the trains. Kit at once laid his own ear to a rail. "I don't hear nothing."

"Good heavens," said his father. "*Anything.*"

"Anything," said Kit. "What are you supposed to listen for?"

"It's a kind of humming" his father said. "I didn't hear anything either, as a matter of fact. But if a train were coming, maybe even five miles or so away, you'd hear it."

"Gee," said Kit. "Five miles?"

"Maybe even more," said his father.

"Here's that old rock," said Kit, pointing up. It did indeed cast a shadow on the stream; John noted that there was a small indentation in the bank, and the water looked quite deep. There just might be trout, at that.

"Hey, Dad," said Kit. "What's that fence for?"

John looked where Kit was pointing. "Why, I don't know," he said. "It must be electric, from the look of those insulators. Maybe to keep animals off the track."

"Like bears?" said Kit.

"More likely cows," said his father. "Montana's an open-range state. Though I don't know what a cow would be doing on this side of the creek, or what good a fence would do there, between the canyon wall and the track. Anyway, don't touch it."

"O.K., Dad," said Kit. "Let's put some bait on." He pulled out of his pocket the tin of worms he had dug from the bank of the stream before they started. They were standing in the middle of the track directly beneath the rock, Kit intent on impaling a wriggling worm on his hook, his father tying on a Black Gnat.

AT THAT moment a huge truck with M.A.D. on its side, for "Montana and Dakota"—the "mad trucks" were a regional joke—hit a sizable chuck hole in the road across the stream out of sight behind the tall thick pines on the opposite bank. The driver swore and slammed into a lower gear.

John Bagley felt, or thought he felt, the slightest tremor in the cross-tie under his feet. And something, in a brief split second, struck him as odd about the shadow in which they stood. It was—it was moving, and Kit's scream and John Bagley's instinctive leap as he tried to grab Kit but instead, because his foot hit a small pebble, he got only empty air, were all a part of a kaleidoscopic nightmare of confusion, alarm, and incoherent noise as the great boulder above crashed mightily down, splitting in two with a great cracking sound as it did so, one large chunk stopping inches short of the electric fence in such position that the other and larger piece falling immediately behind struck it, hurtled into the air, and cleared the fence by the merest fraction of an inch.

Had the bottom chunk not stopped where it did, had the other half not happened to strike it exactly as it did, or had the shattered insulator not permitted just enough slack in the electric wire to enable the rock to leap it without touching it, the electric fence would have flashed its warning.

For a confused moment John Bagley stared wildly around. Rock dust hung in the air and he had fallen as he slipped on the pebble and *where was Kit?*

"Dad! Dad!" he heard, and he whirled around.

Kit was half-lying on the track. The great split-off chunk of rock, resting partly on one rail, was across his leg.

John Bagley moved swiftly to his son. With horror in his eyes, he knelt down and took Kit's hand.

"I can't move, Dad!" cried Kit. "I can't move."

John looked at the boulder. Maybe, maybe it had not crushed or broken his son's leg; it appeared to be resting on the rail and a cross-tie.

"Does it hurt much?" he asked softly, but Kit was weeping hysterically and could not answer.

"Kit!" He was ashamed of speaking so sharply, but it did what he hoped: Kit stopped crying.

"It doesn't hurt," Kit said. "Not much, anyway. But I can't pull loose. Move the rock, Dad. Please, move it!"

John Bagley looked at the rock. "Move it, Dad," Kit whimpered. John put his shoulder to the rock, knowing the futility of it, knowing that no one man could budge it, but knowing too that for his son he had to try. He pushed until his heart pounded and his eyes misted. The rock did not budge, and John hated it for its stolid resistance to his human muscles.

He realized that he must not succumb to hysteria. What he could see of Kit's leg showed no obvious deformation, and thank God there was no blood. He would need to proceed calmly, efficiently, exploring every possibility. Don't lose your head, he said to himself, don't, don't.

Again he knelt beside his son. Apparently the boulder was resting on a rail and the firm ballast beneath the ties, or on a tie itself. The lower part of Kit's leg disappeared beneath the boulder in the small space between the bottom of the boulder, the rail, and the ground.

"I think it's my foot, Dad," whispered Kit. "My leg's all right, but I can't move my foot, I can't pull it out."

Then the horror struck his father, and his face turned white as he thought, Oh, God, let me keep Kit from thinking of it.

"Dad!" cried Kit. "Oh, Dad, what if—what if—"

It was too late. Kit had thought of it too.

"Come on, son," said John. "Let's pull you loose." He seized Kit by the shoulders.

"You're hurting me," said Kit, sobbing again.

It was no use. Only if help could be found, enough help to take the weight of the rock off the rail and open up what (thank the good Lord for this, at least) must be the small pocket in which Kit's foot was caught, would Kit be free.

"Dad," Kit said, "what are you going to do?" He had stopped crying, but he was shaking, shaking all over, violently.

At that moment they both heard, from some indeterminate distance and direction, the faint hoarse blat of a diesel locomotive's air-horn.

"It's a train," whispered Kit, his eyes wide with terror. "Oh, Daddy, it's a train." He had not called his father "Daddy" for a long time.

Get control of yourself, thought John Bagley. Don't throw yourself at the rock, don't try to move it, you can't move it, you can't pull him loose, you've tried to the limit of your strength, and more. You haven't even got a knife, or a hatchet. . . . But he could not pursue this thought further.

"Kit," said John, "I'm going to have to leave you here and run up the track and stop the train." He spoke as rapidly as he could, knowing at the same time that he must not communicate the full extent of his fear to the boy. "Then we'll get help from the trainmen and push the rock off."

The hoarse blat of the horn came again. It seemed noticeably closer.

"Dad!" cried Kit. "Where's it coming from? What if you run the wrong way?" He twisted and wriggled as he spoke, pushing and crying as he tried to free himself. *"Where's it coming from?"* Faintly, in the distance, they could hear now a dull rumbling clattering roar, echoing and re-echoing through the canyon.

"It's from that way," said John, and he started swiftly to run toward the direction from which the sound seemed to come when his son's cry stopped him.

"No, Dad, no! From there, from there!" Kit pointed in the opposite direction. If only they could see! If only the tracks did not curve out of sight in either direction! If only every rock and tree did not twist and distort and bounce the sound, now seeming much louder, of the train approaching fast and invisible, approaching—but from where? If only diesels made smoke. . . . Now he could not tell at all where the sound originated, and he was afraid his son knew he could not tell, and no matter what happened this, at least, his son must not know.



SWEATING, John Bagley put his ear to the rail, and fought down his fear as the loud humming sounded so close by his head.

"You can tell that way, Daddy, can't you?" said Kit. "You can tell where it's coming from?"

John straightened and looked at his son. All his life he had dreaded some such moment as this. He knew—had always known—how to make decisions in the laboratory. Always there was something to go on, a collection of data to assess, or a logical corollary to what had gone before, or a table of figures which, even though capable of misinterpretation, was nevertheless *there*. But always he had feared that the time might come when the data or the corollary or the figures simply did not exist, and yet a step had to be taken even though taking it meant plunging ahead in darkness.

"You *can* tell, Daddy?" Kit was nearly hysterical again. John Bagley had tried never to lie, to himself or others.

"Yes, Kit," said John. "Now I know. Don't worry." Then he was running desperately up the track, as fast as he could in the direction from which he and Kit had come, and he prayed incoherently as he ran.

Another bleat of the horn. Was it louder? Less loud? And the rising-fading-rising rumble . . . it seemed farther away. John Bagley almost stopped, but it was too late now, too late: his course was set, the step in the dark had been taken, and for the first time in his life he knew fully what it was to be committed irrevocably to action without evidence, without the slightest shred of proof that the decision was correct. Yet he knew he must go on. There flashed into his mind a crazy picture of himself running frantically first one way, then the other, betrayed by the mountain echoes, like a foolish base-runner trapped between second and third.

His feet pounded on the cinders between the ties, which he cursed for being so spaced that now and then he stumbled. Once he fell, tearing the

knees out of his trousers, then scrambling to his feet, pounding on. Again the horn, and his heart almost stopped, for it seemed much less loud. But he forced himself on. The decision had been made. Right or wrong, it had been made.

He reached the curve somewhere beyond which —if he was right—would be the train. Would have to be the train. Over his shoulder he caught a last quick look at Kit, pinned by the rock, seeming much too close behind (surely he had covered more ground than that!) and he ran faster, blood-pounding, heart-pounding, sweat-streaming faster. He had hoped that once into the curve he would be able to see (and be seen) a long distance. But the curve was sharp enough, or the walls of the cut through which it ran were close enough to the tracks, so that still he could see nothing.

He stopped, sobbing with exhaustion. He could run no farther. Here he must stand if he was to have even enough strength to wave his arms. But there was no train at which to wave. The twin tracks, shining in the sun, curved mockingly away until they disappeared behind the canyon wall, and they were empty. He strained with terrible intensity to hear something, to hear anything, but only the pounding rush of exhaustion filled his ears. He felt himself waver at the edge of consciousness; and for the first time, trying to fight it off but losing ground, he knew that futility and despair were beginning at last utterly to overwhelm him.

Then suddenly above the roaring in his ears sounded a tremendous alien noise, the rasping blast of an air-horn, very close, and three hundred yards away, its great steel snout roaring into view, he saw the train bearing down, and standing squarely in the middle of the track he mustered his final reserves to wave and, foolishly, yell, and he stayed where he was as he heard the increasing roar of the horn, jumping aside so late that for a fright-filled moment he was afraid he himself would be the one to be ground beneath the wheels.

Thank God, now, that it *was* a diesel, for that meant a clear view ahead for both engineer and fireman: they *must* have seen him. Then he heard the grinding squeal of brakes, and he saw the sparks fly as wheel after wheel locked and slid on the rails, and before he fainted he thought dimly, I got through to them, they're going to flatten every wheel, by God. Thank God they saw me, they saw me, and they're stopping.

He returned to consciousness as the last of the cars ground to a shuddering halt and a trainman, leaping down, ran to him.

"My son," he gasped, pointing. "My son . . . down there."

LATER, after the train crew had pried the rock up enough so that Kit could be pulled free, and the brakeman had put a small splint on Kit's ankle, though it seemed only to be bruised, and they were all back at the camp ground together (the burly brakeman had insisted on carrying Kit all the way), Myra Bagley looked at her husband and whispered, "Oh, John, how could you tell which direction the train was coming from? How could you tell, in mountains like these where everything echoes so?"

"Myra," John started to say, "I—"

Then he stopped. How could he tell her? The imponderable brooding fact of chance, of Fate, the dark reminder that beyond the shining realm of the controlled experiment, the offer of proof, the calculated risk, lay something incalculable—it was too much now for her. Later, maybe, later. Let Myra (and Kit) think now that he *had* known.

"I used an old Boy Scout trick," he said, smiling a little, feeling his strength return. "I put my ear to the rail."

"And you could tell the *direction?*" Myra asked.

"Sure," he lied. "Sure, if you know how."

"I'm so relieved," Myra said. "Oh, John, if you'd had to *guess. . . .*"

He knew then that he could never tell her.

BARBARA WATSON

A WINTER'S TALE

snow, Mozartian profundity
simple as love seems simple, but it lies
heavy as love can lie when all that lightness
accumulates, piling perfect crystal on perfect
until our shelter shudders and is crushed

sometime at night when the will lies asleep
he spreads his fleece as far as the eye can see
and when we wake it is too late to change
or save that landscape gone so coldly strange
this is that time we fear but will not be spared
glory is choking up the middle air
thicker as on we go, and cannot know
what is the end until the end is so

Walter Kerr

How to Beat the CRITICS

The *Herald Tribune's* professional assassin reveals why all Broadway hates him—and his six murderous companions—and why the whole gang sometimes fails to kill a play.

IT IS going to take all the zest out of life if I succeed in permanently mending the breach that has long existed between the creative people of the theater and the newspaper men who are hired to criticize them, but I am going to have to try. There is just too much suffering going on.

Miss Faye Emerson, for instance, simply cannot be permitted to endure anything more. It wasn't enough, earlier this season, that Miss Emerson should submit to having her clothes torn off her back, her hair mussed, and her heart broken during the course of a melodrama about brain-washing called "Protective Custody." She was also forced, once the notices were out, to face the fact that she would have the clothes torn off her back, her hair mussed, and her heart broken for only three consecutive performances. Come Saturday night, she would never again be able to play that stirring eleven-o'clock scene in which she stood with one foot on a rickety drawbridge and the other on terra firma while her captor-lover, sobbing on his knees, slowly raised one trembling arm toward a wall-switch that might or might not raise the drawbridge. The drawbridge, now that I can give the plot away, never went up; but the closing notice did.

Wearing an appropriately tragic veil, Miss Emerson stumbled away into the bright night of a local television studio, there to mourn her loss. The authors, she told us in syllables as brave as they were broken, had worked long, hard, and beautifully. Enormous amounts of money had been spent, some of it by loyal friends who had helped bring the play into town after disastrous reverses on the road. All the work, all the money, all the loyalty, all the beauty had been wantonly wiped out by certain capricious reviewers who had been so delinquent in their clear duty to art that they should now be ashamed to pick up their pay checks on Wednesday. The pain was plain, real, and far-reaching; for all I know, it is still reaching people by kinescope, sending wave after wave of outraged woe into the air we daily breathe.

A week or two later Miss Kim Stanley was back in print. Miss Stanley is in print nearly as often as the reviewers are; she can be distinguished from them, however, by the vigorous quality of her prose. To the luminous and evanescent Miss Stanley the critics have long been a bunch of "fatheads." Just *how* fat-headed was being freshly demonstrated by their reaction to "A Clearing in the Woods," a psychological fantasy in which the lady in question, after spending an evening chasing her three life-size alter egos through the woods, at last clutched all three of herself to her breast, glared at the morose father whose indifference had destroyed her childhood, and contentedly murmured, "It's all right—he's alone, but *we've* got each other."

ALL THAT WORK

HAVING immersed herself in psychology during the preparation of the play, Miss Stanley was in an excellent position to analyze the critics' otherwise inexplicable impatience with so noble a work. They obviously had identified themselves with the "father" image in the narrative, had bridled at the suggestion that they were unkind to children, and had revenged themselves by spanking everyone and everything in sight.

Strictly speaking, Miss Stanley was being kind to her tormentors: she was gently and patiently taking them by the hand, explaining what had caused their little outbursts, and helping them toward true self-knowledge. For a moment, it seemed as though we were all about to enter a new period of tolerance, understanding, and deep therapy. When, however, the financial handwriting appeared on the backstage wall—"A Clearing in the Woods" posted its closing notice *twice,* just to make things sadder—Miss Stanley hied herself off to a television chamber, let loose with a few heated remarks about all that work and all that money and all that

beauty, and the fatheads were in the fire again.

They are, of course, used to the heat—and it cannot honestly be said that the fresh scorching of 1957 accomplished anything practical at all. Brooks Atkinson's lip did not tremble as he came early to the Winter Garden. There were no tears to be seen in Richard Watts Jr.'s eyes as he escorted Miss Nancy Berg into the Broadhurst. John McClain did not volunteer public confession at Broadway and Duffy Square, and it is even reported that John Chapman sneered.* Over the years the reviewers have learned to sit their thrones with the sensitive, rueful, ironic detachment of philosophers; they know the ways of this wicked world.

They know, among other things, that no matter how deeply they are loved, no matter how exquisitely they may be thought to write, no matter what heartfelt posies and magnums of Mumm's come officeward at Christmastime, there is always lurking somewhere a small, nasty voice that will whisper "one of the Jukes boys" in a large paid advertisement. A slumbering prejudice, more firmly ingrained than those of race or class, lies eternally coiled to lash out against them; and they go their ways sweetly resigned to the sting of the serpent's tooth, stoically conditioned to the loathing of the loveliest creatures in town, utterly impervious to everybody's anguish. They can neither be moved by pity nor shaken by spite.

Has someone just lost seventy thousand dollars, or three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, on an enterprise the reviewers condemned? The newspaper critic's obligation is not to the man who has invested a thousand dollars in a project he hopes to make a profit on; it is to the reader who has invested five cents in his newspaper and is on the verge of investing an additional $7.50 in a theater seat. The reviewer cannot switch allegiances—cannot permit himself to dwell forlornly on the money that may be going down the drain—without becoming a hireling of the producer and a Judas to his job.

Has a great deal of work gone into the project? An enormous amount of work must have gone into the building of the Tower of Babel, the organization of Nazi Germany, the writing of Ben Jonson's verse tragedies. The plea that judgments should be arrived at by a careful study of the time sheets and cash disbursements associated with a given production cannot be taken quite seriously: it would mean, I believe, that last season's Critics Circle Award ought to have gone to a production of the "Ziegfeld Follies" which closed prematurely in Philadelphia. So much for time and money—in the critic's view.

* Atkinson (*New York Times*), Watts (*Post*), McClain (*Journal-American*), Chapman (*News*).

THE WORST AND THE BEST

WHAT of beauty? Have masterworks been sacrificed on the altar of the seven deadly egos? Apart from the two morsels mentioned earlier, here are the plays of the current season which managed the rather difficult feat of irritating *all* seven reviewers and therefore may be said to have been whacked out of existence by the newspaper onslaught:

one in which a seafarin' fellow came home from "out there where it's clean and free" to discover that his wife was sleeping with her new husband, and thereafter stood under the nuptial window baying like a hound dog;

one in which an Austrian brothel-keeper stood under three talking wall-portraits, announced in accents closer to the Chippewa dialect "I bake 'um cake like never before," and did bake a beaut with strawberry icing;

one in which a young actor who wished to convince us he was drunk crossed his eyes for three-quarters of an hour, though without impairing his ability to blow directly into the socks he wished to put on his feet;

one in which a jealous woman reached into her rival's bodice, ripped out a pair of falsies, and hurled them across the room;

and one in which an officer on a spaceship said to another, soberly, "Lose your amazing tensions, Lieutenant; I, too, have fatherbonds."

Four or five of these expensive treasures (total cost around four hundred thousand, total manhours incalculable) came in quite early in the season. The critics, sensing a decline in beauty from the year before and detecting a faint aura of "Oh, hell, let's produce *something*" in the crisp fall air, began to batten down their respective hatches. They are well aware that a weak season on Broadway means open season on reviewers; when love and money are lost in bucketfuls, someone—preferably someone who has opened his big mouth—must be made to pay; if reviewers are mere honest reporters in a good season, they are dirty rascals in a bad—they are, in fact, the *cause* of the bad season. Things looked ominous.

As the next few months wore on, it turned out that, to be a successful dramatist in the theatrical year 1956-57, you had best be either dead or British. The genuinely distinctive serious work —I am here excluding pasted-together adapta-

tions and musical-comedy books—came with Eugene O'Neill's powerful "Long Day's Journey into Night" (posthumously produced), Terence Rattigan's perfectly appointed "Separate Tables" (British), Graham Greene's absorbing "The Potting Shed" (British), and Jean Anouilh's brilliant "Waltz of the Toreadors" (French, in a British translation by Lucienne Hill).

Each of these proved an exhilarating surprise in the sluggish treadmill of no-business as usual: none, however, could be said to salve the ego of the native, contemporary playwright—or the actress who was working for him. Ask a native playwright or performer what was wrong with the American theater along about January first and he would tell you that the American critic was wrong with it: ask the critic and—well, he'd already had his say and was going to stand on it. At best, a stalemate on the matter of beauty. At worst, the critic was right.

In any case, he was not—and is not—going to be shaken by pathos or bested by argument. So far as I know, no show in recent years has salvaged its investment by putting Little Eva on television, by issuing statements that do not so much question as clearly define the ancestry of reviewers, or by taking those candid space-ads in which the producers acknowledge the press-blast and then tell you how much Jean Arthur, Militza Korjus, and other members of the regular audience loved it. Practically speaking, you can't beat "the boys" by taking a stick to them.

What, then? Will this agony never cease? Must every playwright chew his pencil stubs and his nerves for two or three tooth-breaking years, every performer draw nuance after nuance from the depths of his or her being during months of preparation, every backer reach into his billfold and haul out hard-earned cash reserves, only to see all of this industry, affection, and generosity whisked into nothingness on a single evening, by a few hastily-written, obviously capricious words in the press? Can't we lick this thing?

THE RANDOM CHANCES

WE CAN. We have. The critics are being beaten all the time—and I don't mean to be so fatuous as to suggest that they are regularly beaten by the simple, canny practice of producing good shows. They are being beaten by good shows, mediocre shows, and pedigreed dogs. How is this mean little deception accomplished? It is first of all accomplished by surrendering one's daydreams and looking very, very hard at the facts of theatrical life:

Item: The critics are, in the majority of cases, impotent. While you stifle your howls of outrage, let me explain. The newspaper notices may be said to be influential, even decisive, when they are unanimous. That is, the appearance of seven thoroughly negative notices in the daily press probably does mean that a show is in danger of its life: the appearance of seven thoroughly favorable notices probably, though not certainly, does mean that lines will form at the box office immediately.

During the current season—until mid-February, that is—only nine out of twenty-nine new productions have received unanimous approval or disapproval. Seven of the nine were uniformly blasted, and have closed. Two were uniformly praised, and are running. But these two are not the only two running. Eleven of the twenty-nine are on the boards, and threatening to stay there. What kind of notices did *they* get?

The remaining nine, or a majority of the shows now basking in hit status, received what are called "mixed" or "split" notices from those unpredictable reviewers. Well and good, you say: when the balance was in favor, the show ran; when the balance was against, it didn't run. But you're guessing. It didn't work out that way at all.

Let's take some of the close splits, four reviewers on one side and three on the other. A domestic farce called "The Loud Red Patrick" drew a 4–3 verdict *against;* so did a domestic farce called "The Happiest Millionaire." One is gone and the other is with us: the critical average was the same in both cases. Or tilt it the other way. The musical version of "Candide" drew a 4–3 split *in favor;* so did a cheerfully foolish melodrama called "Speaking of Murder." The tilt in favor didn't help: both are gone.

Glance at some wider differences of opinion. An imported tea-cake called "The Reluctant Debutante" won a 5–2 favorable nod; so did a revival of "Major Barbara." One now belongs to the ages, the other continues to do extravagant business. (Bear in mind, if you can keep any part of this arithmetic in your head, that a show with a 5–2 favorable verdict has collapsed while a show with a 4–3 negative verdict survives.)

And let me add one mystifying contender to that 5–2 favorable squad. Not long ago a serious play opened to 5 genuinely good notices and 2 mild quibbles: this average should have—in the mythology of our time—betokened success. A day or two later one of the producers was on the telephone to a friend, whispering in a strangled little voice: "Do you know what we've

got? We've got a private hit." No one much was showing up at eight-thirty. (I have refrained from mentioning the name of this work because the minute public word gets around that an enterprise isn't thunderingly successful it stops doing any kind of business at all—and this wistful orphan, blessed by a good majority of the critics, is still struggling to make its way.)

Let's sum up, thus far. Most shows get mixed notices. These shows, however, do not succeed or fail in proportion as the mixture is good or bad. Ergo, in the majority of cases the newspaper notices do not determine the fate of somebody's favorite child; some other factor, or combination of factors, steps in to monkey with the teeter-totter.

Item: The average ticket-buyer hasn't the faintest notion of what the overall critical verdict may have been. Who—apart from those good souls actually bound to the production—reads *all* the notices? How many people buy—and read—more than three newspapers? How many more than two? How many out-of-towners, whose support is necessary to any smash hit, have done more than glance at the verdict of a single magazine?

It is a very good thing for a reviewer to go to cocktail parties: good for his arrogant soul, I mean. There he will be exposed to, and chastened by, several conversational openings. The bluntest of them is: "What did you think of such-and-such a play?" Here the convivial fellow is honorably letting you know that he doesn't read you, that he doesn't mean to read you, and that he couldn't possibly follow the meanderings of your prose if he did.

He is swiftly succeeded by the pale but intense lady who gets a death-grip on your lapel and furiously asks: "*How* could you have possibly praised 'Troilus and Cressida'?" It is no good explaining that you didn't; she will simply think you are a coward, and are lying to her. And when the conversation gets general enough for sweeping statements to be made, out of the burgeoning smoke will come the hoarse, let's-have-it-now challenge:

"You're a critic. Will you *please* tell me why the critics always go for a merely splashy musical like 'Fanny' and then turn down a really significant play like 'Time Limit'?" (By actual count, "Fanny" drew four negative notices and ran for two years, while "Time Limit" drew six favorable notices and shortly failed; I am putting this in here because I never did succeed in making myself heard at that party.)

One of the sad little things a critic soon learns—and that very few producers seem ever to learn—is this: people forget. They begin by reading so few reviews that they have only the haziest and most inaccurate impression of what "the critics" said; and they end by forgetting what the critics they did read did say. Does anyone in the room remember that Richard Watts Jr. couldn't stand "The Seven Year Itch," that Brooks Atkinson took a very dim view of "The Solid Gold Cadillac," or that your present pen-pal was sorely irritated by the original production of "Picnic"?

I have myself had the fascinating experience of listening to a famous actress denounce a favorite reviewer of mine for what she considered unreasonable reviewing; for three long paragraphs she went on, quoting impeccably with what seemed to be total recall; and every scorned word she quoted was not his, but mine. (Did I tell her the truth? I did not; I'm a coward.) I have also on occasion accepted congratulations for notices written in my accustomed space by a young colleague who sometimes relieves me, one Paul Beckley. I accepted them, let me say, with a becoming modesty. The average ticket-buyer is, in case anyone wants to know, print-blind and recall-poor. Two months after a show has opened total confusion reigns.

Of course, every potential customer *thinks* he knows what the critics thought of a show. But something is going on here that has nothing to do with reviewing. Since the customer was inadequately informed in the first place and has had a severe attack of amnesia since, he is not dealing with criticism at all but with a vague, yet tenaciously held, impression.

THE SOUND OF SUCCESS

WHERE did that impression come from? Partly from hearsay—from that most gloriously unreliable of all methods of communication, the grapevine. But mostly, I do believe, it comes from deep inside the customer's private soul. Somewhere far below the levels of newspaper-reading consciousness lies a little Freudian censor that keeps rubbing its antennae together and sending out sharp, insistent messages like, "Now *that's* something *I'd* like to see!" or perhaps, "Not for this kid!" And these messages tend to *become*, in the customer's mind, what "the critics" said.

Every show that is produced brings with it its own atmosphere of expectation, for good or for ill. It either *sounds* likely, or it doesn't—to the customer. "Can-Can," with a

score by Cole Porter, sounds exceedingly likely; the critics can be graceless, or even downright grumpy, without injuring a month of its two-year run. "Time Limit," being about brain-washing, doesn't sound likely; the critics can huff and puff like so many Disney frogs and not help it. The morning after I expressed my own dissatisfaction with "The Fourposter" a friend called me on the phone to say that the review had made up her mind for her; she grasped that *I* didn't like it but it sounded exactly like what she wanted to cuddle up with. People cuddled up with that one for years.

The atmosphere that stirs expectation, that tantalizes the secret hunches that all theater-goers have, is composed of many things, some tangible and some not so very. Titles count. ("Sixth Finger in a Five Finger Glove" is not a good title; "The Strong Are Lonely" is not a good title; "Bells Are Ringing" is a good title.) Personalities count. ("I've *always* liked that nice Walter Pidgeon.") Subject matter counts. (Do I want to see a play tonight about treachery in a prison camp?) Timing counts. (I may want to see a play about treachery in a prison camp next year, or I may have wanted to see one last year, but—*tonight?*) Circumstances count. (Is it Eugene O'Neill's last play, and what did he say about his family?) Curiosity counts. (What in heaven's name can "The Waltz of the Toreadors" be like?) The curve of the moon counts.

And reviews count, perhaps more than I've indicated in this good-will message. But they do not, in the majority of cases, count a show in or out. They are influential, to tell the simple truth about it, *only* in relation to the expectation we've been talking about. They constitute one variable element in a great complex of elements.

Suppose the reviews for "Auntie Mame" had been less good than they were. Would it have mattered much? Very much? The man who has heard about Patrick Dennis' novel, and who is enchanted by the thought of seeing Rosalind Russell again, has in effect made up his mind. He might, for a moment, be a bit dashed by reading something lukewarm, or even chilling, in a section of the press; but in a week he'd have forgotten Kerr's hasty comments ("Oh, *he* doesn't like anything!"), he'd have received reassurances from some adventurous friend that "audiences are loving it," and, needing nothing more, he'd have been off to the Broadhurst to claim his inalienable right to happiness.

Six ice-cold notices did nothing to keep expectation out of the Broadway, where a gentleman named Sammy Davis Jr., in a gem called "Mr. Wonderful," managed to gross anywhere from forty to sixty thousand dollars a week for a year after the newspaper frost descended.

Expectation—the way a show looks in the Sunday advertisements, sounds in the gossip columns, or adds up in the "hunch" department of the playgoer's brain—is probably the one truly determining factor in the success or failure of a play. Expectation nudges the playgoer in a given direction, either toward or away from the box office. The critic may *confirm* this predisposition and so start a stampede, in which case he will seem to have been very powerful indeed. Or he may *try* to nudge the playgoer in an opposite direction, against his own inner conviction. Here he may have some small influence, though the reviewer who has tried to keep people out of "Mr. Wonderful" or drive them into a Bernard Shaw play with the unprepossessing title of "Misalliance" knows just how slight it is.

And whenever a genuine elbowing contest develops between criticism and expectation, it is expectation that is going to win. A newspaper critic is powerless to send people thronging to a play they suspect they are going to hate; and he cannot, short of police action, keep them out of an enterprise they are confident they are going to enjoy.

The critic can, then, be beaten—but he must be beaten before the fact, not after it. (Don't take a stick to him the next morning; pull the rug out from under him six months ahead.) To the producers and playwrights, the actors and articulate actresses, who would like to get the best of us vultures perched high above Times Square, I'd say: ask yourselves if the title, the content, the company, the timing, the circumstances, the confidential report from astrologer Vincent Lopez, all have a lively, provocative ring about them; ask yourselves if your respective mothers would like it; ask if you'd go to see it were it produced, and acted in, by somebody else. When you mention the project to your friends, do their faces fall? Do they stand expressionless? Or do they seethe with jealousy that you've got your hands on the script or the part? What kind of weather does the play suggest?

The entrepreneurs who go about their work in this slightly mystical, eminently dishonest way are probably going to leave those poor fellows, the reviewers, sitting lonely by their unwashed office windows, calling out to an unheeding populace that passes them by, and wondering just how long their obviously superfluous jobs are going to last.

But why am I telling you all this?

Franz Spelman

What the Hungarians say about Western Propaganda

New cracks in the Iron Curtain are providing the first good chance to measure the effectiveness of the enormous barrage of words we are sending to the Russian satellites.

LAST September, I almost was run down by a Hungarian script-writer as he came stumbling out of the double doors of Radio Free Europe in Munich. His blind progress was understandable; he had just been fired.

Once he was known as a great, liberal journalist; he had been jailed by Horthy and, a decade ago, had vainly and almost single-handedly tried to stem Communist encroachment. In 1948, threatened with arrest by the AVH, he had crossed the Austrian border hidden in a bag of potatoes on the rear-deck of a Soviet supply truck. Since early in 1952 he had been writing fiery editorials for Radio Free Europe. Now he was just another victim of one of the frequent purges which periodically shake this organization.

Already he was imbued with the exile's mixture of bitterness and resignation.

"How could they judge the effect and the quality of my work?" he asked me. "Broadcasting to Hungary we always operate in a complete void. We don't even dare accept part of the Communist line to enter in the give-and-take relationship which my Polish colleagues maintain they now have with the Gomulka government. What do we know about Hungary but the little we learn from those incomplete interviews with the few dozen daredevils who manage to crawl through the Iron Curtain?

"Surely, we are effective somewhere; the insults in the Communist press and radio often show that they have been hurt. But where? And does it really pay trying to help from the outside? Certainly, conditions back home are atrocious. Yet I often cannot help believing that Communism is like a disease which can be cured only by antitoxins the body forms itself."

Barely a month later, my acquaintance's complaints about the paucity of information from within Hungary were superseded beyond his wildest dreams. Almost 170,000 witnesses streamed through the perforated border.

Here was audience reaction in abundance. For the first time it was possible to check first-hand the effectiveness of Radio Free Europe and the other Western radio stations.

The first reactions—shrill and contradictory—came all too soon. Before Radio Free Europe's analysts were ready to rush to the refugee camps with their hastily drafted questionnaires, the refugees' often conflicting statements had been blared in the world press.

One pre-dawn last December, I spent three hours in the overcrowded, damp-smelling wooden shed which ordinarily serves as the dance hall for the country inn at Andau. That night the five miles of hard-frozen, reed-covered swamp that stretches from Andau to the Hungarian frontier were alive with hundreds of border-crossers. Half of them came from Budapest, the remainder from small provincial towns. The fog, which earlier in the evening had mercifully veiled the trek, was suddenly torn to shreds by a sharp east wind. It was a moonless night, but the Soviet border-guards had released flares and trained large spotlights. There were intermittent rifle shots; once, the rattling of a burp-gun. Austrian volunteers prowled through the underbrush, picking up refugees to help to the Red

Cross station. One group which exhaustedly stumbled into the electric glare of the hall had lost three members.

But it was amazing how, after a steaming cup of tea, repressed fear and excitement burst out in talk. Now that they had made it to the West, the refugees wanted to know what conditions were, what to expect. Were they what Radio Free Europe—a term by which they apparently meant any Western broadcasting station—had described them to be?

WHAT THE RADIO SAID

AN ALMOST casual question about the impact and merits of the propaganda broadcasts provoked an immediate, lively response among the escapees.

A middle-aged schoolteacher from Pecs spoke for the group. A former party member herself, she had become the head of the local Revolutionary Council. One week before, she had jumped from an improvised prison-van on its way to deliver her and twenty-six insurgent leaders to the Foe Utca prison in Budapest, had sneaked back to her home town, collected thirteen members of her family and friends, and led them over the border.

She repeated what other escapees had said before:

"Don't credit the radio; this revolution was caused by pressure from within. It was instigated by the greediness of the Soviets who stole our food; by the arrogance of the party leaders who sat in their villas spitting at us; by the continual provocation of those long freight trains daily carrying our uranium ore and our bauxite to Mukachevo, the Soviet border stop. The Soviets reaped what they had sowed. They gave the arms to our army; they forced our youngsters to read Gorki, Fadeyev, Simonov—authors who described techniques of street fighting, the prescription for a Molotov cocktail, the art of building barricades. The radio? Yes, it was important. But the revolution would also have started if radio had not existed."

A veterinarian from Budapest who had arrived one hour earlier objected:

"But you ought at least to admit that the radio gave the discontented in the party the vocabulary with which to voice their opposition."

A cannery foreman from the schoolteacher's group put in bitterly:

"Sure, the radio helped us to find out that there could be a better life somewhere else. When the shooting started, the speakers in their studios in Munich had it easy: just talking, talking, talking. We did the fighting."

An elderly typesetter from the Szabad Nep-Szikra printing plant in Budapest spoke up:

"It will be hard to forget the unkept promises. Most of those who believed were bitterly disappointed. That is how it was with us in Budapest: during the fighting not one windowpane in our flat was left intact. Our furniture was in shambles. The only thing we continued to protect was the radio set. My wife put it in a box in the corner and wrapped our bed pillows around it. That's how much we cherished it. It was our source of hope, of connection with the outside world. That's how, on November fourth, we heard the transmission from the UN building in New York, and we cried with joy. There was the American delegate solemnly declaring that the big United States would never let the brave Hungarian people down. I speak English, sir, and there was the simultaneous translation by a Hungarian for all others to hear."

He interspersed a sequence of powerful but untranslatable Hungarian curses.

"On the following morning the Russians struck back. Nowhere in this big, free world was there anyone who did anything about it. And there was nothing any more we could do ourselves. How can we ever believe anything again?"

A young man with a sensitive student's face, his dirty, torn sheepskin jacket bulging from the soiled bandage around his badly wounded left arm, resignedly waved his right:

"Sixteen of us were holding a roadblock, at the Puekor Utca, in Budapest, that is. The inhabitants of the adjoining houses sat in their cellars. They had brought us a Tungsram radio set and rigged it up with a series of extension cords from the wall plug in an empty shop. There we sat in the cold, waiting for the tanks, listening to jazz. Occasionally our leader—he is dead now—turned the dials. He wanted to get any station which would tell us how bad, or desperate, our situation really was. Our own Freedom Stations were already silent; BBC was talking about Suez; and Radio Free Europe just sent out talk about how glorious we were. It was then that all of us heard it, crackling out from three spots at the wave scale, the voice shouting: 'Hold out, Hungarians, hold out! Help from the West is on the way! You must continue to fight.' It still rings in my ears. Believing it cost us the lives of five comrades—when the Soviet tanks finally came. The people who made those broadcasts have blood on their conscience."

I asked: "Now that everything seems lost, do

you think that the West should continue its broadcasts to Hungary?"

There was a general protest at the way I had put my question.

"This revolution hasn't been lost. It has only been prolonged," the man with the wounded arm exclaimed quickly. "It started on its own, and it will continue without you. But if you stop broadcasting now, you will abandon yourselves. It would mean that you were giving up what had become a vital part of your own fight which you, in the West, might still lose."

A BARRAGE OF WORDS

AT RADIO Free Europe's headquarters in Munich a survey of almost one thousand escapee questionnaires has recently been completed by the Audience Research Section. Its findings confirm the trends I met that December night at the Hungarian border. Statistics now exist to prove that Western broadcasts to Hungary had indeed fermented the awareness of how bad matters were at home and how different they were in the West; they had helped to shatter the Big Lie, the myth of the superiority of the Communist system.

The programs which made the strongest impression, detailed analysis revealed, were those with the least obvious propaganda content: straight news reports, unbiased features, vignettes of everyday life in the West. Of secondary importance, but of real interest to active party members, were the programs uncovering weak spots in party ideology and hierarchy and those dealing with the power struggle inside the USSR.

Foremost among the failures were the broadcasts which had tried to develop a "National Opposition Movement." This movement—aimed at organizing internal opposition by supplying the Hungarians with a ten-point political program—was a pet project of Radio Free Europe. Hundreds of thousands of its manifestoes, printed on thin paper, had also been reaching Hungary tied to balloons. But the whole effort left only a few, negative impressions. The Hungarians apparently resented and disregarded political suggestions from the outside.

One of the big surprises was that the Hungarians habitually failed to distinguish between the various Western radio stations and were apt to refer to them generally as Radio Free Europe. Thus they wrongly attributed to RFE the irresponsible broadcast which urged them to continue to resist. Actually this came from the three-man mobile short-wave transmitter which NTS—an organization of Russian exiles that claims to represent the Russian revolutionary underground—operates from Frankfurt.

It was partially the Soviet Union that tried to pin the blame on Radio Free Europe, hoping in this way to persuade the German government to rescind RFE's broadcasting license and so remove a potential troublemaker of some dimensions. In point of fact, once the Hungarian revolt had actually started, Radio Free Europe tried to slow it down.

Very few Americans have ever heard of NTS, or of various other groups which are currently barraging the satellites with messages from the outside. The Western propaganda effort is far greater than most people realize. Today, pitted against the Communist nations in Eastern Europe, are ten networks which use a grand total of 104 short- and medium-wave transmitters of from 60 to 1,000 kilowatt power, and employ some 3,700 people, about 1,200 of them exiles from the countries to which they broadcast.

These stations fall roughly into three categories:

(1) Government-sponsored stations, like the Voice of America;

(2) Stations with more specialized aims, like Radio Vatican which is directed specifically at Catholics, most particularly at the Catholic clergy;

(3) The large group of stations which Radio Free Europe operates from its headquarters in Munich.

In the first category, the United States leads in total effort—though not, perhaps, in effectiveness. The Voice of America's studios in Washington and Munich daily send out five hours and fifteen minutes of broadcasts to Hungary, three hours to Czechoslovakia, six hours to Poland, three hours to Rumania, and four hours to Bulgaria. East Germany is served by West Berlin's RIAS, which, like the Voice, is a branch of the United States Information Service.

The Voice is, as its name implies, an official spokesman of the United States. The majority of the exiles it employs have become American citizens, and its script-writers are expected to follow the State Department's foreign-policy line. Its chief propaganda effort is constantly to contrast "the American way of life" with conditions in the target areas.

Second in size to the Voice among the official networks is the British Broadcasting Corporation which is on the air for an hour and a quarter a day in most Eastern European tongues.

Relying on the reputation for accuracy and restraint it won during World War II, BBC's primary aim is to bring the complete news.

Lacking the professional gloss of the Voice and the news accuracy of the BBC, but highly proficient in talking to Stalinites in their own idiom are the three transmitters which Titoist Radio Belgrade beams to intellectuals in Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Its specialty is providing ideological ammunition which its listeners can take to party meetings.

Most other government-operated stations which broadcast to the Soviet bloc—like Radio Diffusion Française, Radio Italiana, and West Germany's newly inaugurated Deutsche Welle—do so as a matter of token interest and concern themselves mainly with home news and cultural features.

In the second category, in addition to Radio Vatican, there is Radio Madrid, with an even more restricted range of interest. This is the voice of the deposed landowners, the former aristocrats, and the ex-politicians of long-defunct right-wing parties. Undaunted by lack of response, it continues to promote a political program which vacillates between outright neo-fascism and Hapsburg restoration. There are also two anti-Soviet Russian stations, NTS in Frankfurt, which preached resistance during the Hungarian revolt, and—much larger—Radio Liberation in Munich. Radio Liberation, patterned roughly after Radio Free Europe, has the USSR as its principal target, but many of its broadcasts are directed to Soviet soldiers on occupation duty in the satellites.

THE VOICE OF THE EXILES

FAR eclipsing all these stations in importance, kilowattage, broadcasting time, and breadth of programing are the five separate networks combined under the name of Radio Free Europe. The parent organization, the Free Europe Committee, is in New York City, but the vast majority of RFE's 1,500 employees are concentrated at its headquarters in Munich. Its twenty-four transmitters, defying Soviet jamming, are now saturating Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria, and Rumania an average of twenty hours a day. Its programs, with their combination of news, comment, features, plays, classical music, and jazz intentionally compete with—and frequently excel—the programs put out by the Communist networks.

Radio Free Europe was organized early in 1950 by a group of prominent Americans, supported by private contributions and fund-raising campaigns, and was intended to be the voice of the various National Committees and governments-in-exile of the satellite nations. It has always disclaimed any but the most casual connection with the State Department or any other U. S. agency, and in its early years it was able to rush in where official United States policy still feared to tread—before the State Department embarked on its short-lived pendulum-swing toward Liberation from Without.

In those days the Iron Curtain had not yet been closed tight. Its gaps still permitted the escape of anti-Soviet politicians. The full extent of Stalinism, and the full meaning of the 1948 Prague Putsch, were yet to become clear. There were high hopes that the new exile organizations might lead to the development of new regimes, and that Radio Free Europe might become the powerful link between these exiles and their home countries.

But matters developed differently. Scientifically applied, ruthless Soviet terror stamped out any attempts to form the hoped-for underground movements. So, when Liberation was proclaimed as official United States policy, Radio Free Europe enthusiastically endorsed it as the one means left to throw off the Soviet yoke.

But this identification with the State Department, once established, could not be shaken off. After the Geneva Big Four conference, Radio Free Europe could not denounce its former association. Reluctantly, it had to promulgate the theory of Peaceful Co-existence. Today all five of RFE's networks maintain a policy which seems a far cry from the programs originally conceived by the exile committees. The Polish section—its most powerful group—has not only veered away from the recommendations of the Polish government-in-exile but is far ahead of the State Department in its support of the Gomulka government.

The many twists in RFE's development have created a serious morale problem among its employees. It is hard to say how big a part this plays in the organization's overall effectiveness, but it cannot be entirely discounted. A commentator in the Slovak section tried recently to define it:

"If one has been away from home so long and has to exchange the feeling of the immediacy of the fight for the fool's security of a big bureaucracy, one is liable to lose sight of what one originally came here for. All of us are developing our neurotic blocks. How can we be objective if we compare our well-paid jobs,

modern housing, long vacations, monotonous daily routine to the lives of the people we are broadcasting to? And at the same time remember how often we changed our own line."

The Munich headquarters teem with feuds whose origin has long been forgotten. There are open accusations, constant fears of denunciations, endless talk of real and imaginary informers and spies. Turnover of personnel, especially in the top positions, has been staggering. Some former employees have recrossed the Iron Curtain. Yet despite all this, Radio Free Europe today is an impressive operation.

Its headquarters on the Englische Garten is a world in itself, cut off from the outside by a platoon of uniformed guards. Along its more than a mile of corridors are dozens of studios, rehearsal rooms, tape libraries, research sections, teletype rooms. Its Political Adviser's Office—the link to the Free Europe Committee in New York—is a political university whose theses find immediate practical application. Its Monitoring System, with its maze of antennae and receiving stations located in the nearby Dachau moors, is the largest in the world, and receives and records broadcasts from every radio station in the satellites.

Its Information Section collects reports from ten bureaus strung along the fringe of the Soviet orbit. Its powerful medium-wave Czech station in nearby Holzkirchen, its thirteen transmitters which line the Atlantic coast near Lisbon, and its eight others in Biblis on the Rhine daily carry five hours of original programs, repeated four times each, to Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland; an hour and a half program, repeated twice, to Rumania, and a two-hour program, repeated twice, to Bulgaria. Although it has never published a budget, unofficial estimates put its annual operating costs somewhere in the neighborhood of $13 million.

WHAT HUNGARY PROVED

HOW effective has this enormous propaganda effort been? All of the nations involved would like a definitive answer. Hungary was the first big crack in the wall that seals off the listeners. And in the light of reports from Hungarian escapees, an informal, round-table conference was held in Munich recently to discuss the best lines for Western broadcasts to take in the future. Most of the participants were employees of Radio Free Europe, but some worked for the Voice of America, the BBC, and Radio Liberation. While none could speak officially for his organization, the individuals involved arrived at a few points of unanimous agreement:

I. Straight news is the West's most successful propaganda, and the more and straighter the news, the better.

II. Radio Free Europe's tie to the national committees of the various satellite nations is ponderous and unnecessary. Hungarian reaction showed that—in Hungary at least—RFE was never considered the voice of free Hungarians, but the voice of the West.

III. Western radio's greatest triumph so far was not Hungary but Poland, the largest of the satellites.

"In Poland," a representative of RFE's Political Adviser's Office pointed out, "we have found a real response ever since we started broadcasting. Bags of letters confirm how eagerly and attentively Poles listen to us. Two years ago we broadcast a series of talks by Josef Swiatlo, the former Secret Police colonel who defected to the West. His disclosures were so revolting that they paralyzed the Secret Police and were directly responsible for its dissolution. They helped remove the biggest block to the New Look of National Communism. . . . The Polish government has paid us the supreme compliment; it has ceased to operate the hundreds of jamming stations that formerly impeded our efforts."

IV. The intensity of Soviet attacks on Western radio stations—and particularly, recently, on Radio Free Europe—are proof that the Soviets themselves consider the satellites' vulnerability to Western propaganda one of their system's weakest points.

V. The propaganda stations, especially Radio Free Europe, have become so identified with the West in their listeners' minds, that the listeners would feel that they themselves had been abandoned by the West if the broadcasts were stopped.

Unquestionably the radio programs aimed at the satellites have met with a profound response. They have persuaded listeners that, outside the Iron Curtain, there is a way of life which comes closer than Soviet Communism to fulfilling man's economic and spiritual needs. In this way they have helped to lower the strategic potential of the Soviet army and to paralyze the aggressive, missionary character of the Soviet regime. But thus far little has been done to extend this propaganda line to the Soviet Union itself. Perhaps this is the next direction which Western radio should take—quickly, before the Iron Curtain is rung down completely once more.

Clinton Rossiter

THE NEW AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES

Who are they and what do they want?

A sympathetic observer of the new conservatism examines the four main groups of the American Right—and suggests the future course of conservative philosophy.

THE tide of conservatism runs on unchecked up the mainstream and into every backwater of American life. Wherever one lends an ear—in the assembly, the classroom, the church, the fraternal luncheon—men proclaim themselves to be conservatives. Wherever one casts an eye—in the daily press, the journals of opinion, the bookman's window, the mass weeklies—men write of the new conservatism. A self-proclaimed conservative (of the "dynamic" variety, to be sure) has been reseated emphatically in the White House. The gray flannel suit, without padding, is selling well in Butte and Albuquerque. The purveyors of the Continental Mark II have appealed to C. Wright Mills's power elite to experience "the thrill of being conservative." And it is certainly doubtful whether John Dewey could be elected to a single school board in the United States today.

The miraculous conversion of several million "old-fashioned liberals" into several million "new conservatives" has produced thus far only semantic bickering and political confusion. If Dwight D. Eisenhower, Harry Byrd, John Bricker, Robert Moses, Adlai Stevenson, Bracken Lee, and Clifford Case are all conservatives, as each has been heard to insist, the tent of conservatism will have to be as accommodating as the tent of liberalism, whose elasticity has been one of the wonders of American democracy. Our failure to agree on the meaning of *conservatism,* and thus on the identity of our conservatives, has cramped discussion of some of the pressing issues of our time. Small wonder that several leading political thinkers have proposed that *conservatism,* along with its partner-in-confusion *liberalism,* be sold for scrap.

Words, however, are not easily scrapped; even if these wise men could coin an acceptable substitute—an unlikely prospect—the rest of us would doubtless go right on using a word that is, after all, a useful tool when properly handled. Having done my own bit to add to its currency—and also, apparently, to the confusion that surrounds it—I now make a modest attempt to salvage *conservatism* for further service. This can be done most effectively, in my opinion, by seeking an answer to the leading question: Who are the American conservatives? If we must, on occasion, engage in the dangerous practice of classifying men, which men in this country fit most naturally into the slot of conservatism?

LET me begin with an exercise in semantics, by noting briefly four or even five distinct senses in which we use *conservatism* and *conservative* in current discussion. When a man describes himself as a conservative, he probably means to express one of these thoughts:

(1) That his temper is conservative, that he has an ingrained aversion to changes in his mode of living: The essential traits in the conservative temperament would seem to be habit, inertia, fear, and emulation, all of which move men to seek security and peace with every irrational fiber in their beings. In most people these traits ap-

pear to be dominant. If you seek a conservative of temperament, look anywhere about you.

(2) That his tastes are conservative, that his judgments and decisions in the areas of work, play, culture, religion, and social relations are cautious, moderate, and predictable: Such a man usually has something substantial to defend against change, whether it be his status, reputation, power, or, most commonly, property. Indeed, for some men the ownership of property becomes so powerful a force in their daily lives that their conservatism of taste is transformed into a conservatism of possession. In any case, the even tenor of existence for such men depends largely on what they have and hold; threats to their property or status are threats to their interests, routine, and comfort. If you seek a conservative of taste, you should sail to the mythical England of Dickens, Trollope, Galsworthy, and Angela Thirkell. Mrs. Gummidge, Lord Silverbridge, Soames Forsyte, and old Bunce the ferryman are about as ill-assorted a lot of Englishmen as could well be imagined, but they are all solid conservatives.

(3) That his politics are conservative, that he can be counted on to take a stand on current issues in opposition to those men who would experiment with the established order: This man has looked beyond his own comings and goings and has recognized, however fuzzily, that he is a member of a community worth defending against reform and revolution. He recognizes further that such defense calls for something more than holding his own place and property, and he is ready to support men and movements dedicated to preserving his country's "way of life"—as he understands it. If you seek a conservative of politics, meet the late Joseph B. Chapin of *Ten North Frederick* or Nathaniel Gardiner, who shouted *The Last Hurrah*.

(4) That his mind is conservative, that he subscribes consciously to principles designed to guard the established order against careless tinkering or determined reform: This man understands the history, structure, ideals, and traditions of his society; the real tendencies and implications of proposals of reform; and the importance of conservatism in maintaining a stable social order. He is aware that he is a conservative, and that he must therefore think conservative thoughts as well as practice conservative politics. If you seek this kind of conservative, you may be gone some time. He is a rare bird in any country, an even rarer one in this. I will try to trap a few specimens in the second half of this expedition.

The conservatisms of temper and taste and possession have always flourished in America, as they have in all societies worth living in on civilized terms (and in many not worth living in on any terms). Few will object to a man's calling himself a conservative in these three senses, unless, of course, he delights in unorthodoxy. Our bewilderment about conservatism, especially about the identity of the conservatives in this country, arises in the areas of politics and philosophy. It is in these areas that we must labor earnestly if we are to rescue the word from the abuses of popularity.

DIVISIONS ON THE RIGHT

POLITICAL conservatism is essentially the pride and property of "the men on the Right," the vast concourse of Americans who have a sizable stake, social and spiritual as well as economic, in the established order, and who therefore rise in opposition (some more indignantly than others) to the bright plans of reformers like Governor Harriman or Walter Reuther. Although it may seem an act of effrontery for me to describe any Americans as occupants of "the Right," I cannot see how those who make constant use of the words "Left" and "Leftist" can object to being catalogued, quite without malice, in this convenient way. And although it may also seem an act of absurdity, I am convinced that there exists a useful rule of thumb with which to identify those who belong on the Right. Like any rule of thumb, its accuracy is something less than one hundred per cent.

The contemporary Right, in my opinion, includes those who now admit to distaste for the dominant political theory and practice of the twenty years between Hoover and Eisenhower—for New Deal and Fair Deal, Roosevelt and Truman, service state and welfare state, reform at home and adventure abroad. The conservatism of the modern American Right is, like almost all conservatisms, essentially a posture of anti-radicalism and anti-liberalism—in this instance a many-sided yet integral reaction to the New Deal, its leader, and his political heirs. The decisive force in the shaping of modern American conservatism was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The continuing hostility to Roosevelt and his works ranges from gnawing, unforgiving hatred to the tolerant opinion that, while much of what he did was probably necessary to do, he did all things rather sloppily and some things he had no business doing at all. Samuel Lubell has told us

about "the Roosevelt coalition." I would suggest that there is today, in Congress and among the people, an "anti-Roosevelt coalition," and that it may be labeled for what it is: the American Right.

We are now ready to name (not call) names, and thus to begin to answer the leading question. At the risk of being too taxonomic—after all, I am classifying men, not gall wasps—let me identify four general positions within the contemporary Right, four fairly distinct groups whose articulate leaders now proclaim themselves to be conservatives. The classification is rough and empirical; it proceeds from the right extremity toward and beyond the center of the American political spectrum; it is determined by the relative willingness of each of these groups to accept the burdens of the New Economy (the domesticated New Deal described in the Republican platform of 1956) and the New Internationalism (the bi-partisan commitment to active membership in UN and NATO and to economic aid to underdeveloped countries).

The **pseudo-conservatives,** as they have been labeled by Richard Hofstadter, are a small, motley, and deafening band of men and women who roam the outer reaches of American decency and hurl their lances, usually dipped in the poison of racism, against the twin specters of "left-wing radicalism" and "spendthrift internationalism."

"Although they believe themselves to be conservatives and usually employ the rhetoric of conservatism," Hofstadter writes, they "show signs of a serious and restless dissatisfaction with American life, traditions, and institutions."

The choleric Right has always been with us in America, but seldom have men like Gerald L. K. Smith found so receptive an audience for their hymns of hate. Some of the audience, happy to say, has been drifting away in the past two years.

The **ultra-conservatives** are a far more numerous and respectable body of Americans. Unlike the pseudo-conservatives, their urges and purposes are unquestionably conservative. These Americans are represented in the Senate by John Bricker and William Jenner (and for certain purposes by Joseph McCarthy), in the House by Ralph Gwinn and Noah Mason, in the daily press by the Chicago *Tribune* and the Hearst papers, among periodicals by the *National Review* and the *American Mercury,* on the radio by Fulton Lewis, Jr., among book publishers by Devin-Adair, in the pulpit by the Reverend James W. Fifield and Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, and in the field of public education by the Committee for Constitutional Government. T. Coleman Andrews, Douglas MacArthur, and Bracken Lee were their favorite candidates in the elections of 1956, although most of them seem to have ended up by voting grudgingly for President Eisenhower and, in the North, a straight Republican ticket. John T. Flynn, William F. Buckley, Jr., John Chamberlain, Clarence Manion, and George Sokolsky are perhaps the most eloquent and influential publicists of ultra-conservatism. Whatever their differences in doctrine and program, all these men share a common antipathy, strong to the point of loathing, for the New Economy and the New Internationalism.

The **middling conservatives** are much the largest and least troubled of these rough categories. Former President Hoover and Senator Lausche are located somewhere near one boundary of this category, former Governor Dewey and Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas somewhere near the other. In the center stood —and for our purposes still stands—the model of the American conservative, the late Senator Taft. Close beside him, much closer than many realize, stands President Eisenhower. Oddly enough, considering the numbers, conviction, and wealth of the conservative Americans, there are few newspapers, magazines, commentators, or books that do their cause justice. Although their sentiments may be sampled in the editorials of *Life,* brochures of the United States Chamber of Commerce, writings of men like Clarence B. Randall of Inland Steel and Henry M. Wriston, until recently president of Brown, and some of the more mellow of Raymond Moley's pieces in *Newsweek,* they have very little to say in their own behalf. They seem equally willing to nod assent to the uncompromising strictures of those to their right and to the temperate judgments of those to their immediate left. They have even let the ultra-conservatives steal Senator Taft from their keeping. The purpose of these men seems to be to brake rather than to reverse our movement toward welfare and regulation at home and toward aid and alliance abroad.

It is hard to say exactly what sets off **liberal conservatives** from middling conservatives, but certainly their actions and ideas seem more flexible, thoughtful, and charitable than those of other men on the Right. They are less inclined to weep tears over the last two decades, more inclined to recognize professors and union leaders as useful fellow citizens. They have taken up the burdens of the New Economy and

the New Internationalism with no apparent reluctance, and often with considerable enthusiasm. The natural habitat of these men is the Atlantic seaboard and the outposts of the Republican party, though they may also be found scattered through the country and in Democratic ranks. Earl Warren, Clifford Case, Meyer Kestnbaum, Paul Hoffman, and Charles P. Taft are all considered excellent examples of liberal conservatism.

ALTHOUGH any man in any one of the three major groups may stray off the reservation on an issue like the recognition of Red China or the tariff or civil rights, it is possible, I am convinced, to predict specific attitudes on current issues in four cases out of five. In the area of foreign policy, most ultra-conservatives are ultra-nationalists, most middling conservatives are nationalists torn between conflicting desires, most liberal conservatives are nationalists with distinct internationalist leanings.

Thus: ultra-conservatives are outspokenly hostile to the UN, would like to put an abrupt end to "squandering our treasure abroad," consider the Bricker Amendment "a matter of life and death for the Republic," and consider the two McCarran Acts an excellent beginning toward purifying American politics and society. Middling conservatives are uneasy about the UN but are hardly ready to give up on it, would like to reduce foreign spending sharply, support the Bricker Amendment but are willing to see it diluted, and consider the two McCarran Acts generally worthy protections of our way of life. Liberal conservatives support the UN with scarcely abated enthusiasm, are prepared to maintain a high level of foreign spending, consider the Bricker Amendment a "dangerous innovation," and would like to see the McCarran Acts softened if not repealed in the interests of international good will and American dignity.

In the area of domestic policy, ultra-conservatives oppose any further social legislation and call for the scrapping of many agencies and programs, especially those that do them no specific service. Middling conservatives will consider social legislation that others propose; and though they are likely to react as angrily as ever at any mention of the New Deal, they seem willing to leave the New Deal agencies in operation on reduced budgets. Liberal conservatives make counterproposals to the promises of the Left and accept the new dimensions in government with little rancor or regret. Some of them have been known at times to say a kind word for the "purposes" if not the "methods" of Mr. Roosevelt.

Thus: Ultra-conservatives are ready, by their own testimony, to dissolve TVA, reduce the scope and generosity of Social Security, ignore the problem of civil rights, and fight any proposal to improve the nation's health through federal action. An astounding number of them are eager to repeal or delimit the Sixteenth Amendment and to return, no matter what the cost, to the Gold Standard.

Middling conservatives are willing to tolerate TVA while cutting its appropriations, leave Social Security untouched except for "more businesslike methods of operation," consider gingerly—and only under immense political pressure—a toothless bill for improving civil rights, and let the dead dog of "socialized medicine" lie dead in the street. They, too, would like lower taxes and harder money but do not favor schemes to return our tax structure and monetary policy to the permissive patterns of happier days.

Liberal conservatives are prepared to defend TVA, expand the coverage of Social Security, enact civil-rights legislation with at least a few teeth, and sponsor bills that encourage voluntary health-insurance programs or sustain the medical schools. They regard all proposals to repeal or amend the Sixteenth Amendment and to return to the Gold Standard as irresponsible pipe dreams.

Many of this third group feel closer to moderates of the Left than to ultra-conservatives of the Right. They have reason to deny that they are on the Right at all. The ultra-conservatives, who brand them scornfully as "me-tooers," are happy to hear them deny it. The issue of segregation in the public schools of the South is driving these two groups even farther apart. Ultra-conservatives in the North have been surprisingly quick to come to the defense of Senator Eastland's way of life, surprisingly savage in their attacks on Chief Justice Warren's Court.

WHERE IKE CAMPS

WHICH of these groups has the most plausible claim to the mantle of political conservatism? The answer to this question can be found in the answer to a more searching question: To what extent does each fulfill the historic conservative mission? Which, for example, is most successful in defending our established order? Which contributes most effectively to the spirit of unity among Americans? Which does most to steady the social process? A process of

elimination points inexorably to the middling group, to the Dewey-Eisenhower-Taft-Lausche conservatives.

The pseudo-conservatives are ruled out on a hundred counts. The most damaging of these must surely be their wholesale contempt for every factor, new or old, in the American equation of liberty under law. The demagoguery of the Right is not conservatism any more than the demagoguery of the Left is liberalism.

The ultra-conservatives, too, despite their urges and purposes, must be counted out of the search, for most of them have fallen unwitting prey to two failings against which conservatives must be constantly on guard: first, an inability to accept gracefully social and economic changes that have been firmly established in a successful way of life, especially changes in which millions of their fellow citizens have a sizable stake; second, a weakness for arguments and methods that unravel the bonds of social unity.

On the first count, the ultra-conservatives must be adjudged reactionaries, for they are seeking purposefully to roll back the social process to 1929 or 1914 or even, if we can believe what some of them say, to 1896. On the second count, they must be adjudged radicals. However pure their motives and sound their purposes, they are dabbling dangerously in a form of radicalism in their mania for amending the Constitution, their reckless assaults on the Presidency, their wistful plans for a new party, their disregard for the American traditions of fair play and freedom of dissent, their enthusiastic support of the new demagoguery, and their cult of extreme individualism. Men who engage in this sort of political immoderation cannot be classed as genuine conservatives. Whatever else it is, McCarthyism is not conservatism, and ultra-conservatives, by their own proud admission, were the most loyal soldiers in McCarthy's ranks.

A better case can be made for the liberal conservatives, many of whom can quote Burke as confidently as any Tory. But to be a conservative in the practical sense a man must behave like a conservative and not just think and speak like one. There is a limit, that is to say, beyond which a man can push for social and economic reforms only by surrendering his claim to be considered a conservative. A liberal Republican like Clifford Case should be saluted respectfully by all friends of conservatism for his important role in reminding an innocent America of the frailty of human nature and tragedy of history, but he is much too willing to take bold steps into the future to be called a conservative in practical politics. So, too, is a moderate Democrat like Adlai Stevenson. I do not think that I am simply playing with words when I say that most of the men in this category are conservative liberals rather than liberal conservatives.

In the end, it seems clear, the middling conservatives come closest of all to a position of practical conservatism that bears some relation to the compelling conditions of American life. The policies of President Eisenhower and those grouped loyally around him are conservative in purpose, for they are aimed squarely at preserving a successful way of life; conservative in method, for they steer a prudent course between too much progress, which throws us into turmoil, and too little, which is an impossible state for Americans to endure; and conservative in influence, for they honor the highest mission of conservatism—to foster the spirit of unity among men of all classes and callings. By accepting the burdens of the New Economy and the New Internationalism—without at the same time reveling in them and shouting for more—the men around Eisenhower have proved themselves to be neither reactionaries nor liberals. They, of all men, are camped most comfortably in that section of the American political arena reserved for conservatives. Ultra-conservatives and radicals would seem to agree that they are camped much too comfortably. It is hard to think of a single judgment about America today in which William F. Buckley, Jr., and C. Wright Mills would join unreservedly—except that this sector (often described as "the middle of the road") is paved with complacency.

WHEN we move from conservative practice to conservative thought, we discover even more confusion attending the great revival. Conservatism is no longer in disrepute in those centers of learning and communication which help to mold American opinion, and the practical conservative who shops around for a modest set of principles to prop up his position soon finds himself overwhelmed by the variety of wares that are pressed upon him.

He is implored by one group—a dwindling group, to be sure, but one of impeccable lineage—to stand fast on the Liberal tradition of perfectibility, progress, and rational democracy, and to entertain no doubts of the full viability of any one of these famous principles. He is warned by another group—by men as varied in spirit and yet united in purpose as Herbert Hoover, Henry Hazlitt, Clarence Manion, Raymond Moley, and John T. Flynn—to choose for his

faith an old-fashioned blend of laissez-faire economics and limited constitutionalism. He is instructed by still a third—especially by the eloquent Russell Kirk and his agrarian and Catholic friends—to accept the full Conservative tradition as it flows from Burke, Coleridge, and Disraeli.

Increasing numbers of would-be conservatives are learning that no one of these philosophies is relevant or adequate to the problems of America in 1957. The man who still admits few doubts of the happy promises of Liberalism repeats the sad mistake of generations of American conservatives and thus finds it impossible to oppose radical reform either shrewdly or bravely. The conservative prides himself on his realism, but no realist can cling to the millennial confidence of Carnegie, even to the quiet optimism of Jefferson, in the face of the twentieth century. The evidence is overwhelming—certainly if interpreted at all conservatively—that men are not perfectible, that progress is not inevitable, and that democracy, however cherished, is not exactly a government of "reason and truth." "Innocent Liberalism" does not even look well on the liberals these days, as men like Reinhold Niebuhr and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., never tire of reminding their friends, and conservatives certainly no longer have any excuse for posing patriotically in the old colors.

The "decayed Liberalism" of Hoover and Flynn, which denies that we have learned anything new or true since William Graham Sumner and Stephen J. Field, is hardly more adequate to the intellectual and spiritual needs of present-day conservatism. A socio-economic philosophy that assumes government to be inherently corrupt and corrupting paralyzes men who must act in the real world of Social Security, unemployment benefits, fair employment practices, and credit controls—or else it drives them to schizophrenia. A constitutional philosophy that exalts Congress, mistrusts the Presidency, and seeks to load the Constitution with even more limitations is no less disabling, for it ignores the monstrous fact that in this world a government with too little power can be even more dangerous than one with too much. Limited government is one of the key principles of conservatism, but there comes a point beyond which constitutional limits cripple the power of government to do imperative good as well as needless harm. The proponents of laissez-faire individualism seem to have moved, or rather remained, well on the wrong side of that point.

The American conservative who accepts the full gospel of Burke as preached by Kirk is not much better prepared to fulfill his conservative mission. The Conservative tradition speaks much too bluntly and almost joyfully of the wickedness of man, the futility of social effort, the fallibility of reason, the excellence of aristocracy, the primacy of the community, and the caprice of democracy. To accept this tradition unreservedly is to reject the Liberal tradition flatly, and thus to move outside the mainstream of American life. The conditions that made Burke necessary never did exist in this country; the conditions that made Churchill possible do not exist today.

America *is* different, both in history and present state, and the full Conservative tradition simply will not flourish on this soil. We shall continue to harbor Conservatives, and they will continue to serve us well. We shall continue to study Burke and learn from him about the follies and cruelties of Jacobin democracy. It would, however, be the greatest of follies and cruelest of delusions to shape the philosophy of American conservatism in the full image of English or European Conservatism, which even today has made no stable peace with industrial capitalism or liberal democracy. We are not ready in this new country for old-country Conservatism. If we are lucky, we may never be. It would be an America far different from any that we have ever known in which the great Conservative tradition could have full meaning for more than a Gideon's army of disenchanted aristocrats.

THE CONSERVATIVE CREDO

WHERE then can the conservative turn for a philosophy of American conservatism, a philosophy of tradition, order, and preservation that is relevant to the problems—personal as well as social—of an industrial, democratic, progressive society? Does such a philosophy exist? Is such a philosophy possible?

The answer is that such a philosophy is already in the making. Much time will pass, many fine minds will do much hard thinking, many searching books and articles will be written before this philosophy is ready for the great body of American conservatives and they are ready for it; but that it is being created, and that our conservatives are being educated, can no longer be doubted. In the writings of men like Peter Drucker *(The New Society),* August Heckscher *(A Pattern of Politics),* Peter Viereck *(Conservatism Revisited),* Daniel Boorstin *(The Genius of American Politics),* John K. Jessup (editorials in

Life), John Hallowell *(The Moral Foundation of Democracy),* the late Russell Davenport *(The Dignity of Man),* Arthur Larson *(A Republican Looks at his Party),* and above all Walter Lippmann *(The Public Philosophy),* a genuine American conservatism is already taking form. What these men seem to be working toward is a faith, as old as it is new, that doubts but does not deny the American tradition of liberty and progress. They are likely to come up finally with a grand synthesis that blends the stern half-truths of John Adams with the hopeful half-truths of Thomas Jefferson—or, to be more exact, gives two cheers for Adams and one for Jefferson.

It would be presumptuous of me to draw a blueprint of the new conservatism, especially since good conservatives have a horror of blueprints. But I am willing to predict that this rising faith will assume these general outlines:

It will be more candid about the nature of man than American conservatism has been for more than a century, for it will base all calculations and prescriptions on the assumption that every man is a fabulous mixture of good and evil—of sociability and selfishness, of energy and sloth, of reason and unreason, of integrity and corruptibility, of generosity and spite, of hope and despair.

It will be less sure of either the joys or certainty of social progress, and it will insist that reform be sure-footed, discriminating, and respectful of tradition.

It will be more conscious of the dictates of universal justice, less doctrinaire about the supposed gulf—at least in our hearts—between the things which are Caesar's and the things which are God's. It will be grounded, that is to say, in the venerable doctrine of a higher law transcending and governing all human striving.

It will recognize man's need for community, and thus will place emphasis on the kind of individualism that leads free men to co-operate rather than to compete. It will call fresh attention to the web of groups—families, neighborhoods, churches, corporations, unions, cooperatives, fraternal orders—that we have spun between ourselves and the vast power of the state.

It will free itself from cant about the nature and role of government. It will rise above the easy judgment that government is inherently arbitrary and inefficient, confess that government has led the way to a more equitable distribution of the wealth that private enterprise has produced, and recognize that in modern society there is as much danger in a vacuum of power as in an overdose of it. Still, it will continue to condemn the credulous confidence of modern liberalism in the ability of the state to set all things right.

It will say things about liberty that American conservatives have been much too reluctant to say: that undisciplined liberty can become an obsession destructive of personal integrity and social order; that the rights of man are earned rather than given; that every right carries with it a correlative duty; and that private property lies near the center of the structure of human liberty.

It will say things about equality that they have been even more reluctant to say: that men are equal only in the sense that they must be treated as ends and not means; that infinite variety exists among men in talent, taste, intelligence, and virtue; that the social order should be organized in such a way as to take advantage of this variety; that equity rather than equality is the mark of such an order; that the uncommon man, too, has a place in the American dream.

Most important of all, it will rethink and restate the meaning, conditions, and limits of democracy. The philosophers of the new conservatism will remain devoted friends of democracy—or perish morally and politically—but they will be the kind of friends who insist on giving honest opinions and pointed advice. They will proceed bravely from the conservative assumption that democracy is a much more demanding form of government than the American tradition has led us to believe. The new conservatism will therefore reaffirm boldly the three great conditions that men like John Adams set upon the success of free government:

(1) Democracy cannot exist apart from the spirit and forms of constitutionalism. If men insist on their eternal right to govern themselves, they must govern through safe, sober, predictable methods. If the majority is to rule justly, it must prove itself persistent and undoubted on all occasions, prove itself extraordinary on special occasions, and deny itself access to those areas where the heart dwells and the conscience pricks.

(2) Democracy cannot exist unless three things—knowledge, virtue, and property—are widely diffused among the people; for knowledge is essential to wise decision, virtue to unforced obedience, and property to personal independence and social progress.

(3) Democracy is not and cannot be made a substitute for religion, and those who worship it invite their own destruction. To the contrary, American democracy cannot exist for long apart

from the spirit and forms of the Christian vision.

These three commandments have always been the marrow of American conservatism. If the rising generation of conservative thinkers has its way, they will become the marrow of the American tradition.

MANY men who think of themselves as conservatives will object to an exercise in definition that ends up by reading them out of the ranks; and, this being a free country, they can and will go right on calling themselves whatever they wish. But it is hard to avoid this final judgment: The course of our giant democracy has carried us to a point where the cautious progressivism of Eisenhower and the tough-minded constitutionalism of Lippmann are the two sides, the practical and the theoretical, of genuine, American-style conservatism. Eisenhower and Lippmann are by no means perfect models of American conservatism, but they are surely the most useful benchmarks against which to measure all other claimants to the title.

We are by choice and destiny a progressive society, and only those men on the Right who can live with this truth happily are American conservatives in politics. Those who would "destroy the New Deal, root and branch," like those who would pile the Fair Deal on top of the New, are something other than practical conservatives in 1957. There is logic if not splendor, security if not adventure, in "the middle of the road." Conservatism does not always occupy the middle ground, but for the present at least it can occupy no other, and those who cannot bear to join Mr. Eisenhower must go right to indignant reaction or left to forceful progressivism.

We cherish a tradition that is hopefully Liberal, and only those men on the Right who can live with this tradition prudently are American conservatives in philosophy. Those who ask us to forswear Jefferson and adopt Burke, like those who think Herbert Spencer had the last word on man and the state, are philosophers of a conservatism that leads conservatives astray. It is the task of conservative philosophers to purge their own minds of excessive Liberalism without shattering the final unity of political ideal that is our peculiar treasure. The task will take some doing, but it will be done.

The next question is for history to answer: Will the conservatism of Eisenhower and the conservatism of Lippmann ever be joined in the kind of working partnership that once existed between the liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt and the liberalism of John Dewey? Will the two American conservatisms ever be woven into a seamless web of practice and thought? We may devoutly hope that the answer will be yes. American conservatism will serve the nation well only if it can enlist men of action who respect thought and men of thought who admire action—even, as in the days of the fathers, a few actors who can think and thinkers who can act. American conservatism will be a whole thing or it had better be nothing at all.

MY FATHER'S DEATH by May Sarton

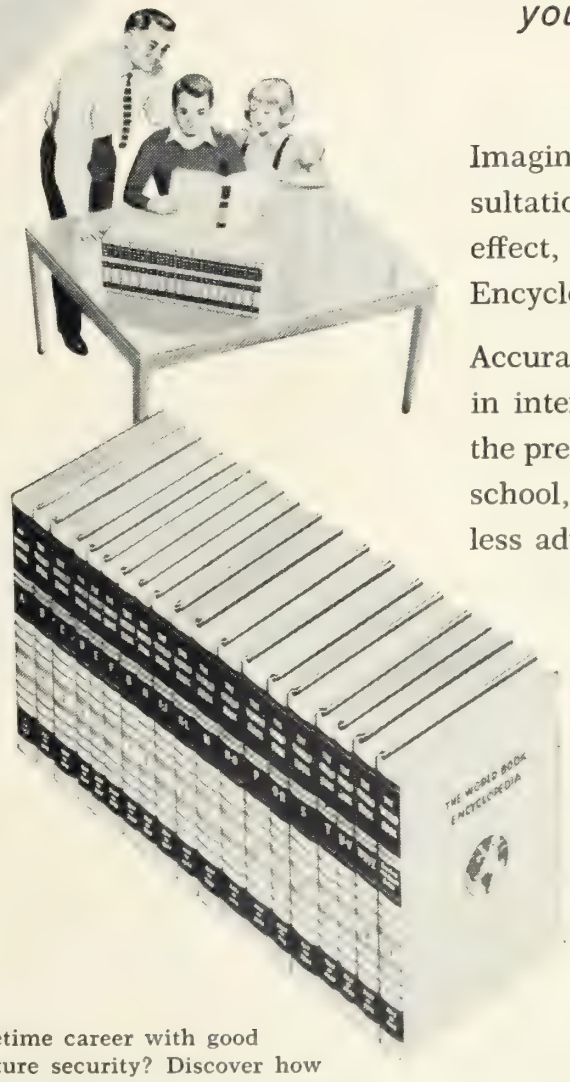
AFTER the laboring birth, the clean stripped hull
Glides down the ways and is gently set free,
The landlocked, launched; the cramped made bountiful—
Oh grave, great moment when ships take the sea!
Alone now in my life, no longer child,
This hour and its flood of mystery
Where death and love are wholly reconciled
Launches the ship of all my history.
Accomplished now is the last struggling birth,
I have slipped out from the embracing shore
Nor look for comfort to maternal earth.
I shall not be a daughter any more,
But through this final parting, all stripped down,
Launched on the tide of love, go out full grown.



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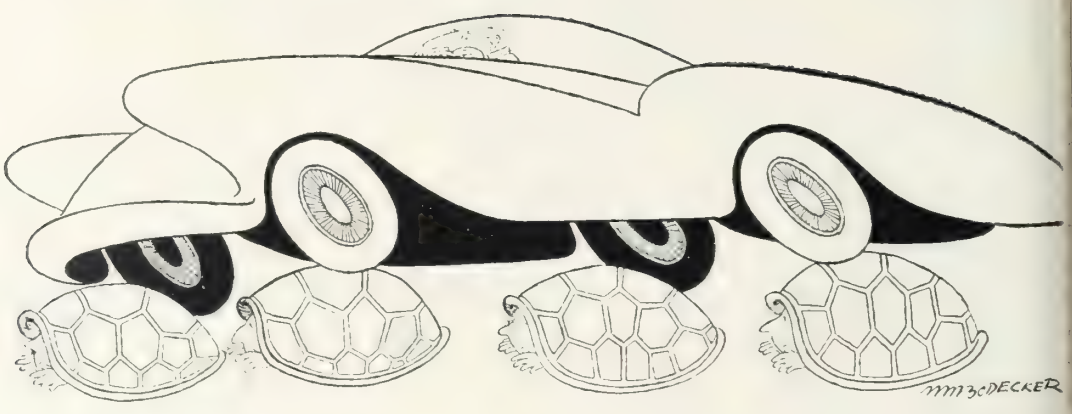
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After Hours



THE PERSECUTED MAJORITY

I AM a member of the persecuted majority (and so are you) and I believe that it is time that we lifted our voices in concert and let out a bleat. It's going to have to be some bleat to be heard. Just yesterday I read in the *Wall Street Journal:* "Here's News for Poor Pedestrians: New Auto Horns Will Be Louder." It appears that because cars now go faster it is necessary to have louder horns so that a pedestrian can be warned just a fraction of a second before he is mowed down.

Recently there fell into my hands a gay little booklet that made my blood run cold. It was illustrated with the cutest cartoons (the kind, evidently, you die laughing over) and it was published by the Travelers Insurance Companies. It had a cute title, too—"Misguided Missiles." There were a lot of statistical tables in it, and Table 4 was called "Actions of pedestrians resulting in deaths and injuries." It might better have been called, "Actions of motorists resulting in the massacre of helpless pedestrians."

For example—17,730 pedestrians were injured crossing *with* the green light in 1954. Fewer than 1,000 more were injured crossing against the light, which means that it makes almost no difference which you do. Nearly 11,000 pedestrians were injured (and 340 were killed) "not on roadway," which more than suggests that cars pursued them into driveways and open meadows and up onto sidewalks. Eight hundred souls plodding along rural roads were sent to their rewards by motorists, and 5,500 were hurt badly enough to be out of commission for at least a day.

Pedestrians, to be sure, let themselves in for a good deal of trouble (or oblivion) by walking out from behind parked cars (770 killed) and crossing not at intersections (2,910). But if you really want to know how little drivers think even of those men on foot who are trying to help them, consider the fact that they killed 280 men working on the roads and injured 6,370 others.

David McCord once wrote: "A pedestrian is a man in danger of his life; a walker is a man in possession of his soul." The first part of this observation is still true. The second part has become dated. Recently *Vogue* published a series of interviews with doctors on the subject of losing weight. With the national waistline in mind the magazine asked a doctor and a psychiatrist, "How good is walking as an exercise?" The doctor replied, "Wonderful, but walking has just about disappeared as a public institution." And the psychiatrist bore him out by declaring: "A colleague of mine in Beverly Hills told me last week that he gets arrested about three times a year just for walking—of course, if you have a dog with you you are in the clear." Mr. McCord must be revised to read, ". . . a walker is a man in possession of a dog."

It is curious that the pedestrian, the part-time biped in all of us, should be the enemy, but there is no question that he is treated as such. Not long ago a friend of mine was called for jury duty in New York, and one of his fellow jurors asl to be excused from being impane on a case involving an old lady w had been struck by an automob

"Why?" the judge wanted to kn and the man replied:

"I drive a car and I just plain h pedestrians."

The judge excused him. There something of this hatred in ev man when he is behind the wheel his car which he is inclined to lo more than his fellow man, for whi he has bonded himself in debt, a on which he rests his social positi and his self-esteem.

BUT give a man the job of traf commissioner and his hatred l comes almost pathological. He w stop at nothing to show his co tempt. Just about a year ago t *New York Times* in a report on t trouble of traffic at Columbus Cir said in a headline that the c would "Curb Pedestrians with Sig Fences, and Other Devices." Twel "Walk" and "Don't Walk" elect signs were to be installed, and fo overhead signs shouting "Pedestria Keep Out." Furthermore, it pro ised "a network of steel pipes heavy stanchions" to keep ped trians under control. The traffic co missioner, according to the sto said that "the native or city-adapt jaywalker is so hardened to dodgi cars, skirting barricades, and igno ing signal lights that the new safe plan promises to be an interesti test of skills." Add to this the fa that when the El came down Third Avenue the city fathers d cided to make it into a fine boul vard. What did they do? Th

lened the street by six or eight t on each side, put up trees, and rowed the sidewalk. A fine boule- d it will be that has no room for boulevardiers. We'll have to walk lian file or not at all.

uch examples of the sacrifice of man on foot to the man on eels could be compounded indefi- ely, and I wonder that the shoe nufacturers haven't formed a by to fight the automotive in- ests, which have by sheer weight en control of the design of cities. w and then one comes on an ex- ple of what, on the face of it, ms to be a gesture in favor of the n on foot. For example, Victor uen, the noted designer of shop- g centers, has proposed a plan for uscitating the downtown center of rt Worth, Texas, by banning autos irely. In Los Angeles, moreover, re is already a law that requires driver to slow down and stop if a estrian is crossing the street in tain marked areas. The effect, un- tunately, is that pedestrians, be- ised by the notion that they have al rights, become opinionated or careless and so are continually being knocked down by cars. The accident rate among pedestrians in Los Angeles, I am told, is far higher than in New York, where a man on foot must look out for himself and the law of the jungle prevails.

In view of the article that appeared in this magazine in February about what is being done to make cars safer ("How Safe Are the New Cars?" by Paul W. Kearney), I wonder what is being done to the design of pedestrians to make them less vulnerable. They are pretty well padded already and they haven't many dangerous knobs. They could, of course, wear shatterproof windshields instead of just spectacles, and they could wear taillights at night. Beyond that it's hard to know what to recommend. Discipline, I guess, is the only answer.

Treat the man on foot like the dog that he has had to substitute for his soul. Or, perhaps, don't let him out of his house without a car. Do you remember that old slogan, "What's good for General Motors is good for America"?



MASTER OF MIME

ONE of the several remarkable things about New York ty is that you can fill one of its eaters for four weeks performing a lf-dozen plays entirely in French. here may be some question as to w many members of the audience ught every word (you'll get no mmitment from *me*) but there was question that they came, more an once, to be exposed to the kind repertory theater they will not pport when it is merely American. This was the company of Made- ne Renaud and her husband Jean- uis Barrault, whose home base is e Marigny in Paris and who ap- ared here once before three years o. Their tour is not national, and the time you read these words they ll unfortunately have proceeded on their way. S. Hurok and the French government, however, whose combined auspices are responsible, should not lose this year quite the quantity of shirt that they did last time, in which case their generosity may extend to another visit.

For this is theater, real theater. I am frankly one of that large, silent minority that has ceased to care one way or another what happens to Broadway. I like being stirred by the stage but apparently I am fatally slow to be stirred by what stirs most playwrights and directors today.

For reasons eloquently put by Walter Kerr, I had long since stopped feeling that I had any obligation to keep up with the season, or even with the one play that was currently conceded to represent our highest available achievement in the dramatic art. This, multiplied by a

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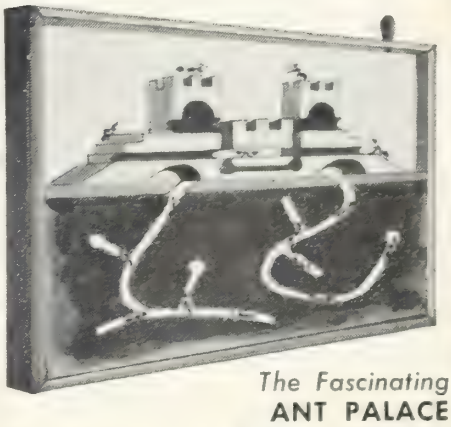
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few thousand, has been the death of repertory and the opportunity for training in the "classic" tradition. It leaves a paying audience composed of first-nighters and hit-mongers, with the artistic result—aim for the jackpot, or else fold in Philadelphia—that has been tearfully and repeatedly described by Mr. Kerr and other critics.

This is an old and sad story, with all the inherent inaccuracy and unfairness of any blanket condemnation; but it is no less true for being a cliché that our best theatrical tradition is most alive off-Broadway, where there is neither the time nor money for elaborately polished performance, while all the polish is expended uptown on the sure-fire hit.

It is thus a startling surprise to find both virtues in the same production. At least I have no other way of explaining what hit me the evening I saw the first item on the Renaud-Barrault company repertoire this year—Claudel's "Christophe Colombe," a play that would most assuredly get nowhere on its own. In anything but expert hands it would end up as a flimsy rhetorical drama which replaced lack of content with repetition and irrelevance. But Renaud, Barrault, *et Cie.* made it into one of the most exciting experiences in front of the footlights that I can remember.

ACTUALLY, the language barrier between us and M. Barrault may be larger than his packed houses would indicate. We seem to allow him credit for all the ingredients of genius except the final seal of its recognition. Barrault receives an almost invariably favorable advance press, but there is nothing in it like the note of ecstasy that was accorded the pantomimist, his pupil and disciple, Marcel Marceau. M. Marceau did everything without words, French or English, and did it very well of course; while M. Barrault is an actor-director as well as a mime, a man of a more complex public image who takes the theater very seriously and periodically utters elevated thoughts about it. I can only conclude that few feel competent enough to judge from M. Barrault's performance whether or not his claim to a higher eminence is justified. Those who do, like Harold Clurman, have sometimes argued that it was not—that he was not really a leader but merely a "sensitive artist" with a tendency "toward a kind of nervously decorative fragility."

I must say that I was thoroughly disabused of this opinion by "Christophe Colombe." Its impact is that of the entire company, not of Barrault or Madeleine Renaud alone; and the impression is one of a marvelously disciplined unit, schooled to bend each individuality—including every word and gesture—to a single dramatic conception. If not Barrault, then who achieved this?

Reading the play afterward (or, rather, the translation of it Yale published in 1930), I was amazed at how much he had got out of a text that is, by nature, lyrical and decorative, and leaves nearly everything to either the staging or the reader's imagination. More fuss than necessary has been made over the gimmicks Barrault used—music, ballet, and even movies projected against the sail of Columbus' ship—for the remarkable thing is how illusion builds in spite, not because, of them. Since little else about the play appealed to me, I conclude that I was overwhelmed by pure art.

On the other hand, I have been an admirer of M. Barrault's ever since seeing him in that remarkable movie, *"Les Enfants du Paradis,"* which contained among much else large parts of the "Baptiste" pantomime (it appeared on "Omnibus" in February) which is his trademark—like Marceau's "Bip." Barrault performed as "Baptiste" in the closing program of this season's visit and did, among other things, an extraordinary imitation of a man on horseback in which he was both man and horse. Barrault himself seems willing to concede even greater ability as a mime to Marceau, but certainly it is his own mastery of theater-without-words that commends him to audiences of so many languages.

When M. Barrault was here last time, I interviewed him at the Plaza and began with the obvious question of whether or not there was any difference in the way he had to act for an American audience. He said, "No, of course not," and after that there didn't seem to be much else to say about the problem, so we passed on to less weighty topics.

ELVIS.
THE INDIGENOU

A CORRESPONDEN from Communist Czechosl vakia writes me as follows:

> I heard about rock'n'roll. Is it new style of jazz, or does it belong popular music? I would be glad hear it. How does Elvis Presley sin I had lent a Canadian journal *L erty,* issue from August 1956, and this is a picture from Elvis Presl while singing and playing on guit He looks as in ecstasy. Please, be kind as to write me something abc it.

This came at about the same tin as a clipping from the *New Yo Times* ("Presley Records a Craze Soviet") which stated that Elvis dis cut on discarded hospital X-r plates, are selling in Leningrad f $12.50 apiece. "Returning travele report," wrote Harrison Salisbu "that the singer is the latest craze the Soviet zoot-suiters, or *stilyagi,* they are called."

Yes, Virginia, there is an Elv Presley.

Actually, from a strictly Marxi Leninist viewpoint, you probab realize that he is a typical examp of capitalist exploitation. Presley an authentic folk-artist, in the trac tion of the Negro blues-shoute who has cleverly masqueraded as *stilyagi* in order to capture the atte tion of the proletariat. Dismayed b his success, the American warmonge have urged their lackey intellectua (like the formalist hyena Burke, *High Fidelity*) to discredit Presle Only the jazz scholar John A. Wilso has had the courage to point out th Presley is merely "mixing a genui musical heritage with a musical fa that was well under way long befo he gained any prominence. . . ."

That's about the story to dat though it is rumored that the Sta Department—ever the servant of in perialism—is facilitating the ant Presley campaign by importing lar numbers of calypso singers, b banana boat, from the America satellites in the Caribbean. If th situation becomes desperate, we ar reliably informed that Presley wi be drafted into the mercenary armi of Wall Street and deprived of h sideburns.

—Mr. Harpe

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

A Book about Words

and Some Words about Books

FOR thirty years H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* has been an almost unparalleled aid and delight to people trying to improve their command of the English language, and in some circles admiration for it has nearly reached the status of a cult. Now an intrepid woman named Margaret Nicholson has braved the censure of Fowler's devotees by bringing out a revision of his book for a specifically American audience, under the title **A Dictionary of American-English Usage** (Oxford $5).

On the whole Miss Nicholson has done a good job. In cutting and augmenting the text she has not lost Fowler's personality. This is an important consideration, because most guidebooks to language read as if they had been written by a committee (as in fact they often have been), but when you read Fowler you always have a powerful sense of the man behind what he is saying, a man enormously learned and vigorously opinionated, with a biting wit and a passion for precision. This Miss Nicholson preserves. She has shortened some of the longer articles and eliminated almost all the material dealing with Latin and Greek without great loss; the American user will not much miss Fowler's information that the plural of *perispomenon* is *perispomena*. She has allowed a few entries to stand that might have been dispensed with: for instance, "*Rome* makes *Romish*." (This is Fowler's curious formula for indicating the spelling of derivatives.) The word *Romish* is hardly enough used by American writers to merit mention, and if the few who favor it are ingenious enough to think of a way of misspelling it they might be left to their error.

But usually Miss Nicholson's deletions are more felicitous than the additions she makes in her effort to fit the book to American needs. To be sure, anyone who undertakes to deal with modern American usage is inviting chaos into the parlor, and whatever he says on the subject is open to exception. But surely Miss Nicholson is neither altogether accurate nor very helpful when she tells us (in a passage added to Fowler) that the word *presently* in the sense of "at once, now, has been obsolete since the 17th century. . . . Its only modern sense is soon, shortly." As it happens I have as intense an antipathy as Miss Nicholson could possibly have to the use of *presently* to mean now or at present, but unlike Miss Nicholson I know defeat when I see it. More and more people who cannot be dismissed as illiterate are using *presently* in the sense she calls obsolete (did the revival start in the Luce magazines?), and my guess is that all the dictionaries, handbooks of usage, teachers, and old-fogy purists in the land will not prevail against it. Perhaps even Miss Nicholson will throw in the towel when she sees the publicity releases on her own book sent out by the publisher; they tell us that she is "presently" head of a department of the Macmillan Company.

Occasionally Miss Nicholson's rewriting of Fowler is not perfectly clear. Take part of her discussion of the distinction between the words *floor* and *story:* "In Britain the numbering of floors & stories is peculiar, the second floor, e.g., being the third story. The ground floor & the ground story are the same, but the first floor & the first story are different, *first story* being another name for *ground story,* but the first floor above it." Actually there is nothing very difficult here: a Britisher starts to number stories at ground level, but he starts to number floors only after he has gone up one flight of stairs, so that in his reckoning the second story of a building is the first floor. In fairness it should be added that Fowler's original account of this matter is no triumph of lucidity.

In another new passage Miss Nicholson tells us that "the US expression of nausea is *sick at* (not *to) the stomach.*" Here she means not expression *of* but expression *for* nausea. The expression *of* nausea is vomiting, which knows no linguistic boundaries. Why Miss Nicholson gives

the nod to *at* in this idiom I cannot tell. A good many of our otherwise reputable citizens use *to* (and even *in* and *on*) and succeed in getting word of their complaint to the public.

In places Miss Nicholson revises Fowler too little. Under his entry "Vogue-Words" he listed and discussed a certain number of words that he regarded as enjoying a passing fashion. He has turned out to be a poor prophet; most of the words he chose to mention have since settled down to become perfectly acceptable members of the linguistic community, and there is little point in allowing such words as *percentage, foreword, feasible, optimism,* and *background* to stand as examples of vogue-words today.

In one respect Fowler may not be altogether suited, even after his book has been abridged and amplified, to serve as a corrective to American usage. At bottom he seems to have thought that the real sources of bad writing were ignorance and pretentiousness. His most characteristic passages are those inveighing against genteelisms, polysyllabic humor, foreign words, elegant variations—all the devices by which a writer attempts to appear better bred or better educated or more intelligent than he really is. There is an underlying assumption that if all of us would only learn that the right name for a spade is *spade* and then call it that, most of our troubles with language would be over.

But a good deal of bad writing in America results not from the fact that the writer is trying to write like an editorial in the *Times* and failing but rather from the fact that he is trying to write like a lout and succeeding. Many television and radio commercials (to take one kind of example out of many) are repulsive not because they are pretentious but because they are the very opposite—consciously downgraded, vulgarly folksy, carefully sloppy, condescending. To be sure, there is still an abundance of social-climbing prose perpetrated in America, but on the whole it is less abusive of language and less insulting to its audience than the cultivated illiteracy that meets us on every hand. After all, pretentiousness in language is the tribute incapacity pays to skill. Fowler thought that the writer was most likely to go wrong by using (for example) *ladies* and *gentlemen* when he meant *men* and *women*, but we know that a writer can make himself at least as objectionable by lumping the sexes together and calling the lot of them *folks*.

To insist on calling a spade a spade is to surrender much of the resourcefulness and playfulness and splendor available in language. When Fowler compiled his dictionary it was probably healthy for him to make fun, as he did, of Meredith's constant search for variations on the word *said* in the dialogue of his novels; it *is* silly for the characters in fiction to utter or opine or breathe or aver or whisper or suggest or exclaim everything they say. But after a generation of Hemingwayites who never use anything but *said* in writing dialogue, we know that one convention is as straitjacketing and tedious as the other.

I should like to go on discussing points on which I disagree with Fowler or Miss Nicholson or both, but I have already said enough to be quite misleading. *A Dictionary of American-English Usage* is not a collection of error, inanity, and wrong-headedness; it is a very useful, enlightening, and sensible book. Like all such handbooks it need not be regarded as if it were the tablets of the law, but no other known to me has so fine a faculty for increasing the reader's awareness of language or his wish to use it more accurately. Moreover, if you are at all interested in words, Miss Nicholson's revision of Fowler is a fascinating book just to read.

NEW NOVELS

FEW American novelists have as much fun with language as Richard Bissell has, and a good thing it is too, since his new novel, **Say, Darling** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95), hasn't very much to recommend it except its language, though for many readers that will be quite enough.

Bissell is the young or recently young Middlewestern novelist who a few years ago published a very funny book about life in an Iowa pajama factory (*7½ Cents*), and then came to New York and turned it into the successful musical comedy "The Pajama Game." So no one will be very much surprised to learn that *Say, Darling* is the story of a young Middlewestern novelist who writes a novel about his native habitat and then comes to New York and turns it into a successful musical comedy.

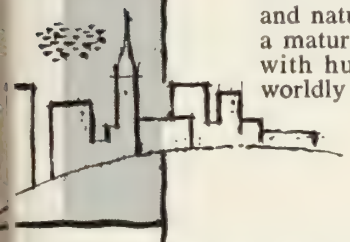
The trouble with *Say, Darling*, in comparison with *7½ Cents*, is that it hasn't any characters. Unlikely as it may seem, Bissell's Iowa factory hands had immensely more vitality, individuality, and charm than the glamorous citizens of Broadway whose shadows populate his new book. Nor is *Say, Darling* noticeably burdened with plot—it simply follows the young writer from the time he arrives in New York until the musical comedy has been written, rehearsed, tried out in New Haven and Boston, and acclaimed as a hit in New York.

But if *Say, Darling* is inferior to *7½ Cents* in plot and characterization, it is if anything even freer and funnier in its language. Like anybody who tries to be funny for more than three hundred pages, Bissell occasionally shows the strain; in a few places his indebtedness to Ring Lardner is too apparent and once in a while he goes in for sprightliness, which is bad. But he is a

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really delightful writer, with abundant inventiveness with words, a fine ear for dialogue, and wonderfully high spirits. Some of the best passages in the book are brief scenes unrelated to the central action—overheard conversations, chance encounters at bars, and so on. Here is one, an exchange between a sophisticated New Yorker and a recent arrival:

> "You see that simply means like somebody very crafty and scheming up things all the time," said the older man. "It comes from Machavellio, he was a very sharp Italian prince back in the old times who was always cooking up some wise deals in these court intrigues and all that."
>
> "I figured it was something along those lines," said South Dakota, "only I never heard that expression before."
>
> "After you've been around here awhile you'll pick up a lot of this stuff. Don't let it throw you."

And here is a vignette from the Museum of Modern Art:

> Frank Hackenbush of the Sheboygan Sash and Door Co., holding his hat in his two hands as if it might break, passed by and said to his wife:
>
> "I am glad none of the boys down at the Statler can see me now."
>
> "And I am glad I can't see them," replied Mrs. Hackenbush cheerfully.

ANOTHER new book that has moments of excellent comedy is Vladimir Nabokov's **Pnin** (Doubleday, $3). This is a collection of sketches about a Russian emigré (he pronounces his name *Punneen'*) who teaches in an American university. Unfortunately the sketches are not very well brought together; they overlap and lack continuity; but individually, most of them are first rate.

Nabokov has a fine subject, which he knows thoroughly, being a Russian emigré professor himself; and it is a subject little exploited in fiction. Many novels have pictured the poor and uneducated immigrants who came to this country in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but about the highbrow immigrants who have come in the last twenty-five years and who now play so large a part in our academic, scientific, and general intellectual life much less has been written. (Randall Jarrell's portrait of an immigrant composer-professor in *Pictures from an Institution* is one of the more n ble exceptions.)

Nabokov is able to catch muc the comedy and pathos, the wist ness and isolation, of a man liv in a society whose language, m ners, and expectations he can n quite grasp. At one point, w Pnin is wishing for a "viscous sawdust" (whisky and soda) to dr a dark mood, a friend tries to c fort him with the loan of a pic magazine, but Pnin declines: "I not understand what is adver ment and what is not advertiseme he says sadly. This puts his pl succinctly, and it is a plight Nabokov develops through a s of amusing and sometimes touc incidents.

FOR professional reasons b reviewers are seldom able to b the full weight of their underst ing to bear on novels about pe whose problem in life is having much money, and so certain th that seem to me psychologically scure in James Merrill's subtle graceful first novel, **The Sera** (Knopf, $3.95), may be perfectly to readers in different circumstan

Merrill's main character is Francis Tanning, a fairly ain young man who feels that his fat immense wealth cuts him off f "real life," though as the novel gresses the reader sees that it is n much his wealth as the father I self who cuts the son off from ex ence. By the time we meet him old man is rather the worse for wear, but he is still irresistibl money and women, both of w flock to him with alacritous aban He lives lavishly among a cluste wives, mistresses, ex-wives, ex- tresses, and active candidates those positions; his household is seraglio of the title, and his son o pies in it the position of a fav and highly privileged eunuch.

Francis is bright enough to see there can be only one bull in particular herd of cows, and knows that he must either des the image of his father that d nates his life or destroy his imag himself as a potential rival of father. In the end, contrary to nearly universal pattern of mo fiction, he destroys the image of l self (symbolically, as he does



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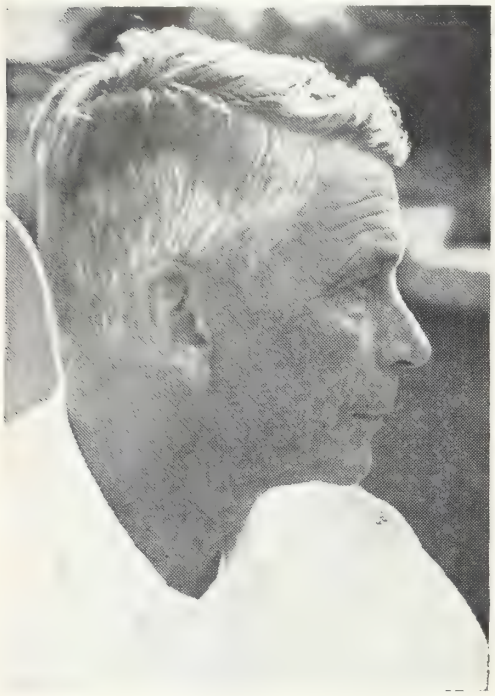


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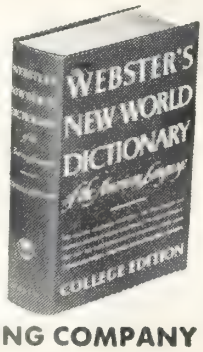
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things), and then for the first time he feels that "the entire world is real."

Since I am unable to follow Francis' psychology after a certain point, I do not understand the conclusion of the novel, but this failure is not enough to disguise the fact that Merrill is a very gifted writer. He has style and wit and elegance; he combines intelligence with poetic sensibility. His manner in *The Seraglio* is probably more oblique and elliptical than the subject requires, but the book has distinction.

GEOFFREY COTTERELL'S **The Strange Enchantment** (Lippincott, $4.95) is, for better or for worse, an old-fashioned novel. It employs that favorite device of Victorian fiction, a pair of sisters of contrasting temperament, and it faithfully chronicles their lives from early girlhood in an English seaside town at the end of the last century up to the 1930s. Cotterell does not set out to plumb any psychological depths; in the end he decides that one sister has a happy life because she is happiness-prone and the other sister has an unhappy life because she is unhappiness-prone, an insight into human nature that will not puzzle the most casual reader.

But if *The Strange Enchantment* is neither very modern in its technique nor very profound in its ideas, it is nevertheless quite a pleasant book to read. It has the solidity of Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, a novel that it often brings to mind. Cotterell knows how to tell a story; he can render time and place and character, and record the little gains and big losses of everyday life.

For good measure he has ingeniously inserted a second book into his main story. In the middle 'thirties the scene shifts to Berlin, where the unhappy sister is now living and where the happy sister sends her adolescent son for a year of study; and nearly a third of the book is an account of the English boy's impressions of Germany under Hitler. This has little to do with the central subject of the novel, but it has very considerable intrinsic interest.

The Strange Enchantment is no landmark in the history of fiction, but it is a book many people will enjoy reading.

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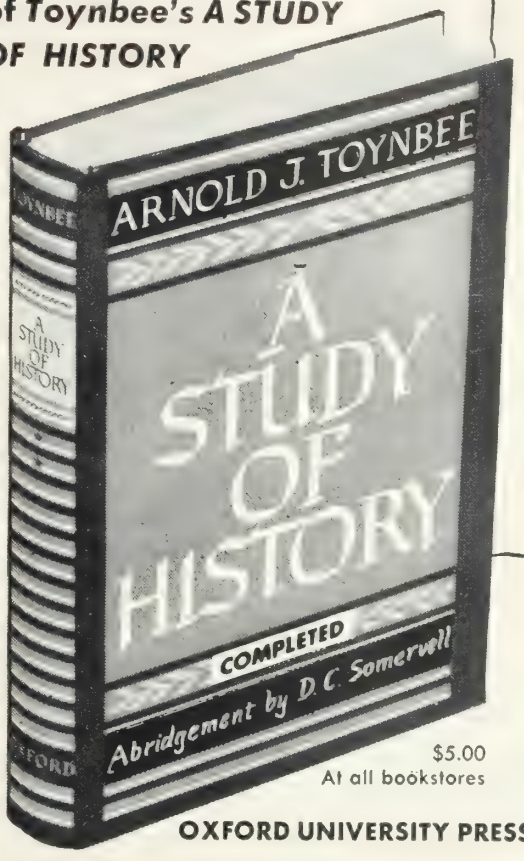
OR some years John Cheever has deservedly had the reputation of being one of our leading short-story writers, and many of his admirers have wondered when he would try his hand at longer fiction. Now his first novel has appeared, under the title **The Wapshot Chronicle** (Harper, $3.50). It is a curious performance, so uneven in quality that it hardly seems possible that the same man could have written both the best and the worst of it, but as a whole it merits more than the ambiguous word *interesting*.

The book is an episodic account of two generations of New England men, a father and his two sons. Such unity as it achieves and such suspense as it generates depend on the fact that an eccentric old female cousin plans to leave her money to the boys on condition that they have male offspring, but for some reason neither the money nor the condition later seems very important. (The old lady herself is brilliantly portrayed.) Whatever the failures of *The Wapshot Chronicle*, and they are considerable, Cheever is trying to do something unusual and important in fiction; he is trying to deal with the interplay between custom and ceremony, on the one hand, and the flux of time and disorder of life on the other. He is interested in what might be called private liturgy—the accumulation in one man or one family or one town of a set of ceremonies through which the mystery of life can be enacted and celebrated. These ceremonies are usually very simple—a man's annual hunting trip, a family's habit of having a certain passage of Scripture read at its funerals, a town's Fourth of July parade—but they are gestures by which the strangeness of the world is recognized and served, and life is given shape. Cheever has not yet made a successful novel out of this material, though he has written one that is occasionally very good, but his next attempt should be well worth watching for.

To Make a World (Viking, $4.50), by Theodore Morrison, is to me less interesting as a novel than as a symptom of the change that has been coming over what Lionel Trilling calls "the liberal imagination." Only a few years ago Morrison published a novel called *The Stones of*

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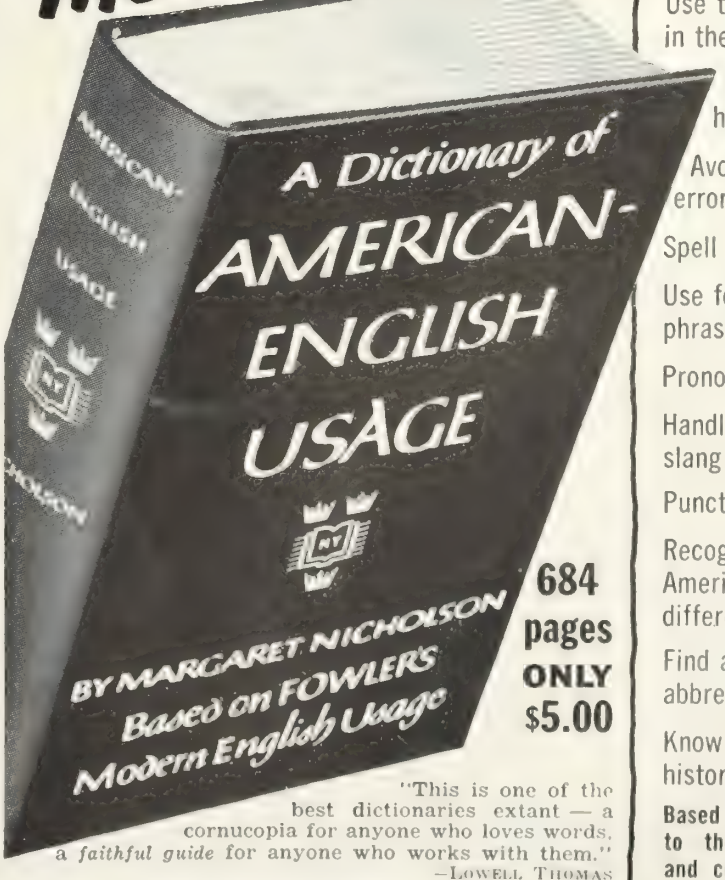
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the House, a story of academic life in which the good people (the liberals) were pitted against the bad people (the conservatives) in much the same way as they were in that delightful phantasy about academic life in the 'thirties, *The Male Animal.*

Now Morrison (who teaches writing at Harvard) has had another try at rendering the academic conscience in fiction, and it is remarkable to see how much more difficult he now finds it to tell the bad people from the good. His main character, Sam Norris, is a young administrator in a second-rate university. Norris has started out in life with the conviction that to understand everything is to forgive everything, but as his own moral position becomes increasingly ambiguous he begins to doubt that comforting doctrine. By the end of the story, he has decided that the human race requires more understanding than he can provide, and the best he can do is to try to live in charity with his neighbor.

Morrison is only moderately successful at dramatizing this subject, and the action is sometimes awkwardly illustrative of the ideas. He is at his best when he is simplest; he is completely successful in dealing with parents and children; and he can bring off such a scene as an interview between a worried father and a progressive headmistress with fine effect.

NON-FICTION

IN **The Crisis of the Old Order** (Houghton Mifflin, $6) Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., quotes a statement made by Myron S. Taylor in the early years of the depression: "Out of the depression we have been going through we shall have learned something of high importance," Taylor said, and then added thoughtfully: "It is too soon to say just what we are learning." The reader of Schlesinger's book knows just how Taylor felt: one feels on finishing the great mass of information Schlesinger has assembled that one must have learned something of high importance, but that it is distinctly too soon to say just what.

This is partly to be expected, of course, because *The Crisis of the Old Order* is only the first of three volumes Schlesinger plans to devote to the Age of Roosevelt (it is really just

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prologue, since it ends with the inauguration), and presumably unifying principle of the work be apparent when the whole is ore us. But as it stands the first ume is something of a hodge-ge—a survey of the economic no-ns of politicians between Teddy Franklin Roosevelt; a certain ount of cultural history of the nties, enlivened by the odd idea t Lindbergh was a "symbol of emption"; a history of the Demo-ic party in its years out of power ween Wilson and F.D.R.; a biog-hy of F.D.R. up to 1932, with lit-that is new in it except a broad t that as Assistant Secretary of the vy he had an affair; and so on. lesinger makes an attempt to pull this together by suggesting that Roosevelt's program and personal-were reconciled the programs and sonalities of Teddy Roosevelt and odrow Wilson, but this theme is dly inclusive enough for the pur-e; it is not developed and prob-y would not be very convincing t were.

Certain things Schlesinger does ex-nely well. He brings vividly alive suffering of the first years of the pression and the sense of panic t gripped the nation in those rs. Some men he can touch off lliantly, as his sketches of Bernard ruch and Felix Frankfurter show. th others he is less successful; he ves Harding about where he nd him (perhaps that is as much anybody can do with him). His ture of Hoover is very unsympa-tic but telling, especially when he ls with the last grim years of oover's Presidency. He has a good l of fun in resurrecting from the ly 'thirties the left-wing pro-uncements of such current stal-rts of the right as George Sokol-, Henry Hazlitt, John Chamber-n, and John T. Flynn.

The Crisis of the Old Order has ergy, learning, fine quotations, a ely journalistic style. What it does t have, though the following vol-es may provide it, is a view of the st ample enough and ordered ough to embrace all the details and ing them into relationship. (Book-the-Month Club selection.)

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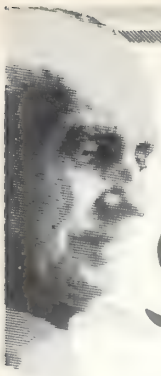
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with a slightly misleading title. It is not a history of the Vatican, as the title suggests, but an informal collection of information about the headquarters of Roman Catholicism, ranging from where the money comes from (about half from the United States) and how it is spent (rigid economy prevails now; many Vatican officials are hard pressed to keep up appearances on their incomes) to how a new Pope is elected. Unfortunately the least attractive part of the book comes first, three rather allusive chapters on the Vatican's physical plant, but these can be postponed or omitted.

Wall does not limit himself strictly to the Vatican. He gives brief but highly illuminating accounts of Catholicism in the various countries of Western Europe, and offers considerable information about its activities all over the world, including something about how Jesuits are trained to work behind the Iron Curtain and what happens to them after they get there. He thinks that the city with the greatest number of practicing Catholics is not Rome but Chicago.

Wall is an English Catholic who has spent many years in Rome, and familiarity has bred in him an easy-going attitude toward the secular activities of the Church. He is neither an apologist nor a scandalmonger; he simply records the life of the Vatican as he knows it from long observation and extensive reading. The result is a book that almost anyone will find enlightening and absorbing.

BOOKS *in brief*

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FICTION

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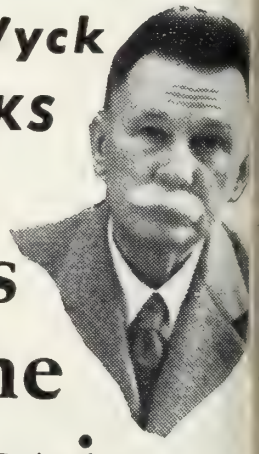
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Home Before Dark, by Eileen Bassing.

The novel opens when Arnold Bronn is driving his wife, Charlotte, home to the academic New England community of Cape Marble after she has spent nearly two years in a state mental hospital. During her illness her stepsister has come to run her house; her stepmother has also moved in; and her husband is up for promotion in his department at the college. Charlotte's problem is to be natural and "normal" under these tense and abnormal conditions, with the dreadful terror of recommitment always in her mind. More graphically than most "real life" stories this novel illustrates the abysmal ignorance of many otherwise intelligent people about mental illness and the often hair's-breadth difference between sanity and insanity (the reader sometimes can't tell which is which), and the overwhelming influence that love, or lack of it, can be in shifting the balance—though in the end, of course, it is the patient who must uncover and triumph over her own particular hell. This is an absorbing story.

Random House, $3.50

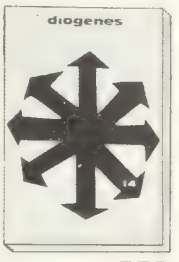
The Scapegoat, by Daphne DuMaurier.

Two men—a Frenchman and an Englishman—discover in a small-town French bar that they are identical: "Someone jolted my elbow. . . . I was looking at myself." The Frenchman drugs the Englishman, escapes with his car and luggage and leaves the unconscious man, now in the Frenchman's clothes, to be picked up by his (the Frenchman's) chauffeur and delivered to the family chateau in the midst of the most incredible family feuds, intrigues, and affections. Never mind how this is worked out; it *is* worked out down to the problems of language, mistresses, wives, children, dogs—so that while one reads of the week during which the action takes place one is persuaded. The questions may come later, but only after one has had one's fun. Atmosphere, story, suspense all are here; it is a tour de force in Miss DuMaurier's inimitable manner. If sometimes there is no more motivation than "something made me turn left," one is by then ready to accept the "something." Deeper

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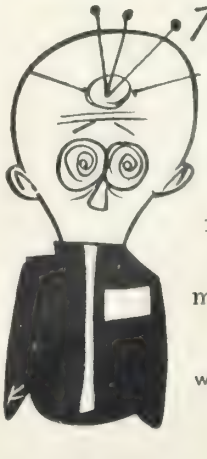


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meanings? How important is the outer shell? How possible is it to change the course of lives already charted by habit and tradition? How important is love? Well, one is willing to conjecture lightly with the writer but finds no profound answers here. It is good entertainment.
Doubleday, $3.95

The Bright Prison, by Penelope Mortimer.

Mrs. Mortimer's first novel, *Villa in Summer,* was about a good marriage threatened by the daily rush of taking care of children and by the round of commuting. The lives of husband and wife grew further and further apart. Not an unusual plot, but the people were entertaining and well-meaning and very human. Alas, this novel has the same basic plot. There is a husband and wife whose lives go round and round four children and a job. Then suddenly over the period of a few days things explode. One child has a birthday; the father can't get home; another child gets appendicitis; the smallest two are sent to the country; the mother and father each go off on nightmarish, high-keyed amorous adventures. Yet in the end they are driven home by the very force of their joint life. But after the first chapter I never found it credible. The wife is well drawn as a sympathetic, child-ridden mother. But all the other characters—husband, lover, mistress—seem really no-account, and in spite of the nice writing one scarcely cares what happens to the motley cast. Harcourt, $3.50

The Sailor, Sense of Humor, and Other Stories, by Victor Pritchett.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

the news." What Mr. Lord has done is to tell the first-hand story of what the participants themselves were doing—or not doing—at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Anyone who has read his *A Night to Remember* knows how effortlessly yet dramatically he builds up the big story from the small details, so that in the end every reader is a participant too. The miracle that he accomplishes in this book is that he even makes you, an American, take part in the awful excitement and suspense of the Japanese as they planned and successfully accomplished their dreadful mission. It is a more tangled web that he has to sort out here than in his picture of the *Titanic* disaster, but he is at all times master of his material and of his story. Holt, $3.95

The Bridge at Andau, by James A. Michener.

With much the same technique that Mr. Lord uses in re-creating the events at Pearl Harbor the author of *South Pacific*—through carefully checked and re-checked personal interviews with Hungarian refugees who crossed the bridge to freedom—makes the Hungarian revolution come to throbbing and painful life. Mr. Michener left Austria early in January and in their effort to bring the first-hand facts to the American public as fast as possible, publisher and author alike have performed a Herculean task. The book appeared March 1. Here we have reflected what it was like from the point of view of the worker, the intellectual, the military man, and others to join the battle against the AVO (State Protecting Special Group) and the Russians in those days of late October, ending in the Russian attack of November 4. There are also interviews which explain the cleavages between the three waves of refugees, and the attitude of the refugees toward America and our radio. The author says: "I can only say that I shared the reactions of an American who observed, 'One of the most startling aspects of the revolution was that the Hungarians, deserted by the world, ended by being mad at nobody'." There is more emotion and confusion in this book than in Mr. Lord's. It is so close to the events that a dispassionate report

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Principles and Persuasions, by Anthony West.

This is a collection of book reviews and essays which have appeared in the *New Yorker,* prefaced by a foreword which helps to explain why Mr. West's criticism is nearly always a storm center of excited controversy. The foreword itself may well become such a center, for he believes in the biographical approach to an author's work. He says: ". . . if one is aware of the deliberate or compulsive distortions that shape his [the author's] life one is the better equipped to judge by how much his work is a contribution to knowledge, and by how much it is a simple reflection of his psychological necessities." There's a nice flat statement about publishers that should cause a few raised eyebrows too: "A publishing house is a simple business today, and a publisher considers that his first responsibility is not to culture as an abstract idea but to the investors who have provided him with his working capital." "Simple"? "First"? Those could be fighting words, but it all adds up to a lively and stimulating book. Harcourt, $4.50

FORECAST

Lessons of War

We don't turn our backs on wars when they are over. Civil War histories and novels have been best sellers for nearly a century so it isn't surprising to find recent publishers' announcements heralding important books about World War II and its aftermath—about specific armies and specific campaigns, about Germany then and now. In April, for instance, Viking is publishing *The SS: Alibi of a Nation, 1922-1945* by Gerald Reitlinger; the Book of the Month has chosen for June Arthur Bryant's history of the war years based on the diaries of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, *The Turn of the Tide,* which Doubleday will publish in May; Little, Brown has scheduled for the same month *Drive: A Chronicle of Patton's Army,*

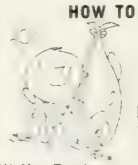
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

y Charles R. Codman, who was atton's aide-de-camp from the Batle of Kasserine Pass to the meeting ith the Russian troops. In a more opeful vein we will have from Farar, Straus & Cudahy in July *Adeauer and the New Germany* by dgar Alexander with an introducion by Alvin Johnson and an epigue by Chancellor Adenauer himelf: and sometime in 1958 Scribner ill publish a book of essays by Dr. Hans Kohn of the History Departent of the College of the City of New York, called *Germany: Promise nd Threat to Europe.* Nor are the ar novels lacking. Appleton's big ovel for the spring (April) is *The ig War,* by Anton Meyer, a story f the Marines' war in the Pacific of hich the author writes: "In one ense, *The Big War* is an attempt— nd a modest one—at a modern *liad,* an indictment of violence."

New Talent, and Tried

In going through the spring catague of a publisher who shall be ameless, I found the following first aragraph which delighted me. The ired copywriter ground out the lichés so relentlessly that I quote it ere as an introduction to any and ll of the spring novels: "A very uman, moving novel. It is a story f success growing out of inner rowth and development, and it is his strong theme that gives the novel epth and significance." (The quote, s written, did not refer to any book here mentioned.) Two first novels enerating prepublication excitement are *The Unknown Soldier,* by Väino Linna (Putnam, May) which Mika Waltari calls "one of the best war novels ever written" and *In the Time of Greenbloom* by Gabriel Fielding (Morrow, May) which Evelyn Waugh calls "a work of strong dramatic imagination." And then here are three novels by authors whose names are already headliners. Mark Aldanov has *Nightmare and Dawn* on Scribner's April list; Pearl Buck will be on John Day's July list with *Letter from Peking;* and James Jones has delivered to Scribner his new novel (longer than *From Here to Eternity*!), which will not be published till fall. It is called *Some Came Running* and is *not* a war novel.

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This is an interesting pair of performances in that they pit a somewhat heavy and comfortable-minded Viennese orchestra against a forthright and powerful young Italian pianist. The combination brings out the kind of musical play that the concerto form demands, and though neither the orchestra nor the pianist rates at the Mozartean top, the drama thus produced is wholly musical and alive.

The "Pro Musica" forces may or may not be first-rate Viennese, but their playing (though not too well blended in the ensemble) is authentically Viennese—and no doubt about it. Characteristically, their sound at first seems stodgy, the tempo too slow; but further listening makes it clear that the comparison is with our own orchestras, which prefer a harder, faster, more intense kind of playing.

Maria Tipo's piano is far from delicate. She bangs away in a highly extrovert manner—yet unlike other young moderns, she never plays an unmusical note; her musical senses are excellent. Moreover, the hard-toned Tipo effects are remarkably like the actual sound of Mozart's own piano; though smaller than ours it was more metallic and percussive. Tipo is no Clara Haskil, but I can't help liking her Mozart, just the same. And she does wonders for the Pro Musica orchestra.

Mozart: Sonatas in B Flat, K.454; A K.526. Arthur Grumiaux, vl., Clara Haskil, pf. Epic LC 3299.

Much as I hate to choose "best" recordings (implying that others have little to offer), I can't avoid the word here—for this is surely the finest Mozart team now recording. Clara Haskil's Mozart has already established itself as superb; the Grumiaux violin playing is here so beautifully integrated with her piano that the Sonatas are truly single interpretations, for two performers.

This is not to say that Epic's "Mozart piano" recordings with the Amsterdam Duo are to be put aside forever in favor of Haskil and Grumiaux and the standard piano. Those playings, too, are wonderfully understanding and sensitive. But, "Mozart piano" aside, these performances simply go further, are more highly perfected, more perceptive, richer in understanding, more expressive, in the same direction, and the instrumental technique itself is on a higher plane of excellence.

This is the best—so far.

Mozart: Church Sonatas for Several Instruments and Organ. Eva Hölderlin, organ; Southwest German Chamber Orch., Reinhardt. Vox PL 9980.

Fifteen of the seventeen sonatas with organ are included here—several make use of oboes, tympani, and the like as well as strings, but except for the last two or three the organ figures as no more than an unobtrusive accompaniment. The astonishing thing is that such wonderfully light and lilting music should have been written for an arch bishop's own service, to be played in th midst of the Mass, between the Glori and Credo. Times do change.

The ensemble under Reinhardt play with fine vigor and verve but a some what rigid beat, the tempo on the fas side. The earlier sonatas are given properly thinner, smaller sound, th body of tone slowly growing fatter a the performances reach the more com plex later works. (But the earliest, fro Mozart's eleventh year, is as beautiful a any of them.)

Needless to say, these little piece most of a similar *allegro* characte weren't meant to be heard one after th other; that is a special condition im posed by the LP record. First tim through, the music will seem repetitiv and monotonous. But, as with Scarlat harpsichord sonatas, acquaintance wit the individual works comes quickly, an replayings will be a pleasure.

Bartok: Sonata #1 for Violin and Pian (1921). Robert Mann, vl., Leonid Han bro, pf. Bartok 922.

One of the works that marked the be ginning of Bartok's mature period, thi sonata at first suggests Schoenberg i its dissonant violin leaps and the lean ness of its piano part. But the atonalit is only skin-deep and soon the character istically wry, potent Bartok melody an harmony begin to come through. No body in the twentieth century can twis a melodic line into such potently emo tional, meaningful shape as Bartol could; no other "modern" composer i more human, more directly expressive than this man.

For those who have the Bartok idiom in hand, this will be an experience t hear, in spite of dissonance. All the en gaging Bartok "tricks" are here, ever to those belly-laugh up-slides of th fiddle and the hoarse, gutteral sensuous ness of its lower strings. Mann is a care ful player, understanding, plenty alive enough to put guts into his part. Ham bro, a great piano pounder, is in his ele ment here and shows an equal under standing.

Fine job, and super-hi-fi recording, by Peter Bartok.

Shostakovitch: Symphony #1. Kabalev sky: Colas Breugnon Suite, Op. 24. Saint Louis Symphony, Golschmann. Colum bia ML 5152.

After a brief time with Capitol, the ven erable Saint Louis Orchestra has come into the Columbia fold, with its long time, old-style conductor, Vladimir Golschmann, the last of the old genera tion of "permanent" conductors that once included Stock, Koussevitzky, Sto kowski. Golschmann, indeed, is not far

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WORTH LOOKING INTO . . . Folksy

American Folk Tales and Songs. Jean Ritchie, Paul Clayton, singing; Richard Chase, telling tales. Tradition TLP 1011. (See Signet paperback *American Folk Tales and Songs.*)

Freilach in Hi-Fi. Murray Lehrer and Ensemble. Period RL 1906 (vol. i); RL 1916 (vol. ii).

Odetta sings Ballads and Blues. (Unacc. and with Guitar.) Tradition TLP 1010.

John Langstaff sings Am. and Eng. Folk Songs and Ballads. Nancy Woodbridge, piano (arr. by Cecil Sharpe, Vaughan-Williams, etc.) Tradition TLP 1009.

Troubadour and Trouvère Songs. Russel Oberlin, countertenor, Seymour Barab, viol. Experiences Anonymes EA 0012.

El Nino de Ronda sings The Real Flamenco. Tradition TLP 1008.

rom Koussevitzky in his musical capabilities; with Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, he has a heavy hand, but he is superb with the French-Russian school in almost any form and his readings in that area will be invariably interesting.

The sprightly, long-winded First of Shostakovitch, consequently, is very well communicated here, more rapidly and with more tension than in the classic Stokowski reading that for many years was familiar to most of us. The Kabalevsky is done, I suppose, as well as it can be done: the piece is one of those noisy, banal, over-orchestrated products of modern Russia that get tinnier and tinnier as you play them better and better. Wasted effort.

Tansman: Isaiah, the Prophet (1949-50). Radio Philharmonic Orch. and Choir of Hilversum, van Kempen. Epic LC 3298.

This is an unexpectedly interesting big work from a composer of the older generation who has been only moderately known hereabouts. (He was a protégé of Stolzhmann of Saint Louis.) Tansman was born Polish, has lived in Paris for many years, but in this work is clearly of the Swiss-French school centering about Honegger and Frank Martin—for this is one of those huge, epic works of elevated drama, featuring important choral forces, that have figured so importantly in that school as successors to the older oratorio and the German Passion. This "Isaiah" ranks beside Honegger's "King David" (best known of various Honegger epics) and Frank Martin's "Golgotha." It should be of special interest to conductors who are anxious to put aside "Messiah" and the Brahms Requiem for something singable in the modern era.

Dissonant but eloquent in an old-fashioned way, stern, moral, spread upon a huge canvas, chanted in the timeless accents of rhetorical French, the music touches a plane of spiritual expression not often reached in our prosaic and hard-bitten century. This is Old Testament eloquence, the French set off at dramatic climaxes by the ancient Hebrew itself—*Schima Israël, Idouni Elohéinou, Adonaï Ekhod*. The choral writing, largely homophonic, is beautifully tailored throughout to the text and to vocal expressiveness; though, to be sure, the chorus has little rest and carries an even larger musical burden than the orchestra. Only the few brief Hebrew passages go to the solo tenor.

Epic's Dutch recording is at a distance, making for a huge but somewhat indistinct effect of massed forces. (I suspect it was taken at a public performance though background noise is not a problem.) The choral sound could have been highlighted a bit more dramatically in the miking. Complete text in French and English.

Strauss: Metamorphoses (1945); Four Last Songs (1948). Bamberg Symphony; Christel Goltz, Pro Musica Orch. Vienna, Hollreiser. Vox PL 9400.

Strange and unfathomable music, this—post-World-War II, yet out of the middle nineteenth century as well, timid, old-man music, yet music very much alive and expressive and not lightly to be put aside.

The "Metamorphoses" (the title suggesting a kind of fluid, continuous variation treatment of a group of ideas) seem impossibly old-fashioned, impossibly long-winded, acutely undramatic, on first hearing. But the music batters down all conventional judgments if you will let it, and soon makes felt its own unique, unlikely, out-of-this-world immediacy.

There are twenty-three solo strings and the texture is complex, yet limpid; the music soars and dies as of a century ago and, indeed, compares remarkably to Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" (and it is similarly long); the main theme is from Beethoven's "Eroica," the Funeral March. You would think that this sound had no right to exist in this strange way nor to recall these other times and still to be in some odd sense modern! Remarkable, and I like the Bamberg's playing under Hollreiser.

This third recording of the Last Songs is vocally the least successful. The rich, creamy voice of Christel Goltz is too close and too wobbly, her interpretation is unsensuous and altogether lacking in awareness of the marvelous musical color in these short miracles of song writing. She misses the whole point—her high reputation as a Strauss singer depends, I suspect, on her visual acting on the Strauss stage. If you want the music for itself, try Lisa Della Casa on London or, best of all, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf on Angel.

Hindemith: Piano Sonatas #1 and #3 (1936). Paul Badura-Skoda. Westminster WN 18200.

Schumann: Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13; Scenes from Childhood, Op. 15. Paul Badura-Skoda, pf. Westminster WN 18168.

Of all the changing luminaries in the expanding Westminster catalogue, Badura-Skoda seems to me to have the steadiest, most constant value. Beginning as a Mozart specialist (with Georg Demus) he has expanded through other areas. The more heroic piano stuff is not his forte—the big Beethoven is done better elsewhere and Chopin is more popular under steelier fingers. Badura-Skoda



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has fallen down on occasion, too, in public concert-giving, according to local criticism. But on records, in the gentler musical idioms, he is superb and, indeed, unmatchable.

Hindemith is a hard nut to crack, in the playing and the listening. He has his obstinate, dogmatic side (like old Bach himself) and too many interpreters merely underline the typically Hindemithian sound, so irritating in its uncompromising sameness. Badura-Skoda, through sheer musical understanding, brings the maximum musical values in these sonatas straight to the fore. You'll find them remarkably easy to get to know, under his sympathetic fingers.

Schumann's delicate, highly personal and poetic expression is as tough a nut for today's pianists to crack as any in the classic repertory; very few of the hard young virtuosos of these times can make head or tail of Schumann. Here again, Badura-Skoda has the right feeling and well knows how to project it. His Schumann is big and grand because it is honest and poetic; the little "Kinderscenen" are as expressive and as natural as the biggest dramatics in the Symphonic Etudes.

A special feature of great interest here is the inclusion of four of the five unpublished variations in the Etudes along with the familiar ones. It is quite startling to run into completely unfamiliar Schumann in the midst of the familiar material—and the music is a fine addition to the whole work in its recorded form.

Unusually fine piano recording in both records.

Bach for Percussion. (Toccata and Fugue in D mi., "Great" G mi. Fugue, Toccata in F mi., Fugue in C, transcribed by John Klein.) New York Percussion Ens., Glick. Audio Fidelity AFLP 1812.

This is a real weirdie. Not the standard bangs and bobs and whizzes which make up the typical hi-fi percussion sound of the disc, but the incredible assumption that these sounds can be blessed with the above solemn names, out of the Bach repertory!

Is somebody pulling somebody's leg? Not if I know these serious musicians, and so you'd best decide for yourself whether the enormous effort they put into these items does in fact produce a species of Bach. Frankly, Bach minus 99 per cent of its pitch isn't Bach for me and, to tell the truth, I can't even recognize the rhythms of the famous works—though I sort of hear the first few notes of the Toccata in D Minor, after a fashion. Tatadum . . . diddle-diddledit BOOM.

It's a splendid hi-fi record, anyhow.

Gilbert and Sullivan: The Do-It-Yourself H.M.S. Pinafore. Philharmonia Orch., Shankson. Concord 3001.

Looked like a wonderful idea, this—the beloved opera played without the voice parts so you can fill them in yourself, with a proper accompaniment. That is the implication in the title, and the words and music are included in the album. Alas, the whole thing is a sorry disappointment.

This Philharmonia surely is a non-British affair (the Hamburg Philharmonia?)—for the famed British band of that name could never produce such a sodden, dispirited "Pinafore." Quite clearly, these players have never heard of G & S.

The main numbers in the opera are set forth stolidly with assorted and ill-chosen solo instruments loudly dubbing in the voice parts, note for note. You can't do it yourself without their unwelcome accompaniment. To add to the general dispirit, the booklet of words and music is defective, with missing pages galore.

As an acid test, I looked up the famous recitative where Josephine weighs her future, singing whole sentences against held orchestral chords: *"On the one hand, Papa's luxurious home hung with ancestral armour and old brasses. . . ."* 'Twas just as I feared; this witless orchestra and conductor don't even hold the chords (for *you* to sing the words)—they just plod straight on. And so you can't do it yourself even if you want to.

Skip the whole thing.

Beethoven: "Add-a-Soloist": Piano Concerti #1, #3. Vanguard Symphony Orch., Litschauer. (No piano.) Vanguard Add-a-Soloist VRA 201, 202.

This series is something else again, the first attempt, to my knowledge, to bring full orchestral accompaniment into the home in the manner of the now familiar chamber music and sonata recordings made minus one instrument. The records are not only a splendid aide to advanced pianists, amateur or professional, but also a superb parlor game for those who love to whistle and sing their own themes! Try it yourself—how far can *you* go with the missing piano part. Even if you can't sing or play it, the novel sound of the orchestral music minus the solo is revealing and musically most interesting.

Solid, well-informed playing from Vienna, nicely recorded. Ticks and tocks where necessary, to help you keep in time. There are other fine items in the series, which presumably continues.



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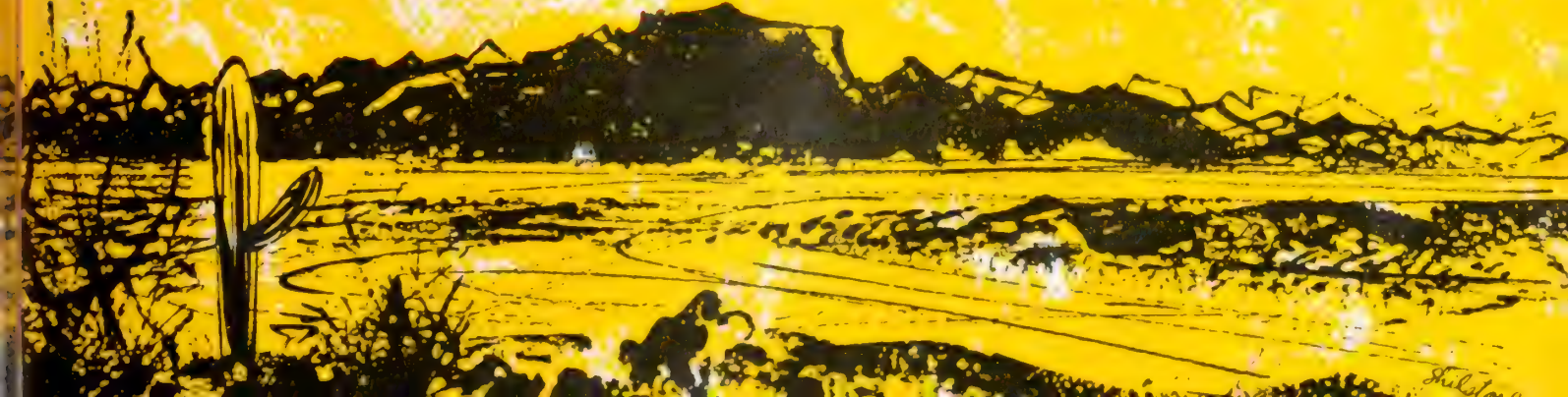
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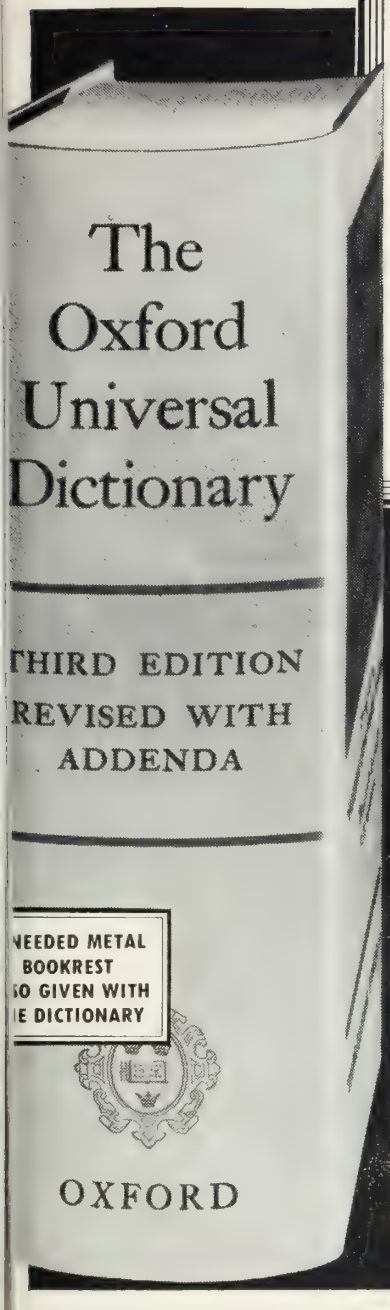
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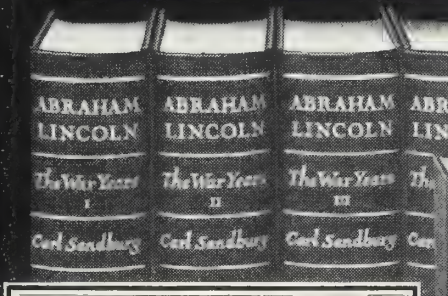
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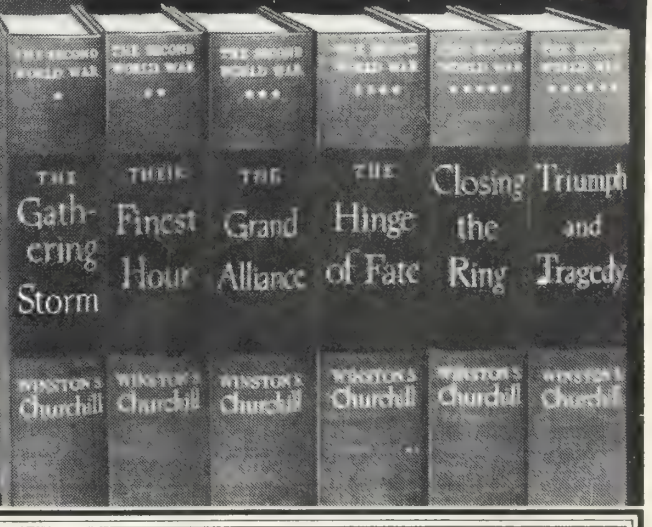
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Monogamous Youth

TO THE EDITORS:

Having never been inside a fraternity house or an "Eastern" school. I cannot dispute President Cole's analysis of the quaint customs practiced by the inhabitants of those institutions ["American Youth Goes Monogamous," March]. However, I have spent six delightfully polygamous terms in two "Western" schools and would like to make it clear here and now that he is not talking about us out *here*.

The social-security mentality is not unknown here. Indeed some of my friends have attempted the rapid and unequivocal acquisition of a girl- or boyfriend in the manner described by President Cole. . . . But for the most part the good old spirit of free enterprise lives on. If this be bird-dogging, then by golly let us get on with the party!

DICK HARTUNG
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I fear I must register an objection to Mr. Cole's article, not to the essay as a whole, which I found delightful, but to his statement that "going steady" is something new in college folkways. It wasn't new even seventy years ago when I went to college. . . . My college class was 1891. Knox then was a small college of some 400 students, yet it averaged between four and five marriages per class as the romantic results of "going steady." . . .

The outstanding difference between today as described by Mr. Cole and my era is that amazing frankness has taken the place of our secretiveness. We didn't wear our hearts—or our frat pins—on our sleeves. . . . Not long ago on a visit to my alma mater I saw late at night under a bright moon and the relentless glare of street lights, the broad steps leading to the woman's dormitory filled with couples wrapped in each other's arms. . . . Oh yes, we did such things, but not in the limelight. . . .

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
New York, N. Y.

I have been in the United States since last August, as an exchange student from Greece to an American high school. I found Mr. Cole's article to agree with all the observations I had since I came to the U. S. I think that the type of the American dating does not exist in any other country, at least I am positive much as Greece is concerned. To earnest, I prefer the Greek type.

EVANGELIA FRANTZEDAI
Minneapolis, Min

Tail Chaser

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to Mrs. Sanders f her "dynamic appraisal" of the crux social work's basic dilemma. It may tough for some of us on the "inne inside to accept what she has so keen observed and reported. But, tough not, we would do well to take heed well as action before, through shee dogged persistence, we manage to cat our own tail which, pun or not, woul be the beginning of the end.

ANTHONY R. STONE, M.S.S.
Lutherville, M

In an association in which memb agencies across the country employ 2,2 professional social workers, Marion Sa ders' article, "Social Work: A Professio Chasing Its Tail" [March], has gone o like a cannon cracker.

Mrs. Sanders has touched some of o sore points but . . . she has left blan half of the page. . . . Her criticisms a really directed toward social casewor ers. She leaves out that great segment social work which includes group wor ers and community organizers also.

Reading Mrs. Sanders . . . you woul not know that while some social agenci may be remiss, many others . . . are dail active in proposals to improve cou services, establish mental health clinic raise standards in public welfare, an other like measures.

You would not glean that an organiz tion like ours had not only helped wri social history in the framing of the S cial Security Act but last year was vigo ous in support of the passage of the 195 Social Security Amendments. . . .

[She] does not give any consideratio to the fact that the professional soci worker is by no means a completely fr agent. He works as the employee of a agency whose policies and programs a finally determined by a hopefully repr sentative board of citizen leaders, or, in a public service, under the confines laws and legal restrictions. Whateve his ideals and professional conviction he can propose but not determine agenc policy.

If there is slow progress at time in dealing with social questions, the r sponsibility must be shared equally b

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community leaders and plain citizens. .

The regrettable thing is that [the ar cle] gives a distorted and one-sided p ture of a profession which is certain not without faults. After being riddl with Mrs. Sanders' buckshot, social wor ers may find it a little difficult to rise their feet with verve and courage in r sponse to the sweet tones of Mrs. Sa ders' closing challenge.

CLARK W. BLACKBU
Family Service Assn. of Ameri
New York, N.

. . . In the wake of the developme of every profession there inevitably f lows a unique lingo. To the outsid these words and concepts are as stran as are the complex mathematical equ tions of the nuclear physicists to me. is sufficient for me, however, if this p fessional jargon withstands the critic eye of the experts in the given field. a is acknowledged as productive of desir results. Mrs. Sanders . . . assumes t right to use a peripheral experience a valid basis for making a critical appra of the fundamentals of a profession wi which she has a tenuous acquaintan

Such an irresponsible attack will c little harm to the "status" of the soc work profession as such, as it is on t solid ground. . . . However irreparab harm may be done to the troubled clien who timidly seek help, and who no have their normal fears confirmed by writer in a reputable magazine. . . This article can instill unreasonable fe just as that created by the faulty bat of Salk vaccine when it was first leased.

Although social work may be less dr matic than when it was breaking grou in its early days, it has never been mo closely attuned to the rapidly changi needs of the community, and is quiet but vigorously engaged in social actio

ROBERT C. TAB
Chairman, Governor's Committee Children and Youth (Pa.); Memb Advisory Committee on You Workers of the U.S. Dept of L bor; Member, Board of Truste of Nat'l. Child Labor Commit
Harrisburg.

I related to Hester, the social work [in Mrs. Sanders' article], every step the way. My thinking was so clarifi I came up with the following analys

There are at least two professio under the guise of social work: (1) o geared to mass problems, social securi relief-giving, and administration: a (2) casework therapy which trea individual and family problems wi an understanding of intrapsychic fa tors. . . . Caseworkers do not nec sarily have leadership qualities nor they see themselves as do-gooders wh

'O DISTINGUISH BETWEEN



is to distinguish between Production and Productivity.

Higher production could mean nothing more than additional employees turning out the SAME AMOUNT of goods per employee.

Higher productivity means MORE goods turned out per employee.

Higher productivity started when some human being took a piece of stone broader than his hand and scooped more dirt with this tool than he could with bare fingers.

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will solve world problems. They are interested in the individual man and how he can adjust better to life and in turn affect his family and the community constructively. . . . They have developed such good techniques of interviewing that they are frequently sought to teach young doctors in schools of psychiatry.

There should be licensing for all therapists including lay analysts, marriage counselors, and caseworkers who treat personality disorders. They should admit they are psychotherapists, get together under one name, and set standards. Schools of social work should include a department of social planning and administration, and a licensed department of psychotherapy.

LOUISE MAGARY, Caseworker
New York, N. Y.

With a few more pointed articles by such thought provokers as Mrs. Sanders, we might be able to catch our tail!

Only one slight correction to this delightful article—to be really dynamic, the recording must be in "process"—anyone can write a "verbatim" report.

IRVIN L. FOLTZ
Public Health Service Advisor
Alameda County Health Dept.
San Leandro, Calif.

P. S. It took a lot of "evaluating" to come up with the above title for my position!

Marion Sanders dropped quite a little bomb of her own. . . . I got quite a few belly laughs out of it. I hope it will do some good. I believe it will.

We do have our Hesters pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp professional status. . . . I question whether we are turning out any more of them at this University.

In my opinion . . . Mrs. Sanders is wrong . . . in the portrait she paints about the intake interview . . . as being typical of casework operations as taught and practiced today except, perhaps, for those few practitioners and educators making a fetish out of "agency function."

She is certainly right when she says social workers really mean what they say about the importance of the individual. . . . We consider ourselves first as professional people with professional responsibility. Our role as agency representatives is a secondary though important consideration. . . .

The only persons entitled to professional status, in the sense of a learned profession, are those really delivering the goods: seeing that the "services of which the people have need" are the best possible under the circumstances consonant with highest standards of the practice of a scientific art.

This is the brand we think we are turning out here, and I believe the same would go for most, if not all, of the other fifty-eight accredited graduate schools of social work in this country and Canada.

W. I. NEWSTETTER, Dean
School of Social Work
University of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Postscript

TO THE EDITORS:

In my article, "The Science Without Name" [March], I remarked the rapid development of devices based on electronically active solids. . . . The rapid pace of development of revolutionary new electronic devices is neatly illustrated by the announcement of two new ones in just the few weeks the March issue of *Harper's* was in press.

One is the cryotron, an electric switching unit for electronic calculators. Developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it looks like a Z-shaped piece of wire and is much more compact than either the transistors or vacuum tubes used for similar purposes; 100 cryotrons will fit into a thimble. . . .

The other device is the spin oscillator developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories from the suggestion of a Harvard physicist, Dr. N. Bloemberger. At this point, I don't fully understand the spin oscillator myself, but it seems to utilize the spin of electrons as a means of amplifying an electric current. Bell Labs says it should be able to amplify extremely weak radio signals—hundreds of times weaker than usable at present. It will have important applications in radio astronomy, long-distance telephony, television relaying, and radar. . . .

LEONARD ENGEL
Larchmont, N. Y.

Noticed Changes

TO THE EDITORS:

I assigned Professor Brogan's "Unnoticed Changes in America" [February] to a freshman class in social science to comment upon. I think the results would be interesting to your readers.

The class, none of whom was alive in 1925 when Professor Brogan first visited this country . . . agreed generally with his four most significant changes. However they thought there were other important changes he had not noticed including (1) the development of mass education at the high school and college level, (2) the tremendous boom now underway in the arts, (3) the suburbanization of American life and growth of the middle class, (4) the rising tide of mental illness, and (5) the growth in crime and juvenile delinquency.

One student questioned whether there existed in fact a greater interest in politics today and made an opinion survey

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of a number of older persons. He foun that the men generally felt the intere in politics today was about the same in 1925, but the women almost witho exception agreed that it was more pr nounced today. . . .

WILLIAM N. LEONA Hofstra Colle Hempstead, N.

Exporting the Drea

TO THE EDITORS:

In the February issue, Dan Lacy prov to any open mind that foreign aid is sti necessary ["Foreign Aid: Is It Still Nece sary?"]. . . . But have we not failed our great international effort to hel the "poor"—euphemistically and wise called the "underprivileged"—just b cause we have adopted a checkbook po icy for aid . . . ?

I suggest that our people invented *th* additive that creates wealth, and th without this additive our dollar benefa tions are less than sufficient. . . .

I have just gathered material for new book which deals with the idea th to spread wealth without conveyin or exporting *the idea* is less than ef cient. I suggest that the idea can b seen in our land at least a century b fore the Revolution. . . .

By 1600, after the Reformation, th concept of the Just Society—*i.e.* one hol ing out both hope and defeat—was a cepted in the religious or royal hiera chies of many lands. We enlarged th Just Society, creating the cruelest cultur on earth. . . .

In a short letter I can give only thi hint of the basic concept, but your rea ers might wish to ponder the macabr index of defeat and frustration—suicid coronary, and ulcers, to take three exam ples—in relation to the standards of li ing in other countries. A significant clu to the rise of freedom in Russia can b seen in the Soviet concern over youn people, frustrated to the point of suicid which means that they at long last a blaming themselves instead of societ for their defeats. . . . India experience suicide only after Gandhi preached hop on earth and not only in Nirvana. . .

A little more scrutiny of the ingred ents of what we glibly call "freedom an liberty" might take the place of man millions of dollars. Until we export thi basic concept, we will talk *at* or *to* peo ple of other lands when in fact we mus talk *with* them. We are exporting mone and things and not the "Americ Dream." We have given scant attentio to the ingredients of the dream and th proffer of these components in a for that fits the mores of people of othe cultures.

MORRIS L. ERNS New York, N.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Three Cautionary Tales

SINCE this magazine is dedicated to Uplift and Spiritual Values, we are always delighted when we find a story which will help our readers to live cleaner, better lives, and to avoid sheriffs and subpoena servers.

Here are three such tales. They are told by gentlemen who have practically nothing in common except their notoriously upright characters: one is a lawyer, one a fisherman, and the third a cattleman. Unlike most of the stories you read these days, each of these has a guaranteed, 18-carat moral. One of them, moreover, offers some highly practical, never-before-published information on every woman's basic problem: How to catch a husband.

I. The Case of the Pretty Widow

as told by Morris L. Ernst

I LOOKED forward to my appointment with Louise, although I couldn't imagine what she wanted to see me about. I had met her once before, about two years earlier, when she had asked me to straighten out her husband's estate. I had liked her immediately, and not just because she was so good-looking. Even in the first shock of widowhood she had carried herself with courage and confidence. No self-pity. Under less tragic circumstances, she would—I guessed—have been a gay and charming woman, perhaps a little reckless. I had wondered then what she would make of the rest of her life.

When she came into my office this time, she was radiant. She told me that she was about to get married again, and wanted me to draft a new will for her. It was a simple legal chore. She had inherited a substantial amount of property from her first husband, and she wanted most of it to go to her children—both of them now married themselves. Clifford, the man she was about to marry, earned a comfortable income. To him she wanted to bequeath a couple of paintings he particularly liked—a Dufy and a Manet, as I remember it. She told me a little about him. A wonderful man, head of his own architectural firm, interested in all the things which interested her. She was sure it would be a happy marriage, and she felt very lucky . . .

Then she hesitated for a few seconds.

"There is just one thing," she said. "It worries me a little, and I would be grateful for your advice. It is part of your professional duty, isn't it, to listen and be discreet?"

I assured her that every lawyer was a walking safe deposit box, and urged her to talk as freely as she liked.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you knew—you must have guessed—that I always hoped to get married again. Thirty years or more of loneliness was something I couldn't bear to think about—and I knew it would be a mistake to move in with my children. It nearly always is.

"But it isn't easy for a middle-aged widow to find a marrying-type man, even if she is presentable and has a little money. The mathematics are against it. Most men my age are already married, of course. The confirmed bachelors are hopeless. They are ready enough for a casual romance, but at the first hint of matrimony they're off like scared wolves. So what is a girl like me to do?

"I tried the usual things. I went to church. I joined a couple of Worthy Cause organizations where I would—I hoped—meet a lot of people. I even took a winter cruise to the Caribbean. No luck. The ship was filled with elderly cou-

ples and a lot of single women as lonely as I was."

Louise had not yet edged even close to the scene of her crime, whatever it was, so I tried to help her get to the point.

"Don't tell me," I said, "that you found Clifford through that helpful page of personal ads in the *Saturday Review*?"

"Worse than that," she replied. "One day I read in the *Herald Tribune* that a friend of mine had died. I hadn't seen her since college, and had never met her husband. Certainly I didn't understand at the time what prompted me to sit down and write him a letter of condolence. Now I know. My unconscious was working overtime for me.

"About a week later I got a note from him, thanking me and asking me to lunch. He turned out to be a dull fish, and I never saw him again. But he did give me an idea.

"I started writing to men whose wives' names showed up in the obituary columns. At first I only wrote to people whose families I knew something about. I told myself it was a kindly thing to do, and Heaven knows I had plenty of time on my hands. But pretty soon I branched out. I wrote to every such man who seemed likely to be of a suitable age, and whose address indicated a certain station in life. Preferably an address on the east side of Manhattan, between Forty-seventh and Seventy-fifth Streets.

"I never lied to them. I didn't say that I had known their wives; I just offered my condolences. If they jumped to conclusions, was that my fault?

"Nearly every man acknowledged my letter. Eleven of them invited me to lunch or tea. They were lonely, poor things, and needed somebody to talk to. The last of them was Clifford. He answered my sixty-third note."

Louise explained that they had got on well from the start. They met for tea at the Plaza. A few days later he called to suggest a theater. After that came concerts, a Sunday expedition to The Cloisters, a dinner with a small group of friends at his apartment. In time she took over, by tacit agreement, the role of hostess when he entertained. There had been no sudden gush of emotion—after all, they weren't youngsters—but their relationship had developed with a comfortable certainty. Now they were both quite sure they would be happy together.

I interrupted again. Had she told him about the letters? "No," she said, "that is what I wanted to ask you about. I suppose I did trick Clifford, in a way. A perfectly innocent way, I feel, but still it bothers me. If a marriage should be based on complete frankness and mutual understanding, perhaps he ought to know about it?"

That notion, I told her, was utter nonsense. A sound marriage is not based on complete frankness: it is based on a sensible reticence. Moreover, all mating-rituals involve a certain amount of trickery—that is why makers of perfume and lipstick and girdles have flourished since the dawn of time. My considered advice was for her to stop fretting, keep her mouth shut, and live happily ever after.

Apparently she did.

I haven't seen her since, but I did meet her husband only a few days ago. He dropped into my office to discuss a minor business matter which his own lawyer could have handled equally well. It occurred to me that something else might be on his mind—and, sure enough, when our business was finished he started talking about Louise. Marvelous woman . . . ideal marriage . . . how fortunate that they had come together when they did . . .

"But you have known her longer than I have," he added, "and I suppose that you think of her with professional detachment. So I thought you might give me some guidance on one small point.

"You know how we happened to meet? Well, at first I was under the impression that Louise and my first wife had been old friends. On our third evening together, however, she dropped an inadvertent remark which made me realize this was not the case.

"I didn't mind. In fact, I was rather amused. I have never mentioned the matter to Louise, though—and recently I have been wondering whether it is right for me to keep it from her. Tell me, now, don't you think I ought to be completely frank with her?"



II. Here's to Crime

as told by Ed Zern

I MET a neighbor on the train the other morning, and observed that he seemed upset.

"I most certainly am," he said. "You're a fisherman, aren't you?"

I admitted I was, and he said he had just read a statement by an important politician that juve-

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nile delinquency was virtually un known among children whose hobb was fishing. The politician hac been speaking at the dedicatio of a new trout hatchery, and hac urged that all children be brough up as anglers.

"It's outrageous," my neighbo said.

"What's outrageous?" I asked.

"Encouraging kids to fish," h said. "Jeopardizing a major indus try." His face was purple with in dignation.

"What major industry?" I said.

"Why, crime, of course! It's jus about as major as an industry ca get!"

"How do you figure that?" I asked

"How can you figure it any othe way?" he said. "Do you know hov many policemen there are in thi country? Do you know how man parole officers—magistrates—priso guards—stool pigeons—bailbondsme —hotel dicks—skip tracers—wire tap pers—social workers—lawyers woul be out of work if there weren't an criminals? You'd be dumping al those hundreds of thousands of peo ple on the labor market . . . an most of them aren't competent t hold a regular job.

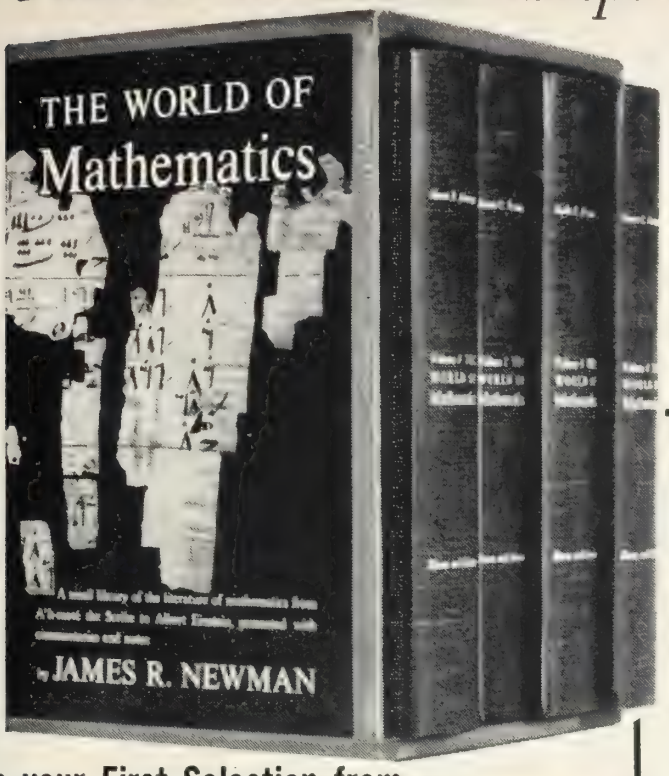
"Furthermore, think of all th people who now make a pretty fai living being burglars, yeggs, dop peddlers, bank robbers, con men forgers, embezzlers, pickpockets, hi jackers, and fences. If they all wen straight tomorrow and tried to ge honest jobs, they would knock th nation's employment picture for a loop—and end up on relief in n time."

"Gosh," I said, "I hadn't though of that."

"That's not half of it," my friend said. "What about the people wh build penitentiaries, manufactur handcuffs, night sticks, electri chairs, paddy wagons, gallows hinges fingerprint powder, sheriff's badges and bloodhound leashes? Ever last one of them would be unem ployed. So would an army of Holly wood script-writers, television actors and police reporters. Believe me buster, if crime ever goes into a decline, you can stand by for an other depression!"

"I sure will," I said, and when I saw a youngster fishing in Kensico Reservoir the following Saturday I

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busted his pole, kicked him in the pants, and sent him home bawling at the top of his lungs and headed, I hope, for reform school and a life of felony.

Besides, all the good trout streams are too crowded already.

III. Here Today and Gone Today, Too

as told by Joe L. Williams

IT WAS 1892, when I was foreman of the RO ranch, that Henry Quiller, one of my cowhands, told me how he got rich and learned never to worry about money.

Henry came from a big family, and a poor one, in the Concho River country. On his eighteenth birthday his father told Henry it was time for him to get moving.

"You'll never have much chance here," he said. "On this land and with this drought it's all I can do to feed your mother and the young ones. The best I can do for you is to give you part of the sheep herd; they'll starve anyway if we keep them here. I've heard there is plenty of fresh grass up north, where the country hasn't been settled much yet. So you take two hundred head and line out that way. When you come to a likely piece of land with nobody on it, file your claim."

Henry kissed his mother good-by, tied a sack of beans behind his saddle, and started chaperoning those sheep. He grazed them along easy, a few miles a day. It was early in the year, the weather wasn't too hot, and he sort of enjoyed himself until his beans-and-mutton diet began to get monotonous.

About that time, though, he came across a Mexican family living in a sod shack way off by itself in the middle of the prairie. They were trying to make a go of farming, and first off they had planted a little garden patch with chiles and tomatoes and such truck, as Mexicans usually do. The sight made Henry's mouth water. He offered to work a few days, setting fence posts and stringing wire, in return for all the vegetables he could eat. The Monteros were glad to have him—they needed help and company, too—and he got along with them fine. When the time came for him to move on, the old man said he wanted to give Henry a present.

A couple of years earlier the Mexican kids had found a stray lamb. They had named him Santa Ana and raised him as a pet. In the beginning he had been mighty cute, but now he had grown into a full-sized ram, and a mean one. He would hide around the corner of the shack until Doña Montero came out the door with an armload of laundry or something, and then he would butt her clear across the lot. He butted all the rest, too, whenever he could catch them with their backs turned. Old Man Montero wanted to butcher him, but the kids wouldn't hear of it. So would Henry please take Santa Ana along with his herd?

Henry would. He had a few rams already—good gentle ones—but he thought his ewes might be grateful for some more rambunctious companionship. At his age he thought he could handle anything, and he headed north again without a care in the world.

Next evening when he was picking up buffalo chips to make a cook-fire, that ram got him. For a minute Henry thought he had been hit by a locomotive, and he couldn't sit his saddle with any comfort for two days.

From then on he tried to keep an eye on Santa Ana, but the ram was just as smart and treacherous as his namesake. He got in a couple of more good licks in Henry's absent-minded moments, and a certain coolness began to grow up between them.

By this time Henry had been traveling for nearly three months, and he had reached a country different from anything he had ever seen. It was flat and empty and the bunch-grass grew almost as high as his saddle girth. He was beginning to look for a spring or year-round creek where he could build a homestead, when he came to a canyon a mile wide and half that deep. It was the Palo Duro, on the Prairie Dog Town Fork of the Red River, but of course Henry didn't know that at the time. All he knew was that he had found a sight like he never dreamed of—miles and miles of red cliffs, with cedar growing on slopes below and a pretty stre winding along the bottom.

He sat down in the shade o mesquite tree right on the rim rc and tried to figure some way to his sheep down into that can without breaking their necks, a his. Once he reached the bottom, would have everything—water, gr wood, shelter from the wind- make the prettiest ranch you e saw. (Later on Colonel Cha Goodnight and John Adair had same idea, and the Adair family running their JA brand there to t day.)

The shade and the scenery w mighty comfortable, and pretty s Henry remembered another pres the Monteros had given him bundle of old newspapers. He h stuffed them in his saddlebag a forgotten about them—Henry ne was much of a reader—but now t came to mind he thought he mi as well find out what had happe in the world since he left home.

At first he couldn't find anythi in the papers of much interest—so wars going on in Europe, a big f in Chicago, a steamboat collision the Mississippi. Then he found page of livestock price quotatio and he began to get excited. Cat and sheep had both been going u fast—on the Kansas City mark Henry fished out a stub of pen and began to do some arithmetic the edge of the paper. He calculat the present value of his herd. Th he figured what the natural increa might be each year, especially if could shelter his sheep in that de canyon and keep the coyotes aw from the lambs. Gradually dawned on him that he was a po boy no longer. Already he was w off—and if the livestock market ke rising for a few more years, he cou count himself a wealthy man.

He looked at his woolies, grazi peacefully in that tall grass, with new affection. And then he sa Santa Ana at the edge of the her pawing the ground with his he down and getting bunched up f a charge.

"Let him come," Henry said t himself. "A rich man like me doesn have to put up with that damne old outlaw any longer."

He stood there, with his back

THE EASY CHAIR

e canyon, and held out his news-
per at arm's length, like a bull-
hter's cape, to give the ram a good
get. Santa Ana aimed right at it,
th a full head of steam.

What Henry hadn't figured was
it the rest of the sheep had got in
habit of following Santa Ana.
hen the ram lunged past that
wspaper and took off over the cliff,
whole herd was strung out be-
id him, running hell-for-leather.

"There wasn't much I could do,"
nry said when he told me about it
ars later, "except to start grabbing
th both hands. One minute I was
actically a rich man. The next
nute I didn't have a thing in the
rld but nine pounds of wool and
en sheep tails.

"Right then I realized that wealth
s a snare and an illusion, and
m that day on I've never even
ed to make a lot of money. I knew
never could hold on to it if I got

COMING NEXT MONTH

though they have got less publicity
late, the government's Loyalty-
curity programs still flourish. But
thin the next few months Con-
ess will make some crucial deci-
ns about their future. The Dean
the Yale Law School, **Eugene V.**
stow, reviews the history of these
ocedures and the reasons why he
inks it is time to call a halt.

ne of the newest, fastest growing,
d certainly most significant pro-
sions of our time is public rela-
ns. It employs some 100,000 prac-
tioners—and no two of them agree
exactly what their profession is.
sting a shrewd eye over the whole
ld, **Robert L. Heilbroner** explains
ere it came from, where it is go-
g, and what some of its more sur-
ising effects have been.

major need in modern science is
w concepts, especially in physics
d mathematics. But American col-
ges and universities seem to turn
t good technicians rather than
eat, original minds. Is there any-
ing we can do about this? The
itish philosopher of science,
ncelot Law Whyte, who recently
ent a year in this country, thinks
at there is; and he makes his own,
ghly original suggestions.



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Thousands of people contribute to the "chain reaction" started by scientists and engineers—and the benefits live on for generations

General Electric began with a research achievement—Edison's invention of the electric light. Ever since, we have been dedicated to research and development that lead to permanent contributions toward still higher levels of living.

Today there are over 8,500 scientists, engineers and technicians engaged in research and development work in General Electric's 42 major laboratories. In this activity, we are currently investing more than three times as much per dollar of sales as the average manufacturer, as we try to serve customers, create jobs, and earn a return for share owners.

How the "chain reaction" works

Research and development — significant as they are—are only the beginning of the "chain reaction" that brings the benefits from the scientist's blackboard to you. For every mind at work in a laboratory, General Electric must bring together dozens of people with skills in many other areas—such as designing, manufacturing, and marketing—and provide the broad facilities they need.

In this process, more jobs are created: over one-third of G.E.'s employees work on products developed since 1939.

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Sometimes laboratory "breakthroughs" occur that help spark whole new industries, leading to new businesses, more jobs and new levels of living. Three examples are shown below; and there are many others, such as the fluorescent lamp, gas turbine locomotive, and atomic-electric power.

Ultimate goal: to serve people

The results of General Electric research and development continue to fan out, and like Edison's discovery of 78 years ago, live on to enrich people's lives for generations to come.

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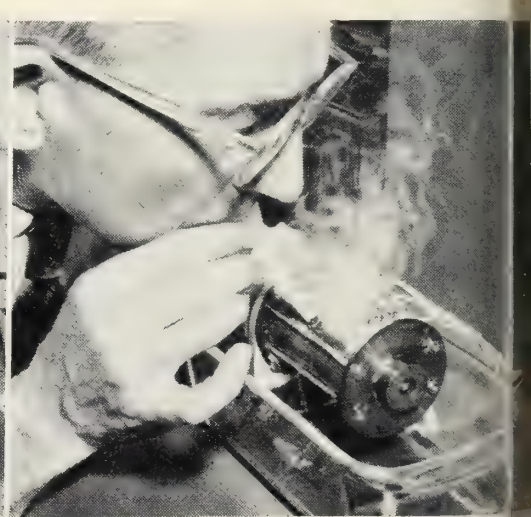
Searching out new knowledge, translating it into products people can use and then making these products widely available, is the role of a company like General Electric. In meeting this challenge, General Electric is trying to provide customers, employees, dealers, suppliers, share owners, and other citizens with both the material and non-material values that contribute to a fuller, more satisfying life.



Break-through in refrigeration. The G-E hermetically sealed refrigerator mechanism (the "monitor top") was a forerunner of the modern refrigeration and frozen-food industries. Today there are hundreds of firms in these fields.



Break-through in heating. General Electric's Calrod® unit eliminated dangerous bare wires and helped win acceptance for electric cooking . . . led to modern dishwashers, dryers, water heaters, and many industrial heating applications.



Break-through in heat-proof electronics. Last year, General Electric demonstrated electronic devices that conquered a "heat barrier" in developments such as supersonic aircraft or satellites. (Above, a servo motor operates at 900° F.)

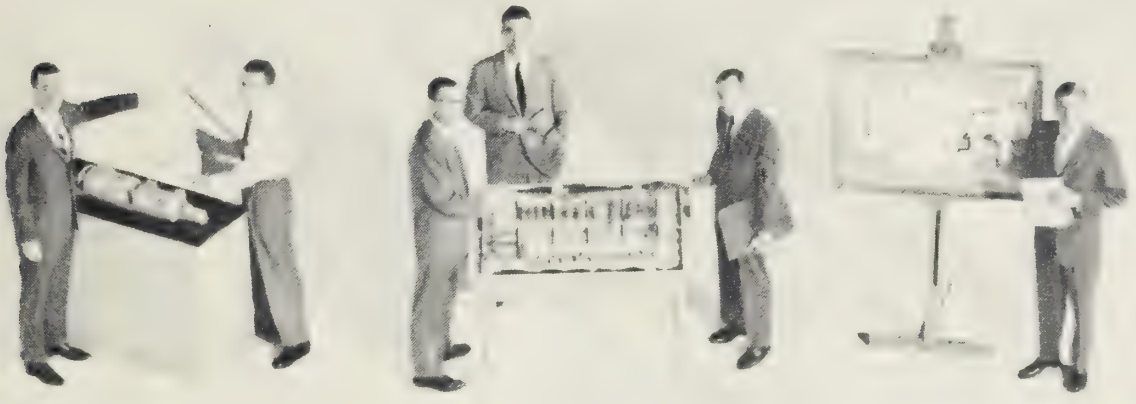
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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Our Diplomats Go "Modern"

THE questions launched—in "Where Does Architecture Go From Here?"—by John E. Burchard, Albert Bush-Brown, and Henry Hope Reed Jr. in this issue of *Harper's* will undoubtedly land in some form at the centennial celebration of the American Institute of Architects in Washington this month: What is "Modern"? What is American? What is an architect, anyway?

There is a related question that ought to be marked "urgent"—or, at least, "tantalizing"—for the agenda: Can architecture serve the uses of diplomacy? During the past decade, our State Department has embarked on an unprecedented building program in countries all around the globe. The new quarters will not only house our employees and facilitate the ever more complex business of our government abroad, but if they function as intended, will also (1) "reflect credit on the United States" and (2) show intelligent use of architecture "appropriate to the site and country."

All of these buildings—with the exception of our display pavilions at trade fairs and at the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels—are planned for regular government functions, from the American consulate at Hong Kong, with penthouse overlooking the harbor, to the $2,000,000 Embassy office building and staff quarters now going up at New Delhi. A panel of architects has advised the Office of Foreign Buildings in interpreting the objectives of the program, and many firms have been drawing plans. Ten buildings were under construction in March, and thirty-two more were on the boards.

As a by-product of the program, American "Modern" abroad seems likely to develop a variety of new looks that would seem strange in comparison with "classical American" (as described by Mr. Reed on page 40), or with our standard prewar skyscraper, or with the typical plain "Government Modern" of postwar Washington. Many of these buildings will be ornamental in themselves—not ornamental in the way of the frieze on the Parthenon or the cigar-store Indian, but in their imaginative solutions of problems set by the climates and cultures where they must fit in and do their work.

For example, for New Delhi, the architect Edward D. Stone has not relied on air conditioning alone to combat the local heat. The façade of the two-story rectangular office building will be protected from the sun by a pierced terra cotta tile grille; an over-hanging roof, three feet above the ceiling proper and supported by slender gold-colored steel columns, will project well beyond this airy front. The building will be reflected outdoors in a large pool, and, indoors, offices and reception rooms will be grouped around a smaller shallow pool with stepping stones leading to tree-shaded islands.

Or, for another example, in Accra, the bustling capital of the new African nation Ghana, workmen were to start this spring putting up architect Harry Weese's new U. S. office and staff residence, on a tight budget of $300,000. Heat, humidity, termites, no "native" architecture beyond a primitive adobe hut with pointed buttresses spearing up from a sloping roof—together with an uncertain electric power supply—these were the local conditions. But from such unlikely material, the architect designed a breezy building on stilts, with a parasol roof, jalousies to protect windows from heat and glare, interior pool, and airy stairway.

Or, for example, in London, there will be Eero Saarinen's Ambassadorial offices lining the whole west side of conservative Grosvenor Square, built to fit the scale of surrounding old houses and apartments, and yet to accommodate 750 employees, a library, a cafeteria, and an underground garage.

Or, for example, in Brussels, for the World's Fair of 1958, the United States is constructing for about $5,000,000 a shining two-story circular pavilion with a bicycle-wheel plastic roof supported inside by high-tension steel cables and outside by slender steel columns. (The Soviet pavilion on an adjoining site will cost ten times as much and look a good deal like the Parthenon interpreted in concrete, aluminum, and steel.)

IF YOU search the *Architectural Record* and other scattered publications, you can get some idea of this new public face of America, but a taste only whets the appetite for more. If it is practical for our diplomats to go Modern abroad, would it not be good manners, good politics, and good fun to put on a big handsome show in Washington or St. Louis or San Francisco, with models and plans and photographs to show American taxpayers how their new buildings abroad will look? It wouldn't cost a tenth of the price of the Brussels pavilion and millions of us could see it.

Just possibly, too, it would give the American people a fresh idea of what an architect is.

. . . **John E. Burchard,** who collaborates with **Albert Bush-Brown** in the article on the role of the architect (p. 36), is dean of humanities and social studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He took his professional training at MIT in architectural engineering and worked before the war as director of research and development with Bemis Industries. He is president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and author or editor of books in a variety of fields.

Dean Burchard will moderate one of the meetings of the AIA in Washington this month, and he is currently collaborating with Mr. Bush-Brown on a book about American architecture, commissioned by the AIA.

Mr. Bush-Brown teaches architectural history at MIT School of Architecture and Planning. He has taught at Princeton at the Graduate School, lectured on contemporary architecture at Harvard, where he was a member of the Society of Fellows, and he is working on a book called *Image of a University.*

Though their articles were written

dependently, and neither pretends answer the other, Messrs Burchard nd Bush-Brown's views of "Modn" clearly differ from those of **enry Hope Reed Jr.,** whose dream a new architecture derives from dor for the classical. He is an chitectural historian, co-author ith Christopher Tunnard of *Amern Skyline,* recently reprinted in a entor edition. Mr. Reed helped art a series of "tours of art" in New ork City under the auspices of the unicipal Art Society and the Soety of Architectural Historians. He s also organized the current exhibion "New York City of Art" celeating the 75th anniversary of the rchitectural League, and he is at ork on a book about the new archicture, *The Golden City.*

. Drought has plagued the Southestern United States most severely r the past nine years, while water nsumption rises constantly. Optiistic answers to the "crisis" range om the short-term and limited commendation of President Eisenower for disaster relief, to the amtious but terribly remote suggeson by Fred G. Aandahl, Assistant ecretary of the Interior, that we all some day be able to de-salt sea ater and pipe it by atomic power. The truth about the American Vest as a permanent desert is far immer than these worthies sugst. In the lead article this month . 25), **Walter Prescott Webb** takes the wraps of illusion. Mr. Webb Distinguished Professor of History the University of Texas and the thor of several books of the first portance, including *The Great rontier* and *The Story of the Texas angers.* He wrote this article as a -product of his work on a history the American West for Harper & others' New American Nation ries.

. **Fred Schwed, Jr.**—analyst of Baseball: The Great Numbers ame" (p. 32)—pretends to be an nateur at the statistics of our naonal sport. He dedicates his forthming book, *How to Watch a Baseall Game,* from which this article taken, to that large group of litate adults, women and men, who e "fans, but not quite real fans," hose interest has been developed in the last decade by their children or by TV.

Mr. Schwed has written several books, including *Where Are the Customers' Yachts?,* a satirical report on Wall Street, where Mr. Schwed worked for a while after college.

. . . In "Up the Runway to Minsky's" (p. 44) **Gypsy Rose Lee** tells how she was inspired to take the name by which she became famous—as a Strip Tease artist; a Ziegfeld Follies star; a personality whom O. O. McIntyre described as ". . . a self-possessed lady with a cough drop voice and a dress suit accent who might have run up from Bryn Mawr for a Prom"; and an author, actress, art collector, and hostess, whom another wit has called "easily the most glamorous upper bohemian since Aspasia dazzled the friends of Pericles."

Miss Lee's book about herself, from which *Harper's* has culled two pieces, is called *Gypsy.*

. . . Half the terror associated with a diagnosis of "schizophrenia" for both a sick man and his family is the mystery which surrounds the word and the disease. Even though great progress is being made in treating the young adults who are the chief sufferers, doctors realize that the search for causes is still in the exciting stage of wide-open experimentation, theory, and argument.

In "Toads, Mushrooms, and Schizophrenia" (p. 50), **Dr. Howard D. Fabing** gathers together lore from human legend and history as far as the corners of the earth, and to it he adds the findings of present-day chemical studies on hallucinogenic drugs. His inquiries have been published for the medical profession in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* and elsewhere.

Dr. Fabing practices neurology and psychiatry in Cincinnati, where he is now president of the Academy of Medicine of Cincinnati. He trained at the University of Cincinnati, Harvard, and the University of London. During the war he was director of the School of Military Neuropsychiatry in the European Theater.

. . . **Philip C. Woodyatt,** who is now director of the World Affairs Center, across the street from the United Nations in New York, wrote his article, "A Last Chance for South Africa" (p. 56) on his recent return from a thirteen-month trip around the world. In the Union of South Africa he traveled about 5,000 miles and talked with some 200 people.

Mr. Woodyatt has spent most of the years since 1939 in some far country. Just out of Stanford University, he went to Japan to teach English; he spent six years in the Far East and Pacific areas as reporter and bureau chief for CBS; from 1950 to 1954 he was a civilian political affairs officer for the Army and virtually commuted between Washington and the Far East.

. . . "The Lovers" (p. 62) is the first story in *Harper's* by **Alex Austin.** Mr. Austin, who was born in New York City, has been a ranch hand, a reporter and photographer, a desert gold miner, and once was named Number 14 drummer in the country by *Metronome.* His first novel came out last fall, *The Greatest Lover in the World.*

. . . In his article about his father, H. G. Wells (p. 68), **Anthony West** brings together the record from Wells' own writings that reveals the basic unity of the famous novelist's beliefs. The article is in part Mr. West's reaction to the criticisms made of Wells at the time of the pessimistic utterances that preceded his death in 1946.

Born in England, Mr. West set out to be a painter but became a critic and novelist. He now lives in Connecticut and writes regular reviews for the *New Yorker.* His most recent books were *Heritage,* a novel, and *Principles & Persuasions,* a volume of criticism. This spring he was completing a new novel before making a trip to Japan and India.

. . . British poet **Robert Graves** ("The Outsider," p. 72) numbers among his many books such controversial ones as *The White Goddess* and *The Nazarene Gospel Restored.* His *Collected Poems* were published in 1955, and he has a new novel, *They Hanged My Saintly Billy,* coming out this month.

William F. Gekle (p. 77) is an advertising man in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

VISION IS INDISPENSABLE TO PROGRESS



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THE AMERICAN WEST

Perpetual Mirage

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

The West's leading historian uncovers the one overwhelming fact which seventeen states have been trying to hide for the last century.

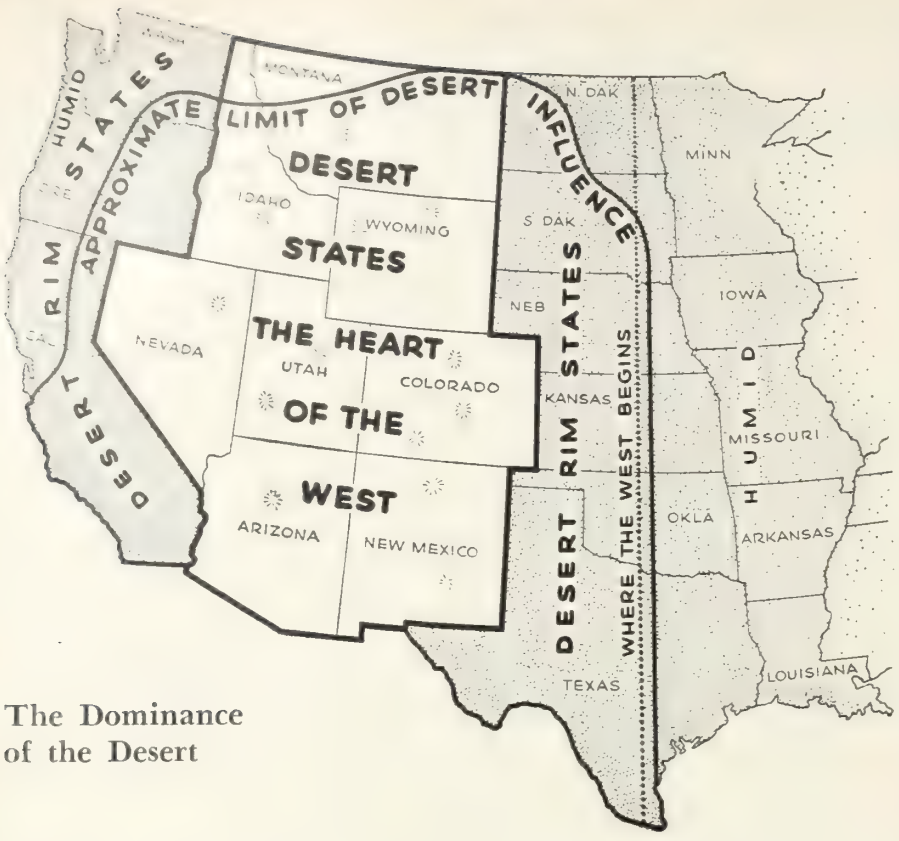
THIS is an attempt to discover what the West is and why it is that way. We shall not approach it from the outside; we shall begin in the middle, because that is where its dominating force—The Desert—resides.

Fortunately the West is no longer a shifting frontier, but a region that can be marked off on a map, traveled to, and seen. Everybody knows when he gets there. It starts in the second tier of states west of the Big River. A line drawn from the southern tip of Texas to the farther boundary of central North Dakota marks roughly its eastern boundary. It starts almost in the tropics; it reaches almost to the northern limits of the Temperate Zone. Hemmed in by Canada on the north and Mexico on the south, it runs with the sun to the Pacific. It comprises more than half of the nation's area—all or part of seventeen very large states. The air-line distance around it is one-fifth the distance around the earth. This is the West, as distinguished from the other two great regions, the North and the South.

Internally the West is divided into three strips, laid one beside the other on a north-south axis—a mountain strip in the center flanked by the Great Plains strip to the east and the Pacific slope strip to the west. These gigantic natural features give variety and part of the character to the country; but they do not explain it, either separately or in combination. One can never understand the West—all of it—in terms of the rolling plains, the craggy mountains, or the slope to the sea, for none is common to the entire region. They divide rather than unify; they do not bind the West to its inevitable destiny.

The overriding influence that shapes the West is the desert. That is its one unifying force. It permeates the plains, climbs to all but the highest mountain peaks, dwells continuously in the valleys, and plunges down the Pacific slope to argue with the sea.

The desert is the guest that came to dinner, never to go away. It has stripped the mountains of their vegetation, making them "rocky"; it has dried up the inland seas, leaving Death Valley completely dry and Lake Bonneville a briny fragment in Great Salt Lake. It is the great designer of the American West, painting the



The Dominance of the Desert

landscape with color, chiseling the mesas and pinnacles, building the plains with soil washed down by perishing rivers such as the Platte and Canadian. It shortened the grass on its borders before destroying it in the interior. It never permitted trees on the plains it built, and where it found them it beat them down to sage and brush, reducing the leaves to thorns and the sap to grease and oil. The trees it could not destroy it shriveled, and those it could not shrivel it petrified.

The desert designed the animals as it shaped the land. It compelled its creatures to conform to its colors, put horns on toads, made snakes travel sidewise to keep from sinking in the sand, created grasshoppers that fly five miles for a sprig of grass. It made them all parsimonious of water. The rabbits require little if any, the antelope do without for long periods, some rodents and plants (like the Joshua tree) manufacture and store their own. The little prairie dog is a desert masterpiece. He is a misnamed squirrel, because the Americans who named him could not believe that a squirrel would live in a dugout. As for water, he will not touch the stuff.

What is *at the heart* of the West? Where is the center from which the shaping force and power radiate? The answer is simple if we would only see and accept it. The heart of the West *is* a desert, unqualified and absolute. Draw a line anywhere from the region's eastern boundary to the Pacific, stand on its mid-point, and you will find yourself either in the desert or near it.

If we do not understand the West it is because we perversely refuse to recognize this fact; we do not want the desert to be there. We prefer to loiter on its edges, skirt it, avoid it, and even deny it.

Instead, let us go to the center of the desert's greatest intensity, and from there measure the radius of its diminishing influence. There it lies around us in all its terror and desolate beauty, its sands shimmering in the distance, its mirages playing tricks with our vision, its mountains etched against the sky, a crosscut saw with some teeth knocked out.

This is the best of the desert, the worst of the West. Its radius varies because the desert expands and contracts, as its enemy—rain—retreats or advances. Always at its margins there is dampness, at its borders moisture, at its limits wetness. When the desert pokes a hot finger into the border regions, the people speak of drought; when it pulls the finger back, they say "the country is getting more seasonable." At the heart of the desert there is no drought, there is only an occasional mitigation of dryness.

WHAT NOBODY MENTIONS

THE influence of the desert from the center outward is comparable to the effect of a fire. If we keep a gigantic fire going for a long enough time, we will have where it was and around it a replica of the American West. In the center will be an area where all life has been destroyed, a charred mass such as may be seen in parts of Utah, Idaho, and Nevada. Beyond that will be a series of concentric circles where the destruction decreases as the distance grows. While the fire is burning you can escape its heat by going outward from it, or by going upward. So today, in the mountain state, you may go above it.

For a million years a fire of low intensity has been burning, and is still burning, in the West. It is broader and more intense in the south, narrower and somewhat cooler in the north. It covers the eight central states marked "desert states" on the map, and it scorches the near side

of their flanking neighbors—the rim states, east and west—giving all nine of them large desert areas.

This analogy of the fire is useful because fire, like the desert, is a positive thing. We have usually explained the West in negative terms, lack of wetness, rather than by the presence of dryness. We have adopted a series of progressively wetter terms, arid, semi-arid, and subhumid—to describe the relative distance from the devil of dryness. Our aversion to deserts has led us into deceitful euphemisms, the lifted verbal hand shielding off the uncomfortable heat of reality. Let us here be realistic and divide the West in two categories, Desert States and Desert-rim States.

We have not always been dishonest about the presence of the desert. The early explorers thought they knew one when they saw it. They called it by name, and until after the Civil War they put it on school maps. Before the middle of the sixteenth century, Coronado wrote: "It was the Lord's pleasure that, after having journeyed across these deserts seventy-seven days, I arrived at . . . Quivira." From Montana territory, Ordway of the Lewis and Clark expedition confided to his journal that "this country may with propriety be called the Deserts of North America." Zebulon Pike, farther south, said, "These vast plains . . . may become as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa." In 1859 Horace Greeley wrote from the buffalo range that "we are in a desert indeed." By 1835 the school maps showed the Great American Desert in block letters east of the Rockies. By 1850 such men as Daniel Webster and Jefferson Davis conceded its existence, and staked their political fortunes on their belief.

After the Civil War the Great American Desert was abolished. It has hardly been mentioned in polite Western society since, and *never* by the Chambers of Commerce. Of course, there were some small tourist deserts left, such as the Mohave and the Jornada Del Muerto, but nothing of consequence. The desert did not know it had been abolished; it waited patiently as puny men moved in from all sides to conquer it. Enough time has now elapsed to reveal the results of this impertinence.

While the annual rainfall for each state has not been found in the reference books, we do have it for selected cities, at least one in each state. These figures are a little high, because the larger cities are likely to be in the region of most rainfall. Though the figures are not exact, they are significant.

Average Annual Precipitation

8 Desert States	12.00″	semi-arid
6 Eastern Rim States	24.20″	subhumid
3 Western Rim States	26.48″	subhumid

The Desert States barely escape the true desert mark of 10 inches. The rim states are subhumid. The average for the entire West is 20 inches, the upper limit of the semi-arid.

The significant thing about these figures is that they form a pattern which matches nearly all the yardsticks we use to measure the assets of a civilization. The pattern of precipitation is relatively high in the rim states and low in the desert states. The same is true of people, bank deposits, factories, cities, horses, mules, cattle, and all farm crops. (One exception is sheep; there are more sheep per square mile in the desert states than in either rim. The same is true of hard minerals.)

When this pattern is drawn, the West, especially in its desert part, appears as a depressed region. The rim states are populous and rich as compared to the vast interior. The rim states of Texas and California have about twenty million people as against less than six million for the eight desert states. Texas has about thirty persons per square mile, California about sixty-eight, but the desert states have only six. Texas and California combined had as of 1951 bank assets or liabilities of about $25 billion, as against less than $6 billion for the eight desert states with nearly twice the area.

These figures indicate what the desert has done to those who set out to conquer it. It emerges in its true character as a great interior force—repelling to people and repulsive to wealth in nearly all forms. Though surrounded and beleaguered, the Great American Desert has not been conquered; instead it has shaped the lives and destinies of those who went against it. That is what Major John Wesley Powell saw when he wrote in 1878 that "a new phase of Aryan civilization is being developed in the western half of America."

THE FIRST DEFEATS

IF THE figures above have given the impression that the rim states have escaped the desert or conquered it, and are now safe beyond the danger line, that impression must be corrected. To correct it, we need to look at man's first general attack, that of the 1880s, which coincided with a wet cycle in the West. Since the attackers came from the humid country, they

struck the eastern rim states first. They went single-handed, with high hopes; they returned before the onslaught of the drought, empty-handed. A. M. Simons summed up the campaign in these words:

> From the 98th meridian west to the Rocky Mountains there is a stretch of country filled with more tragedy and whose future is pregnant with greater promise than perhaps any other equal expanse of territory within the confines of the Western Hemisphere.

The disorderly charge and the ensuing rout were thus described:

> Following times of occasional rainy season, the line of social advance rose and fell with rain and drought, like a mighty tide beating against the wall of the Rockies. And every such wave left behind it a mass of human wreckage in the shape of broken fortunes, deserted farms, and ruined homes.

Later, Frederick H. Newell said: "The Great Plains can be characterized as a region of periodic famine."

The attackers withdrew, but returned with two new allies, science and invention. By ingenuity they would destroy the desert in spite of hell and without water. They made headway in the rim-land by inventing barbed wire, adapting the windmill, learning about dry farming, importing desert plants, reshaping their plows, and revising their laws.

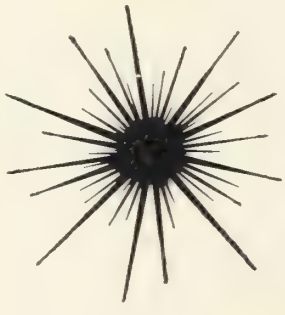
Their hopes always outran their accomplishments. What was discovered today would enable them to complete the conquest tomorrow. In the face of tragedy they became superstitious or religious, and called in the rain-makers with magic, dynamite, and prayer, and later with a chemical calculated to make a dry cloud give water.

The federal government enlisted on the side of The People *vs.* The Desert. It sought dam sites and blocked the rivers to create tiny islands of water in a sea of aridity. In the meantime the well-drillers were probing the earth to discover every aquifer, or underground water deposit. Pumps were installed to bring up water for homes, cities, and irrigation, and every source of water—whether from river, lake, or well—was declared to be "everlasting."

Regardless of the source of the water, its major effect was to create an oasis, a lovely word implying a pleasant place in the midst of a larger and less pleasant one. In and around the oasis people came to build towns and cities, establish industry, and open irrigated farms. This has happened all over the West, so that the West is today virtually an oasis civilization.

The concept of the oasis has not apparently been used in reference to the West, and cannot be used as long as we persist in denying the desert. The Chambers of Commerce would not be pleased if we referred to such oases of elevation as Denver, Boulder, and Rapid City; of such river oases as Santa Fe and El Paso; of the spring-made oasis of San Antonio; of the man-made oasis of Boulder City, Nevada; or of the well-based (and probably temporary) oasis of Lubbock, Texas. Los Angeles is the greatest oasis of them all.

One of the paradoxes of the West is that with its excess of land and dearth of people, it is already an urban society. The eight desert states are 54.9 per cent urban. Only Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho are rural. Utah, with only 8.4 people per square mile, is 65.3 per cent urban; Nevada, with only 1.5 persons per square mile, is 57.2 per cent urban. The desert has driven the people in to the oasis.



Within the desert states, the people have not overdrawn their water supply. They have struck a balance with their possibilities. This is not true in the rim states where the great cities are. Today most of these cities have outgrown their water supply and are in crisis. They have exhausted the water that made the original oasis, and their problem now is to find more at any cost. They go farther and farther to get it, and bring it in at increasing expense. Here are some examples.

Los Angeles is in an area of about 16 inches of rainfall. "Fresh water issuing from the hills led to the choice of the original site." It was begun on the little river of its name. The people congregated here and consumed the original supply of water. In 1913 the Los Angeles aqueduct was completed across the Sierra Nevada range to a new source 233 miles distant. The original cost for the aqueduct alone was $25,000,000. The city outgrew this supply, and and in 1939 an aqueduct was built to the Colorado, 242 miles away at a cost of $200,000,000. But this is not enough, and a plan is afoot to tap the waters of the Columbia, in the northwest, to enlarge or save the oasis of southern California.

El Paso began as a river oasis on the Rio Grande. As it grew the upstream water was pumped out, and the river failed. The underground water was tapped, to fail in turn. The government built Elephant Butte Dam to catch the floodwater, but it cannot keep the river running. Today El Paso is acquiring dam sites in the Guadalupe Mountains, one hundred miles east; it is leasing underground water from the University of Texas lands in Hudspeth County, forty miles from the city.

San Antonio, a real rim city with close to 30 inches of rainfall, was created by the living springs that gushed out to form the San Pedro and San Antonio rivers—tiny but dependable streams. Later the city got its water from artesian wells of tremendous head and volume. Today San Pedro Springs are completely dry; the San Antonio Springs are reduced to a token, and the rivers they fed are gone. The water table has fallen, the artesian wells no longer flow. The city has few good dam sites in its territory, and is desperately pleading with the state water board to let it acquire water from the Guadalupe River basin fifty miles away.

The visitor is always shown the San Antonio River which winds through the heart of the city. The river is, so far as the visitor can see, an exotic thing; its sides are curbed, its low banks a riot of tropical plants. Boats ply back and forth carrying tourists to points of interest. The river flows full here, almost level with its curb—full of water now being pumped from the wells which are no longer artesian. This is the price a proud and beautiful rim city is paying to perpetuate its oasis-like character.

Dallas never shows anybody the little river on which it was born, the rat-tailed Trinity that served it well for a time. Dallas too is a proud city, consciously cultured, not joyously relaxed and playful like San Antonio, or boisterous and natural like its own near-neighbor, Fort Worth. Dallas will probably deny that it is an oasis, what with its 30-plus inches of rainfall. But let us look at its water problem: Before it outgrew the Trinity, it found an "everlasting" supply in artesian wells which have now failed or become inadequate. It began to build dams, but not in time to meet the drought. In desperation Dallas built a pipeline to the Red River, which gathers its waters high up on the salty plains and semi-desert. Today a glass of Dallas water left overnight has a saline scum on the surface in the morning. Peddlers of potable imported water have done well at fifty cents a gallon.

The last example is the underground oasis of Lubbock, Texas. There is no spring near, and it is many miles to a river. Lubbock stands on the High Plains where the annual rainfall is about 18 inches. It grew like a mushroom because a state college was built there, oil was discovered, and an "everlasting" supply of water was found underneath the fertile soil. This High Plains aquifer is of enormous extent, making possible a giant oasis covering several counties. Turbine pumps whir day and night, pouring out streams from 4 to 8 inches in diameter. Crop yields are enormous. This is the story of the rise of an oasis based on ground water.

The story of the fall cannot be told because it has not happened. Lubbock sees the crisis coming, and is trying to avert it by acquiring water rights in the sandhills to the west. The water table is falling as new wells go down and old ones are deepened.

The story of the five cities could be continued with variations all around the semi-arid rim of the arid region. It is a story of cities that got a little too close, all haunted now by a growing consciousness that in every oasis the desert rides outside. What lies outside was described by a real authority, none other than Moses. "And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust: from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

WHAT THE WEST HASN'T GOT

ONCE we recognize the desert as the major force in the American West, we are able to understand its history. With our feet planted firmly on a desert base, what hitherto seemed strange, irrational, bizarre, becomes logical and reasonable. Granted the prevailing influence of the desert, it is obvious that the West is in comparison to the East a land of deficiencies. It is full of negatives and short on positives. This obvious fact was first noted by examining ten standard school histories to see the relative amount of space devoted to the western three-fifths of the country occupied by a little more than one-fifth of the people.

The results were unbelievable. At one extreme the West got one and one-half pages out of a hundred; at the other extreme it got fifteen. The average for the ten books was six or seven pages out of a hundred. This disparity could not be explained by either bias or ignorance or prejudice of the authors, but it had to be explained, made logical and reasonable.

Below is a list of the positives and negatives of the West:

Negatives	*Positives*
Water	Land
Timber	Grass
Cities	Minerals
Industry	Natural Wonders
Labor	Indians
Negroes	Orientals

A study of these columns gives a clue to the brevity of Western history. The scarcity of water, timber, cities, industry, labor, and Negroes in the desert means the absence of many problems about which historians write. Their presence in the rim states is considerable. For example, practically all the timber is in East Texas, Oklahoma, and the three Pacific states. The Negro problem exists only in Texas and California, and it did not come to California until after World War I. Manufacturing amounts to only 14 per cent of the national total—and since there is little manufacturing, there is little to say about labor.

The column of positives gives us the main subjects about which the historians must write. Three of them—land, minerals, and natural wonders—cannot be destroyed by the desert. Many of the natural wonders, the Petrified Forest, the Painted Desert, and the Grand Canyon it created. The grass it tolerated on its rim. On the land men laid down dry farming and irrigation; on the grass they established the Cattle Kingdom; and on the minerals they built mining. All have been producers of raw products, and each destructive. The farmers with the help of the wind destroyed the soil, the cattle the grass, and the miners removed an irreplaceable resource. The natural wonders, in which the West abounds, have produced annually an increased crop of tourists, whose emblem is the desert water bag. They may prove the West's most dependable asset.

UNCLE SAM'S PEOPLE

THE West is the home of four-fifths of the surviving Indians, and nearly all their reservations. It is the domicile of four-fifths of the Japanese and three-fifths of the Chinese in this country. It is the home of nearly all people of Spanish-Mexican descent. Paradoxically, contrary to the general opinion, it is in the Toynbeean sense the most cosmopolitan region of the nation. The North is peopled by many nationalities, but nearly all belong to the Western civilization. The West has all these plus the Indian civilization and the Oriental.

The concentration of the Indians in the West suggests how the desert has been used as a place to discard what is unwanted elsewhere. In their rush westward, the Americans drove the Indians toward the desert to be the wards of Uncle Sam. In the same movement they took the land from Uncle Sam, all they considered worth taking. The refuse—mainly in the desert—they left in the hands of the government. Here Uncle Sam is the biggest landholder; he owns 47.7 per cent of the land in the eight desert and three Pacific states. He owns 87.4 per cent of Nevada, 65.3 per cent of Idaho, 64.6 per cent of Utah, 51.8 per cent of Oregon, 47.7 per cent of Wyoming, 46.2 per cent of California. He owns it mainly because nobody wanted it. Here he established the national parks and forests. The Mormons, like the Indians, fled to it because they were not wanted, and all inland atomic explosions are touched off in the desert. (But ancestors of many of the best people in the West today went there because they were "wanted" elsewhere in another sense.)

In the columns above we listed six negatives and six positives. We now must add a seventh negative indicated by the short shrift the West gets in the standard histories. There the historian is deprived of that indispensable ingredient of history, chronology. Aside from the Spanish effort which resulted in failure, everything that happened there occurred yesterday—almost within the long life of one man. Historically, the West has no depth, no long background of slow development. Its story is told in current events. It came on the scene too late to participate in the founding of the nation or to prevent its dissolution in the Civil War. The result is that it has not yet produced a great statesman. Only two Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower, have come from the region; only one was born there, and he rarely mentions it except at campaign time, and in the state of his birth.

Aside from the Battle of San Jacinto, there has never been a military conflict on Western soil that had the slightest influence on national affairs.

The twenty-volume *Dictionary of American Biography* gives a sketch of every American who has had significance in our history. An examination of the 1,252 names listed under the letter B revealed that only 99 (8 per cent) had any connection with the West. The current *Who's Who* lists 45,227 biographies, but only

7,369 (16.7 per cent) are from the West. These percentages run far below the 22 per cent of the population now in the West.

Eighty-six people have been voted into the American Hall of Fame, but there is not a Western man among them.

The federal government has set up fifty-seven sites of national historic character, and of these only two are in the West, one commemorating Theodore Roosevelt and one in the Black Hills honoring Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt—not notable for being Westerners. All national *historical* parks and sites, battlefields, and cemeteries are in the East, the boot hills of the West not yet having attained national recognition.

What is the biographer going to do for a region that has so few men of distinction? What is the historian going to do with a country almost without chronology or important battles or great victories or places where armies have surrendered or dead soldiers were buried? How can he make a thick history out of such thin material?

BRIEF AND BIZARRE

TWO characteristics of Western history emerge from the situation: Western history is brief and it is bizarre. It is brief because the time is so short and its material deficient.

Western history is bizarre because of the nature of what it has got. The historians and other writers do what men have always done in the desert. They make the best of what little they do have. Westerners have developed a talent for taking something small and blowing it up to giant size, as a photographer blows up a photograph.

They write of cowboys as if they were noble knights, and the cowmen kings. They do biographies of bad men, Billy the Kid, the Plummer gang, and Sam Bass, of bad women like Calamity Jane, of gunmen like Wyatt Earp and Wild Bill Hickok, of cowmen like Goodnight, of miners like Death Valley Scotty and Silver Dollar Tabor. They blow the abandoned saloon up into an art museum, and Boot Hill into a shrine for pilgrims. In Montana Charlie Russell is better than Titian, and in the Black Hills Frederick Remington is greater than Michelangelo. Custer, who blundered to his death, taking better men with him, found a place in every saloon not already pre-empted to that travesty on decency and justice, Judge Roy Bean.

This talent for making the most of little has produced two strange Western societies, one good and one bad. The good society is that of the Mormons in Utah, a rejected people with a bizarre religion who sought peace in the desert, took the bee as their symbol, and created by their hive-like industry something admirable.

The other society of more recent vintage sprang up in a similar desert, but took a different direction. No state has less to recommend it than Nevada. It is all desert and, once its minerals were depleted, it had little chance of prosperity and hardly enough people to maintain a state government. It solved its problem by creating an oasis of iniquity and license in a sea of moral inhibitions. It provided a haven in the desert to which all could come who wanted to gamble, divorce, or fornicate and have it quick and legal. Then it found it could have a monopoly only on the first two, and so substituted for the third the abolition of state income tax to attract the millionaires who make good customers at the casinos. Nevada was revolutionized, its population shortly doubled, and it has had the highest income per capita of any state in the Union. Nevada is what it is today because of what it did not have yesterday. In compensating for what the desert denied it, it has created the most bizarre society in the nation.

As we look at the West with its dry center and rims of less dryness, we see that the desert is the unifying force. True, the people have moved into the oases, some of them man-made, but for the most part they dwell around its moist edges where they struggle for water with all their ingenuity. They are a normal people trying to create and maintain a normal civilization in an abnormal land.

They are like a musician performing on a giant stringed instrument with many of the strings missing. The missing strings put extraordinary demands on the performer. He must make the best of what he has; he must compensate by ingenuity, agility, and improvisations for the missing strings. His range is limited, his repertoire reduced. He cannot follow the musical conventions, will try anything, and we should not be surprised that the effects are sometimes odd. We can understand him better if we remember that he is seeking to conquer the Great American Desert. As the Preacher said: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever." And so does the desert in the heart of the American West.

BASEBALL:
the great Numbers Game



By FRED SCHWED, JR.

Drawings by Leo Hershfield

Why Americans enjoy their national sport for its arithmetic as much as its athletes . . . and why it has developed a fancier set of records than any game in history—except chess.

A FEW years ago it was suggested that the baseball season be made a little longer than the historic 154 games. According to this classic arrangement each of the eight clubs plays each of the others in the same league twenty-two times, eleven at home and eleven away. The modest proposal was for each team to play one more game against each other team. The basic idea was one usually applauded in our country—to make more money for everybody. The suggestion came from the "Magnates." (In case anyone doesn't know, the Magnates are the bad guys. The players, and the public, and everyone else, except perhaps some umpires, are the good guys.)

This reasonable request to try and make a little more dough was howled down by practically everybody. This was not because anyone was opposed to making more money, or even seeing someone else, like the Magnates, do it. The overwhelming objection was that it would invalidate the records which had all been based on the same number of big-league games per season. Not just the unforgettable accomplishments, but all the records—most strike-outs, double plays, errors, stolen bases, and stolen towels. The archivists won out, and nearly everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

The official box scores are the basic material for baseball's endless statistics or "records." Many of them are fascinating and some of them are boring, or even annoying. It is safe to say that no other outdoor sport is so rich for the arithmetic-minded historian, not even golf.

A very indoor sport is the only superior to baseball in brief historical accuracy. That one is chess. The report of a chess game takes no more space than a box score and tells a lot more. A decent chess player today can have a book at his elbow and replay a game, with all its subtleties and thrills, that Paul Morphy played a century ago, a long time before his death and shortly before he went mad.

There is an analogy between a classic, low-scoring ball game, and a classic chess game. The two managers, say Paul Richards and Casey Stengel, are the chess players. Their players are the pieces and pawns, whom they move, direct, and remove. The smallest detail of strategy can win or lose. This analogy between baseball and chess is an interesting one. It is especially so because it is so full of holes. For instance, if you are a chess player, you move your Queen to King Bishop 5. It may not be the wisest move but you move her. At the next critical moment she doesn't get the sun in her eyes and lose sight of the ball, or get her two feet tangled up with each other and fall flat on her face. But in the case of the baseball manager something like that happens not so infrequently. Whether the manager was smart or dumb becomes a debatable point. It is indeed hotly debated most of the cold winter around the legendary hot stove in the grocery store.

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The baseball records are endless. Many are sought out by a newspaperman or broadcaster when he can't think of anything else to bring up. The latter lean toward this type of history: That this is the first time on the opening day in Washington, when the President of the United States threw out the first ball, that the losing team scored ten runs.

At the other end, the most glowing statistic in all baseball, and the most familiar to both bright and stupid people, is that Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs in 1927. A runner-up to this unimaginable success story is that Joe DiMaggio hit safely in fifty-six consecutive games in 1941. Another is that Lou Gehrig never missed a game for 2,130 performances. This one, like some other records, is slightly smudged around the cuffs, because even Gehrig sometimes didn't feel well and played a very few innings just to keep his record going. Another less interesting statistic, just coined, is that all these men were Yankees, and that Everett "Deacon" Scott, the shortstop who previously held the record for playing every game, was also a Yankee.



THE WONDERFUL AND THE PROBABLE

UNUSUALNESS is one of the prime charms of big-league baseball. When you buy a ticket you do not know whether or not you are purchasing an unforgettable experience or just an afternoon in the fresh air.

Take the matter of the no-hit game. There are three categories and anyone who has ever seen any of them will be glad to tell you all about it, any time. There is the "almost" no hitter, the no hitter, and the "perfect" no hitter. The almost no hitter is unusual enough. A pitcher goes, say, seven full innings without giving a hit. Everybody knows this and nobody is supposed to mention it, because it will put the "whammy" on the pitcher. Most players and fans are superstitious and many of them are just stupid. Anyway, in the eighth, or worse yet the ninth, somebody gets a hit. This reproduces the qualities of a Greek tragedy.

A no hitter is a game with one team making no hits, as you perhaps have already guessed. It happens one or two or three times a season, and more frequently no times a season. The no hitter is *much* more unusual than the almost.

A perfect no hitter I do not think you personally are ever going to see. But then of course you might. A perfect is when no one gets to first base for any reason such as base on balls, or even a fielding error. Of course an error is not the pitcher's fault (unless he makes it himself) but still it is not a perfect no hitter. Since the turn of the century there have been more than sixty thousand big-league games pitched (with two starting pitchers to each game) and only four perfect ones. (So far, that is.) Of those four, one is still in dispute on technical grounds.*

When a no hitter seems possible, everybody in the country is praying for the pitcher with the possible exception of the opposing team. The only event that surpasses this in spiritual intensity is waiting for Armistice Day. Now it is simple enough to see why a whole country prays for peace, but why should a whole country pray, for thirty minutes, for a no hitter?

The best answer I have found is in a highbrow book whose author perhaps has no interest in baseball whatever. It is called *The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean,* by Albert Cook (Harvard University Press). The leading theme I shall try to express in my words, not Professor Cook's:

In the pattern of living there are two opposites. They are the Wonderful and the Probable. Everyone is yearning for the Wonderful, but the Probable is what most of us nearly always get. Something Wonderful happens to each of us once in a while but not nearly often enough. Only a handful of people do something decisive with their lives in an effort to seek the Wonderful.

* The legal aspects of this one require the services of a Solomon. The game also includes Babe Ruth, who as you will shortly see was included in many events besides home runs. The Babe was then a wonderful pitcher for Boston. He started this game in 1917 and the umpire said that he walked the first batter. The Babe disagreed so pungently that the ump tossed him out of the game. Then a pretty fair pitcher named Ernie Shore took his place without, one presumes, much time for a warm-up. The man on first tried stealing and was thrown out. Of the next twenty-six batters to face Shore, none reached first base. How do you call it, Solomon?

Among such are saints, criminals, poets, and hoboes. For the rest of us the Probable keeps happening pretty probably. The sun rises each day in the east and a couple of hours later the commuting train takes us to the south, and the same conductor punches our ticket, and so forth.

Of the people at a ball game only a tiny percentage are saints or criminals. For the rest of us, a no hitter, of no intrinsic importance, is yet truly Wonderful.* It seldom happens. And here we are, a part of it, rooting the pitcher home!

I have seen only one triple play in my life. This was not televised but the trouble is I didn't quite see it. It was at a dull spring training game in Florida. There were men at first and second and none out. My companion was Arthur Mann, the baseball historian. I had turned to him to impart some of my wisdom or to ask some dumb question. There was the crack of the bat and in two seconds three men were out. The part I saw of it was the last second where the second baseman tossed the ball to the first baseman. I suppose if I had been at Waterloo I would have been reading a detective story.

The most unusual thing I ever saw was also not televised and I wish I had never seen it, and so did the other twenty thousand present. I was a youngster and my brother beside me was younger. Yankee pitcher Carl Mays let go one of his underhand slants and it hit Cleveland shortstop Chapman on the temple. Neither my brother nor I suspected we had seen something dreadful happen. Neither did at least one Yankee infielder. There was a sound, just the same as would be made by a bunt and the ball bounced fair and this infielder acting on long-established instinct fielded it cleanly and threw to first. Chapman slowly sat down. It was not until the plate umpire dropped to one knee, took Chapman's shoulder in his hands and peered into his eyes that the crowd began to realize that this was no routine "hit by pitcher." He died the next day.

Mays went on to have some great seasons. In my youth I just thought that this was sort of unfair. I now realize that it wasn't entirely because he was a good pitcher; part of it was that batters remembered what had happened once. Of course he had no more desire to "kill" anyone than you or I have.

Baseball has been described in an article by Roger Angell as "The Perfect Game," and the title is very well proved. However, in my opinion the game is not quite perfect. It has one ugly flaw; there is an effective advantage to be gained by a dangerous procedure, which is to throw a fast ball as close to a batter's nose as possible. Some pitchers do this and some would not think of doing it. The umpires are sometimes angry, sometimes disgusted, but there is little they can do about it. Like most other forms of Sin, it is difficult to legislate about.

There is a bright spot to add to this gloomy "statistic" about Chapman. It is most likely that such a tragedy will never happen again. Players have finally been persuaded to wear protective caps while batting. Say what you will about ball players, they are generally a rather boyish lot. It took a generation since Chapman's time to persuade them to do this simple thing.

* While we are discussing the occasional appearance of the Wonderful, or the Unlikely, here is a small example: The material above was first researched and then typed out only one or two weeks before Monday, October 8, 1956, a day that will not soon be forgotten.

That day dawned sunny and pleasant and about eleven o'clock, after reading the sports page, I phoned a neighbor who knows practically everything about everything, but extremely little about baseball. "How would you like to drive down to New York with me and see a World Series game?" I asked. "I am willing to explain the game to you as it unfolds."

He said, "That would be great, but can we get in?"

"Certainly we can get in. It is the fifth game, the least alluring of a Series; it is a Monday; and the Yankee Stadium has about a million seats," I explained. "Oh, I see," he said gratefully.

So we drove forty miles, parked the car in anguish, and found there was standing room only. I weigh a lot and have flat feet.

"Oh, let's go home," I said disgustedly, "I have seen World Series games before."

"Yes," he said, "but I haven't." And he insisted on herding me in.

It wasn't even good standing room, but it was some performance. The standee who was blocking our view most effectively was a large French Canadian from Montreal, where Jackie Robinson first bloomed. He was naturally all for the Dodgers.

Along about the sixth, the big Canuck turned around to my friend and me, and said doubtfully, "You know, I think I will root for this perfect game. Then I can tell them in Montreal, 'I was there'." He was clearly asking us to pass on a question of ethics. My friend said, "It is perfectly all right for you to do that. And if the perfect game comes off we will give you a signed affidavit that you were there."

As all the world knows, it came off. My feet hurt but otherwise I felt as good as Don Larsen. During the last innings eighty thousand people screamed at every out and finally at every pitch, unless it was a ball.

I am informed by a knowledgeable friend that during those innings the most apprehensive person present was not Larsen. It was the three official scorers. Had there been any kind of bobble the scorers would have had the responsibility of calling it a hit or an error, and wiping a perfect game from the records.

It hurt their manly pride. They were always willing to protect their meat hand with a glove and their shins with a guard and their digestions with patent medicines. But to protect themselves from sudden and undeserved death in their prime, that was asking too much. That would be womanish.



COLLINS' CLASSIC GAME

I WILL conclude this with my personal favorite baseball statistic. I doubt if it is anyone else's. Ruth's sixty homers is a glorious statistic but it is not quite my favorite. That was accomplished by skill and power and courage. Almost any genius in any line can do something like that.

The statistic I find fascinating was accomplished by a first baseman named Collins who operated for the Cubs in the 'thirties. What do you guess Collins did one afternoon? Hit four home runs? No. That would not have been an enormous distinction because several men have done it in the game's history. So what did Collins do?

Remember he played first base. In most games the first baseman makes more of the putouts than the other eight positions together. All the rest of the infield throw the ball to him to retire the batter when that is feasible, which it mostly is. He also frequently catches balls both fair and foul. He usually makes an assist or two, picking up a grounder and for strategic reasons throwing it to another base, or to home.

Well, perhaps you have guessed it. If you have any mathematical sense perhaps you won't believe it. But on that afternoon (it has never happened since) Collins played his position for nine innings and never got his hands on the ball. He had no "official chances." Nobody threw the ball to him and nobody batted one to him. This was not because he was unpopular; it just happened that way. The only times he touched the ball were when they tossed it around the infield for pepping up in between outs, all of which outs were made by his companions. If he could have known what was going to happen he could have fielded his position lying down on his stomach or sitting on the bench and only entering the contest when it was his turn to bat. Defensively it would have made no difference.

This miracle of Collins will only be of interest to those who are interested in the wonderful science of mathematical probabilities.

This science tells us that no matter how improbable an event is it will become probable if the "sampling" is large and long enough. (In major league baseball, the proper sampling runs from about the beginning of the twentieth century, when accurate records began to be kept. This makes the sampling, for the two leagues, approach seventy thousand games to date.)

Here is an experiment in probabilities requiring little apparatus save patience. Take a coin out of your pocket and attempt to flip it heads ten times in succession. It doesn't matter who you are or where you are, or what are your abilities. The chances are you will not do well in this attempt. To be accurately discouraging about it, the chances against you are a little more than a thousand to one for the first time you try it. The odds are just as bad the second time you try, and also for the third and all the rest of the times.

This fact is more or less familiar to a lot of people. But a lot of people are not at all familiar with this: If you will take your coin and plan to flip it about ten thousand times, it is a thousand to one that at some point of this dreary exercise you *will* flip ten heads in succession. In other words it would be next to impossible to *avoid* performing a miracle. You just need a large enough sampling.

Collins is the ultimate in the occasional triumph of the Wonderful over the Probable. The cool voice of mathematics explains to us why it happened. Equally coldly the same voice predicts that some day it will happen again to some other first baseman, but it doesn't say when.

Some day, in the twelfth inning of a nothing to nothing tie game, a pitcher with a lifetime batting average of .143, who has never hit a home run in his ten-year career, will break up that game with a home run.

Experienced baseball men may doubt this but no mathematician will.

You wouldn't remove your own appendix, but you probably didn't hesitate to criticize the new school plans. For the American Institute of Architects' centennial we offer two wholly independent and contrasting views of their misunderstood profession—one telling how it got that way, the other making the outrageous suggestion that "modern" is washed up.

Where does architecture go from here?

I. The Architect, more Needed than Pitied

John E. Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown

THE bulldozer could easily be the American national emblem. It symbolizes our reserves of power, our speed at moving things. Most of all it suggests the glee with which we tear things down—a hillside, a building, a tree, all with equal abandon. Few urban dwellers live a day unpunctuated by the rattle of pneumatic hammers, the whine of air compressors, the thud of wrecking balls. This is no destructive glee; it is aimed only at clearing away something old so that something new and presumably better may stand in its stead. Building, demolishing and rebuilding, America "is at home in turmoil," as the architect Louis Sullivan remarked in 1908, "and loves urgency, and stress, and chance. It loves to build up, and tear down, and build up again; it loves change, novelty, progress. It loves to destroy."

During the last twenty-five years, new building construction has accounted for almost 10 per cent of the gross national product. Yet this nation of builders shows little sense of architecture. Even our universities, where art might be expected most fully to serve culture, have steadily deferred to the misjudgments of trustees, alumni, and patrons who have believed either that new buildings must conform to an existing collection of nondescript and undistinguished "Old Mains" or that collegiate beauty is to be found only in Georgian or Gothic. No one today can design well in those styles; no one can build them well; institutions could not afford to build them if good designs were obtainable. The result is mediocrity.

Nor is it much better than the indifference to architectural matters that appears throughout our cities and along our railroad tracks, where ugliness first tortures then numbs the eye. Individually good buildings are uncommon enough. Distinguished urban or village collections are still rarer; it is hard to find even a good simple village arrangement beyond the old Western Reserve of Ohio and Kentucky; and even those which can there be found were built long ago.

Nor is the scene improved for the massive Sunday exodus of house-hunters who drive through chaotic arrays of filling stations, restaurants, and roadside stands to make muddy forays into "rural" ranch houses replete with Simonized kitchens and knotty-pine dens but lacking in any genuine visual amenities. Some of this welter of undistinguished and ugly work has, it is true, been from the hands of ambitious but untalented architects; but most of it has happened because

professionally trained men have been given no opportunity to exercise their talents.

Why do Americans exhibit this strange reluctance to consult architects? There is first of all general uncertainty as to what an architect is. Is he a professional man like a doctor or lawyer, with codes of ethics and performance, whose primary function is to serve the interests of the client and only the client? Is he a businessman intent upon gaining new jobs and protecting economic interests, his own as well as the client's? Is he an artist primarily dedicated to making something beautiful?

IS HE AGAINST CHANGE?

AT THE same time there is a subtle uneasiness that the architect may tend to make things monumental and permanent for an America that wants innovation and change. You will often find him, for example, on a committee formed to save a building that stands in the way of a superhighway, like H. H. Richardson's Allegheny County Court House and Jail. Permanence fits poorly into the America of an Emerson who could see Boston change from a town where he led the family cow to pasture on the Common to an industrial metropolis, and of an Emerson or any other Transcendental American who must believe that "the dead sleep in their moonless night; my business is with the living." The pace of America as early as 1868 had convinced Charles William Eliot—chemist, president of Harvard, and one of the great educators of the nineteenth century—that "building for the present generation only is the best way. . . . It is not well that a house should last a century—it becomes unsuited to the improved habits of succeeding generations."

This belief in expendability has been expressed by brilliant contemporary architects like William Wurster, Dean of Architecture at the University of California, but even those who are so strongly in favor of progress as he is have not found a way to make buildings both useful and expendable. Hence the architect is forced to act counter to the instinct of Americans noted as long ago as 1810, when the Englishman, James Silk Buckingham, regretted the gradual destruction of Circleville, Ohio: "So little veneration . . . have the Americans for ancient remains, and so entirely destitute do they appear to be, as a nation, of any antiquarian taste, that this interesting spot . . . is soon likely to lose all trace of its original peculiarities. . . ." The same thing is happening today to Nevada City, California, and will happen tomorrow to some of Wright's finest Chicago houses—and, while the American public will approve, architects will not be so happy. Inevitably this difference in attitude leads to some reservation.

IS HE TOO EXPENSIVE?

YET this reservation is seldom so powerful as three beliefs that are held more generally: that architects are expensive; that they may not be technically competent; and that they are no better qualified than any other democratic man to decide matters of taste.

The view that the architect may be unnecessarily expensive rests on the fear that he will always suggest more costly ways of doing things—better materials, more opulent spaces, additions of paintings and sculpture, fancy engineering which, however handsome, is not the most direct and certainly not the cheapest way to cover the desired space. Such a fear is often justified. However much he wished to defend his plan for the city of Chicago, the proponent of the "big plan," Daniel Burnham, was wrong when he urged the Merchants' Club to believe that "beauty has always paid better than any other commodity, and always will."

Nor was Brooks Adams correct when in 1902 he tried to convince his friends at a dinner in the National Arts Club that a sound commercial instinct would lead people to devote much of their energy to creating great and original art; he called the Athenian Acropolis "the most refined, the most effective, and the cheapest form of advertising ever devised." Such an art, he said, would reface New York into a thing of beauty "thereby saving for her shopkeepers the one hundred million dollars per annum which Americans now pay into the pockets of the shrewd and businesslike French and Italians."

Very likely the cash-value defense of art has prompted occasional forays into a higher aesthetics for architecture. It lies at the bottom of competitions such as that held for the Chicago Tribune Tower in 1922. Lever Brothers probably charged something on their books to the good will and the attention that would be drawn to their soap by the wall of glass on Park Avenue. General Motors would have been silly to ignore what might come to them in the way of prestige from their new Research Center in Detroit or what the architecture might suggest as to the quality of research which *must* be going on in such distinguished surroundings. But it is also quite certain that no explicit cash return can

be put upon these efforts save for bookkeeping purposes.

Indeed, one of the silliest arguments advanced for Modern architecture was that it would be cheaper. This seemed plausible enough. If moldings were eliminated, for example, this should save money. But what was forgotten was the greater refinement of detail required when rough construction was no longer covered, as well as the careful proportioning and arrangement that austere Modern design would demand. In the end the most Modern building may cost more than a comparable old-fashioned one. The insistence upon persuading a client to build something that is wonderful for his own time—by relying on economic arguments that will not hold water, instead of on the valid basis of aesthetics—has never done the contemporary architects anything but harm.

Most architects of the twentieth century would secretly, if not openly, hold that the commercial value of beauty is accidental; its real value is final, nonconvertible, self-contained, and utterly unprofitable. But art was never cheap and who can place a value on it? Great architecture is not to be judged by its cost, nor by its financial returns, nor by the common American desire to associate morality with frugality. But the very determination *not* to accept art for its cash value and to insist that it belongs there for its own sake has not improved the rapport between the architect and the client, who clings like a limpet to his outmoded Puritan ethic of frugality in an America where frugality has probably ceased to be a virtue.

IS HE COMPETENT?

ALTHOUGH most architects of today are not dreamers but efficient men who understand materials and costs, the impression persists that they are not quite competent technically. This was not the kind of question that was likely to arise during the earlier days of a Bulfinch or Latrobe. But most architects after the Civil War were less able to keep up with the onrush of technological advance and increasing information; they were less sure-footed than their predecessors in the use of mathematics and engineering, more dependent upon consulting experts whom they regarded as socially and intellectually and artistically inferior, whom they did not always obey, whom indeed they did not always select with skill. Sometimes the technical failures were of a clean-cut kind, resulting in deaths from fire or the collapse of buildings. Sometimes—when, for example, architects like Richard Morris Hunt and Charles McKim served as arbiters of taste for rich but uncultivated clients—the failures were the result of a scale of values in the architects' minds that placed the appearance of the building too far above its utility.

But the debate was not always one-sided. A serious charge frequently leveled against the Modern architects, and an ironic one too, was that their "functional" buildings were badly built, that their roofs leaked. In this very day the common complaint of those outsiders who do not like the *appearance* of Mies van der Rohe's famous apartment houses in Chicago has been that the people who live there are dreadfully uncomfortable. Such arguments are often two-edged. If someone like Le Corbusier built leaky roofs, so did McKim. The Italian tiles of the roof on his Boston Public Library, unsuitable for the New England winter, cost the city an exorbitant annual expense for maintenance, and even recent critics of Le Corbusier have provided leaky courtyards for important buildings.

It is perhaps true that the excesses of the arbiters of taste of the last quarter of the nineteenth century did the most to establish the impression that the architect was at best half-competent. In fact their ideas in no way met the social needs or utilized the technical resources of the days from 1875 on. Newspapers were filled with accounts of fires, collapses, and mechanical failures. Bad circulation in the St. Francis Xavier Church at New York caused a crowd already made hysterical by a sermon about Hell to panic, killing each other in their attempt to get out of the building. In 1878 two elevators in New York and one in Chicago fell, causing injuries. And when the roof over the New York Post Office fell in, and the following year an iron roof in Cambridge collapsed, it was natural to blame the incompetence of architects. This much is perhaps true, that the literary, archaeological approach in architecture had deterred architects from paying attention to the problems attending their age.

A great deal was made of the incompetence of professional architects seventy years ago. From engineers it elicited nothing but contempt, and their opinion was shared by scientists like Huxley, who advised an audience at Baltimore in 1876 to "hire an honest bricklayer. . . . Any other course will . . . lead you into having some stately structure, good for your architect's fame, but not in the least what you want."

Criticism was widespread, not only in matters of safety but also of planning. Librarians meeting in 1883 were quick to adopt the maxim laid down by their president, William Poole: "The architect is the natural enemy of the librarian," and they went on to ridicule the libraries designed by Richardson. The architect had his back thrust against the wall not only by clients who demanded more attention to utility but by critics such as Clarence Cook, who complained in 1882: "The general excellence that marks the dwellings of any people is a proof of the non-existence of professional architects among that people. Where architects abound, the art of building always deteriorates. . . . It is to architects that we owe all the ugly building that offends us. . . ."

There is less wailing on this issue today and far less cause for it. The architect has come a long way not only in improving his own technical competence but particularly in appreciating the need for collaboration with technical specialists. No doubt engineers and architects each have their private opinions of the others' talents but they have learned how to collaborate. The architect does usually make a more careful study of the apparent needs of the client and in most buildings goes a long way toward satisfying them. But when these needs seem to run contrary to his sense of design it cannot be said even now that the good architect will always place efficiency first. The architect is almost certainly right. But the inconvenienced client is unlikely to agree with this, especially if the elegance and charm and beauty are unperceived by him.

All professional men make mistakes. Lawyers lose cases, but this is expected since court trials must normally produce a loser. Doctors bury their mistakes, but are credited with always doing their best. Doing one's best is not quite enough for the architect. This is especially true if the public is free to have personal opinions about what is best, as it is not free to have opinions about cyclotrons versus betatrons or one type of surgery versus another. There is just enough truth in the canard about the failures of the architect in a technical sense so that the jokes continue. If they sound less loudly in the public press, which unfortunately no longer goes in for architectural criticism; if architects are sometimes now seen to be men of substance in the community as they also were in Jeffersonian days, the idea that they are a little crazy, a little fancy, a little feckless, a little extravagant dies very hard.

Perhaps the most difficult challenge the architect has to meet in America is the feeling that in a democracy every man's taste should somehow have equal weight. Even if the architect has spent his life studying buildings and proportions, a physicist would consider his own opinion of a house to be equally valid. The physicist would take it as absurd, and properly, that an architect's view of physics should be regarded as significant—but the man in the street concedes no comparable authority to the American artist or art critic. Probably few members of the American Congress felt themselves unqualified to judge the aesthetics of the sketch for the chapel at the Air Force Academy in the recent *opera-buffa* investigation in which Frank Lloyd Wright played such a tragicomic role.

Such an attitude would have been impossible in a day when a Latrobe could discuss erudite aesthetic questions with President Jefferson, or in the days of the arbiter when tasteless men of wealth such as Vanderbilt knew that they had no taste. It would perhaps be a fine thing if an educated general public did have a developed taste in architecture. But this is unlikely to happen so long as higher (and lower) educational practices are so chilly and so scholastic about the visual arts. In the meantime the power of decision, if not the capacity to decide, about the aesthetics of architecture rests in curious places, and it is this, more perhaps than anything else in America, that makes the position of architect as artist so insecure.

IS HE AN ARTIST?

IT IS the irony of the architect that he does not have the freedom and the irresponsibility of the individual artists, the painters, sculptors, and poets. He does have to be something more and thereby something less. He must be something of a professional man and something of a businessman and something of an artist, and the artist and the professional have often come into conflict. It has not always been true that those who have been the greatest artists have shown the greatest interest in professional codes, or in acting responsibly to their clients and the public. On the other hand, many very respectable architects, behaving at all times with the utmost propriety and even competence, have unfortunately not been artists at all.

The confusion is confounded now because in modern times the architect must also be a businessman. He is supposed to build efficiently, cheaply, and to make plans that bear some rela-

tion to use, perhaps even to suggest uses. In all this he has become competitive with his fellow architects in a way that more rigorous codes would reject as unprofessional. It is hard to imagine that several law firms would each come to a city to present examples of their work and the methods of their offices so that a client might decide which one to select. Yet this is done every day in architecture and the only professional stipulation is that the presentations should be invited. It is even harder to imagine a half-dozen distinguished surgeons entering a competition to show how, if given the chance, each might operate on a Secretary of State; yet the architect for a new American Chancellery in London was selected in that way. There is nothing wrong in all this, but the business of getting, keeping, and finishing a job tugs at the professional aspect of architecture; and both restrain the aesthetic aspect.

Problems such as these will be talked about by the architects as they flock the corridors of Washington this May, when the American Institute of Architects will celebrate its centennial anniversary. Are we businessmen? Are we professional men? Are we artists? Among the members of the Institute many will be good professional men, quite a number successful businessmen, a few artists. Not a handful will be all three. Since the most important thing about architecture finally is its quality as art, this will pose some questions for the people who wonder how to reface an America that admires change, that loves to build and rebuild, but worries about costs, demands high technical performance, and thinks it knows what art is.

II: The next step beyond "Modern"

Henry Hope Reed Jr.

THE architecture that we know as "Modern"—the scrubbed and unadorned structures of glass and steel—has, I believe, run its course. Its triumph has never been as complete as its devotees would have us believe. Large sections of the public have never been won over to it, and now its novelty and shock value, despite the arguments of its protagonists about function, utility, and economy, have begun to wear thin. We are, I am convinced, going to see the emergence of a new architecture, better suited to our temperament, an architecture of plenty not of scarcity, conceived in the grand manner.

Modern became widespread in the 1930s as part of a revolt against the exuberance of the previous generation. Hard times invited a certain earnestness which found reinforcement in Veblen's technocratic ideas. His well-known praise for the backs of buildings as against their decorated fronts, which he considered samples of "conspicuous consumption," carried weight with a people caught in a depression. At the same time certain dedicated designers were convinced that they had discovered the secret of art in the unadorned, the abstract, and in "originality." They were successful in obtaining financial support for their ideas and, by persistent urging, gained wide acceptance for them. But Modern has been with us for a long time now, more than thirty years, and since the second world war an architecture which properly belonged to the mood of the 1930s has sprung up like so many identical glass boxes along our city streets. As a style it palls and the architects who now call themselves Modern will come to see their work derided and replaced.

There will, of course, be high blood pressure over the change. The rebels of yesteryear are now as safely ensconced in the key positions in museums, schools, architectural firms, and magazines as were the people they drove out, and they will not abdicate by choice. They have created an academy of their own, far more rigid and orthodox than the old classical academy. They have reinterpreted architectural history to fit their taste, giving emphasis to that part of our past which by their lights leads up to the Modern, and they are afraid of the masterpieces and

monuments of other styles. A student at one of our leading architectural schools, for example, recently admitted to me that he enjoyed seeing the villas of Palladio and the chateaux of Mansart on his trip abroad. When I suggested that he should have stayed to study them, his answer was:

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that. They might influence my work."

THE PAST OF MODERN

FEW architects are aware of who in the past has most influenced their work. Modern, which so many accept as new, is more than eighty years old and comes from a forgotten French source—an architect and in his day a much published theorist of design, Eugène-Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc, who lived from 1814 to 1879. He is remembered now as the restorer of the Chateau of Pierrefonds, of Notre Dame de Paris, and most especially of the walled city of Carcassonne. Indeed our own Colonial Williamsburg has been reconstructed according to his principles of period restoration, and it stands with Pierrefonds and Carcassonne as a monument to his inspiration.

How could a restorer of Gothic and Romanesque buildings be so strong an influence today? Simply because of his theory of "rational" architecture.

Early in his career, on which he was launched by the novelist Prosper Mérimée, he came to the conclusion that Gothic was a superior style, not because it was of French origin, not because it was the favorite of Romantic writers, but because it was the product of "rational" architecture. By "rational" he meant that every stone was in its place for a structural or functional reason. The "aesthetic adventure," as John Summerson, author of the Penguin *History of English Architecture,* points out, was entirely ignored. Although we know today that the vaulting of a Gothic cathedral can do without ribs, to Viollet-le-Duc the ribs were essential to support the vaults. The same structural necessity was attributed to the pinnacles which contribute so much to the pleasure of the Gothic roof line. He believed that they served as counterweights, though it has now been proved they did not.

From his false interpretation of Gothic structure Viollet-le-Duc reasoned that in all great architecture the form, the function, and the structural methods dictated the design. He evolved from this a "dialectic" of construction, ruling out all false façades, all decoration unrelated to structure, ornament for its own sake, and every embellishment intended solely to please the eye. His designs, logically conceived from the point of view of construction and of the new materials of the 1860s—that is glass and iron—were as original as they were ugly. But ugliness did not matter, for originality was his aim.

Henry Van Brunt, an American architect who translated the first volume of Viollet-le-Duc's *Discourses* in 1875, gives the best explanation by far for the appeal of his theories. "It will be observed as a characteristic of his argument," wrote Van Brunt, "and as a reassuring fact to the professional reader, that at every step the allurements of mere sentiment, so irresistible to the layman, are distrusted and that the premises of every conclusion claim to be practical facts in the art of building. . . ." As attractive as this may have seemed to nineteenth-century architects, it now cannot but seem to us a pseudo-scientific approach.

Of all the Modern architects only Frank Lloyd Wright has given credit to Viollet-le-Duc for his influence. When his son John Lloyd Wright asked his father about studying architecture, his father gave him a copy of the *Discourses* and said, "In these volumes you will find all the architectural school you will ever need. What you cannot learn from them, you can learn from me." In his book about his father John Wright says, "Viollet-le-Duc was a teacher of what Dad now calls *organic architecture* as early as 1860."

A CHANGE IS INEVITABLE

THE long arm of his "rationalism" first crossed the Atlantic in the 1860s and among those most influenced by it were Henry Hobson Richardson, architect of Boston's Trinity Church, and Louis Sullivan. Wright is our most obvious present-day link to this early influence, though it is also reflected strongly in the work and theorizing of men such as Gropius, Le Corbusier, and Saarinen. Because Richardson, Sullivan, and Wright worked in a more picturesque idiom for which it is difficult to find counterparts elsewhere, they are declared to be more American than fellow architects whose "rational" inspiration is more easily traced to the European heirs of Viollet-le-Duc. Nonetheless they all have the same ancestor and they all pursue the illusion of originality. Despite their own old and foreign roots, they dismiss our great classical tradition as old and "foreign."

It is now apparent that Modern architects do not know where to turn. They long ago

denied ornament and decoration and now their formulas of simplicity have lost their ability to surprise. A considerable portion of the Modern architect's success has been due to the fascination aroused by this cult of abstract nihilism, but with endless repetition it too has lost its savor. One glass façade on Park Avenue or Michigan Avenue has a certain attraction; ten such façades, and there is nothing to talk about. What next? Nothing "new" in architecture now comes from Paris or from Italy. Where then? Some modern architects are looking at *Art Nouveau,* the *"Style Métro"* or the Paris Subway Style as it was called at the turn of the century; some are looking to Japan. Such searchings seem to me an acknowledgment of the pressure of a public that is impatient for a change.

There are other hints of self-searching in other aspects of the arts. A teacher like the Parisian Jacques Maroger, now living in Baltimore, is finding considerably more than a handful of students willing to submit to the ancient disciplines in learning how to paint. Allyn Cox, who has never swerved from the classical, continues to meet a demand for frescoes and oil murals, and has just recently completed the grisaille frieze in the dome of the National Capitol. In a quite different milieu, fashion magazines like *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* prefer traditional architectural backgrounds for their models, a photomural of the Place de la Concorde or façade of a Roman palace. In still another quarter Bernard Berenson turns a wise eye to contemporary art in *Seeing and Knowing* and sees little but failure. And in another, the English are calling their version of modern architecture the "new brutality," and the French observe cynically of Le Havre, the great port built in the Modern style over the ruins of the last war, that evidently another war must erase the new blot so that the city could then be rebuilt with beauty in mind.

If a change in taste is inevitable (and there is nothing static about taste), what then is the future of our architecture? Will it continue to be a shadow of the ghost of Viollet-le-Duc, of "organic," "functional," "non-objective," or "rational"? Will it go on imitating itself? Or will it, as I believe it must, return to the classical tradition and carry it forward?

A DOME ON A DRUM

EVERY generation that has looked to the classical tradition—which draws on the Greco-Roman styles with their orders and ornaments, their frescoes and sculptures, and their symmetries—has given it a new interpretation and a new life. Another generation will call forth a new classical style much as the not-too-distant past gave rise to a variety of classical styles—from the Italian Renaissance of the Rucellai Palace in Florence to the French Classical in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, from the German Baroque of the Residenz in Wurzburg to the English Regency of Regent's Park.

Now that the classical spirit has passed out of the arts, literature, and education, we have forgotten what authority it once enjoyed in American life. If we view the panorama of our architectural heritage, we cannot but see at once the role the classical has enjoyed: the American Baroque or Georgian of Colonial times, the American Roman or Federal of the young Republic, the Greek Revival of the Romantic era, the Second Empire in the Civil War era, and finally the American Renaissance at the turn of the century.

This last expression of the classical in American architecture which ran from 1880 to 1933 produced such noble buildings as Warren & Wetmore's Grand Central Station, and Bakewell & Brown's San Francisco City Hall. Henry Adams considered the spectacle of the classical in the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 to be the triumph of national energy. "Chicago," he wrote, "was the first expression of American thought as a unity; one must start there." And it is true that nowhere else in the world in the 1900s was there a classical architecture being created equal to ours.

Washington is classical in plan and architecture, and most of our important government buildings are classical, as are our banks, our museums, our skyscrapers, and our great public libraries. Few people realize that Americans were the first to make use of the classical dome, more specifically the dome set upon a drum, for a symbol of the democratic state. (In Europe it is primarily identified with the church.) We have magnificent classical railroad stations, unequaled in the world; they existed long before Moscow built its subway stations. Why our historians dismiss our classical heritage today is something of a puzzle. With so strong a classical past, from Boston's Old North Church to the National Gallery in Washington, I believe that it is inevitable that we will look again to the classical as the dominant force in our architectural heritage.

We no longer live in a world of scarce materials and financial distress but a world of expanding plenty, and there is need for an architecture which offers more than the functional,

which reflects some of the joy of this life. Let us consider what the qualities of such an architecture are.

Architecture needs scale, a quality totally lacking in contemporary architecture because it has no ornament. Ornament of all kinds—masks, moldings, statues, volutes, and pediments—is essential to give a sense of scale, because only by means of ornament does the eye measure a building or find a place on it to rest. A building without ornament can be taken in at a glance, furthermore; when once seen, there is no point in seeing it again. The ancient tricks of ornament are a delight in themselves, and a decorated building invites reflection and calls to the observer to return to consider it afresh. It can withstand the test of time for, in a decorated building, the architect has bidden other arts besides his own to help him create something for our visual pleasure.

It is a pity that the architect of today shies away from designing a façade for its own sake, even if it may have only a tenuous relation with the interior of a building; the beautiful front is a sort of courtesy to the public, a courtesy which is no longer considered by the designer. The barren waste of the Modern front and the Modern interior is offered without delight and without the pleasures of sculpture, murals, wrought iron, and other decorative arts which once embellished our public buildings—even our museums, from which decoration has been by a strange paradox excluded ever since the construction of the Museum of Modern Art.

"Painting and sculpture are abandoned," the French poet, Paul Valéry, lamented twenty years ago. "Their mother architecture is dead. As long as she lived she offered them a place, an occupation, and qualifications. Freedom to wander was refused them. They had their space, their well-defined light, their subject matter, and their federations. . . ."

THE GRAND DESIGN

I BELIEVE that the architect of the future will not be afraid to call on an army of artisans and artists to help him in producing a work of art. Nor will he be afraid of the past and its cornucopia of world monuments. None of us need shrink from "the laughing acanthus," as Vergil called it, or from grotesques, arabesques, garlands, masks, *trompe-l'oeil,* and the thousand-and-one devices portraying nature and man. Working in the classical spirit we should be able to join with the remarkable nineteenth-century American painter, Washington Alston, in accepting the old masters as part of daily life: "The artist," he wrote, "must needs owe much to the living, and more to the dead, who are virtually his companions, inasmuch as through their works they still live to our sympathies."

In architecture, as in all the arts, the standards by which we judge beauty lie in the past, and only by studying the great works, I believe, can we attain some measure of greatness. Inevitably a respect for the beauty which lies beyond utility will lead to a change in present values. Today, novel methods of construction and the designs of the latest buildings are alone considered worthy of study. But when Amphion's lyre is touched again, it will mean a return to the demanding standards of the old academy, notably to the study of the Five Orders (Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, and Tuscan), which is the surest method of learning proportion and scale. The decorative arts will eventually find their way back to the drafting room.

We can look forward to imagination in the future, to projects with all the arts present and of such bold design that they will be joined to a splendid past, not a past of scarcity. We will escape the current brand of urban redevelopment which is limited to a few commercial structures designed, like Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle and Philadelphia's Penn Center, in the contemporary manner at its most impoverished level . . . the element of pleasure entirely forgotten. In the more generous redevelopment projects to come, place will be found for drama, ballet, and music which will be produced in lavishly decorated theaters and opera houses, not the "music sheds" of Lenox or the bare auditoriums still so fashionable in New York. One day, I feel confident, the architectural unity, which is one of the glories of the classical tradition, will return to our cities.

When art is brought to everyone's doorstep, the change in taste will take place rapidly. The new search for beauty may even be called "modern," as all new styles are baptized, but it will not resemble what we call Modern today. The aim will be democratic pomp and glory, as well as beauty, which Thomas Jefferson demanded and the architects of the American Renaissance attained. In anticipation, let us give the new modern a name; let it be known as The Grand Design, because it will be in the classical tradition and in the grand manner, welcoming the best that the world and the past have produced not just in architecture but in all the arts.

GYPSY ROSE LEE

The second of two articles from her autobiography, *Gypsy*

UP THE RUNWAY TO MINSKY'S

Last month Miss Lee described how, when she was fifteen and a half, her mother's touring vaudeville act, "Madam Rose's Dancing Daughters," composed of six little girls—the oldest sixteen—was stranded without funds in Kansas City and forced to accept an engagement in the local burlesque theater. Surprisingly, they were a success, with "Rose Louise" in a talking scene.

WE STAYED on at the Missouri Theater for four weeks, changing the act a bit each week. I played in many scenes during that time and worked with all the new comics as they came in. I played the wife in "Low Man Again" and the next door neighbor in "The Pineapple Growers." In other scenes I was the one who said, "Meet me round the corner in a half an hour," and, "Quick, hide, my husband!" Most of the scenes I thought were silly and pointless and neither Mother nor I could understand why the audience laughed, but I liked doing them. I felt that, in a way, I was acting.

Then suddenly, without any warning at all, the police raided the theater and we were out of work again, until Mother booked us in a night club in Louisville and then at the Club Oasis in Florida. There was no gambling room at the Oasis as there had been in Louisville, but the male customers were all frisked by the doorman and their guns were checked along with their coats and hats.

"There's something unwholesome about this place," Mother said one night when the waiters carried out a customer feet first. "I can't put my finger on it, but there's something about this place I don't like."

When we were offered a week at the Gaiety Theater in Toledo Mother accepted the date. "Burlesque may not be everything I'd like it to be," she told us, "but there's one thing you can say for it. It's in a theater."

The Gaiety Theater in Toledo on opening day was a scene of chaos. The show, "Girls From the Follies," was late getting into town and when they arrived their star, Gladys Clark, was not with them. Closing night in Dayton she had bopped the hotel manager with his own inkwell. He was in the hospital and she was in jail. (The show had moved on without her.)

The producer, Ed Ryan, was frantic. His star not only did two strip-tease numbers in the show, but she appeared in five scenes and both Finales. She was also his wife.

"There isn't any show without her," he told the theater manager. "Where can you find a woman in Toledo who strips, does scenes, and plays five musical instruments?"

Mother stepped forward. "My daughter does scenes," she said, and the two men stopped screaming at each other and looked at her.

I wanted to hide somewhere. Mother pushed me toward the two men. "We've just finished a tour of supper clubs in Florida," she was saying; "Rose Louise has been playing scenes there with all the big stars. She's appeared with Fanny Brice on the Orpheum circuit—"

"They're part of the vaudeville act I brought in," the theater manager said in answer to Ed Ryan's raised eyebrow.

"Does she strip?" Ed Ryan asked.

Mother looked him straight in the eye, and said yes.

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Later, in our dressing-room, Mother began making plans. "Of course, you won't really strip," she said, "but there's no reason why you can't walk around the stage in time to music and drop a shoulder strap at the end. Our act will put us over anyway. Get your make-up on. I have to buy some material for a couple of costumes."

It was 11:30 and the show went on at 2:45. Mother rushed out to buy the material and Ed Ryan and the theater manager hurried to change the sign on the marquee. The full importance of what had happened suddenly hit me. I sat down on a chair in the dressing-room and looked at myself in the wavy cracked mirror. I was a star. I picked up the lip rouge and rubbed it on my mouth, then I put my hair behind my ears and gazed at myself for a long time. Then I put on my sweater and went out front to see how my name would look in lights.

THE man was still rearranging the sign and I watched as the name began to grow "Rose L-o-u—" I wanted to shout up to him, "That's me! That's my name you're putting in lights," but I didn't. He'd know soon enough, I decided. Everyone would know—June and Grandpa—Grandpa! Suddenly all the joy was out of it. Grandpa wouldn't like it at all. He didn't even approve of the Pantages vaudeville circuit.

"Wait a minute," I yelled to the man on the ladder. "That isn't the right name you're putting up. It's—Rose Lee. Not Rose Louise."

The man took a piece of paper from his overall pocket and looked at it. "Rose Louise is what I got," he said. "That's the way they ga'me it."

"Yes, I know," I told him, "but I've just changed it. Make it—Gypsy Rose Lee."

"I got my orders from the boss, girlie," the man said impatiently.

"I happen to be the star of this show," I said, "and you'll put up *my* name the way *I* want it put up!"

The man looked at me for a moment, then he began rearranging the letters on the marquee. "Okay," he said, "it's your funeral."

Funeral wasn't exactly the word I would have chosen. I tried to think of the word I had seen in a book recently—renascence? I wasn't sure, but it sounded better than funeral. I waited until the three names were up in lights, then I read them out loud and pleased with the sound of my new name I went backstage to wait for Mother.

"But why?" Mother asked me, "why change your name at all? Gypsy sounds so cheap—"



Manuel Tovias

"I didn't want Grandpa to know about us," I insisted. "Then when I told the man Rose Lee it didn't sound like enough of a name so I just added the Gypsy."

"But why Gypsy?" Mother asked. "And what makes you think Grandpa could hear about us way back in Seattle?"

I didn't answer her, but I knew that everyone was going to hear about us. What was the point of being a star if people didn't know you were one? Mother began unwrapping the bundles she had brought in. She had ten yards of lavender cotton net and four bunches of violets for one costume and ten yards of red net and three red cotton roses for the other.

I threaded a needle and began sewing the costumes as fast as I could. I didn't bother with hooks and eyes or hems. The dresses could be pinned on, and the hems would never show anyway. As I gathered the net onto a needle I decided I would throw the pins into the orchestra pit. Mother couldn't complain about that. Throwing away a few pins wasn't really stripping.

Fluffing up my hair, I took one last look at myself in the mirror. The lavender net was transparent, the violets on my breasts showed through and I patted them down so I wouldn't look bunched up in front. Then I bent one knee like a real strip teaser and smiled at my reflection.

"Quick, Louise," Mother said from the dressing-room door. "You're on next." She followed me down the hallway to the stage. "Remember now, keep smiling, and don't look at your feet."

The orchestra played the introduction of "Little Gypsy Sweetheart" and I opened the center of the curtains and stepped through. The spotlight blinded me for an instant, then my nervousness was gone, and I began parading back and forth as I had seen the other strip teasers

do. I lifted the sides of the full net skirt and made it swirl around me.

"Smile, dear," Mother said from the wings, and her voice carried all over the theater, "hold your stomach in."

I took the pins from the side of my dress and dropped them into the tuba. They made a plinking sound as they hit the side of the shiny instrument and the audience murmured their approval. Then as the music came to an end, I dropped the shoulder straps and the lavender net dress fell to the floor. Wrapping the curtain around me I disappeared into the wings. I stood there for a long moment holding on to the scenery and trying to get my breath. I was wet with sweat, as though I had just finished an acrobatic routine.

The tenor was on stage singing the Finale song for the first act and the audience applauded all through it. That wasn't unusual. In fact, it always happened. I'd been in burlesque long enough to know that no matter who did the next-to-closing strip-tease number the audience always applauded through the tenor's song. I waited a moment in the wings, then covering myself with the lavender net I went back to my dressing-room, the sound of the applause following me.

Mother and the girls were waiting with my Finale costume ready to slip into. I started to close the door and Mother motioned for me to leave it open a crack. "Listen to that applause," she said, a pleased but not too surprised smile on her face. "It's getting louder!"

It *was* getting louder! "It can't be for me," I said. The applause was mixed with shouts and yells and the noise of pop bottles rolling down the aisles. I grabbed up my kimono. "If it is for me I'd better take a bow or something—"

Mother slammed the door shut. "You stay right where you are!" she said. "Get into your Finale costume and let on you always go over this way."

I WAS the bird of paradise in that Finale. Mother lifted the heavy feathered shoulder-piece and fitted it on my back. The girls represented other kinds of birds—Millie was a blue jay, Little Mary was a canary, Ruby was a king-fisher, Nancy was a blackbird, Dorothy was a cockatoo, and Hazel was a pink and yellow something we couldn't put a name to. The feathers were molting from most of the costumes, and because Gladys Clark was much smaller than I her costume was tight on me; but the wings were huge and I used them to cover the parts of me the costume missed. The girls and I hurried out on stage and waited for our cues. The prima donna, dressed as an egret, was singing with the tenor. I left the girls in the wings while I found my place at the top of the high staircase. Being the star of the show I had a special entrance for the Finale. Then when I heard my new name blare out through the annunciator I walked as birdlike as I could down to the footlights.

The applause was to me unbelievable. I opened the wings and showed the skimpy leotard. It was the least I could do, I thought, to show my appreciation. Then I flapped them shut before Mother could see what I had done. As the curtain began to close in I stepped forward and took the folds and brought them slowly together, smiling at the audience until the two sides met.

The prima donna glared at me. "We're supposed to hold a straight line," she said.

"You mean *you're* supposed to hold a straight line," I replied gently. "I'm the star. I can do as I please."

Before the Finale of the last act I did my second specialty, an audience number, in my red costume. This time when I opened the center of the curtains and stepped through there was a burst of applause. I sang a verse and chorus of "Powder my Back," a number Mother and I copied from the ingénue in Kansas City:

I went down into the audience with a powder puff on a stick as the ingénue had done and looked around for a baldheaded man. I found one whose head shone in the spotlight like a pink Easter egg. After he had powdered my back I picked up a strand of hair he had carefully combed over the shiny pate and tied a red ribbon to it.

"Now stand up and show them how pretty you look," I said, pulling at his coat lapels.

The man didn't want to stand up and the harder I pulled the further he slunk into his jacket. "But darling," I cried, "I want them to see how pretty you look!" The man was almost hidden by his jacket. I planted a lipstick kiss on the shiny bald head and ran as fast as I could for the wings while the laugh held.

I didn't strip the red dress. I didn't have to. The applause was as boisterous as it had been for my first act number. I had heard burlesque audiences applaud for stars like Tessie and Flossie, but I had never heard applause as spontaneous and good-natured as mine.

I was underdressed for the next Finale, and leaving my red net costume with Mother I crawled up on the platform and held onto the ropes while the stagehand pulled me up into the dark dusty flies.

Below me, on stage, I could see the tops of the

heads of the tenor and the prima donna who were singing their duet. The chorus girls and the other principals were introduced, then slowly the flyman let in the flittered, heart-shaped platform with me on it, and I smiled at the audience as the curtains closed.

My first performance as a burlesque star was over. I stepped off the platform and breathed a grateful sigh. I was pleased, and proud that I had made it. I had no doubts about that. I could be a star without any talent at all, and I had just proved it.

That night, at the end of the first act Finale, a large basket of flowers was delivered to me over the footlights. I pulled out one rose and threw it to the orchestra leader as I had seen Olga Petrova do when we worked with her on the Orpheum circuit; then I hurried into my dressing-room eager to read the card tied to the basket.

"You're a lily among weeds," the card read. It was signed, "An admirer."

Mother looked at it for a long time, then she tucked it into the frame of the mirror. "An admirer," she murmured. "I wonder who it can be?"

FLOWERS were sent to me over the footlights every night that week. Each time I threw a rose to the orchestra leader who, having a flair for the dramatic, too, stood up from the piano and caught it, then bowed low. The prima donna sniffed in disapproval at what she called "corn," but the gesture, done in the grand manner, pleased the audience. Leaving the basket stage center, I would step forward and take the sides of the curtains and close them in, smiling as though this were a special secret between the leader, the audience, and me.

The cards from the flowers were around my make-up mirror. The messages on them varied, but the signatures were alike, "From an admirer."

One night the flowers would arrive in a gilt basket, the next night the basket would be white or blue. They were lavishly trimmed with tinsel and ribbons but the flowers never lasted very long. By matinée time the following day, they would be gone.

"They were faded and dead," Mother would say. "I had the prop man throw them out. It's bad luck to have faded flowers in a dressing-room." For the night show fresh ones would arrive so it didn't matter.

The other performers in the company weren't friendly with us. They had been together all season and seemed to resent our coming in on the tag end of it. The prima donna was the most resentful. She was annoyed about many things, but mainly about the dressing-rooms. When there was only one stage dressing-room, she said she had always shared it with the star.

"That may be," Mother told her, "but Gypsy Rose has a room by herself. It's in her contract."

The comics were annoyed that I didn't appear in their scenes as Gladys Clark had. "My daughter doesn't appear in scenes," Mother would say.

"We can't expect to have friends," she told me. "Not when we're on the way up. Once we get up there we'll have all the friends we want."

Closing night in Toledo the basket of flowers arrived as usual. The note attached to the roses read: "To the one and only Gypsy."

Mother read it out loud. "That has a nice ring to it," she said. "I think I'll have them announce you like that in your specialty."

One evening, in the bird-scene Finale as I was getting ready to close in the curtains the prima donna stepped forward. Before I could grab the folds she clutched one end of it and closed it in with me. My tête-à-tête with the audience was ruined. Her egrets and my bird of paradise were much too big to be crowded that close together. She was smirking at the orchestra leader who looked up at her warningly. He could see how angry I was. I waited until she bent over coyly, then bringing up my knee I let her have it. It was a gentle boot, but it caught her unaware, and if she hadn't been holding the scenery with a death clutch she would have landed in the orchestra pit.

"Next time you touch that curtain," I said, "you'll wind up in the balcony!"

She threw a robe over her costume and went screaming out front to Ed Ryan, but Mother was there ahead of her. "Just which one is the star?" Mother demanded.

The prima donna was in a rage. "Between flapping her wings and shoving that damned basket of flowers around they can't see me in the Finale at all!" she sputtered.

Ed Ryan knew the prima donna had a point, but he also knew Mother well enough to know she didn't need one. There were three weeks left to play, and he wanted peace backstage. The prima donna, he decided, would stand on the stairs as the curtains closed in. "In that way," he said, "the audience can see you, and Gypsy can still do her bit of business with the curtain."

Opening day in Cincinnati the dressing-room walls shook with the screams of the prima donna. She was barricaded in but her voice carried all

over the basement. Everyone in the company knew what had happened. She had received a poison pen letter. "How dare that woman write me an anonymous letter!" she screeched. "I sing like a frog, do I? Well, that fat slob of a daughter of hers can't sing at all!"

Ed Ryan, outside the locked door, tried to comfort her. "You don't know who sent the letter" he said when he could get in a word. "It wasn't signed. You have no proof—it might be a joke."

"Proof!" the prima donna screeched, straining what she often called her golden box. "A joke! You know how she hates me. You saw what she let her daughter do to me on the stage in Toledo —what more proof do you want?"

Mother, listening at the top of the iron circular stairs clucked her tongue disapprovingly. "These burlesque people" she murmured. "They're so vulgar."

The next show I closed in the Finale curtains alone. The prima donna took her pose on the staircase behind me like an ill-natured statue of winged victory but the audience didn't notice; a few flips of my wings took care of that.

But during the matinée she pushed open my dressing-room door with a moccasin-covered foot and thrust a note under my nose.

"Don't try to tell me your Mother didn't write this!" she screamed. I looked down at the piece of paper. "Why don't you wise up and get out of the business," the note read. It was signed: "A well wisher."

"I suppose you never saw that before," the prima donna said hitching up her Indian feathers.

I shook my head. I had never seen the note but I recognized the handwriting. It was the same handwriting as that on the cards around my mirror, the cards which had been attached to the baskets of flowers.

"I never saw the letter before in my life," I said. "But I have a funny feeling it's the last one you'll receive."

She looked at me suspiciously.

"I was born with two veils," I explained. "I have occult powers."

"Occult, my behind!" she snorted. "You go tell that mother of yours to stop sending me those letters or I'll call a cop!"

I found Mother in the furnace room. The flowers, taken from their container, were lying on a wet newspaper and Mother, with a practiced hand, was dabbing gold paint on the white wicker basket I had just received over the footlights. A roll of silver ribbon and a few fresh flowers were near by. A card bearing the familiar handwriting was lying face up on the improvised work bench: "Always ahead and onward!" It was signed, "An admirer."

"Mother!"

She let out a startled gasp, "Oh," she said, "it's you. I wish you wouldn't pussy-foot up on me like that. You know it's bad for my asthma!"

"You've been sending them all the time! You're the unknown admirer!" I was disappointed and angry. But most of all I was embarrassed.

"I'm glad you found out," she replied irritably, wiping off a bit of gold paint from her elbow. "I'm sick and tired of doing it all by myself. Get that ribbon and help me tie it around the handle. We have to work fast or the paint will never dry in time for the night show."

I snatched up the ribbon and made a florist's bow. "You should have told me," I said. "It makes me feel like a fool . . . and unless you want to wind up in jail you'd better stop writing those poison-pen letters, too. There's a law against things like that."

"Law?" Mother said, "Don't make me laugh. A mother's love knows no law!"

FROM Cincinnati we went on to Chicago, where I had a star on my dressing-room door. Opening night the audience was wonderful. I stopped the show with my specialties, and during the Finale when the basket of flowers was delivered over the footlights the applause was like music to me. I threw a rose to the orchestra leader and slowly closed the curtains. I didn't bother to look in the white envelope attached to the basket. I knew it would be empty.

There was no poison-pen letter for the prima donna, but during both her big numbers she was booed. The booing began in the balcony where all the noise and trouble starts in a burlesque theater, and by the time she was ready to hit her high note in "Indian Love Call" the hooting and catcalls shook the theater. The prima donna tore off the stage in a fury, the Indian feathers quivering with her rage. Mother couldn't have been more sympathetic. "It's disgraceful," she said, "One unruly boy can get a whole audience in an uproar."

The prima donna eyed her coldly. "It's mighty damn funny," she said, "none of these things happened until you joined the show."

Mother smiled blandly. "The long arm of coincidence," she murmured on her way downstairs to the dressing-room.

Mother was annoyed when she saw the young

man waiting in front of our door. "I told you to stay away from backstage," she whispered, shoving a dollar bill and a pink balcony ticket into his hand. "Now get out front and make it good and loud for the night show."

The young man waited until the coast was clear and then ran up the hall to the stairs.

"Who was that?" I asked. "Why did you give him a ticket and money?"

Mother busied herself hanging up my costumes. "You mean that boy I was talking to—he's a claque for you, dear. All big stars have claques. They start the applause for you and keep it going. You know, like they do in grand opera."

"Is that all he does?" I asked pointedly.

Mother's eyes widened in innocence. "For a dollar a day, what else should he do?" Then she became very businesslike. "I've just had a long talk with the girls. They insist on being paid! We can thank your friend Ed Ryan for that. He's behind this mutiny!"

Closing night, Mother counted the money Ed Ryan gave her. It was short $180. "I paid the girls myself," he said. "Here's the receipt." He showed it to her—signed by the girls.

Mother looked up at him, and as their eyes met I could see the effort she made to hold back her anger. She closed the door behind him and counted the money again. "The treachery of it," she said, shoving the bills in her money belt. "But he won't get away with it. I'll get even with him if it's the last thing I do."

The girls didn't travel in the car with us to Philadelphia. They went on the train with the rest of the company. I missed their chattering and giggling, and in a way I envied them. I would never have had the courage to defy Mother the way they had.

The critic from Zit's theatrical weekly caught the opening in Philadelphia and wrote that I was a big hit in both my numbers. He said I was like a breath of spring and predicted I would go far in the business. Mother thought, considering how completely I'd stopped the show, he might have said a bit more, but she bought ten copies of the paper anyway.

Then on our third day a telegram arrived from New York.

Mother tore into the dressing-room waving it in the air. "It's from Billy Minsky," she cried. "He wants us! This is it, Louise. This is the break we've been waiting for."

"I don't want to play his theater," I said, and I was surprised when I heard myself. Mother stared at me as though I'd lost my mind. "I mean it," I said. "When we close here, we're through with burlesque. You were right. We don't belong here."

"But—but that was a long time ago," Mother said, "before you were a star. Things have changed now, dear. He's offering us top money, star billing, a dressing-room by ourselves, anything we want. The Republic theater is the showcase of Broadway. Billy Minsky said so himself. All the big producers will see you. Why, it's the chance of a lifetime. Now you just listen to me. I know what I'm doing. We open the Monday after we close here. I okayed it for four weeks."

CLOSING night, Mother was the busiest woman in the theater. She made trip after trip from the stage door to the car. She was all over; in the prop room, the orchestra pit, the wardrobe room. The tarpaulin was stretched so tightly over the top of the car we could scarcely manage to snap it down.

Ed Ryan with the girls behind him watched us coldly as we crossed the bare, gloomy stage, our arms loaded with music and costumes, the dogs pulling on their leashes.

"Good-by, everybody," Mother sang out. "Good luck and thanks for everything!"

When the door closed behind us, Mother's smile faded. "I'm getting so damned tired of fighting for what's coming to us," she said. "I hope it will be different at Minsky's."

I had been hoping the same thing. All my life it seemed to me we had been going from city to city waving good-by to angry people. I wanted to say good-by to someone just once who was sorry to see us leave. Mother settled herself in the front seat and tucked the blanket around her legs. "I have a feeling we've come to a turning point in our lives."

"I hope so," I said, and I meant it with all my heart.

It was almost dawn when we stopped on the side of the road and ate the sandwiches we had brought along and sipped the scalding hot coffee from our thermos cups. Mother broke off a piece of her ham sandwich and fed it to the dogs. "I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "I just wonder how an Indian strip tease would go over at Billy Minsky's."

I spilled the hot coffee down the front of my neck. "Mother! You didn't—you haven't—"

"I certainly did," Mother said triumphantly. "It's all under the tarpaulin. Everything from the headfeathers to the moccasins! He'll think twice before he cheats another innocent woman alone in the world with a child to support."

Howard D. Fabing, M.D.

Toads, Mushrooms, and SCHIZOPHRENIA

A pioneer investigator of mental illness tells how a promising new clue has been discovered in an old chemical—which once went into witches' brews and made Vikings go berserk.

IN THE 1880s when the eminent neurologist, Jean Martin Charcot, began his studies of hysteria at the Salpêtrière in Paris, little was known about the cause and treatment of mental illness. This was the era of the neuropathologist—the man who peered for long hours down the barrel of his microscope, hoping to find the answer to the riddle of insanity in disturbance in the structure of the brain. He invented better microscopes, better stains, and better ways of making slides of slices of brain tissue, but little of therapeutic value came of it, except in the case of paresis, or syphilis of the brain. Psychiatrists of the time had to content themselves with studying and classifying their patients while they waited for the *vis medicatrix naturae*—the curative power of nature—to do whatever healing was done.

Charcot discovered that conversion hysteria—which may manifest itself by blindness, deafness, paralysis of various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of a disturbance in the functioning of the nervous system, but which is associated with no organic change to explain it—could be both produced and relieved by hypnotism. In certain patients, not even deep hypnosis was necessary, but merely a state of heightened suggestibility. This put a new light on the brain and the way it worked. It no longer appeared to be a static tissue whose secrets could be learned only by painstaking microscopic study, but rather an active, ever-changing energy system. The dynamic psychiatry of today had its origins in these investigations.

Today we seem to be standing on the threshold of another series of discoveries of a very different kind which may have equally as far-reaching effects on our concepts of the brain's workings and the treatment of mental illness. But before we turn to these it is necessary to see what Charcot's experiments led to.

Charcot—a forceful writer and a genius at clinical demonstration—attracted students from far and wide. The most famous two who came to watch in the amphitheater at the Salpêtrière were a lusty Norman named Pierre Janet and a tense, somber little doctor from Vienna named Sigmund Freud.

Janet, schooled in French philosophy, tackled Charcot's teaching with the logical methods in which he had been trained. His elaboration and extension of his master's findings were mechanistic and monistic, and, to that extent, austere. He wrote a great deal throughout his long life, which was dedicated to building a psychology of conduct, but only one of his major works—his two volumes on *Psychological Healing*—was ever translated into English, and it is today almost unknown, even to students. Surely some day Janet's doctrines, like all good things, will be brought back and reconsidered. But for the moment he is in limbo, as Percival Bailey has pointed out recently. On the other hand, Freud, the dualist, the moralist, the authoritarian, the wordsmith, the inductive thinker, and the man who brought sex out of the bedroom and the haystack in the average man's estimation, is now a part of the public domain, like Elvis Presley or Niagara Falls.

There have been a plethora of appraisals of this man and his work, ranging from eulogy to damnation. None will deny that he carried the idea of the importance of dynamic forces acting upon the psyche in mental illness far beyond Charcot's beginnings, but many have quarreled with the way he did it. He had an inveterate habit of generalizing from particulars, which led him into heartbreaking error. Even such a sympathetic critic as Madeleine Cavé has said: "Freud has baptized as 'psychoanalysis' a horrible mixture of observation of facts, scientific theories, hypotheses without any relation to the observations of neuroses, unverifiable phylogenetic explanations, with numerous errors of judgment and reasoning." But beyond the chorus of blame and praise, Freud's impact on the intellectual life of our society has been profound.

An important fact is that neither Freud nor Janet was a biologist. Janet worked in a laboratory for a short time, but he had no stomach for it. Freud's sympathizers have tried to make a neurologist of him, but no working member of that fraternity has ever admitted him as a brother. This cannot be said of their teacher, Charcot. Throughout his life his orientation was that of the biologically-trained clinician. Janet and Freud both recognized their shortcomings and the weaknesses in their formulations, especially in regard to the major mental diseases, the psychoses. Freud told my friend, Joseph Wortis, who wrote his impressions of the man down in a little book, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud:*

"Psychoanalysis never claimed that there were no organic factors in the psychoses. . . . It is the biochemist's task to find out what these are, and we can expect that an organic part will be discovered in the future. So long as organic factors remain inaccessible, analysis leaves much to be desired."

And there is a story that when an American student of Freud's wrote him a letter, outlining a program he planned to undertake of treating schizophrenia with psychoanalysis, Freud replied that he must surely send him all his results when he had completed his study—on a postcard! Janet echoed this sentiment, too, when he remarked that he expected the secret of schizophrenia to be discovered by the chemists.

These two great leaders of modern thought in psychiatry looked toward the men in the chemical laboratories to show them the light. But for many years the chemists seemed disdainfully uninterested in the nervous system, with perhaps one exception—the way it used sugar as its only food. Then one day, less than a decade ago, an event occurred in a laboratory in Switzerland which set off a chain-reaction that has precipitated the whole field of biochemistry into a new look at the brain. From all indications, this may well be the beginning of an intellectual revolution in medicine which will carry us into a realm Charcot could have understood far better than either Janet or Freud.

A DOSE OF "SCHIZOPHRENIA"

IT ALL began one day in 1947 when a chemist by the name of Hoffmann, working in the Sandoz laboratories in Basle, sucked up something into his mouth from a pipette. He had been working with extracts of ergot, the green mold on rye bread, and was making new compounds from lysergic acid, one of its components. In less than an hour he was muddled, confused, suffering from hallucinations. Frightened, he left the laboratory and got on his bicycle. He pedaled what seemed to him 5,000 miles to his home, which was in reality a short distance away, and called his doctor. The doctor persuaded him to gulp down all the milk in the house, but his psychotic state persisted until he fell into a fitful sleep late that night. Four days later he returned to his laboratory, looked over his notebooks, and decided that he had swallowed the dextro-rotatory diethylamide of lysergic acid. Gingerly he measured out a very minute amount of the material and took another swallow. The psychosis returned, this time worse than before. He pedaled 10,000 miles home, and again drank all the milk in sight to no avail.

Thus LSD—the abbreviation for the jaw-breaking chemical term I just used—was discovered to be an experimental way of producing a psychosis which had very much the look and feel of schizophrenia. It takes about one-seven-hundred-millionth of a healthy young man's body weight of this material to produce a psychosis of five to ten hours' duration. The minuteness of the dose and the magic of its effects have been tested and retested all over the world. Hoffmann's observation has fired clinicians, chemists, enzymologists, and pharmacologists into new activity everywhere. Many fresh fields of investigation have been opened—notable among them an exciting new color test on the blood serum of the mentally ill and the demonstration of the fact that the schizophrenic's serum can oxidize adrenalin, one of the body's hormones. There has also been a quickening of interest in long-known hallucinogenic substances found in nature. A wealth of

scattered anthropologic lore, lying about here and there, has been dusted off and is being reconsidered in the light of recent observations on experimental psychoses.

Experimentation with mescaline, for example, which had languished since the days of Weir Mitchell, has picked up again. Mitchell is known to the general public as the friend and confidant of Walt Whitman, and the man of letters who wrote *Hugh Wynne*. To the medical profession he is one of the most distinguished neurologists of late Victorian times. He studied the reports of the ecstasies of Southwest American Indians when they swallowed peyote or dried mescal cactus blossoms, and he took them himself, to find, as did other investigators of his day, that he developed beautiful visual and even auditory hallucinations, that a sense of timelessness and complete withdrawal from the world of reality stole over him for hours on end.

Recently, re-examinations of the anthropologists' findings have uncovered scores of similar practices among various groups who searched in different ages for what Aldous Huxley has called the "other-worldly" experiences produced by certain seeds, flowers, roots, and plants. Thirteen of these "phantastica" have been found among the botanical products used by the Mexican Indians alone. Australian aborigines fermented a species of pine nut in urine, and when they ate them, a veritable delirium tremens resulted. Plants of the rue family have been employed to produce temporary psychotic states; so has yohimbé from the bark of the yohimbehoa tree, and ibogaine gathered by the Ibo tribe of Central Africa. Perhaps the oldest botanical product used by men to divorce themselves temporarily from the things of this world is the oil from the flowering tops of the hemp plant. This cannabis indica, or marijuana, or hashish, or charas, or ganja, or muggles, or reefers—all local names for the same product—was described in Chinese writings fifteen centuries before Christ. The list could be enlarged.

One of the fascinating things about these hallucinogenic drugs is that most of them have a common chemical structure. They belong to a family of compounds called indoles which are widely found throughout nature, ranging from indigo dyes to auxin, the plant growth hormone, to skatole, which gives manure its stink. Each of us has a host of innocent indoles floating around in his body, and we eat others daily. They are all very reactive compounds—that is, capable of rapid mutation from one to another.

This tantalizing thought has emerged: Is schizophrenia perhaps caused by the production of abnormal indoles in the human body—indoles which poison the brain and thereby produce the torment which fills almost half the hospital beds in the civilized world today? If this could be established, specific drug therapy should not be far off. The tranquilizing or ataractic drugs now in use are a step in that direction. And the making of productive citizens—taxpayers instead of tax spenders—out of this large mass of cruelly afflicted patients would probably go down as one of the great medical triumphs of the twentieth century.

MUSHROOM ORGIES

ONE of the indole compounds which has come under scrutiny in the last four years is bufotenine. It gets its name from the toad, *Bufo bufo* in Latin. Bufotenine is found in the skin and the salivary glands of poisonous toads—ingredients no self-respecting medieval Italian poisoner would have left out of his brew. In more recent years, this toxic indole has turned up in three other places: in the seeds of a bushy little South American tree, in certain mushrooms, and in the urine of normal human beings. In humans the amount is so tiny that the most sensitive kinds of analytical chemical gadgets are needed to find it, but enough seems to be present to make investigators believe that *homo sapiens* is capable of making it in the chemical factory which is his body.

The South American tree—*Piptadenia peregrina* to the botanists—has been used from time beyond measure by the Indians of Hispaniola, the Orinoco River basin, and other large areas of the South American continent who gather its seeds and grind them with lime into a fine powder in special ceremonial bowls. Then they take the dried leg bone of a llama—or, in other areas, a bamboo shoot which is bifurcated at one end and single at the other—and fashion it into a snuffing straw. The single end of the snuffer is placed in the bowl of powder which they call "cohoba," and the double end of the Y-shaped tube is stuck into their nostrils. A quick, deep inhalation draws the cohoba snuff into their noses.

The first white man to describe and record this practice was Fra Ramon Pane, a priest who came to America with Christopher Columbus on his second voyage in 1496. He reported that "it intoxicates them to such an extent that when they are under its influence they know not what they do." It is, in fact, so potent that it became

tribal custom for the women to tie the Otomaco Indians up with rope when they used it. A couple of years ago Evan Horning, a government chemist, borrowed one of these snuff bowls which had been sitting on a shelf in a showcase in the Smithsonian Institution for years, scraped a few milligrams of cohoba powder out of it, and found that it still contained a large quantity of bufotenine.

Bufotenine in certain mushrooms of the amanita family was discovered in 1953 by two German chemists. The botanical names for these mushrooms are *Amanita muscaria, A. pantherina,* and *A. mappa.* Of the three the muscaria species —which Walt Disney pictured in the Dance of the Mushrooms in "Fantasia"—is the most common. This beautiful small fungus, crowned by a vivid red cap dotted with white spots, is named after *musca domestica,* Latin for the ordinary housefly; and it has been around a long time. In the thirteenth century Albertus Magnus noted that when it was freshly cut and placed in a dish of milk or water it killed flies when they ingested its juice, and Linnaeus reported that it had been advocated for killing bedbugs. (Strangely enough, the chemical formulas of bufotenine and the DDT family of things which we now use for insect extermination are not greatly different.) It has also had another, more interesting human use.

As far back as anyone cares to guess, this mushroom has been eaten orgiastically by Siberian tribes of the Kamchatka peninsula. George Kennan, the great-uncle and namesake of our recent Ambassador to Russia, wrote in 1870 in *Tent Life in Siberia,* that it was so highly prized by these nomads that they would swap a reindeer for a "dose."

Prodigious feats of physical strength have been reported under its influence. The myths of the Koryaks contain the belief—held to this day—that a person affected with muscaria is guided by the spirits of the Wapaq which live in the mushrooms. According to this belief, if an old man eats muscaria and the Wapaq within the mushroom whispers to him, "You have just been born," the old man begins to cry like a baby. If the Wapaq should say, "Go to the afterworld," the old man would die.

Jochelsen, who travelled among the Koryaks in 1900-01, wrote:

> Fly-agaric [the common English name of muscaria] produces intoxication, hallucinations and delirium. . . . Many shamans, previous to their seances, eat fly-agaric to get into ecstatic states. . . . Under strong intoxication the senses become deranged; surrounding objects appear either very large or very small, hallucinations set in as do spontaneous movements and convulsions. So far as I could observe, attacks of great animation alternate with moments of deep depression. The person intoxicated by fly-agaric sits quietly rocking from side to side, even taking part in conversations with his family. Suddenly his eyes dilate, he begins to gesticulate convulsively, converses with persons whom he imagines he sees, sings and dances. Then an interval of rest sets in again. However, to keep up the intoxication additional doses of fungi are necessary. . . . There is reason to think that the effect of fly-agaric would be stronger were not its alkaloid quickly taken out of the organism with the urine. The Koryak knows this by experience, and the urine of persons intoxicated with fly-agaric is not wasted. The drunkard himself drinks it to prolong his hallucinations, or he offers it to others as a treat.

The drinking of the Siberian mushroom eater's urine during these amanita debauches has been noted by many other travelers. It is reported that such urine can be drunk successively by as many as five people, passing in and out of one into the next, and giving each the hallucinogenic effect.

Another mushroom-eating practice deserves mention. Ever since the Spanish conquest of Mexico in 1522 there have been references to a sacred fungus, *teonanacatl,* employed by the Aztecs and other Mexican Indians. This "fungus of the devil," as the early Spanish priests called it, is currently being studied by Gordon Wasson of New York City and his wife. The Wassons have eaten the mushrooms and report visual hallucinations in brilliant colors, an ecstatic state of heightened perception, loss of time and space perception, and a serene feeling of inward peace while being drawn into an "other-worldly detachment" during dissociation periods lasting six hours or more.

Mr. Wasson, a partner in J. P. Morgan & Company, who has been investigating mushrooms for many years, has identified four different kinds of Mexican mushrooms used for their hallucinatory properties. The chemistry of these mushrooms is not known, but it would be interesting to determine whether or not they contain bufotenine.

Still another fascinating example of the power of muscaria concerns the Vikings and the Berserks of the North Countries. Berserk was a mighty hero in Norse mythology, renowned

for his bravery and for the fury of his attack in battle. He had twelve sons who were his equal in courage. He never fought in armor but in his *ber sark,* his bearskin. Thus the term berserk became synonymous with reckless courage. From before the ninth on into the twelfth century in Iceland and the Scandinavian countries the Berserks, a predatory group of brawlers and killers bearing the same name as the legendary warrior, disrupted the peace of the Viking community repeatedly.

GOING BERSERK

IT IS now accepted by Scandinavian scholars that *Berserksgang,* or the act of going berserk, which was the hallmark of their discordant behavior, probably came from eating our Siberian friend, the *Amanita muscaria.* "Going berserk" was no childish aberration of behavior in its original and true form. There is a vivid description of it in a nineteenth-century Scandinavian account:

> In the old Norwegian historical writings it is mentioned, in many places, that in olden times there was a specific kind of giants who were called *Berserks,* that is, men who at certain times were seized by a wild fury, which, at the moment, doubled their strength and made them insensible to bodily pain, but which also deadened their humanity and reason, and made them like wild animals. This fury, which was called *"Berserksgang,"* occurred not only in the heat of battle, but also during laborious work. Men who were thus seized performed things which otherwise seemed impossible for human power. This condition is said to have begun with shivering, chattering of the teeth, and chill in the body, and then the face swelled and changed its color. With this was connected a great hotheadedness, which at last went over into great rage, under which they howled like wild animals, bit the edge of their shields, and cut down everything they met, without discriminating between friend or foe. When this condition ceased, a great dulling of the mind and feebleness followed, which could last for one or several days.

Berserksgang disappeared abruptly in the twelfth century A.D. In 1784, Samuel Lorenzo Odman, a theologian at the University of Upsala, undertook to explain the phenomenon. He reviewed the Sagas for descriptions of the state and found in the Hervarar Saga a tale of twelve brothers who lived on the island of Samsö in Denmark. Orvar-Odd sailed to the island with his Viking ships, debarked, and went inland to visit his cousin, Hjalmar. The twelve Danish brothers went berserk and killed his crews to a man. When the captain returned to the shore with his cousin, they encountered the Berserks who were now in the enfeebled state after their fury. Hjalmar killed one and Orvar-Odd the other eleven. Studying this story Odman concluded: "I am not of the opinion that these ecstasies can be explained as effects of peculiar temperament or of auto-suggestion because . . . they were not able to keep up their hated arrogance between paroxysms."

And he argued further, "Since the vegetable kingdom gives us various means to bring our power of imagination into chaos and to induce the most ferocious excesses of courage, I am inclined to believe that the Berserks had knowledge about such an intoxicating means, and that they made use of it and kept it secret so that their prestige would not be reduced by the general populace's knowledge of the simplicity of the technique."

He then reviewed the possible botanical products indigenous to Scandinavia which might have been used in this manner, and decided that "flugswamp," the *Amanita muscaria* mushroom, was the one which solved the riddle.

More than a century later, in 1885, F. C. Schübeler, a physician and Norway's great botanist, arrived at the same conclusion. He argued that the effects could not be those of malted beverages because they produced quite different behavior patterns, and that distilled spirits were not known in Norway before 1531. Opium and cannabis were likewise unknown to the Nordics in Saga times. And he agreed with Odman that the Berserks undoubtedly kept their knowledge of the mushroom's properties secret in order to maintain their position of superiority. It is worthy of note that the Wassons find a similar attitude of secrecy in the Mexican peons who use sacred mushrooms today.

Schübeler also pointed out that the more enlightened Viking leaders soon learned that the state was one which could be prevented, and therefore legislated against. He wrote:

> Before Erik Jarl left Norway he called together (in 1015 A.D.) the feudatories and the mightiest peasants in order to deliberate with them about the lawgiving and the rule of the country. At this meeting camp-fighting *(holmgang)* was abolished, and Berserks and robbers were outlawed. In Thorlak's and Ketil's Icelandic Christian Law, which was adopted in 1123 A.D., there is the following

decree: "If someone goes berserk, he is punished with three years of banishment, and the men who are present are also banished if they do not bind him; but if they bind him, none are punished. If this is repeated, then the punishment occurs."

Berserksgang ceased after this law was passed.

Two more short pieces of intelligence bring this mushroom business up to date. Not long ago I was lecturing at the University of Michigan on some of these matters. Afterward my friend Arthur Drew of the Department of Neurology in the Medical School told me about a modern Viking who went berserk in Michigan recently and fell into the hands of the medical profession. His patient, a middle-aged tavern keeper, picked some wild mushrooms—later identified as *A. muscaria*—and ate them at ten o'clock one night in October 1955. Two hours later he had an explosive onset of diarrhea, profuse sweating, and dizziness. He fell asleep and awakened at two in the morning completely disoriented, irrational, and violent.

When he was admitted to University Hospital his face was purplish and he was alternately somnolent and excited. He thought he was in Hell and identified the intern, nurses, and attending physicians as Christ, Satan, God, or angels. Thrashing about in bed, he talked constantly and irrationally. As the day wore on, his hallucinations and illusions remained almost entirely religious. He persisted in identifying a tall resident physician as Christ. He declared at one moment that he was in the Garden of Eden, at another that he had gone to Hell. As evening came, his mental processes cleared, he lost his excitement and felt relaxed. The following morning he appeared to be recovered and was discharged.

LAST year my friend and associate, Dr. J. Robert Hawkins, and I decided to see for ourselves how bufotenine, which the ancients used with such noisy effectiveness, would work on normal men of our times. At the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus we got the permission of the authorities and the consent of six intelligent, co-operative, and quite charming, healthy young murderers to inject the chemical into their veins. We began with the small dose of one milligram. As we proceeded from murderer to murderer, raising the dose each time, we developed more confidence and more data.

A studious-looking young man who got eight milligrams developed an immediate sensation of light-headedness, burning in the face, rapid breathing, deep purple facial color, and a sense of calm. At the end of the injection, he blurted, "I see white straight lines with a black background. I can't trace a pattern. Now there are red, green, and yellow dots, like they were made out of fluorescent cloth, moving like blood cells through capillaries." Six minutes later he reported that he felt relaxed and languid. In retrospect he said, "Even at the height of this, my mind felt better and more pleasant than usual."

When we got up to sixteen milligrams, a very clean-cut murderer who had committed his antisocial slip at a Saturday night party in a fraternity house, developed severe purpling of the face, facial sweating, a tingling sensation throughout his body, a feeling that his chest was crushed, and the onset of hallucinations of purple spots on the floor—all in rapid succession before the injection was completed. His space perception was impaired and he complained of difficulty in concentrating. He could not do even simple subtraction. During the next hour his face remained deeply purple and he was unable to express himself in words, stating that his mind felt crowded. He was restless and overactive and kept complaining that he wanted to "walk it off" and that "my body feels nervous." His time sense left him, and he made such statements as, "I am here and not here."

All six men reported a feeling of relaxed placidity and languor for as long as six hours after the injection. They lay contentedly in bed, explaining that they felt a lack of drive rather than a sense of fatigue.

This, then, is one of the lines this odd new biochemistry of insanity—or at least of schizophrenia—is taking at the present time. So far much of it is not chemistry at all, but rather a smorgasbord of myth, anthropologic lore, observation, and fact, plus a large helping of conjecture. A year ago I thought that bufotenine was going to turn out to be the one and only true devil in the causation of schizophrenia, but my more careful and cautious colleagues in the laboratories are not finding the kind of proofs to back up this hunch. They are a close-mouthed lot who do not permit themselves the luxury of guessing very often, but those who occasionally let their hair down seem to think that the key to the riddle ought to be somewhere in the neighborhood of bufotenine among the indoles, or perhaps in a chemically more complex protein molecule. The stakes are high. If the chemists win out, great good will come into many of the households where these afflictions have made their somber visit.

PHILIP C. WOODYATT

Drawing by James McCabe



a last chance for South Africa

A strange movement—almost unknown in this country—offers one faint possibility of saving South Africa from bloody warfare between blacks and whites.

LIKE all Americans who visit the Union of South Africa I asked the standard and obvious question: is the country going to explode in bloody racial warfare? A highly responsible public official told me my question wasn't realistic.

"The question," he said, "is *when*."

His guess is ten to fifteen years—at the very most.

How big, how bad? It will, he said, bring slaughter of blacks and whites on an inconceivably ghastly scale. Where, I asked, would he be when it breaks?

"At the barricades, near my house, with a gun."

Shooting at whom?

"That depends on who shoots at me."

I don't think there are very many white South Africans who express their view of the future in quite such stark and positive terms. Some—like a colonel of special police I met in Port Elizabeth—said that this kind of estimate is nonsense. (He professes confidence that the physical movements of native African leaders are under such rigid control that insurrection simply can't be organized.) Others talk about the racial problem with an air of deprecating smugness, as if it were a fiction. But the majority—all the way from extreme Afrikaner Nationalists to earnest liberals, from the tense bureau chief in Pretoria to the cheerful wine grower in the Cape—seem to feel the shadow of impending crisis. This sense of living in the eye of a hurricane can be felt on every hand, seeping into every crevice of white South African life.

Most of the ingredients for explosion have been present in South Africa for a long time, but the feeling that some sort of denouement may be close at hand is new; it is still in the process of spreading from the viewers-with-alarm into the minds of ordinary intelligent people. Hope for South Africa, if there is any, flickers in this process of mounting awareness.

If we care to pick out these faint sparks of hope, and perhaps blow on them a little within the limits of what Americans can do about South Africa, we will have to readjust some of our fixed notions. One of these is our picture of the dour Afrikaner Nationalist, blind and unshakably bigoted, slogging toward destruction without heed to the horrors he commits on the way and impervious to the shock and disgust he generates in the outside world. This is by no means a wholly false image; it fits a good many Afrikaners with distressing precision. But like other part-truths it obscures as much as it reveals. There are stirrings within the Afrikaner ranks which do not fit the image.

Three important developments are worth a close look:

(1) Nationalist politicians (which means Prime Minister Strijdom's colleagues) are growing acutely sensitive to criticism of their regime from outside South Africa — particularly from the United States.

(2) There is a group of Afrikaners with close ties to the Nationalist leadership which is doing as much as the anti-Strijdom liberals to dramatize the present danger. This group, the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, stresses both the evil and the peril of trying to deny forever to the non-white people elementary political and other rights.

(3) The quasi-religious ideological underpinnings of Afrikaner racial bigotry are beginning to crack. They are being publicly questioned by Afrikaners and even from within the hierarchy of the Dutch Reformed Church.

During my recent visit to South Africa I was asked two-dozen times at least, by government officials and Nationalist politicos, why South Africa has such a "bad press" in the United States. For an American it is startling at first to be asked this question solemnly—like being asked to explain why you are against sin. But the people who asked were altogether earnest; the discussion that followed was always interesting and never simple. Most of these people suggested, inevitably, the answer they would like to believe: that Americans don't know the facts and that the case for South Africa has not been put eloquently enough. But few are really convinced that this wholly explains American attitudes. They realize that the dimensions of the problem must be deeper and broader than this, but for them to grasp these dimensions is both difficult and unpleasant.

I used to say at the beginning of these discussions that while it is true that few people in my country have more than a sketchy knowledge of South Africa, it is also true that the attitude of most decent Americans toward the Nationalist regime is not a matter of simple criticism or disagreement but an attitude of total revulsion. This is a blunt — perhaps rude — way of putting it, but the people to whom I said it were, without exception, polite enough to tell me that it helped them to see the magnitude of the problem.

This growing concern is the important thing. One Nationalist politician whom I questioned about the official attention being given to outside criticism pointed out that the Afrikaner civilization is just emerging from a long and intense period of isolationism. "You must remember," he said, "that South Africa is just now discovering that it is out of step with the whole world."

Nervous concern about what the rest of the world is saying shows up also in the government's curious and bumbling censorship of printed matter from abroad. Officially, this activity is supposed to screen out subversive propaganda, but the standards seem broad to the point of incomprehensibility. (It is apparently quite true that a new edition of *Black Beauty* was banned until someone in authority finally discovered it was about a horse.) The censorship is also inconsistent. Sometimes an issue of an American magazine is kept out because of an article criticizing the government; at other times, equally critical material is ignored.

A word should be said here about South Africa's English-language press. There are perhaps a dozen major daily newspapers and two or three magazines devoted to public affairs. All of them are anti-Nationalist, just as the Afrikaans press is, with equal unanimity, pro-Nationalist. (So far as I know the only pro-Nationalist English-language periodical is a wicked little hate sheet called the *South African Observer*. It is packed with stories, carrying American datelines, of race violence in the United States. The impression created is that integration has failed and that America is on the brink of civil war. The publisher of this organ — a thin, pinched, humorless man named Brown — told me he got most of this inflammatory material from "your splendid Senator Eastland," with whom, he said, he is in "regular and cordial correspondence.")

The English-language publications direct a steady stream of criticism against the government and the Nationalist party. But there is no censorship of these domestic publications, and their attacks, which usually have a richer political than moral content, don't seem to bother the Nationalists very much. Expressions of censure from the outside world, however, cannot be shrugged off as campaign oratory.

SABRA'S SOLUTION

IF THE racial crisis towers above all other matters in importance for South Africa then the most important group in the country today, except for the government itself, is probably the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, usually referred to as SABRA. This organization was started shortly after Dr. Malan and the Nationalists came to power in 1948. It was born in the minds of a half-dozen Afrikaners, most

of them associated with Stellenbosch University—the most important Afrikaans-language university in South Africa, and the alma mater of almost all the important members of the present government. The purpose of the founders was to rouse South Africans to the peril they were in and to reverse, if they could, a course they thought was plunging toward disaster.

In the eight years since its founding SABRA has grown tremendously in prestige and made solid headway, at least in jarring Afrikaners into awareness of what is happening. SABRA still operates, however, without ostentation and on a financial shoestring; its affairs are conducted from a modest, cluttered room which doubles as an academic office on the Stellenbosch campus. SABRA's strength comes mainly from the fact that among its active supporters are scores of the most influential, responsible, and respected leaders in the Afrikaner society—men like Phil Weber, chief of the powerful Nationalist Press Association; G. D. Scholtz, author of a famous and usefully-shocking book called *Has the Afrikaner Nation a Future?* (It doesn't, Scholtz says, unless it wakes up to what is going on and makes an agonizing reappraisal); G. B. A. Gerdener, a leading theologian; A. L. Geyer, elder statesman, intimate of Dr. Malan, and former High Commissioner to London; and others who will be mentioned later. Because of this weight gathered behind it SABRA has anyday access to the Prime Minister, cabinet members, and just about all the Nationalist MPs.

The Nationalists won the election of 1948 on a platform of *apartheid*—not a very precise word but one which certainly meant to most Nationalist supporters a system under which white South Africans could extract from nonwhites the maximum amount of cheap labor while excluding them from any other sort of participation in the white-dominated society. SABRA's leaders believe that South Africa cannot have it both ways. They see mortal danger in a policy of "economic integration" which establishes the black African as the keystone of the white state. They believe that the African whose labor is indispensable but who is denied political and social rights will eventually win those rights for himself—probably by heaving the white man into the sea.

But SABRA also believes, just as firmly, that a shared society is impossible. In their view the racial tragedy is so desperately far advanced that sharing would be simply a fleeting prelude to the heaving-into-the-sea operation. At least half a century of deliberate oppression, greatly intensified in recent years, has given the nonwhite Africans no incentive to share anything whatever with the whites. SABRA recognizes, furthermore, that only the tiniest fraction of the white population, Afrikaner or English-speaking, is free enough of color hatred and fear to accept the prospect of a shared society. This prejudice, they recognize, is built into the bones, the kind which would take generations to chip away. In SABRA's view South Africa does not have generations at its disposal. The clock says five minutes to twelve.

In short, SABRA finds the present situation totally untenable, but it believes that the chance of integrating the Africans politically and socially into the white society is as remote as the North Star. Where does this leave them? Haven't they painted themselves into a corner? Don't their own arguments, if correct, prove that there isn't any solution at all?

Well, SABRA's proposed solution is scarcely one to inspire high optimism. It is a kind of formula for co-existence called "separate development" and its ultimate aim is, in brief, two separate sovereign countries with the Africans running theirs and the white men running theirs.

Odds against this goal are clearly immense. Enough territory would have to be provided to support the bulk of the black African population (which is growing precipitously); economic development of this area would have to be financed on a prodigious scale; an unprecedented education program would have to be underwritten: even partial withdrawal of African labor from the white economy would mean convulsive adjustments. To accomplish these things would call for more single-minded sacrifice by the white population than any people in modern times has been willing to make. SABRA's leaders will reply that neither has any modern people been so starkly faced with obliteration.

UNVARNISHED EXPEDIENCY

A SORT of blueprint for separate development exists in a sixteen-volume treatise known as the Tomlinson Report, the product of five years' work by an able group commissioned by the government to make the most comprehensive study ever undertaken of the "native areas"—those parts of the country corresponding roughly to our Indian reservations. Professor F. R. Tomlinson and his SABRA-slanted co-workers did a superb technical job; but they also produced a hot political issue.

Before the report was made public I spent a long Sunday with Professor Tomlinson at his farm outside Pretoria. He showed me some of the things that have since made the politicians writhe. The report is a mountainous denunciation of the government's complacency. Piling fact on fact, it argues that disaster cannot possibly be avoided unless the commission's recommendations are followed — and these recommendations call for an outlay of tax money so staggering that it gives politicians nightmares.

When I was with him, Professor Tomlinson radiated disgust for politicians. He had, by then, ample forewarning of the reception his report would get. For example, an early stage of the research had shown that in part of the fabulously-fertile Transkei, a native reserve on the east coast, eucalyptus trees grow ten times faster than they do anywhere else in the world. In timber-starved South Africa the eucalyptus is a prime source of pulp for paper-making. Tomlinson and his technicians figured out that a relatively modest capital investment would provide an immediate livelihood for 27,000 African families and, later, a prospering self-managed industry for tens of thousands more.

Tomlinson didn't wait until the whole report was finished to urge an instant start on this program; but even on this tiny pilot project the government refused to move an inch, afraid that its constituents would object to spending the money for the benefit of the natives.

When the full report was brought before Parliament the result was no surprise to SABRA; the government said it was fine to get the natives moved away, but scarcely an extra shilling should go for development. Nevertheless, the report has been widely publicized; it is impressive, it is by Afrikaners, and the government hasn't been able to sweep it under the rug.

SABRA is a new organization, and its leadership is striking out where Nationalist Afrikaners have never struck before. But it is uphill work. SABRA has an "understanding" with Prime Minister Strijdom who, being a typical South African politician, would not risk a dozen votes to speak out for an unpopular cause. Mr. Strijdom tells SABRA that he's right there behind them. SABRA's job is to condition public opinion and he will follow. And in some cases he has moved — in small matters, so far, but in ways that are perhaps more significant than they seem. They must be measured against the unutterable bleakness of the background. (For example, he sent a message of congratulation to the new government of the Sudan when that country gained its independence recently from Great Britain. Strijdom is, of course, anti-British, but for any Nationalist politician to send good wishes to an emerging *non-white* state on the continent of Africa would have been unthinkable two or three years ago.)

For effectiveness, SABRA needs political supporters, but with a few outstanding exceptions South African politicians struck me as being more frank in their dedication to unvarnished expediency than those I have run across anywhere else. One member of Parliament, who bears the ubiquitous name of Malan and who is an important member of SABRA's regional organization in the Transvaal, told me that he rejects SABRA principles altogether. He co-operates, he said, because SABRA furnishes him with material he can use in speeches and because belonging to an organization that opposes integration helps him get elected.

RESORT TO SCRIPTURE

THERE is also the case of Dr. Otto du Plessis, a Nationalist MP who was declared *persona non grata* by the Dutch government when he was proposed as South African Ambassador to Holland. Understandably the Dutch objected to a man who had written glowing praise of Hitler while the Nazis were overrunning their country. At a recent SABRA convention, Dr. du Plessis wound up an address saying, "I believe Providence has willed the birth of a white nation in southern Africa as the bearer of the torch of Christianity; I believe it is our duty to see to it that the light shall never be dimmed. . . ." Some members clapped, whistled, and stamped their feet on the floor at this, but the majority sat on their hands and felt acutely embarrassed.

But despite immense difficulties, SABRA is beginning to penetrate the Afrikaner consciousness with some life-and-death truths. A year ago SABRA elected as its new chairman the Reverend W. A. Landman, one of the most influential leaders in the Dutch Reformed Church. Landman promptly launched out on a series of back-breaking tours, lecturing to full houses from one end of the Union to the other. He has told his audiences that the present basis of black-white relationships is both immoral and explosive, that his fellow Afrikaners had better think hard and fast if they want to save either their souls or their skins.

Simultaneously, the country was stunned by another Dutch Reformed Minister — Dr. Keet, the

dean of academic theologians of the Dutch Reformed faith in the Union. He has published a book in which he demolishes the argument that white domination of black is sanctioned by God and Scripture. It is this contention which has given a "moral" excuse to the Nationalists for their racial policies. Dr. Keet's book was not part of SABRA's program; it goes farther, indeed, than most of SABRA's clerical membership would be willing — publicly — to go just yet. But it is part of the same ferment from which SABRA springs.

Ferment within Afrikaner ranks is overwhelmingly important because they almost certainly will be in charge for an indefinite time.

The white South African political opposition is organized — if that is not too strong a word — under the banner of the United Party. In a broad sense, but with many exceptions, this is the party of the English-speaking whites as the Nationalist Party is for those speaking Afrikaans. Not much need be said about the United Party except that when it comes to providing crisp and lively opposition it has the effectiveness of a piece of wet paper towel.

Too many of its members believe in segregation and white supremacy for it to exert any real moral leadership in racial matters — although for tactical purposes it sometimes opposes the government on specific policies. The head of the United Party, Mr. J. G. N. Strauss, appears to believe that his mission in life is to keep green the memory of former Prime Minister Jan Smuts — who for all his undoubted qualities was oblivious to the race problem.

A SHARED SOCIETY

THE real opposition in Parliament is voiced by only a handful of members — Mrs. Margaret Ballinger and Leslie Rubin are outstanding — who represent non-white constituencies and belong to the minuscule Liberal Party. Their direct influence is close to zero, but they are able to needle the government and occasionally cause it some embarrassment.

The largest organization with a "liberal" approach to racial affairs is the Institute of Race Relations, which stands for integration and a shared society. Its recently elected chairman is the well-known author and historian, Leo Marquard; another distinguished author, Alan Paton, is active in its affairs; and it has received considerable support, both moral and financial, from the United States. A good many Americans quite naturally think of an organization espousing integration in Strijdom-land as persecuted and courageous — a fighting little island in a sea of evil.

This picture is not quite accurate. The Institute is disliked by the Nationalists but it is not persecuted — indeed, it is not even effectively harassed — by the government or by anyone else. Nor is it even very effective itself, being plagued with a number of weaknesses, some of which are inherent. It was founded many years ago — not in the cause of integration but as a sort of benevolent society to promote African old people's homes and other kindly works. Since the Institute's present emphasis represents a fairly recent switch, its strength is diluted by adherents who feel charitable toward Africans but who are no more prepared than Mr. Strijdom to accept them as social or political equals.

This may be one of the reasons why an air of inconclusiveness, bordering almost on hypocrisy, seems to overhang the Institute's deliberations and pronouncements. The keynote address of the Institute's 1956 congress was titled "In Defense of a Shared Society." Actually the paper was a carefully qualified plea for a slightly shared society. After looking a very short distance up the road, the recommendations — in fact the whole vision of integration — dwindled off into the mist. The course toward integration does not have to be plotted very far ahead before a question rises like a specter in the minds of the faint-hearted: will the non-white people, when they have won equality, care to stop and share in friendly fashion, or will they prefer to go on and finish the job? Nobody, of course, can answer this question with certainty. The Institute has many supporters who are all for seeing some simple justice done; but it has only a thin scattering of people willing to say that if integration should mean not sharing but expulsion of the white man, so be it.

Against the somber scene of South Africa today an organization concerned with racial affairs must be measured by its capacity to bring about *significant* beneficial changes. Here is the final, and conclusive, weakness of the Institute of Race Relations. In the motivation and make-up of the Institute there is probably more uncomplicated good will, more overt feeling for simple human justice, than there is in SABRA. But these qualities do not alter the fact that the Institute is not plugged in with the people who run the country.

Now, what about the non-whites? Will they light the fuse before SABRA or the Institute or any other white agency can do anything about

it? Very possibly. Just now, the people within the African population who influence affairs can be divided into three groups: (1) those who are moderate, who counsel a relatively slow and evolutionary course; (2) the Communists; and (3) the rapidly strengthening African Nationalists, who have the most militant hatred imaginable toward two other kinds of people — white men and Communists.

I had long conversations with several representatives of each of these groups. There are moderates who are much respected. One of them is Dr. A. B. Xuma, a doctor who received some of his medical training in America and married an American girl. He was head of the African National Congress, the closest thing there is to an African political party; but he was forced out by more violent elements, chiefly Communists. Another is the Reverend Thema, a pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, who is sometimes consulted by Afrikaner officials. Both of these gentlemen told me they have some hope that their go-slow views will prevail. They are in constant touch with affairs, even though they are not at the controls.

I talked with five African Communists in a squalid office building on a Johannesburg back alley. I was surprised to find them far more interested in foreign matters than they were in Africa. They plied me with questions about why I was anti-Communist, with emphasis on Communist China. One of them warned me, "I will ask you where you get your facts because I have just returned from China" — and I thought of my special-police colonel who was so sure he had the movement of African leaders under control.

The Communists have a thin margin of power in the African National Congress. They publish a house organ, called *Congress Voice,* filled with such material as this (quoted from the lead editorial in the issue of December 1955):

> What then are our tasks? The executive report clearly analyzes the significance of world peace to us, and the maniacal manner in which the oppressors and colonialists for their own gain seek to plunge the people into mass destruction. Our tasks therefore are firstly to understand the need for world peace, to explain it to the masses of the people. . . .

It may be wondered how deeply most Africans, with all their desperate problems of existing in the Union of South Africa, will be moved by this kind of appeal from the headquarters of another dictatorship run by white men.

I met with three African Nationalists in the back of a shop in a "native location" in a city which I shall not name. They told me of their fight to oust the Communists from control of the Congress, a fight which at this stage involves not only political maneuvering but lethal physical battle as well. These young men hate the Communists because there are white men in high positions in the African Communist leadership. They see the black Communists as tools of a white despotism.

"Soon we will get control," one of them told me; "then we will rise and we will spear white men through the heart with sticks, or kill them with whatever weapons we have. You are an American and you seem like a good fellow; but if you are here then, we will kill you too."

GIVEN THIS GRACE . . .

AS LONG as the Africans struggle for power among themselves there is a period of grace for white rule in South Africa to reform itself. Perhaps the moderate Africans will prevail, and then the period of grace will be longer. But if I were a betting man, my money would be on the African Nationalists.

It appears probable today that for as long as it may be given the white man to control South Africa this control will be in the hands of Afrikaner Nationalists. The Afrikaners, who left their homelands and settled in the Cape of Good Hope about the same time the Pilgrims came to America, have been waging their own war of anti-colonialism against the British for a long time. They won that war in the election of 1948, and there now seems every reason to think that they will remain the dominant white group indefinitely. This means, among many other things, that there will be no integration introduced by white men, Institute or no Institute, unless many other things happen first.

There is a chance — just the faintest outside chance — that some of the most hideous measures in defiance of human decency may be abandoned by the Nationalists soon enough to defer Explosion Day. Given this grace, there is again the faintest outside chance that wisdom will increase fast enough among those able to take action, so that this embattled society will outrun the consequences of its own neglect.

Hope rides on the courage and persistence of Afrikaners who, like the leaders of SABRA, see with desperate clarity that South Africa is out of step with all the rest of the world.



A Story by ALEX AUSTIN

Drawings by Richard Mayhew

THE LOVERS

MR. STRINGER was a conductor on the "D" train going back and forth all day between 205th Street in the Bronx and Coney Island. Mr. Stringer stood outside on the platform joining the two middle cars of the train and he would open the doors when they were in a station and then, leaning forward slightly and looking first one way and then the next to see that the doors were clear, he would press the small button at his side that would close them and then he would give the signal for the motorman to start the train.

Mr. Stringer had been working for the New York subway system for over twenty years. He had been a track man and then a station attendant. He worked in a change booth for two years and he had finally become a conductor and, while he would sometimes think of it with the old pull of ambition waking in him for a brief passing moment, he had by this time resigned himself to the fact that it was too late in life for him to become a motorman.

Now Mr. Stringer lived in the Bronx, off Tremont Avenue. He had been married for twenty-two years and he was the father of one married daughter and two sons, one of whom was studying at Columbia to become a lawyer, while the other was studying to become a dentist at the New York University dental college on Twenty-third Street. Mr. Stringer was a calm, very easy-going, and contented man. He was liked by almost everyone, and there were few people he had ever met whom he did not like. He had been a great movie fan before television and he and his wife would attend the Tremont Theater two or three times a week, depending on how often the program was changed. With the advent of television, he became even more enthusiastic about the new medium than he had ever been about the movies, and his wife, who was a small, delicate, and sweet woman, joined him in his new enthusiasm almost with the vigor she might have displayed had it been her very own.

So Mr. Stringer's life was lived from day to day with little effort really and if he had been asked by anyone, he most surely would have replied that, of course, he was a happy man.

But then one day something happened that was destined to change the entire course of Mr. Stringer's calm, easy-going, and contented life.

A lady wearing a blue coat and a red hat asked him if she was on the right train to Coney Island Avenue and he assured her she was.

"They just changed the trains around this week," he told her.

"I see," said the lady. "I read it on the big poster they had hanging up in the train, but I didn't understand exactly what it was about."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Stringer with a confi-

dential sort of smile that was mostly in his eyes. "Everybody's asking questions about it. Excuse me. I have to open the doors."

"Certainly."

He returned to her when he had dispatched his duty. "It's a big mix-up for everybody," he said.

"Is that right?" she asked. She seemed somewhat impressed.

"Oh sure!" he nodded emphatically.

A baby cradled in the arms of a great fat red-faced woman suddenly began bawling and the fat lady began rocking him back and forth with a gentleness that seemed pleasantly odd for the size of her body. A man in a brown raincoat glanced down over the top of his newspaper at the bawling infant and merely watched for several moments, completely impassive.

"It takes time for people to get used to something like that," Mr. Stringer added.

"Is it quicker than what it was on the BMT?" she asked him.

"Much quicker!" he said. There was a feeling of casual pride in the tone of his voice as he said this. "And between you and me," he said in a softer, even more confidential voice, "it's a better train to ride in. It's not old like the BMT."

"I know," said the lady. "The IRT is the worst. They ought to sell all those trains for junk."

"They were very well built cars in their day," Mr. Stringer said. "A remarkable achievement of engineering."

"Were they really?"

He nodded. Then: "Excuse me. I have to open the doors."

"Certainly."

It was a forty-five minute ride to the Coney Island station and Mr. Stringer kept returning to the lady who was seated in the corner right by his door and they talked of subway cars and how terrible it was during the rush hour and she told him she had been shopping in New York, at Gimbel's, she went to Macy's sometimes, but actually she thought Gimbel's was cheaper for most things. "You wouldn't really think so," she said. "But it's true."

"Is that right?"

"Everybody thinks because Macy's is so big, it's cheaper," she said. "But Gimbel's is just as big."

"You should see the rush on Thursday nights when the stores are open late," Mr. Stringer told her. "Especially at Thirty-fourth Street! Terrible, terrible! It's worse almost than the rush hour. Everybody's got packages. Everybody's bumping into everybody else's packages. It's something!"

"I can imagine," the lady said. She looked at him with a certain sympathy as he nodded the echo to his own words.

"It's something all right," he said.

"It must be very hard on you."

"After so many years, you forget how hard it is," he said.

"I try to do all my shopping during the day. I don't like big crowds."

"I don't blame you. Excuse me again."

"Certainly."

When they reached Van Sicklen Avenue, which was the stop before Coney Island, Mr. Stringer asked the lady what her name was and she told him it was Mrs. Polly Ashroon.

"My name is Jake Stringer," he told her. "It's really Jacob, but everybody calls me Jake."

"I like the name Jacob," said Mrs. Polly Ashroon.

"Perhaps you'll come and ride on my train again," he said when they came to Coney Island.

"I hope so too," she said.

Two drunks wobbled out of the train onto the wide platform. The sun was a golden disc low in the west. The skeleton of a roller coaster cut its gleaming shadow through the sun. Far off, like a green haze in the light, was the ocean.

"It was a pleasure talking to you," he said.

"Likewise," she said with a gentle smile. He saw that she had brown eyes. Her face was round and had a look of softness to it, the beginning of fat perhaps. Her nose was a little too small for the size of her face and from certain angles gave her the appearance of a doll not too finely made. After a moment she said, "Well, good-by now, Mr. Stringer. This is where I get off."

"Good-by, Mrs. Ashroon."

And he thought about the lady all the way home to Tremont Avenue in the Bronx.

NOW Mr. Stringer was a sensible man and though he admitted he had found the lady's company very pleasurable, he knew that he would never see her again. He saw so many hundreds, even thousands of people every day. For a moment, thinking of it as he was, he found himself amazed that there could be so many completely different faces. And then he was a little surprised that he had never noticed this before. Why, he would have to go through millions of faces before he'd ever come to hers again, there were that many.

But the following day he did look for her and the day after that and even the next day and

then, after he had given up hope completely of ever seeing her again, he saw her one day on the Thirty-fourth Street platform and she saw him and they both smiled and again they talked all the way to Coney Island.

Mr. Stringer told Mrs. Ashroon how happy he was to see her. She had been shopping in Gimbel's for a new frying pan and some pot holders and she had ended by buying herself a white nylon blouse.

"I really needed it though," she told him. "I haven't had a new blouse for over a year."

"You know, you wear very attractive hats, Mrs. Ashroon," he told her.

She seemed surprised by his compliment. She did not even have time for several seconds to be pleased. Then she looked up as if she could see her own hat and she smiled and thanked him.

"I liked the red one you wore the other day too," he said.

"That one? It's years old," she said. "This one I made myself."

"You made it yourself? Really?"

She nodded. Both her hands were folded over the package in her lap. A small Chinese boy was reading a comic book directly across the way.

"It's very nice, I'm telling you," Mr. Stringer said. "Excuse me."

That was on Wednesday. On Friday, she was waiting again on the Thirty-fourth Street platform, her arms full of packages. He told her it was like a miracle almost they should keep meeting and she smiled with a faint blush touching her cheeks and she said, yes it was.

When he met her again the following Monday, he was overjoyed. He could not believe his eyes and he told her so. And this time she confessed to him that she had waited on the platform for his train to come. She had waited for almost an hour. And she blushed deeply now and turned her eyes away from him as if something off to the side had caught her attention.

"Excuse me," he said. "Just a minute."

She nodded, still not looking at him.

"You really waited?" he asked her when he came back. "Really?"

"I shouldn't tell you," she said.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad and you should tell me. If you knew how glad I was. Listen, I was looking every day for you."

Again she avoided his eyes and her face turned a pink color and he could see it this time and he wanted to say something to her to tell her it was all right, she did not have to feel this way, but he did not know what to say. Now, for the first time since they had met, she was afraid someone sitting nearby would hear them. She was sure everyone was listening to them. She wanted to tell him to speak more softly, but she didn't.

"I really did look for you," he said. "Honest, I can't tell you how glad I am."

So they met regularly, three times a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. She would always be waiting for him on the Thirty-fourth Street station around four o'clock and her arms would always be filled with packages from Gimbel's and occasionally one or two from Macy's.

By this time, he had told her all about his wife and his three children and she had told him about her husband who was a dry-goods salesman and she had one boy who was married and who was the manager of a restaurant on Forty-sixth Street called *Maxie's*. She asked him if he had ever been there and he thought for a moment, but he could not remember any place by that name that he had ever been to. He did not eat very often in restaurants.



AT HOME, Mr. Stringer gave no sign to his wife of his interest in Mrs. Polly Ashroon. His wife saw no difference in him. At night, they would still sit on the sofa in the living-room and watch television for two or three hours after dinner and then they would retire to bed. On Sundays they would sometimes visit their married daughter, who lived in Jackson Heights, or they would walk in the park or if it was too cold for a walk or if it would be raining, they would go to a movie.

And somehow, Mr. Stringer did not permit his feeling for Mrs. Polly Ashroon to interfere in any way with how he felt about his wife. It



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Dining out can be as cosmopolitan as you please. You can go Spanish, French, American, Italian or Chinese. But don't overlook the interesting *local* dishes. Taste *Paella*, a potpourri of shellfish, rice, pork and peppers. *Asopao*—a subtle fricassee of chicken, rice and asparagus. And be sure not to miss the famous *Lechón Asado*—whole charcoal-roasted suckling pig.

Try fresh pineapple as an aperitif. Sample all the wonderful *rum* drinks—Puerto Rican coffee. It is incomparable.

Puerto Rico has a nice old toast—"Salud, amor y pesetas, y tiempo para gastarlas." *Health, love and money—and the time to enjoy them.*

For many a U. S. family in Puerto Rico, this wish has already come true.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico,

seemed to him to be a completely separate matter. He knew he loved his wife and Mrs. Polly Ashroon was no more than a very dear friend.

Then one Wednesday, when she got on his train at Thirty-fourth Street, he noticed a kind of excitement in her eyes and her round face was slightly flushed. He did not ask her if anything was the matter. They talked of usual matters. She told him there had been a sale on towels at Macy's and she had bought a half-dozen. A lot of her bath towels were beginning to wear out. "My husband, he used to get hotel towels all the time," she explained. "But now he doesn't travel so much anymore. They were only ninety-nine cents for the very big size."

At Borough Hall, she took a small package out of the big shopping bag she was carrying and she handed it to him. Mr. Stringer was not sure exactly what she wanted him to do.

She smiled. "It's for you," she said in a voice suddenly almost too soft under the rattling of the train for him to hear. "I hope you don't mind. They had some handkerchiefs. Go ahead, open it."

He stared into her face, hardly believing she had done this, smiling, only a moment. Then: "Excuse me!" He jumped up. The train had been stopped for over thirty seconds and several of the passengers standing by the door looked over at him impatiently. A tall very striking brunette carrying a hatbox suddenly banged on the door in a nervous fragile way.

When he returned, he sat down beside her and he opened the package. There were three white linen handkerchiefs with his initials in raised pale blue letters.

"I didn't know if you liked them with initials or not," she said. "I can exchange them if you don't."

He fingered each of them separately, almost as if to make sure they were real. He was smiling and he was embarrassed. A dark tiny woman in a polka dot dress was watching them from across the car. "I like them very much with initials," he said finally.

"What? I can't hear you."

He looked up at her. "I'm sorry. I said I like them very much with initials."

"You're sure?"

He nodded. "They're beautiful handkerchiefs."

"I didn't know what you'd like," she said.

"I don't even know how to say thank you."

"Don't be foolish," she said.

"They're very beautiful."

"If you like them, I'm glad."

That Friday, he waited until they were almost to Van Sicklen Avenue before he handed her the package he had in his pocket. He had been afraid that perhaps she would open it and not want to take it from him, because he had bought her a six and a half dollar bottle of perfume. He had never before in his life bought perfume for a woman, not even for his wife. The girl in the store had told him it was from France and one of the finest perfumes he could buy.

"Don't open it yet," he said. "Wait till later."

"You shouldn't have," she said.

"I only hope you like it."

"What is it? Why can't I open it now?"

"You'll see later," he said. "Please."

She smiled very warmly, closing down her eyes as she did to tiny slits in the fat that seemed to swell up about them and she pressed his hand as she got up to leave and when she was gone he could feel his entire body trembling and he hoped that no one could see.

This was the first time she had touched him in all the time they had known each other and he was completely unable to control his joy. All the way back to 205th Street, he stood outside on the platform, with both doors closed, feeling the draft rush against him through the dark tunnel. He did not once go inside the train. The faces on each station were like silent masks hanging in a dim light. He wanted to be alone and he wanted to keep on remembering that one moment for as long as he could, without forgetting a single detail, and he wanted to continue feeling the glow and warmth that had suddenly taken on a new huge growing kind of life inside of him.

BUT on his way home that night, the glow and the warmth left him. The streets, once so familiar, that he had walked a countless number of times, were now strange and drab, heavy with the burden of a world he suddenly could feel himself no part of. The memory of that afternoon and of all the days that it had, in a moment, given shape to was soon mixed in his mind with thoughts of how now he could no longer deceive himself that Mrs. Ashroon was no more than a very dear friend.

All that evening, as he and his wife sat on the sofa watching television, he could not wipe the image of Mrs. Polly Ashroon from his mind and in bed that night, unable to sleep, but lying perfectly still so as not to wake his wife, he knew in his heart that he had fallen in love with her and it was a kind of love he was sure he had never known before in his entire life.

But he said nothing to Mrs. Polly Ashroon when he saw her on Monday. She was wearing

the perfume he had given her. It had a fragrance that was sweet and deeply sensual. She told him it was one of the most beautiful gifts she had ever received. And she would wear it only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

So it continued for two more months. Mr. Stringer kept debating with himself day after day whether or not he should ask to see her perhaps on a Saturday. It could not go on this way with all the strange prying eyes and loud voices and the rattling of the train as a backdrop. He could tell his wife he was working an extra day, which he sometimes did when men were on vacation or if more than the normal number were sick at the same time and they were short. Perhaps they could meet and have lunch and walk in the park. They could see a movie if she wanted. But he kept putting off asking her. He was afraid that if he did, perhaps she would say no and then she would never come back to see him and he knew now that he would not be able to bear that.

Quite without his noticing it (for he had tried to tell himself at first that he would never have let it happen) she had become the entire meaning of his life. He loved her. He was sure of it. He loved her with a passion in him he had never felt before. It was the sort of feeling, emotion, he had seen many times in the movies. He would rarely think of it, but every now and again, it would occur to him that real people like himself never loved in such a way as was almost always depicted upon the screen. Surely he could not expect to love his wife the way a fellow such as Clark Gable, for example, loved a woman like Linda Darnell or one of the others. These people inhabited a world that was as different from his world as the moon is from the core of an apple.

But what he felt now for this woman, he knew was that other, impossible, wild kind of love that ruled men, destroyed them, made them kings or beggars and always seemed to be played out to wonderful music. This last thought, of the music, amused him for a moment; he smiled, rubbing the back of his neck with one hand. And then the sadness settled on him immediately like a heavy cloud and there was no putting it off. He knew that one day, sooner or later, he would have to tell her. Whether she went away or not, he would have to tell her. But he kept pushing the day off, telling himself there was time enough. They had known each other only several months. And then if he did tell her, what would they be able to do? What would he tell his wife? What would his children think of their father falling in love with another woman?

There were dozens of questions that pounded back and forth in his brain, finding no answers but in the simple fact of his loving her. And he realized, almost to the point of being completely horrified, that he cared now absolutely nothing about what his wife would do, what his children would think of him. His entire life now found its focus in this woman; the world was suddenly two people as it had never been before. And it frightened him to know, as he did now, that such a thing can happen to a man. It was, at the same time, both terrible and wonderful and it was something that was not very easy to believe.



AND then one day, when they came to Van Sicklen Avenue, she told him that she would never be able to see him again. Her husband had been transferred to a better job in the Chicago office of his firm and they were moving on Saturday.

Mr. Stringer could not believe his ears. He told himself he was dreaming.

"I wanted to tell you sooner," she said. "As soon as I found out. But I couldn't. I tried. Honest, believe me. I tried. I just couldn't. Now I'm getting out at the next stop."

"No . . ." He was shaking his head as if he had been stunned by a physical blow. He closed his eyes and ran his thumb and forefinger across his brows to clear his head that way. "No . . ."

"I'm sorry," she said. "Honest . . ."

"Wait." He took hold of her hand. He knew people were watching them; he did not care. "At least ride back with me so we can talk," he said.

"I can't. I'm late already," she said. "Tonight, my husband's people are coming over for dinner. They're coming from Jersey. And I'm late."

"Then just a few stops," he pleaded.

"I can't . . ."

"You can . . ."

"I only wish I could."

"Just to Borough Hall," he said. "I've got to talk to you. We never really talked. I've got to tell you so much."

"I know," she said, shaking her head. "I know . . ."

"We've got to talk."

She shook her head no and she started to get up. Her face was pained, almost to the point of tears. "Please," she said.

"No . . . don't go," he said.

"Please believe me when I tell you I don't want to," she said. "Jake, please believe me. I'm not lying. I want to talk too. I want to tell you things. But I've got to go. I've got to. Please believe me, I don't want to go . . ." This last she said almost as if she felt forced to plead with him now only to be believed. "I don't want to go."

"If you only knew . . ."

"No . . ." She drew her hand slowly out of his. "Don't," she whispered. "People are looking. Please," she said.

Then the train stopped. Mr. Stringer did not move. All the people in the train were on their feet. It was the last stop. They looked over at him sitting in the corner, his hands hanging limply on his knees. A small boy asked his mother if that was the man who was supposed to open the door. He heard people in other cars banging on the doors and a man shouted from the next car in a great deep voice, "Okay, open up these doors!"

Mrs. Polly Ashroon, with all the people in the car now watching, reached down and pressed his hand in a very warm and intimate way and when he looked up at her, she whispered in a very gentle voice, "Please . . ." That was all she said.

Slowly he got up and slid open the door and he stood out on the metal steps between the cars and he pressed the button at his side that opened the doors and the people moved like a rolling wave out onto the platform and down the wide stone ramps that led to the street.

Mrs. Ashroon was the last to leave the car. On the platform, she stopped for only a moment and she came close to the train and she said, "Please . . ." making almost a question out of the word this time and Mr. Stringer staring down into her round flushed face, merely nodded, and they looked at each other for another moment without either of them speaking and then she turned and made her way slowly down the stone ramp, not looking back. Standing there between the cars, Mr. Stringer knew that he would never see her again and he knew that never in the awful years to come would his heart again feel the warmth, the beauty, and the agony he could feel at this moment for a woman he would always love.

COLE CITES MONOGAMY AMONG AMERICAN YOUTH

By JOHN DOWER

IN AN unprecedented communiqué from Administrative circles, President Charles W. Cole, '27, that old roué, has taken a stand in favor of polygamy.

The president's message was released in the March issue of *Harper's Magazine* in an article entitled "American Youth Goes Monogamous." The article deals with the change in youthful male–youthful female relationships over the last generation, and laments the passing of the philanderer of the "'twenties."

The jovial, popular president began research on this matter at his summer home in Utah several years ago.

President Cole looks with amazement at a college community which frowns on "bird-dogging" and upon students who feel committed to a partner after the third date. It would be better, he suggests, for us to go out with fifty or one hundred girls than just one or two. Fifty or one hundred! . . .

The ideal of free love has been echoed by several members of the College Administration within the past month, among them Trustee Francis Plimpton, '22, who attacked "going steady" as a violation of the Sherman Act outlawing monopolies.

Mr. Plimpton also commented that it's better to be a polygamist who doesn't polyg than a monogamist who doesn't monog.

Reporters were told by one of the president's three vivacious secretaries that at the present time he is touring Europe with one of his wives.

—*The Amherst Student*, March 4, 1957.

Anthony West

The dark world of H. G. WELLS

A critical and highly personal report on the mind of one of the most misunderstood literary figures of our times.

IN THE decade since his death the name of H. G. Wells has become one to conjure with in a negative sense; he has become one of the stock examples for the new obscurantists of a mind led away to folly and despair by the nineteenth-century progressive fallacy, and by a blind faith in science. George Orwell described him as incapable of believing that science could be anything but a power for good, and as collapsing into petulance when it dawned on him in the course of World War II that it might not be; and Mr. St. John Ervine describes him, in his biography of Shaw, as one who "was certain that barring cosmic disaster, progress was assured."

These statements rest on a memory of him as a jolly, avuncular figure promising mankind a birthday every week with gorgeous presents if scientists were only given their heads. But if the tone of his later journalism supports this view, his starting point was actually an intense pessimism, and his whole life a struggle with it.

Wells was always proud of the article he had printed in the *Fortnightly Review* in July 1891 which was the serious start of his career as a writer. It was called "The Rediscovery of the Unique," and although there was a logical basis for it in a current trend toward the abandonment of the idea of absolute natural laws for the modern one of laws of probability, which Wells was acute to perceive as early as he did, the real starting point for the paper was Hobbes' dismissal of the idea of universals, in *Leviathan*.

This is the necessary first step toward accepting the ideology of the mechanistic view of the universe in which the whole world is "nothing but a mere heap of dust, fortuitously agitated." The conception of evolutionary progress depends on a picture of the universe in which mind is increasingly valuable, and which is also increasingly orderly, to which the mechanistic view is altogether hostile. It is impossible to be an optimist believing in inevitable progress if you also believe in a universe in which mind figures only as a local accident. There is also considerable difficulty in reconciling the idea of progress with a universe which by its essential nature cannot support a permanent moral order. That Wells should have dealt with the ideological basis of pessimism in his first serious piece of writing throws some light on the real cast of his mind.

The Time Machine, of 1895, his first novel, puts this abstract idea into terms of concrete experience. The time machine itself is simply a clock which measures geological and astronomical time schemes in addition to historical ones. It carries the time traveler on into the future for more than thirty million years to a point from which it is obvious that a cosmic event is impending which will destroy the whole frame of reference in which mind, consciousness, and experience have any meaning. The time traveler returns from this ultimate threshold, but it is no accident that on his next voyage into the future he is annihilated: Wells is saying that the universe, like Kali, gives birth only to destroy, and that the scientific apparatus for examining reality can only bring home to man that everything he can do, think, or feel, is finally futile. The end for the environment, as for the race and the individual, is extinction.

A limited kind of optimism is still possible if one thinks of man on the dying planet as King Lear, a kind of rock on which destiny breaks, great by virtue of his innate nobility of mind. But *The Time Machine* expresses a rather surprising—in view of Wells' reputation—doubt about the human mind: the time traveler encounters a society so degenerate that its intellectual life has come to an end. Cruelty has no meaning in it because its members can no longer conceive moral issues. Wells is quite explicit about what brought about this debasement:

> I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been. It had committed suicide. It had set itself steadfastly

> toward comfort and ease, a balanced society with security and permanency as its watchword, it had attained its hopes—to come to this at last. Once, life and property must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich [*sic*] had been assured of his wealth and comfort, the toiler assured of his life and work. No doubt in that perfect world there had been no unemployed problem, no social question left unsolved. And a great quiet had followed.

The complete success of a materialist technological society of the kind that Wells is supposed to have given his unqualified endorsement is the agent of destruction.

THE MIND RUN WILD

THE island of *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (1896) is the world, and Dr. Moreau is God. The disaster described in the story is the consequence of turning loose the liberated intellect, which arrives symbolically on the island as an unwanted addition to a consignment of animals ordered by the Doctor. It arrives in the form of a post-Darwinian scientist who becomes a humanitarian revolutionary in revulsion to the cruel methods by which Dr. Moreau is trying to implant nobility into his animals. It overthrows the crudely effective theocracy and releases the animals from their bondage of pain and terror in the hope that it is setting them free for the pursuit of happiness. But once freed from fear they rapidly revert to their aboriginal savagery. The enlightened intruder can only appeal to their better natures—a useless course as they do not have any such. Under Dr. Moreau's scar tissue they remain animals interested only in the satisfaction of their appetites.

Wells sets the scene of this grim parable on a tropical island because the south sea island is the *locus classicus* of so many eighteenth-century parables about the innate virtue of man: against the conventional backdrop for the romantic statement he bleakly puts forward the classical view of man as a creature only able to rise above his brutish defects under some system of restraints and goads. The book also says in unmistakable terms that the consequence of the Darwinian intellectual revolution—with its establishment of the mechanistic view of the universe on a solid basis of observed fact—will be a moral collapse.

This is a kind of treason to T. H. Huxley, whom Wells very much admired, and who had constructed a compromise as a basis of operation. On the one hand the mechanistic view was to be taken of reality while on the other values were to be sustained by intellectual effort. This meant in short that the intellect was to treat itself as a substitute for a permanent moral order. This works if the intellect has a bias in favor of virtue—an assumption which Wells instinctively doubted. He felt that it was essentially an aspect of man's animal nature, and that its ultimate values were utility and efficiency.

The Invisible Man, of 1897, is the beginning of a series of tussles with this issue, in which *The First Men in the Moon* (1901) and the short story, "The Country of the Blind" (1911), stand out as leading exhibits. In *The Invisible Man* and "The Country of the Blind" invisibility and sight among the blind are symbolic of intellectual isolation, and in both stories men are absolutely corrupted by the sense that they have special knowledge that others do not share.

The effectiveness of what may be called the surface of action of these two stories to some extent obscures the criticism of the amoral aspects of the scientific outlook that they make—but the point is made without any possibility of misunderstanding in the description of lunar society with which *The First Men in the Moon* concludes. In his messages from the moon the scientist in the story approvingly describes the worst conceivable kind of slave state—one which reduces most of its members to simple automata, actually physically deformed to fit them more perfectly for specific social functions, and laid aside in coma when they are not in use. It is a society where respect for efficiency stands in the place of morality because the unfettered intellect rules. What Wells is saying here is that a further extension of human intellectual powers in the post-Renaissance direction of abstract rational thinking will lead to the growth of cruel and inhuman planned societies utterly indifferent to individuals and individual happiness. The scientific apparatus for examining reality is hostile to values since it shows that any system of values is purely arbitrary.

This will seem like a gross distortion of anything that was ever in Wells' mind to those who have it firmly in their heads that most of his work was devoted to sketching out the brilliant outlines of future Utopias to which men might aspire. But most of his ventures into the future in fact describe the collapse of human dreams in the face of the realities of human nature. The pessimistic account of the development of human society given in *The Time Machine* has its parallel in *When the Sleeper Wakes,* of 1899.

Most readers remember this as a description of the triumph of gadgetry, and forget the social picture it ruthlessly and grimly draws. Wells is explicit about why the World Government of 3002 is corrupt:

> Already he knew something of the history of the intervening years. He heard now of the moral decay that had followed the collapse of supernatural religion, in the minds of ignoble man, the decline of public honor, the ascendancy of wealth. For men who had lost their belief in God had still kept their faith in property, and wealth ruled a venal world.

He is just as explicit in saying that scientific and technological advances do not automatically produce social progress.

The book as a whole, with its considerable anticipations of actual police state developments, and of both Orwell's *1984* and Huxley's *Brave New World,* is the nightmare of a man who would have liked to find himself inside Shelley's imagination but finds himself instead inside Hobbes'; and its most frightening aspect is that the tyranny it describes is not a construction with an ideological basis, but an organic growth. It has evolved from the society of 1899 along lines set by the weaknesses of the average man and woman, and it is simply a machine for exploiting those weaknesses to the utmost. *When the Sleeper Wakes* does even more to bring home Wells' fundamental pessimism than either *The Time Machine* or *The Island of Dr. Moreau,* and makes one realize how far his later optimism went against the native grain of his thought.

THE TOUCH OF SUCCESS

HIS phase of optimism began in the early 1900s, and the cause of his change of front was a widening social experience, or, to put it crudely, success. This is in no way to question his integrity, it was not a question of selling out. But as Wells rose out of the generalized mass of the lower middle class and became socially visible as a successful writer he came into increasing contact with the world of affairs. Just as his first step out of the still effectively eighteenth-century world of rural society in which he had been brought up had given him the knowledge of a lower type of human being than he had been previously able to imagine—in the shape of the nineteenth-century urban proletariat—so his third step brought him experience of a much higher type. The country society he knew as a child at Up Park was a degenerate squirearchy, with its barely literate landowners, its dependent client-intellectuals in the shape of doctor, clergyman, and lawyer, its sharply unprincipled managers actuated by a self-seeking servility, and its decent but intellectually numb and docile lower orders, gardeners, indoor servants, and farm workers. Such enlightenment as belonged in this social picture was the property of a minority of illuminati, a stray rebel here and there, whose thinking had the character of dreaming rather than of any active social contribution. *When the Sleeper Wakes* could be fairly subtitled "a bohemian visits industrial society": the sleeper's reaction to what he finds after 203 years is not "what has happened to what I was working for," but "what has happened to my dreams." Through sheer unworldliness Wells had fallen into the error—it could be called Blakery—common among artists, of assuming that only the artist has integrity.

Success brought him into touch not only with an intelligentsia devoted to the qualitative improvement of intellectual life, but also with property-owners who had a sense of responsibility to the community, businessmen who were not simple exploiters, and a small army of people who paid for the privileges life had brought them with disinterested public service. The idea of governing-class intellectual life which Wells had formed at Up Park from hearing the upper servants parodying the talk above stairs was replaced by actual experience of such occasions as those on which he found himself arguing social questions with Shaw and the Webbs, the Bishop of Stepney, and A. J. Balfour, the national leader of the Conservative party. The idea of a tiny minority of illuminati dreaming ineffectively on the margins of things was replaced by a picture, based on a tangible reality, of an active group of leaders in their various fields getting together to thresh out their differences of opinion as a preliminary to agreeing on practical steps toward the improvement of the quality and conditions of English life.

Wells had a volatile mind. Beatrice Webb called him a speculator in ideas, meaning a wild plunger in the stock-market sense, and as soon as he got the hang of the marching strength of the practical reformist movement in England he conceived of its expansion into world-wide terms. Suppose the minority of men of good will everywhere, in all lands, could take hold of the meaningless proliferation of industrialism and give it coherent direction? A world order would grow up in which traditional racial and national frictions would vanish and men would

work happily together to bring each other a fair share of the world's abundant wealth.

There are no *logical* objections to this as a plausible future course of development for human affairs *if* the romantic view of human nature is accepted, and man is taken to be a creature of infinite possibility capable of the tremendous effort involved. But Wells was committed to a view of human nature diametrically opposed to this. He knew that the men of good will existed—that was a matter of experience—as was the existence of the technological apparatus for a world government. But he also knew in the long run that all human effort was futile and that man was base. The world was Dr. Moreau's island, and the men of good will were working with obdurate materials which by its essential nature excluded any possibility of ultimate success. Wells at his most optimistic was in the impossible position of attempting to straddle irreconcilable positions.

QUALIFIED PEP TALK

EVIDENCE of the inner conflict shows up as early as 1904 in the "optimistic" *Food of the Gods.* This is a progressive parable about the way that human undertakings have outgrown petty national states and their parochial administrative units—its genesis was a talk on Areas of Administration given at the Students Union in London in March 1903 with Beatrice Webb in the chair—and it ends with a pep talk for the coming new world order of giant regional schemes and international effort, which is not to stop short of the conquest of space. But the book's optimism is qualified. The scientists who have produced the growth stimulant called the Food of the Gods—a symbol for the new spirit—have no real idea of the implications of what they have done; and the first people to put it practically to use—the Skinners—are monstrous parodies of the average man in their blind sloppiness. As a result of their fecklessness the Food produces super-rats and super-vermin as well as super-men. The book is most alive in its description of what goes wrong when the Food gets loose in the world, and the devious, catastrophic Skinners—among Wells' best characters—are infinitely more credible than the newer larger race produced by the Food who ultimately declare the progressive grand design for the elimination of littleness and little-mindedness in the world. Actually the truth is in the Skinners, and what the book convincingly describes is the frustration and the destruction of the progressive grand design by the fallibility of the human material which is necessarily its medium.

Wells' anxiety to reconcile the truth about the human situation and human nature as he knew it with a progressive idealism led him to embrace the aesthetically untenable Pragmatism of William James, a main position of which is that truth is what is useful or expedient.

Since it is manifestly expedient to believe that life has point and that values are absolute, therefore these things are true. On this basis Wells was able to go forward to *Kipps, Tono-Bungay, Ann Veronica,* and *The History of Mr. Polly,* the books which assume that human nature is plastic, and that the question "what shall we do with our lives" can be put and answered by "anything we want if we want it badly enough."

The boundless vitality, and the sheer animal spirits of these books, which have a personal background of an intense enjoyment of life, have done more than anything else to fix the picture of Wells as an optimist in people's minds. A generation has grown up which is largely ignorant of the tremendously liberating effect they had in their time on the minds of those who were struggling with nineteenth-century social and intellectual conventions and their constrictions on personal life. They made thousands of men and women see how wide the horizons of possibility in the new century were, as opposed to the prospect put before them by an older generation conditioned by a social order in decay. It is this report of Wells' effect as a stimulating personal influence which stands in place of his actual work in the minds of most of his recent critics, and which has led the actual content of his work to be so widely disregarded.

But Pragmatism as the basis of his operations began to break up before long. The cheerful and delightful comedy *Mr. Polly* (1910) was immediately followed by the publication of "The Country of the Blind," in effect a revised version of *The Invisible Man.* Wells' steadily increasing anxiety about the unresolved inner conflict is evident in the decay of the style and in the actual content of *The New Machiavelli, Marriage, The Passionate Friends,* and *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman.* His extremely happy personal background from 1900 to 1910 was invaded by tensions and confusions of a nature which led him to question the validity of the conception of the enlightened minority which he had formed at the outset of the decade. The illusion of their common purpose and their disinterestedness disintegrated with closer acquaintance, and discords in his personal rela-

tionships had brought out the extent to which they still were swayed by animal passions of possessiveness, jealousy, and irrational hatred. As he was well aware that he had not behaved with godlike restraint himself, his profound mistrust of human nature reasserted itself. *The New Machiavelli, Marriage, The Passionate Friends,* and *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* show a progressive deterioration in the belief that anything can in fact be done with our lives while human nature rules. In them an idea takes shape of somehow shedding individuality and the failings of the individual animal in some kind of communal being, an ill-defined group consciousness. This presently got a name as the "Mind of the Race" in *Boon* in 1915. Before *Boon* however there is the interesting, broken-backed, and extremely disorderly novel *The World Set Free* which shows his optimism in complete collapse. It can only be saved by postulating a salvation on the material plane which brings about a complete change in human nature.

The book starts with an educational diorama showing man's conquest of power, which begins with primitive man's capture of fire, passes through what was then the present, and concludes with the harnessing of atomic energy. The dates are not at all bad: the theoretical work on fission is completed in 1933 (five years ahead of the actual applications for the controversial French patents for a workable reactor) and the first application of atomic energy for industrial use is forecast for 1953 (narrowing the error to a mere two years). Economic catastrophe follows. The American suicide rate is quadrupled in 1955, there is a world-wide crime wave, and total war begins in 1956. By 1959 two hundred atomic bombs have destroyed the great cities of the world and most communities have dissolved into anarchy in the orgy of massive retaliation. All this brings about a catharsis in which mankind is purged of its animal qualities and becomes a gentler, nobler creature, altogether. To keep him so, a world educational authority is set up—and a program for the final eradication of the remaining defects in human nature is launched. Attentive reading of the book reveals that the World Government set up after the great atomic war has Hobbes' *Leviathan* as its model and the whole thing reflects his view of man. Wells fought against this return to his point of origin in *Boon,* where Hobbes' God was replaced by the Mind of the Race, the totality of human experience of the universe plus aesthetics. But he was acutely conscious of the weakness of this pseudo-entity and recognized that there was nothing to maintain it except an act of will.

> "And that is where I want to take you up," said Wilkins. "I want to suggest to you that the Mind of the Race may be just a gleam of conscious realization that passes from darkness to darkness—"
>
> *"No,"* said Boon.
>
> "Why not?"
>
> "Because I will not have it so."

A truth that requires an effort of will to support it is manifestly non-viable, but Wells stuck to it doggedly because the horror of the war made it an imperative. The near approach of despair made him produce *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* which is a kind of workshop in which the Mind of the Race was invested with a species of divinity, emerging as "God the Invisible King," a wholly unworkable divine, but finite, Captain of Mankind who "fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence." In fact the construction of this fallacy provided a personal catharsis for Wells, and although he did not finally admit that it was a mistake until 1930, he was able to return to an objective confrontation of his pessimism soon afterwards. In this mood he wrote in 1919 *The Undying Fire,* a book which is as uncompromisingly pessimistic as *The Time Machine.* It includes some terrifyingly vivid writing, one passage annihilating the idea of progress as an

---

ROBERT GRAVES

THE OUTSIDER

GLANDULAR change provokes a vague content,
  St. Martin's summer blossoms warm and sweet.
Frail, balding, toothless, yet benevolent
  The outsider has attained the inside seat
That once he scorned; all angry passion spent:
  And twelve disciples, prostrate at his feet.

Now that his once outrageous heresies
  Stand firmly in the schools' curriculum,
Need he be vexed if young fools think him wise
  Whom their grandfathers prayed to be struck dumb?
Need he repudiate his truth as lies,
  Which on obsequious lips it has become?

automatic product of the evolutionary process, another describing the brutalization of an ordinary man by war, and another expressing unlimited horror at its waste of life and spirit, and others expressing complete hopelessness.

"I talk . . . I talk . . . and then a desolating sense of reality blows like a destroying gust through my mind, and my little lamp of hope blows out."

What blows it out is his old realization of what human nature essentially is, and that it cannot have a place in any ideal scheme. This is the subject of the easily misunderstood *Men Like Gods* of 1923. This superficially lighthearted book takes a party of thinly disguised persons who are in fact Eddie Marsh, Winston Churchill, A. J. Balfour, Wells, two society ladies, a fashionable Roman Catholic priest, and a couple of chauffeurs representing the lower classes, into what appears to be a Utopia which might exist if men were more intelligent than they are. But the Utopia is in disguise too. Just before he is deported from it the Wells character muses: "Here but for ignorance and darkness and the spites and malice they permit was Earth today . . ." and the suggestion is that, "given the will," Earth could be made just like it. But this is altogether misleading.

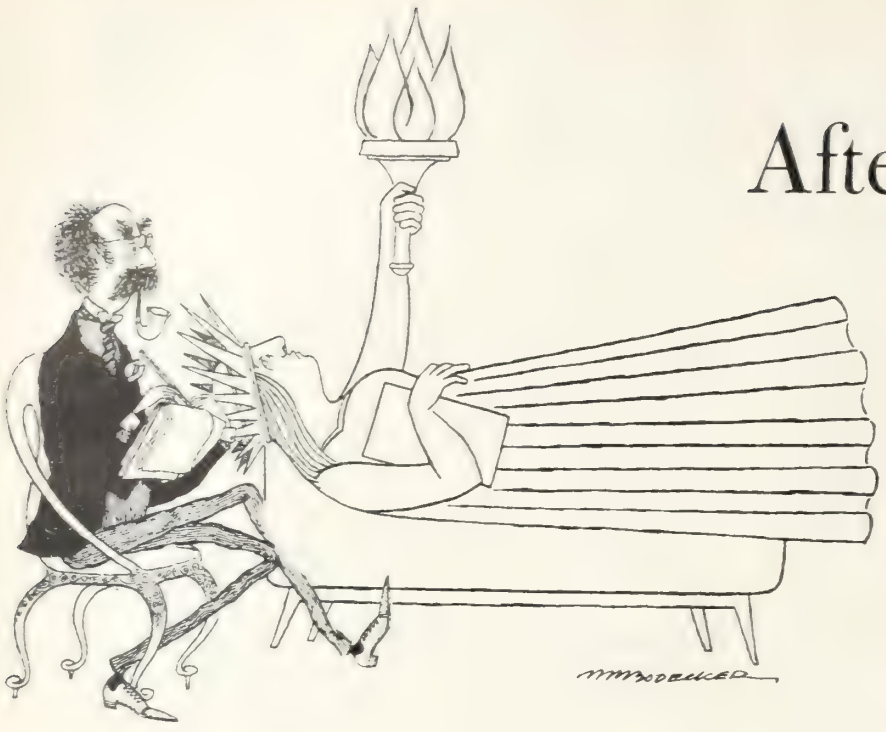
> Wonder took possession of Mr. Barnstaple's mind. That dear world of honesty and health was beyond the utmost boundaries of our space, utterly inaccessible to him now for evermore; and yet as he had been told, it was but one of countless universes that move together in time, that lie against one another, endlessly like the leaves of a book. And all of them are as nothing in the endless multitudes of systems and dimensions that surround them. "Could I but rotate my arm out of the limits set to it," one of the Utopians had said to him, "I could thrust it into a thousand universes."

DEAR DREAM OF HOPE

THE Utopians in fact live in another universe which exists outside the time scheme to which the one of which the earth is part belongs; they are not within the realm of human reality at all. The comedy of their mental conflicts with the worldlings is not one of a contrast between man-as-he-might-be and man-as-he-is, but the essentially sterile one of a clash between an unattainable ideal and reality. The Utopians are special creations, like the giant children in *Food of the Gods,* designed simply to evade the truth about human nature. Their intellectual triumphs take place in a meaningless free zone in which all reality with which men have to deal is absent. This Utopia could only exist for human beings if the intellect could change the essential nature of reality. Wells knows this perfectly well and the tone of the end of the book is grief: "Dear dream of Hope and Loveliness, Farewell."

It is idealism and optimism that he is saying farewell to. The way is open, when he has said it, for increasingly candid expressions of his dark view of the human situation, and of his fear that mankind would destroy itself before even a trifling part of its creative potential had been realized.

It should be borne in mind that this essay is dealing with a single aspect of Well's mind in isolation from all the others. It had many aspects which made contact with it—either directly in talk, or through his writing—almost immeasurably enjoyable and stimulating. My only purpose in hewing to this particular line at the expense of those others is to remove so far as possible the impression that has grown up that he was in some way untrue to his own ideas in his last phase of pessimism. As a disappointed optimist I do not feel that he would deserve any respect at all. He enjoyed life enormously, and he wished that the millions of others whose poverty and misery afflicted him could share his enjoyment. For that reason he wished for the fullest use to be made of man's creative genius. He felt that knowledge of the truth about the universe as he conceived it would paralyze the human will. For that reason he turned aside from the artist's duty of stating what he knew to take up the humanitarian task of creating what William James called "an instrumental truth" by which men could live. His last despair, which seems to me undeniable, was not caused by his realization that the universe was a less cozy place than he had assumed, but by the knowledge that he had been wrong to turn aside from his artist's duty of describing it as he knew it to be. At the last he saw that man could only overcome his animal nature by fully understanding it, and could only be persuaded to abandon his manic destructiveness by realizing how close to extinction he was in an indifferent universe, and he realized that he had dissipated his powers without giving full expression to the virile stoicism which had been enough to give him the courage to live an abundantly happy and creative life in the face of his own absolute pessimism. He had known the worst that there is for man to know about himself and his fate from the beginning, and he had faltered only in sharing his knowledge.



After Hours

LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM

AMERICA is now big enough," writes E. J. Dingwall just before he throws his last stone at our glass house in a book called *The American Woman*, "to take the rough with the smooth, and to be told how the culture of the United States is viewed in certain quarters."

Dr. Dingwall is an anthropologist, a witty writer, an accumulator of newspaper clippings, a reader of underwear advertisements, and a man who can split a Freudian symbol at two hundred paces with a blow pipe (which, I dare say, is also a Freudian symbol). Dr. Dingbatt, who is a very "objective" observer, though he sometimes gets his characters' names wrong, has explained in his recent book why it is that the American people harbor "very peculiar ideas about the position of women, above all of the Mother." He then goes on to say that: "We [meaning Englishmen? or anthropologists?] are all too much inclined to examine a culture from our own standpoint . . ." I can only assume that Dr. Dingwall uses the word "peculiar" in its non-colloquial sense, *i.e.*, characteristic of an individual person or race, and not in the colloquial sense of "queer, eccentric." In any event, let me give you a few examples of the reporting in this book, of which I have just read the English edition. [The American edition, which I believe has been somewhat edited, is published by Rinehart, $4.50.]

For example: "At the end of 1943 a wave of baby-talk spread over the United States, for at that time a new song began to be heard. . . . Part of the ditty ran: 'Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and Liddlelamzydivey.'" And he continues, "To return to childhood and baby-talk is to return to security and irresponsibility, to isolationism and a world of peace." [Personally I was then talking a language called "gobbledygook," a form of infantilism identified with federal bureaucracy. In that year I was working for the War Department, an agency devoted to isolationism and peace.] He also notes (an observation I'll wager *you* have never made) that "Duke Ellington raised jazz to what might have been called a new form of folk-music, but, like so many other novelties in the United States, it was gradually forgotten and became outmoded." On the subject of another novelty, Dr. Dingwall points out a direct relationship between the American delight in pants zippers that "lock" and "the prevalence of homosexual activity in the United States."

Dr. Dingwall is an historian as well as an anthropologist. "I am not aware," he writes, "when the term 'brassière' came into common use in the United States. Laver *(Taste and Fashion,* p. 167) states that it was the freeing of the bust that led to the building up of the brassière ind try, and Hallgren (p. 412) is of opinion that the brassière as know it today came in during 19 whereas R. C. Holliday thinks t they were worn at the beginning the century." He is a theatrical c noisseur for he notes that "the m themes of most films are love, and crime." He can comment the passage of time that "transiti has been a marked feature of American scene," and he reve himself as a political historian pointing out that ". . . love America became a national probl and, like democracy, it did work."

But these observations are mere products of his main (or any most frequently reiterated) the which is that ". . . the United Sta is almost, if not quite, the most obsessed country in the world.' would assume from this that Dingwall means to write anot book, for I am reminded of a mark made to me once by an E lish publisher. You may remem that some years ago we published this magazine an essay on Grah Greene by Douglas Jerrold in wh he said that Greene was the "gr est novelist writing in the Engl language, save one." I asked h whom he was saving and he said me, "My dear fellow, I'm a p lisher. I always have to save on Dr. Dingwall doesn't tell us wh he is saving, but I can't wait.

There is nothing the matter with
. Dingwall's book that a little
mor would not have saved from
ng funny. I make the paradox
entionally. Dr. Dingwall is, as I
e said, witty but since he is with-
humor he doesn't know when he
eing funny. I wouldn't have him
different, I can assure you. I
ven't laughed so often when I
sn't supposed to in years. *The
erican Woman* is in most respects
enetrating, interesting, and well-
umented (indeed often ludi-
usly over-documented) study of
segment of American woman-
od that Philip Wylie has once and
all called "Mom." It traces the
me of Puritanism from its origins
the present and its confusing and
en traumatic contrast to the wave
on wave of sex stimulants pro-
led by our mass-communications
dia. He dissects the adulation
en to the American mother,
ough he fails to distinguish among
at is genuine and what is lip ser-
e and what is nonexistent. He
plores the lack of equality between
sexes, by which he does not mean
ghts" but mutual respect and re-
ed understanding of who assumes
at responsibilities and shares what
asures. He points to our national
udery with the same kind of jus-
ied scorn that an earlier observer
America, Mrs. Trollope, pointed
it, the kind of prudery that pro-
ces "behind the barn" humor.
d he quite accurately, in my opin-
n, tells how the abdication of most
nerican men from matters of taste
d the arts came about and how the
ncern with things "intellectual"
me to be thought of as "sissy."

The trouble with a book of this
rt (and it is a trouble shared by
ost books of this sort) is that it
nds to obscure rather than reveal
e total character of a people by
ncentrating on the case for the
eculiar." It is as though one were
try to explain the English by say-
g that all Englishmen want to
urder old ladies because of the
nount of newspaper space the Brit-
n press devoted to the recent case
a doctor who is suspected of just
at. Or to say that all Englishmen
ere sexually insecure because so
any of them carry umbrellas and
nes, obvious phallic symbols, to
mpensate for their lack of virility.

"Why I *had* to embrace the CATHOLIC Faith"



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". . . I wanted the Holy Spirit to fill every bit of me from the top of my head to the tips of my toes . . . to slip my hand into my Father's and say 'Lead me, Lord.'

". . . I wanted to learn about angels and saints and the Blessed Mother, and how to prepare for heaven; I wanted to receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

"I wanted to love God above all else, with my whole heart and soul and mind, and my neighbor as myself . . . and nowhere can I find the pattern so clearly shown and taught as in the Catholic Church."

These are not the words of a lifelong Catholic. They come from the heart of one who was told in childhood that Catholics are "ignorant and superstitious" . . . whose circle of friends included no Catholics . . . who was never exposed to the "coercion" of a Catholic priest or the influence of Catholic literature.

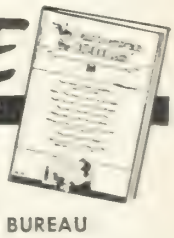
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Or that all Englishmen are regressive and live in a world of puerile fantasy, unable to escape from the fairy tales of the nursery, because they maintain and revere a prince and a fairy queen. All of which may be true, but it is beside the essential point of British character. Dr. Dingwall makes one want to say, rather diffidently, "But some of my best friends are normal."

I can assure you, however, that you'll not be bored by his book. You may be infuriated by some of his uncomfortable, but undeniable, truths, its frequently patronizing academicism, its tea-leaf reading of Freudian symbols and adolescent delight in them, and how ludicrous its interpretations of familiar (to us but not to Dr. Dingwall) things can sometimes be. But you would be laying yourself open to the accusation of being a touchy American if you were to say, as I mean to, that Dr. Dingwall has been Geoffrey Gorered by his own John Bull.



MORPHEUS ASCENDING

NOT long ago Mr. Tennessee Williams suggested that he viewed himself as "a minor artist who has happened to write one or two major works." Not long afterward his latest play, "Orpheus Descending," arrived in New York. I saw it earlier, in Philadelphia, and write about it now in happy ignorance of what its first-night fate will be, an opportunity too rare to pass up. For once I won't have to suspect myself, if it is a success, of differing with the critics just to differ: or, if it flops, of safely hunting a helpless quarry. This offers an especially welcome chance to comment on Mr. Williams' image of himself, which is as yet undistorted by freshly inked reviews but which sharply conflicts with my own. I would have said he was a major artist who insists, by deliberate choice, on writing minor works.

"Orpheus Descending" is one of them. It not only gives the impression of being like his other plays: it *is* one of his other plays. It is a remake of his first production, "Battle of Angels," which opened (and closed) in Boston seventeen years ago to a booing and hissing audience. Mr. Williams is both con- and persistent, which is all to his credit and need not have affected the play one way or another. Unfortunately, it does affect it. If I may plead the qualification of ignorance just once more, I sat through "Orpheus Descending" without any idea of its relationship to "Battle of Angels" and *still* came away with the feeling that the author was trying to make a shiny package for a shopworn product, and sell me both. Since one of Williams' merits is an inability to conceal what he is doing, except possibly from himself, the whole shady operation has both an attractive and repulsive transparency.

The play is, of course, an allegory, tempered with melodrama. It is the Orpheus legend more or less unvarnished. A wandering folk-singer descends upon a representative Hades of the small-town rural South and nearly rescues from it, by his native animality, a full-blooded woman married to a dying man. He gets her with child but also shot by her husband, and himself thrown naked to the county marshal's avenging hounds, which have been mechanically howling off-stage for three full acts.

There are various sub-plots, most of them more interesting than the main one and all of them revolving around the same conflict: that between instinctive human emotion and decency on the one hand, and the explosive and neurotic repressions of the dominant Southern community on the other. Williams has a marvelous hatred of the characteristic death-loving insanities of the white Protestant American, and he depicts them with a lingering and loving venom. He can make them funny, as well, and he convinces you that he could make them tragic, if he wanted to, instead of making them—as he has here—the stuff Grand Guignol farce.

They were still tinkering wi the second act, in Philadelphia, a I understand they were about to place the leading man; but my ow objections to the play have nothi to do with its level of performanc which I thought alternated betwe excellent and superb. My complai is with the assumptions that makes, and operates on, about t relationship between the author a his audience. Mr. Williams likes manipulate symbols, especially tho —such as his familiar "Moon Lak —that must come from a store childhood memories and have son special significance for him. Oft he handles them with dexterity, a sometimes he uses them as starti points for one of those flights evocative fancy in which he is u excelled. But the rest of the tim his symbols tend toward the obviou and at their worst they rumble an clank across the stage in monotonou disregard of the spectators' capacit to get the point the first, or at lea the second, time around. The ba ing of the dogs, which begins b patronizing, ends by infuriating th sympathetic observer. You migh gather that the sympathetic observe is not the one he is worried abou or (putting it another way) that he i determined to get the message—b main force of talent—past those pe ple who booed it in Boston in 1940

THIS is understandable but it i very bad for art. The result is suc a gross oversimplification of "issues that it undercuts the subtlety of Mr Williams' view of the South and de prives it of reality and power. O the central issue of all issues even t him—that is, race—Mr. Williams ha nothing to say that is not eithe trivial or veiled in layers of meta phor. Decency as it affects Negroe is limited to the off-stage behavior o the "good" characters and even the to a stereotyped liberalism which re portedly gets them into constan trouble. The wastrel conduct of a young girl of rich family is supposed to be explained by her having been arrested in a parade of protest against discrimination; the hero is jealously possessive of a guitar that has been autographed by an unlikely collection of famous Negro blues

iters; and we are told of one man h he had to be punished for mak- n a "ba-a-a-ad mistake—he sold iber to nigras." This nonsense odies itself, almost to the point where one forgets that such South- ers as the sadistic county marshal n "Orpheus Descending" actually ext. The contrast between the pre- ision with which Williams can pin lo n white-trash character in a turn of phrase and the billowing vacuity of his ideas about what is wrong wi n the South is what wrecks the pl .

There is only one Negro in "Orpheus Descending" and he never speaks an intelligible word. In fact there are essentially no Negroes at all n Tennessee Williams' synthetic Dixie. Instead they appear in white-face. The plays are remarkable for their improbable Italians, onto whom are grafted all the qualities of warmth, spontaneity, and ineffectiveness that Anglo-Saxons conventionally impute to "ethnic" groups. Such camouflage is absurd, particularly when combined with the iron-clad American literary formula by which shared pleasure between the sexes promptly results in the death of one or both partners. Sensuality, when symbolized by a character who is not only female but "Italian," both fascinates and frightens Mr. Williams. He can make it sound exotic and attractive, but the moral is that it gets the wayward puritan into such fatal difficulties that his warped and nay-saying peers destroy him. This message no doubt represents Mr. Williams' own somber conclusion, but he should not be surprised if some of the customers begin to be bored by its endless repetition. I doubt if they'd even buy it now in Boston. —Mr. Harper

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N T QUITE A POEM ON
T GETHERNESS IN THE WITHERNESS

is whole matter of the national economy is exquisitely simple.
It all tied up at the moment with the technique known as the soft sell
O which you have probably seen countless examples these past few months.
Suddenly everybody is doing something mass-mindedly exotic
L e perching precariously in a starkly branched beech drinking vodka
O wearing tartan trousers and an eye patch aboard a white horse
O stalking somberly on a solitary strand shadowed by an olive
O scratching the paint off a new Siesta hard-top in a Virgin Islands gully
O standing around outside of Twenty-One wearing little plaid caps
O having their picture taken sitting on a gigantic valve ouside a refinery
O sitting in a handcar reading the Manchester *Guardian*
O wearing a turban and a beard as they bend over their drawing boards
O climbing out of manholes while a dame hands them a cigarette
O dreaming of stealing home in the ninth wearing a bra and a sheet
O dragging wrist-watches under water from here to Southampton.

N ver mind about the customer's yachts . . . where are the customers?
W here are the women who should be fingering and exclaiming
O er the whiter than whiteness of their sheets and pillow cases?
D wn in the Virgin Islands swilling vodka, that's where they are!
L lygagging all over Guadaloupe in their Lancia convertibles
I what they're doing when they should be showing their brand-proneness
A d bolstering up a statistic or two to say nothing of the national economy.

A d if you think this is something strictly off the top of the head
J t leave it on the floor and walk around it awhile and you'll see
H w all the busy little gimmicks click smoothly into place . . .
This, I'll buy!

—William E. Gekle

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Search for Community

ALBION ROSS is a foreign correspondent who for the last thirty years has managed to be in a good many of the most interesting parts of the world at some of the most interesting moments of their history. He saw the Nazis take over Germany and the Communists take over Czechoslovakia; he has seen Manchuria under the Japanese and Iran under Mossadegh, Egypt under Farouk and South Africa under *apartheid;* his favorite cities range from Peking and Beirut to San Francisco. Now, after the manner of much-traveled foreign correspondents, he has written an account of his experiences, **Journey of an American** (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50).

If Ross conforms to the stereotype of the foreign correspondent by writing his memoirs, he differs from it in most other respects. He has a low opinion of news as such. Though he has spent a large part of his life where headlines were being made, he says, "Life is not about headlines. It is timeless or it is nothing." Though he has filed his yards of copy, he believes that "all communication except the purest art is a distortion." Ross chose his career less from a spirit of adventure than from a sense of exile; except for the Ohio rectory of his earliest recollections he has always felt homeless, he says, and his journey has not been a search for the exotic but for the familiar, for a place where he could feel at home.

Ross has come closest to finding what he is looking for in traditional peasant communities. Whenever possible he has escaped from the capitals of the world where history was being made, in order to live among people as yet untouched by history in the form of progress and change. Before the second world war he spent considerable time with the peasants of Poland, Slovakia, and Japan.

The essence of Ross's indictment of Western progressive society lies in a story he tells about an old Polish peasant who emigrated to America, lived here about fifteen years, and then went back. The Americans were kind enough, the old man reported, but you couldn't make friends because people kept moving away. Everybody was childless because your children left you and became strangers. Even if you prospered and bought a house, your children would just sell it. What is lacking, both for the old man and for Ross, is a community built on lasting human relations and the continuity of the generations.

Progress, Ross thinks, has unraveled this human community; life, which ought to be the "period of man's marriage with humanity," has become a series of brief and meaningless affairs. The old are superfluous and a drag on society; we cannot bring up the young properly because all we know about the world in which they will live is that it will be different from ours, and so education produces a rootless, ambitious intellectual proletariat. Ross calls America "an immigrant, nomad country where the dead have no part in tomorrow." He believes that a high standard of living can keep man crawling through life as abjectly as any despot can, and he thinks that freedom is more a matter of how you live and make your living than of civil rights.

Not very surprisingly, Ross's general point of view leads him to some unpopular opinions on specific developments in world politics. He has nothing good to say for the false communities—the collectivities—of totalitarian states, but wherever he finds what he regards as true community he praises it and pleads for its right to survive. For instance, he praises Jomo Kenyatta, the leader of the Mau-Mau, as a defender of native ways against foreign and progressive encroachment, and he is sympathetic with the Boers' effort to maintain their cultural integrity in South Africa. (Here he thinks the solution is territorial separation of the races, a highly theoretical solution that most observers think cannot be put in operation for economic reasons.)

Ross is not foolish enough to think that we can undo progress where it has already happened, but he does believe that backward peoples have a right to remain backward and that underdeveloped countries have *(continued on page 82)*



The Swivel Chair

The chair recognizes the experts in their testimony to the value of a new book **THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, *1919-1933*** by **ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.** ($6.00)

Rexford Guy Tugwell, Chicago Sun-Times — "There is no other account of the booming 1920's and the dismal early 1930's so vivid and sharp . . . Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. will have many successors who will, in one way or another, write Ages of Roosevelt. I doubt, however, if any of them will recreate those years with more evocative power or reach more deeply into the ethos of the man who was being prepared to be the hero of his time."



Roscoe Drummond, N.Y. Herald Tribune — "This is superb history superbly written . . . It's just compulsory reading if you want to recapture or, if you are under forty, want to appreciate, perhaps for the first time, what brought on the New Deal . . . or if you want a fuller view into the many-fretted, conflicting, complex, purposeful character which made up the man who for so long dominated political American life as no president had ever done before . . . I know of no historian who can write as well and few novelists who can write better."

John P. Marquand — "This book has a 'Best Years of Our Lives' quality, a vivacity and warmth and optimism and belief that set it far above the historical plateau."



Henry Steele Commager, N.Y. Times — "One of the valuable features of this book is the emphasis on the contributions to political theory by intellectuals, philosophers and scholars."

C. Vann Woodward, Saturday Review — "The special quality that gives Mr. Schlesinger's history the fillip of an intellectual cocktail is his use of analogy . . . Another special quality of this gifted historian is his talent for perceiving and capturing the intricate interplay between ideas and action, between abstract theory and concrete event, between thought and politics . . . this book clearly launches one of the important historical enterprises of our time."



New Yorker — "Probably no more thoughtful or surgical or compassionate study of the period in the United States has been written . . . "

John Barkham, Saturday Review — "This inaugural volume is a magnificent start for what could well be a landmark in American historical writing."

If excellence is to be our criterion on this page consider in turn the philosopher and the plankton. **THE AGE OF ADVENTURE** by **GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA** ($3.00)



William Barrett, N.Y. Times — "The selections [are] the most exciting and varied in the series. Giorgio de Santillana has included not only the philosophers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but selections from artists . . . religious reformers like Luther, travel writers like Hakluyt. We get a rich and rounded sense of a period that contained in germ all the explosive forces of the modern world."

THE AGE OF IDEOLOGY by **HENRY AIKEN** ($3.00)

William Barrett, N.Y. Times — " . . . rounded and sympathetic presentation of the nineteenth century . . . writing is original and stimulating."

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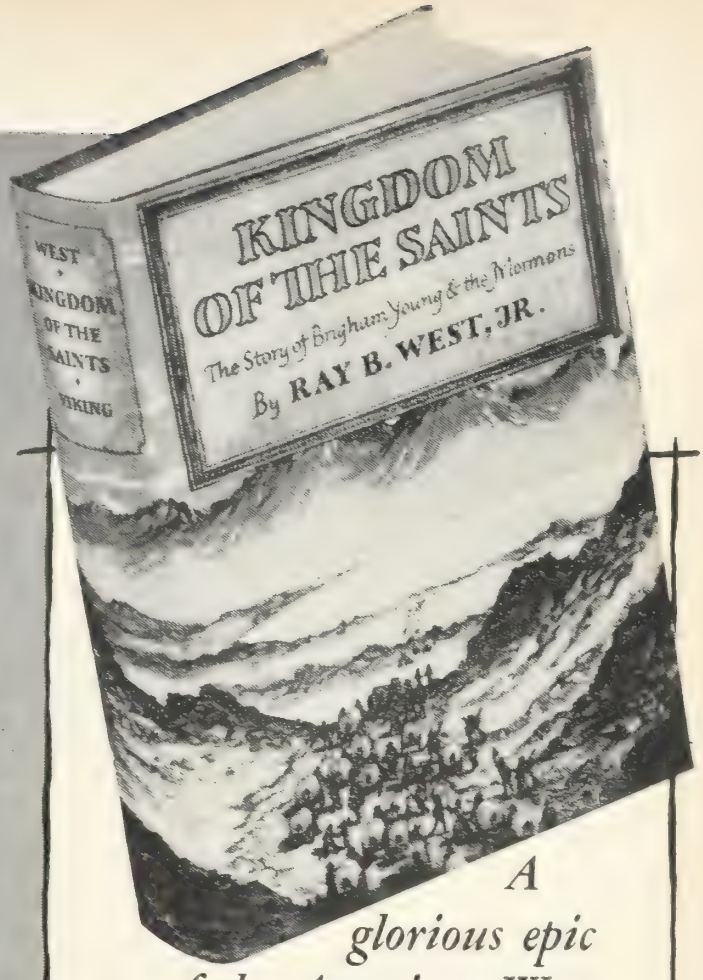
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the right to remain underdeveloped. *Journey of an American* is a globe-trotter's plea for the right to stand still. But it does no one very much good to have the right to do the impossible, and that is about what the right to stand still is for most backward and underdeveloped countries today.

There is nothing very new in Ross's argument as an argument. The cry that modern society leaves men restless and frustrated and unfulfilled, atomizes community and alienates individuals, robs life of continuity and the assurance of the accustomed, echoes through many books, perhaps too many. What makes Ross's presentation of this argument worth reading is the account of his experience of living in many societies, both modern and traditional. It is too bad that he has no more to offer than a personal solution to the problem he discusses; most readers will not be able to follow his example of simply moving out of the modern world.

COMMUNITY OF SAINTS

THE search for community was a very different thing among nineteenth-century Americans. Then, with an occasional exception, those who hoped to find a better way of living together looked to the future rather than to the past for the realization of their aspirations. Across the country were scattered all kinds of experimental settlements sure that they had or were approaching the right answers to the social, political, religious, industrial, and even the sexual problems of mankind. Most of these settlements are now at most local curiosities, a few empty old buildings and some picnic tables for tourists; of the whole scattering only one has grown and prospered in the twentieth century—the community of the Mormons, or, as they call themselves, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

In **Kingdom of the Saints: The Story of Brigham Young and the Mormons** (Viking, $6), Ray B. West, Jr., tells the story of this remarkable group of people and their almost incredible accomplishment. The central figures are, of course, Joseph Smith, the upstate New York farm boy who gave the world the *Book of Mormon* and established the church, and Brigham Young, the small-town carpenter and genius who took over after Smith was murdered (in Illinois in 1844) and led his people to the country of the Great Salt Lake.

Joseph Smith is the more puzzling of these two fascinating men. Passionate, brave, handsome, almost uneducated, he was a frontier mystic whose theology (like some others') is probably easier to believe than to understand. Brigham Young is much closer to our experience, for he united the high-minded zeal of the nineteenth-century reformer with the utter practicality of the nineteenth-century entrepreneur. It is a pity Bernard Shaw never wrote a play about him; he was a combination of Andrew Undershaft and St. Joan, closer to Shaw's idea of the superman than any of the historical figures Shaw tried to cast in the role.

West tells the story of the Mormons without irony or condescension. Reared in the church himself and once one of its young missionaries, he is no longer a member but remains respectful of its accomplishments. His tone is neutral verging on flat, but the events he recounts are so thrilling and the men he portrays are so fascinating they need no literary embellishment.

Why have the Mormons not only survived but grown from 130,000 members when Brigham Young died in 1877 to 1,500,000 members in 1956, while all the other experimental communities founded in the same era have faded away? Presumably the devout Mormon would find the answer in the watchful care of Providence, and certainly there are incidents in Mormon history that strike even the non-Mormon as nearly miraculous, such as the famous cloud of sea gulls that saved the crops from a plague of insects during the first summer in Utah. But more mundane explanations occur in the course of West's narrative. The severe persecution and repeated migrations of the Mormons eliminated the weaklings from the group—one migration, in the 1850s, was made by a group of converts who walked 1,400 roadless miles, from Iowa City to Salt Lake, pushing their possessions in handcarts. Such efforts cut out the free-loaders who are the curse of most efforts to build new societies.

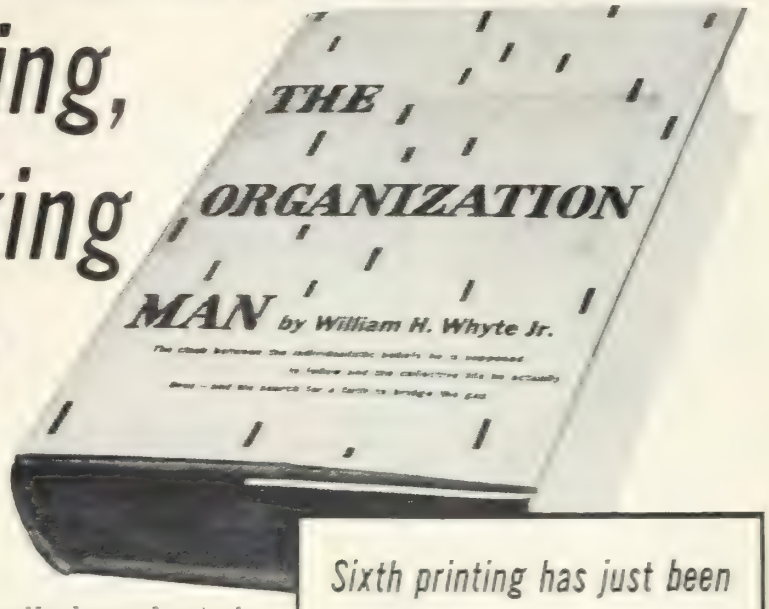
Another thing in favor of the Mormons has been the flexibility of their doctrine. Being in a state of continuous revelation, their religious teaching can be modified as new situations arise. Even their most famous teaching, that polygamy is sanctioned by the Scriptures, was an addition to the original doctrine; it was, among other things, a practical way of taking care of the excess of women over men among converts and of providing for the widows and orphans of men killed in persecutions.

Mormonism has also left more room for pleasure than most efforts to build the Kingdom of God on earth. Joseph Smith believed that life was for joy; at the height of his fame as a prophet he would strip to the waist and wrestle all comers. Brigham Young loved the stage and hired a distinguished Shakespearean actor to direct plays in the famous theater he built in Salt Lake City; even as an old man on social occasions he would first lead the group in prayer and then "lead out the dance."

Mormonism has had plenty of apostates; for years books by ex-Mormons provided entertain-

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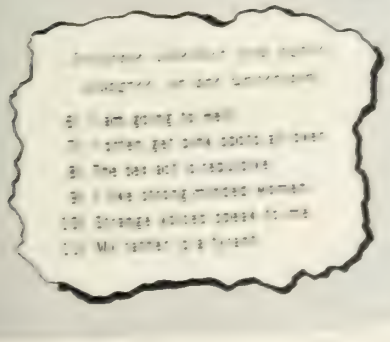
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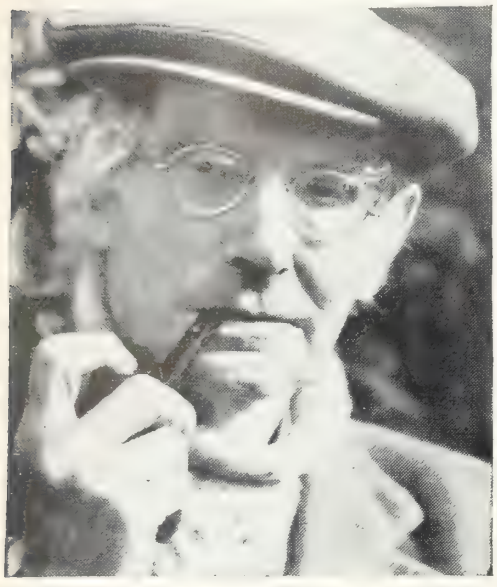
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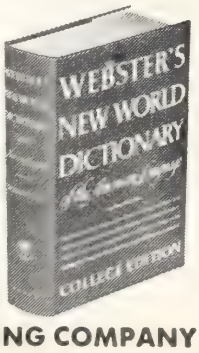
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ment for American readers, and the revelations of Brigham Young's disgruntled twenty-seventh wife once had a reputation that only the novels of Henry Miller now enjoy. But for many people Mormonism is obviously a highly satisfactory way of life. With temples in Switzerland and Hawaii it is no longer a local settlement but a world movement. *Kingdom of the Saints* is a good introduction to one of the most absorbing efforts to establish a social and religious community in modern times.

ROYAL INTERLUDE

THE failure of France to achieve a coherent and durable political community since the second world war has been one of the few unfailing sources of political jokes in an era otherwise usually too grim for jest. Now John **Steinbeck** has elaborated the joke in a brief and entertaining satirical novel, **The Short Reign of Pippin IV** (Viking, $3).

Steinbeck imagines a time in the near future when the task of forming a French government becomes so difficult that the parties have to resort to a restoration of the monarchy. Then the question is which of France's several monarchies is to be restored, and the choice finally falls on an obscure descendant of the house of Charlemagne, a middle-aged Parisian with a comfortable income and an assortment of harmless hobbies, ranging from a taste for progressive jazz to a passion for astronomy. He becomes king as Pippin IV.

Steinbeck has a good deal of fun with the intrigues of the political parties, which bear names as unlikely (outside France) as the Left Centrists and the Christian Atheists. In the Princess Clotilde, Pippin's daughter, he satirizes Françoise Sagan and most of the rest of the crazy-mixed-up-kid aspect of contemporary France, which means that the princess has to carry too heavy a satirical load to retain any credibility as a character. Her American admirer, a brash and shrewd Princetonian from California, provides Steinbeck an opportunity to let fly at certain aspects of American politics too. The queen, Pippin's wife, is the familiar dedicated French housewife, engaged in ceaseless warfare against dirt, expenditure, and the depredations of servants, whether she is in her flat in Paris or at Versailles. Her friend and confidante, Sister Hyacinthe, is a wise woman who ornamented the Folies Bergères for many years until fallen arches drove her into a sedentary religious order. The best character is Pippin's uncle, one Charles Martel (it is an old family name), a wily worldly gentleman who sells tourists paintings that really may be by famous artists since, as he says, anything is possible.

Toward the end of Pippin's short reign the fun noticeably diminishes because Steinbeck falls into the error satirists so often find it impossible to avoid: instead of enjoying himself at the expense of the way things are he begins to lay down the law on the way they ought to be. Pippin becomes mildly but uncongenially messianic. He decides that he must rule as well as reign, and in a speech from the throne he tells the French what they must do to achieve political salvation. (The speech is a recipe for a somewhat tidier New Deal.) But the French do not care to be saved just now, and so there is another French revolution. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

OVER THE PYRENEES

THEY order these things differently in Spain. Franco's motto of "discipline and unity" establishes a national ideal that is the complete reverse of the intense individualism and bitter factionalism that Steinbeck satirizes in France, and Franco's regime is one of the few attempts to re-establish a traditional, religious society after an experiment in liberalism. Two recent books report in different ways on what Franco has meant to Spain—**The Yoke and the Arrows** by Herbert L. Matthews (Braziller, $3.75) and **Pagan Spain** by Richard Wright (Harper, $4).

The Yoke and the Arrows is curious because it is so obviously not the book Matthews would like to write. He regards the Spanish Civil War as the turning point in modern history, and he regards his own work in covering it for the *New York Times* as the finest accomplishment

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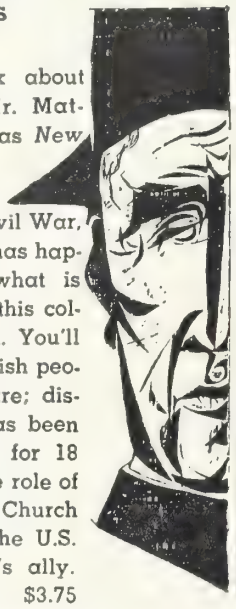
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of his career. Clearly he would like to report that the spirit of the Loyalists goes marching on, that after eighteen years of Franco the country is seething with revolt, but actually he sees nothing of the sort. Though he repeatedly refers to Franco as "sitting on the lid," he is quite unable to find anything explosive under that lid.

But the very fact that Matthews is reluctant to see what he does see in Spain makes his report the more convincing, and what he sees is a poor and thoroughly apathetic people living under an authoritarian but not a totalitarian government. They have little enthusiasm for Franco and no enthusiasm for getting rid of him. They are not hounded by state police or an all-powerful political party (the Falange, Matthews says, is dead on its feet). They suffer from long-run inflation, corruption, indifference of the rich and the higher clergy, and lack of economic planning and development. Still Matthews sees signs of some improvement and hope for more improvement in their lot, in such things as Franco's welfare services, the greater concern of the younger clergy for the people and other changes in the Church, and various movements that might in time become the foundation for a Christian Democratic party in Spain.

Richard Wright's *Pagan Spain* contradicts nothing that Matthews says but complements and enlarges his report in a very useful way. Where Matthews deals with the problems of Spain rather abstractly, speaking of political forces and economics and social services, Wright's aim is to present something of the quality of day-to-day life. His book is a collection of sketches of people he talked to—prostitutes and Protestants and proprietors of rooming houses, barbers and Jews and white-slavers. Wright does not pretend to know very much about Spain (when he first went there he didn't know the language), but he effectively uses his novelist's gifts of sympathy and insight and his skill as a writer to illuminate the Spanish people themselves.

From both books it is clear that in rejecting the liberal ideals of democracy and progress Spain has not achieved anything like a national

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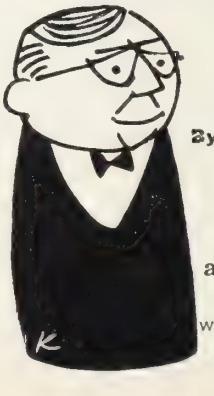
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community; she has achieved only a safe but politically sterile national somnolence.

OVER HERE

THE very basis of liberal society is its commitment to civil rights for its citizens: inevitably those who tend to be critical of liberal society, like Ross, tend to depreciate civil rights, and those who set out to destroy liberal society, like Franco, must first destroy them. Fortunately in the United States the commitment to civil rights stands, though we continue to be puzzled as to how some of those rights are to be defined and enforced. Two new books deal with very different aspects of this problem.

The first is **Common Sense and the Fifth Amendment** by Sidney Hook (Criterion, $3). This is a very closely-reasoned inquiry into what inferences can be legitimately drawn when a witness "takes the Fifth"—when before a court or other legally-established investigating body a witness exercises his Constitutional privilege of refusing to testify on the grounds that his testimony might be self-incriminating. As everyone knows, opinion on this subject is at present sharply divided. Some hold that no inferences as to guilt can be legitimately drawn from such behavior, while others regard "taking the Fifth" as proof of guilt.

Hook holds a position in between. He argues that the rules of evidence derive from common sense, and common sense tells us that when a man refuses to testify on the grounds that his testimony might incriminate him, it probably would. So, Hook concludes, to invoke the privilege of silence gives rise to some legitimate presumption (though no conclusion) of guilt.

Hook has come to this subject through his concern with problems of academic freedom, and his interest continues to be less strictly legal than broadly moral. He believes that extra-legal bodies responsible to the public may draw conclusions from an individual's recourse to the Fifth Amendment that would not hold in court. For instance, a university may, in his opinion, fire a professor who pleads the Fifth Amendment, not because his



William Faulkner's

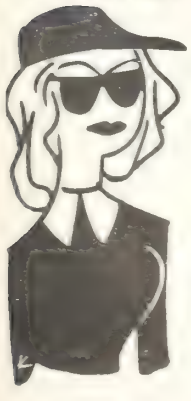
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a proves the professor guilty but ause professors occupy positions ublic trust and ought to be ready have their records scrutinized. In s connection Hook offers a scathi review of the recent Supreme art opinion in the case of Proor Slochower.

ommon Sense and the Fifth tendment is a rigorously reasoned k, and anyone who hereafter untakes to debate the implications "taking the Fifth" should be preed to answer its arguments. He l not find the job easy.

Go South to Sorrow (Random use, $3.50) the distinguished gro journalist Carl T. Rowan desibes what has happened to civil hts in his native South since the preme Court's anti-segregation cision of 1954. A considerable part his material is already pretty well own—he retells the stories of the mett Till murder, the Montgomy bus boycott, Autherine Lucy's ief experience as a student at the niversity of Alabama, and so on. t Rowan has also talked to a good any people, both white and black is book is in its way a Jim Crow rsion of Robert Penn Warren's *gregation)*, and he has a good deal fresh observation to offer.

Rowan is not encouraged by what sees. He believes that the cooling period ordered by the Supreme urt gave the anti-integration rces a chance to organize and that ey are now in the driver's seat. hat most dismays him is the emerence of a new cult of self-styled oderation, which is really a front do-nothingism. He calls attenon to a series of public figures who ve been praised by national (not uthern) journals as outstanding oderates but who are actually, and mittedly, down-the-line segregaonists.

Rowan is far from unconvincing hen he argues that whatever gains e Negro has made have come as a sult of the pressure of those whom e moderates call extremists (*e.g.*, e NAACP), and it is easy to underand his impatience when modates point to such gains as evidence how much progress the Negro n make by himself if the extremists ill only leave him alone. Yet there e some Southerners who really are

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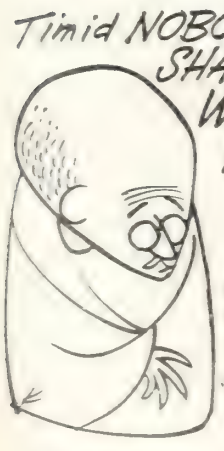
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moderates in that they accept the opinion of the Supreme Court as an objective and are ready to work toward its realization. Whether they are numerous or likely to have any effect on what happens is another matter.

FROM THE ISLES

IN THE two novels he has so far written—the much-admired *Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne,* published last year, and now **The Feast of Lupercal** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75)—Brian Moore shows that a settled way of life is no proof against the individual's being lost and lonely. His milieu in both books is the Catholic society of predominantly Protestant Belfast.

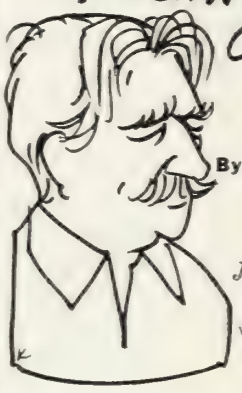
The main character in Moore's new novel is Diarmuid Devine, a lay teacher in a Catholic school for boys. A shy self-conscious bachelor of thirty-seven without sexual experience, Devine meets and falls in love with a young Protestant girl from Dublin, the niece of one of his colleagues at the school. The question is whether he can escape into marriage from the rigid pattern the school and the community have imposed on him. He resents the pattern, but, being a weak and intimidated man, he desperately needs its support. In the end he fails to win his freedom.

It is a pitiable story, too unheroic to be tragic, too painful to be comic (in a couple of scenes almost too painful to be read). Moore tells the story brilliantly, with a wide range of emotion. His strategy, as in *The Lonely Passion,* is to begin as if he were writing a whimsical sketch of provincial manners and then to reveal the depths of bitterness and frustration and impotence that lie beneath the social surface. The result, in *The Feast of Lupercal,* is a novel more genuinely shocking than any two popular "realistic" novels full of dirty words and sexual promiscuity.

Tunes of Glory (Harper, $3) by James Kennaway is another story of a misfit in a rigid society, but this time the man is too strong rather than too weak for the proprieties that hedge him round. Kennaway's setting is the barracks in a small

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ottish town where a Highland giment is suffering through the dium of peace, and the central aracter is the acting colonel of the giment, Jock Sinclair. Jock has en from the ranks and covered mself with glory as a leader in the ar; with all the strength of his eply emotional nature he loves the giment, and most of the regiment ve him. But he is not a gentleman; e wildness and extravagance that ade him so valuable in battle now ake him furiously impatient with e paper-work of the peacetime my and the niceties of country-wn society.

So another man is sent in to take er his command, a man unques-onably a gentleman, with the right ducational and social and staff ckground. Jock is not trans-rred: he stays on as second-in-mmand, and the novel is the story the bitter struggle for supremacy tween him and the new colonel.

Kennaway develops this struggle ith a fine sense of the issues and a e sense of character. He recreates e chill gray atmosphere of the orthern town and the exuberance the dancing and drinking and iping in the barracks. His triumph Jock himself, a convincing por-ait of a powerful man victimized y his own strength.

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The Black Obelisk, by Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by Denver Lindley.

The author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* returns to the mood and moment of that earlier novel to tell the story of an ex-soldier of World War I in the nationalist-minded, inflation-ridden Germany of 1923. It seems to me to be just as vitally searching a book as the earlier one, and—not surprisingly—more deeply mature. When the book opens, young Ludwig, who wants to write a book, and his friend Georg—both already familiar with death in a war which ended in defeat—have become tombstone salesmen in the small German city of Werdenbruck; their lives and livelihood consist still in being preoccupied with death. In addition, if each sale is not paid for on delivery, profit turns to loss because of the soaring inflation. To earn more money Ludwig plays the organ on Sunday in a nearby mental hospital, where he falls in love with a beautiful young girl, an inmate there. Yet this is by no means a dreary book. The "seize-the-day" philosophy of *All Quiet* and of young people surrounded by tragedy and little hope is still here but the gaiety, the jokes—often macabre—the feeling for the country and the seasons are wonderful; the willing ladies, the good talk of food and wine, reflect the sensuous pleasure one expects in Remarque's books. The wry juxtaposition of the unreal yet sometimes beautiful world of the insane with the equally unreal real world in which the young people move, and Ludwig's intense struggle to find a way to bridge the two are extremely moving. In spite of a tendency to become over-episodic and occasionally overloaded with symbolism, this novel is a major Remarque.
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Dr. LaRoe did not start out as an merican woman. She was born n Germany, married a German hrough whom she came to know—nd despise—Goering and Goebbels, ed the country in 1932 because of er anti-Nazi activities, finally mar-ied an American, and came to this ountry where she has been prac-icing plastic surgery, and getting to now a great deal about Americans, or twenty years. Her political ac-ivities, her own struggles, both nedical and philosophical, make xcellent and thought-provoking eading, and the stories of some of her patients are inspiring to any who re interested in what it is, beyond nedicine, that makes people live r die. Dial, $4.50

Death of a Man, by Lael Tucker.

This book, by the author of *Lament for Four Virgins,* is the whole story of her husband's—Charles Wertenbaker's—dying of can-er, and is sure to be a center of ontroversy. Indeed before publica-ion, it already is. To read it is such n overwhelming and awe-inspiring xperience that it seems to me to nake the question "How could she write it?" quite irrelevant. She had o. The other moral question—sui-ide—I leave to the Church. This account is not written in a search for a way to go on living without the person who has died. It is the tri-umphant story of how a man found a way to face death, and a woman the way to go on living, before death came. For all that it reveals, the book seems to me to be written with what I can only call passionate restraint, with the deepest humanity, and might well be called *Birth of a Woman.* Random House, $3.50

As Love Is Deep, by Betsey Barton.

This second book, telling of the death of Miss Barton's mother by cancer, faces death and sorrow in all their cruel aspects with deliberate intent, and with the sound psychological and philosophical theory that only in this way can they become woven into the fabric of continuing life. It is more poignant because the author has faced tragedy before—her own paralysis—with such courage and perception that her writing has contributed hope to the lives of thousands. Her near collapse in the face of this inevitable sorrow confounds her; but the slow steps of self-realization through people and thought and books, as she describes them with great sensitivity, and the final serenity, are a mature, and, one feels, a final victory.

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Two books which need little description for *Harper's* readers beyond mention of the authors' names:

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My Family and Other Animals, by Gerald Durrell.

The perceptive naturalist and author of *The Overloaded Ark* and *The Drunken Forest* in this book tells of five years which he and his family spent on the island of Corfu when he was a boy. They had apparently a most extraordinary collection of friends, and, of course, animals. The book is anecdotal and full of robust humor, and as always when Mr. Durrell writes of them, both human and animal species re-

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FORECAST

Fish, Flowers, and Bird Flight

Summer specialists can soon have their rod (trowel, glasses) in one hand and a book in the other. Paul I. Wellman has written an amusing book for fishermen and nature lovers called *Portage Bay* (a camp on Lake of Woods, Ontario) which Doubleday will publish in late May. For those who can't go so far afield for their summer diversion, there will be *Your Garden in Town* by Ruth Marie Peters from Holt in June; early in July Doubleday will publish *Wings of the Forest* by Dr. William J. Long, which the publishers say is much more "one man's experiences with birds" than just a bird guide; and for those who like to mix their interests, Holt is bringing out in August *The Fishing Season* by that great left-fielder, Ted Williams.

History and Heroes

Our past may be behind us, but it does not disappear. This spring Lippincott is publishing *Patrick Henry: Patriot in the Making,* the first of a two-volume history which Dr. Robert Douthat Meade of Randolph Macon College has been working on for twelve years. On May 2 Dutton will issue *Tin Can on a Shingle,* an account of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac.* The book which was begun by William Chapman White, has been finished, after his death, by his wife. In May also we will have from Houghton Mifflin *The Mind and Art of Henry Adams* by Professor J. C. Levenson of the University of Minnesota.

Poetry and Fairy Tales

A new Ogden Nash is always a happy event and in June from Little, Brown comes his latest collection, *You Can't Get There From Here.* In the same month Random House will publish *Promises: Poems 1954-1956,* by Robert Penn Warren. Not poetry but a lovely fairy story about an island where people never use the letter "o" is *The Wonderful O,* by James Thurber. From Simon & Schuster. It should prove that it doesn't take two o's to make a bk.

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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

NEW NUMBERS. NEW PACKAGING

Are older LP recordings necessarily out of date? Far from it, and especially when they are reissued. Take a recent Westminster release. If my rough count is right, out of some 43 listed items nine are brand-new. All the others are reissues of older items in the catalogue, decked out with new numbers and new packaging. Does this sound fishy? I assure you, it is not.

Since the beginning of LP in June 1948, there has been a steady improvement in the quality of our records that leaves the older discs, wonderful as they seemed, rather dismally out of the running by present standards. But the change has been far more in the complex copying process, electrical and mechanical—this comes *after* the original recording—than in the basic sound quality of the master tape.

Large numbers of old master tapes are extraordinarily fine in sound, even by our present standards. It is the LP copy that is out of date. As long as the same old disc masters are used to press continued new copies there can be no improvement, except possibly in the quietness of the newer pressing material.

A reissue is something else again and you may well be amazed at what can now be done for recordings that are no more than four or five years old. Improved copying is the basic difference.

The joker is that, now, we can even "improve" the original. A host of tricky techniques have been devised, not only to add reverberation (real or artificial) but also to alter balance, suppress hum and rumble, smooth out the frequency spectrum. And don't forget that the new LP issue can be cut to the now-standard RIAA curve, where the old record needs special tone settings (equalization) for proper playing.

I might add that a large number of earlier releases, from many companies, have been quietly recut and reissued without public announcement and with no change of packaging or number. Whether to do this, letting the new disc ride on the old one's reputation, or to reissue the whole affair, is a matter of economic policy and can have no single answer. Either way, you and I stand to benefit.

Enthusiasms

Beethoven: Symphony #9. Schwarzkopf, Hopf, Höngen, Edelmann, Bayreuth Festival Orch. and Chorus, Furtwängler. RCA Victor LM 6043.

What a joy! This is an absolutely superb, big, warm, human Ninth, taken at a rich, leisurely pace which—ultimate luxury—covers two entire LP records, dedicated, inspired, tremendously exciting both in the intensity of its climaxes and the even more important intensity of the great lyric stretches. There's not another like it, unless perhaps the ancient Weingartner, reissued on Columbia.

And the astonishing thing is, this was a performance recording, made in 1951 at the re-inauguration of the Bayreuth Festival. Once through only, no retakes.

Perhaps, for once, it is a real spirit of special dedication we hear on this occasion. For the performance echoed in the most solemn and moving manner the original dedication at Bayreuth, where in the very same hall the same notes were heard—conducted by Richard Wagner himself. That was in 1872, and I think the extra pathos of this performance undoubtedly stems from the high sense of history that was here invoked, in all who were present. You can sense it.

Over the whole proceedings is the now vanished hand of the inimitable Furtwängler who, fortunately, emerged again as one of the greatest of the German conductors before his death. And the soloists are of top stature and supreme intelligence—not only Schwarzkopf but the superb baritone, Otto Edelmann, who sings the recitative better than I've ever heard it.

For goodness' sake, pay the extra and don't forego these two fat, full records, a complete movement on each side, undistorted and at full length.

Brahms: Symphony #3; "Tragic" Overture. Berlin Philharmonic, Eugen Jochum, Fritz Lehmann. Decca DL 9899.

This is a lovely Brahms Third, with an equally fine "Tragic" to go along with it—the two are remarkably similar in spirit and in sound, both superbly recorded.

The Third is large, expansive, yet modest and appealing; there are long lines in it, every bit of eloquence is exploited, but in a wholly natural, unforced way without a trace of instrumental strain or false excitement. I don't remember a better Third of its type since the days of 78s, except perhaps the more elevated, less easy-going Bruno Walter. And as for the "Tragic," that dark-brown piece that so often loses itself in orchestral turgidity, here it positively shines and all its nobility comes pouring forth—a grave, shy piece of music that is Brahms at his best, under eloquent and polished treatment.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 53 ("Waldstein"); Op. 109. Lili Kraus. London Duc. Thomson DTL 93108.

This French recording is one of the strangest I have yet to hear. Beethoven (indeed, most German music) is apt to take on novel colorations in French hands, but these sonatas might as well be new works by another composer. Even the piano is a tonal curiosity, with a recorded sound that might come from an early nineteenth-century square pianoforte, or even a "Mozart" Piano. Just possibly quite authentic—though this won't make you love it the more.

It's not that the great Kraus fumbles, or plays with any lack of fire or imagina-

---

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

The Automobile—The Sounds of 50 Years. Engineered by Peter Bartok. Unicorn UDS-1.

Robert Edmond Jones: Towards a New Theater (First of Four Lectures, 1952). Harvard Vocarium VD-1000.

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances. Smetana: From My Life. The Cleveland Orch., Szell. Epic SC-6015.

Vivaldi: 18 Flute Concerti. Gastone Tassinari, fl., I Musici Virtuosi di Milano. Vox DL 353 (3).

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tion or technique. Far from it. But this is not Beethoven, as most of us know him. The pace is driving, the touch staccato and brittle, the climaxes frenzied—though perfectly controlled—the whole having a nervous tension that is, of course, entirely modern. Kraus is a powerful piano personality. The strong notes here are so violent they jangle like a player piano, but the softer tones are the more dramatically contrasted for it.

If you believe in a "one and only" interpretation, then steer clear of Kraus. Emphatically, I do not. Therefore I suggest that if you want an instructive, even a bewildering and exciting experience, acquire not only Kraus but also the Opus 109 of Ernst Levy, Liszt-like genius of M.I.T. (Unicorn 1033) and the youthful version by Glen Gould (Columbia ML 5130). There are others of course, including Schnabel in the limited complete edition, but these three, all of them strong in utterly unlike ways, will show you the astonishing range of variation possible within Beethoven's written framework when strongly individual musical personalities go to work upon it.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 27, #2 ("Moonlight"); Op. 13 ("Pathétique"); Op. 57 ("Appassionata"). Egon Petri, Westminster XWN 18255.

The veteran Petri, one of the greats who has not been heard much recently on records, has what is most needed for these three overworked sonatas—an extraordinary detachment and a maturity, born of long experience, that puts aside all sensationalism and eccentricity in favor of a foursquare, businesslike but potent approach.

Petri's music is neither scintillating nor explosive here. His fingers, at this stage, are already a bit stiff; almost any younger pianist could outrace him with ease. But his unsentimental, friendly, seasoned way of playing brings these works back to a level of freshness and power that is amazing. If you had long since decided you couldn't again face these war horses in another new version, try this one.

And in any case if you want the music at its simplest and best, unaffected, with a breath of the big outdoors, do likewise. Petri seems to have absorbed something of our own solid West, where he had been living long since at the time when these performances were recorded.

Egon Petri Plays Brahms. (Rhapsodies #1, 2, Intermezzi #1, 2, 3, Ballades #1, 2, 3, 4.) Allegro-Royale 1630.

In these days of frequent reissue, a strange veil is drawn over the sometimes delicate matter of recording dates. These are quite new recordings judging fro the sound, though pressed on inferi and somewhat scratchy material for t low-priced issue. But the music is t mendous—indeed these are, with f rivals, definitive performances of t Brahms repertory whether new or ol

There is the same forthright, busine like musical honesty here as in t (later?) Westminster Beethoven reco ings. Petri somehow catches that ve quality of Brahms himself, a solid, most humorless, but utterly sincere a honest expression. There isn't a trace overplaying, but every bit of weight a grandeur is there, every trace of swe ness and lyricism. A record not to missed, and it's a shame it could be pressed on better material, even a higher price.

The Art of Harold Bauer, Vol. 2. (Gri Schumann, Schubert, Durand, Chop Brahms, Debussy, Bach, Rubinste Gluck, Saint-Saens.) RCA Camden CA 348.

This second Bauer reissue (the fi Camden CAL-311, was Beethoven a Liszt) reminds me more forcibly th ever that though musical Time is pa ing with frightening speed, we still ha a flying grasp on his forelock, for a wh at least! A fascinating disc for the s dent of piano style and piano playi though there's no hi-fi (merely "supe Plus Fidelity") and little in the way sonic effect.

Here is a typical old-style Roman program of worthwhile tidbits, of sort that every general-purpose piar used to play—and most still try. But you listen to Bauer's effortless playi you will understand that in his days glory these works were, as the phr goes, the very air he breathed, the pression in them was utterly famili

Today we still play this Grieg a Schumann and Debussy and Brah (even the Anton Rubinstein now a then), but, though the notes are ea the meaning increasingly escapes, interpretations become more labor the pianistic brows more furrow There's no escaping it—the music longer makes the sense it once did. A though pianists now play faster, piano loses more of its old singing t each day.

I don't mean this as a Jeremiad—t today is today and present piano te niques have their own new values newer idioms. But just listen to Ba play a group of Grieg items, or "Cl de Lune," or the Brahms B Minor priccio (or one of those blithe monstr ties of arrangement, "Caprice," by Sai Saens-Gluck!) and you'll hear for yo self the startling difference. Bauer a great pianist of a disappearing era.



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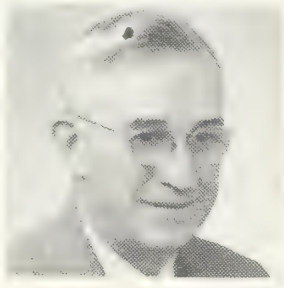
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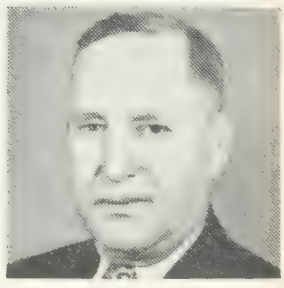
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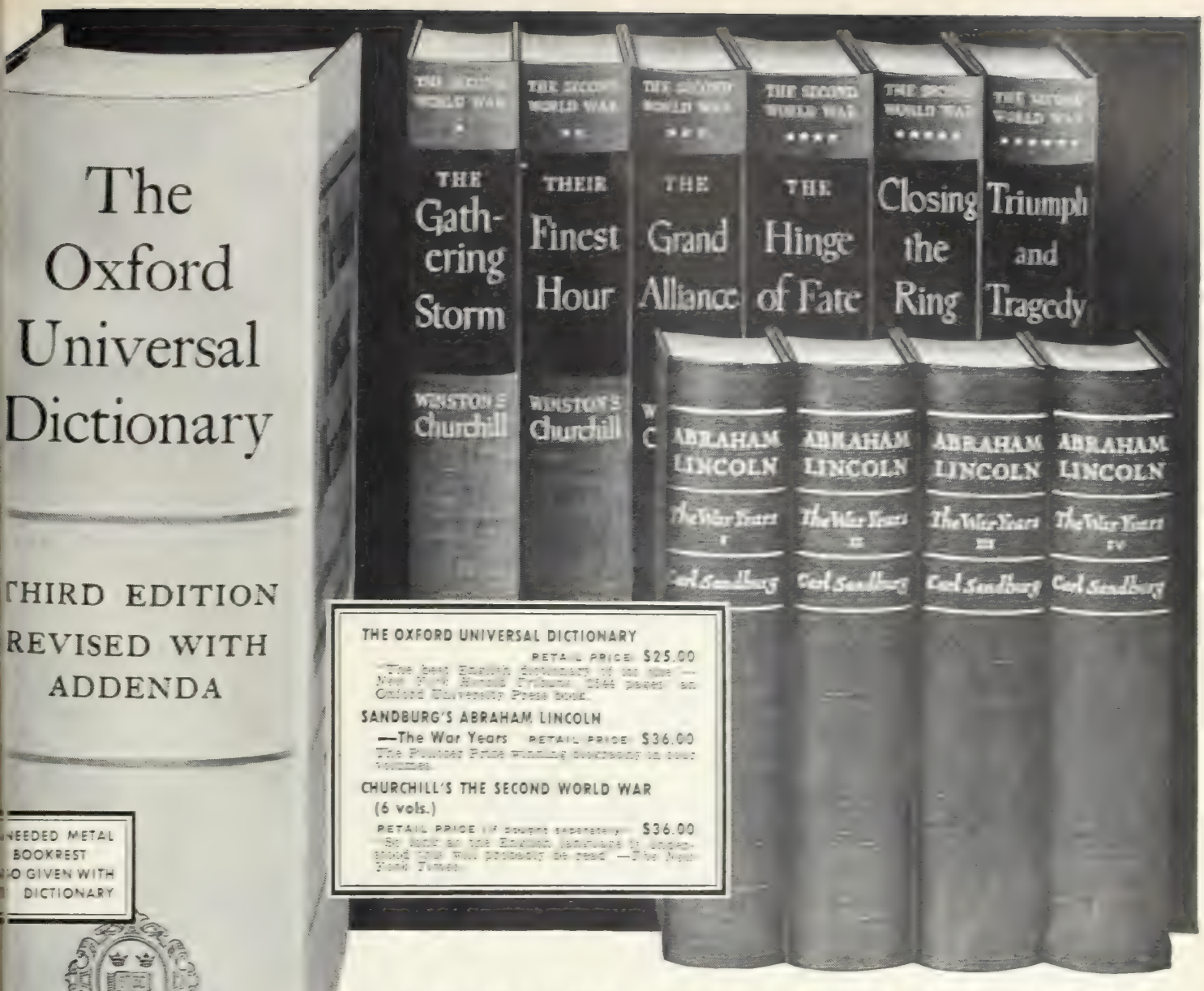
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LETTERS

Italian Men

To the Editors:

In the April issue of *Harper's Magazine* there is a shockingly stupid, insensitive, and inaccurate article entitled "Advice to Women Traveling in Italy." Such an article, when published in a magazine of *Harper's* standing, does as much harm to the good name of America as any blunder in foreign policy. I can only thank God that Mrs. Templeton is not an American woman, although I am afraid this fact will not be manifest to our friends and allies across the sea.

Kay Boyle
Rowayton, Conn.

Roars of protest will certainly swamp you in the wake of Edith Templeton's article from those of us who also traveled in Italy—and loved every pinch, ogle, and flung rose. My alabaster and movies will fade before my memory of the gentleman who approached me on the Ponte Vecchio: as we drew abreast, he swept off his hat, bowed low, and sang *"Che bella faccia, Signorina!"* He went his way and I—I flew on mine, "ugly and comfortable shoes and creased flannel skirt" completely forgotten. . . .

Isabel Crystal Merriam
Bonner Springs, Kan.

. . . Katie Hepburn did a nicer job of it in "Summertime." Besides, she got her man. . . .

Fred M. Minotti
Baltimore, Md.

Forgive me for my bad English. . . . In the April issue of your interesting magazine I read Edith Templeton's article. As I am an Italian (without blank eyes and chestnut hair, like most of my countrymen) I wondered about it. It is true there are in Italy such men. . . . I do not regret that somebody writes about it. . . . But when the author generalizes, writing that "the young Italian has been brought up on brothels," I can't agree. People of whom she is speaking are a small minority, and they do not represent the average Italian man, who has to work as hard as every other man and has no time to spend hours after hours, or days after days, to follow a woman. If he likes an Italian girl, he may invite her to go out without any fear either of Mamma or of the girl herself.

No nation is perfect: we have people who prefer to conquest a woman, you have people preferring racketeering to honest work (and the latter is socially more dangerous), but to understand each other it is better to look at persons working seriously without making noise. And if somebody has not knowledge enough about other people, it is more useful that he be silent, instead of writing wrong guesses. . . .

G. B. Zorzoli
Turin, Italy

New Conservatives

To the Editors:

Clinton Rossiter's description of the future conservative ["The New American Conservatives," April] is interesting, but the present-day "middling conservative" in American politics, whom Mr. Rossiter idealizes, is, by Mr. Rossiter's own admission, a vacillating, hesitant, over-cautious mediocrity who grudgingly accepts the achievements of his predecessors, only because he is too inert to do anything else. I wonder if Mr. Rossiter believes that the American Revolution or the abolition of slavery could have happened under the leadership of "middling conservatives."

Thank God for the "liberals" of all shades in America's history—Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts.

Samuel Valberg
Amsterdam, N. Y.

And most of all a conservative may be readily recognized by his smugness.

W. R. Usellis
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Transport Revolution

To the Editors:

I read with interest "The Second Transport Revolution" by Marvin J. Barloon [March]. It started out as an unbiased article, but after getting through it, it turned out to be slanted in favor of the trucking industry. This is not surprising inasmuch as the author, a professor of economics of Western Reserve University, was employed by the Truck-trailer Manufacturers' Association, Inc. to testify on their behalf before the Transportation Sub-Committee of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in opposition to the Cabinet Committee Bill. . . .

E. L. Hofmann, Ass't. Reg. Dir.
Pennsylvania R. R., Lake Region
Cleveland, Ohio

I have just read Mr. Hofmann's lette and another letter from a railroad execu tive which arrived in the same mai The second executive is a vice presider of one of the larger Eastern railroad and he thinks my article is excellen

Whether my article is pro- or ant railroad is entirely irrelevant. The re question is whether or not it contain some elements of validity as an explan tion of the changing pattern of tran portation over the past thirty years. . .

The bias with which rail executiv should be most seriously concerned . . . the bias of the cold record of to mile statistics as this record has bee developing since 1930, and where th bias is going to leave the railroads if keeps on in the same direction to 197

Many railroad executives explain the loss of position too exclusively wi reference to the subsidization of oth modes of transportation. . . . Subsidiz tion plays some part. But, in the ca of intercity trucking, if all question subsidy were removed, it appears like that trucking would continue to gro just about as rapidly as it has been gro ing. . . .

Marvin J. Barloo
Cleveland, Oh

. . . The railroad industry as a soci institution has developed one of t most rigid bureaucracies in Americ business with the result that railro men are simply not flexible enough change with changing conditions. Su rigidity, which begins with the tra walker and extends to the top, simp prevents railroad men from viewi business from a new perspective wi the result that business attitudes ha changed little in the last eighty yea This rigid bureaucracy is largely sponsible for the low morale amo railroad men and the antagonistic at tudes toward the public, making t railroads the most unliked industry American business.

Robert A. Rams
Redlands, Ca

May I take issue with some of t comments in Professor Barloon's artic . . . On page 41 he states "air cargo . means more boxing and crating." T is just the opposite of the fact. . Shipment of household furniture, u crated, over long distances is a go example of this.

He goes on to cite an example of tru times between Cleveland and Louisvi to show that this means of transpor tion is comparable, in time, to air. . He fails to point out that the serv he describes is not available to the la bulk of shippers who ship in less th truckload lots. He fails to point o that freight air carriers are not prir rily interested in short haul traffic.



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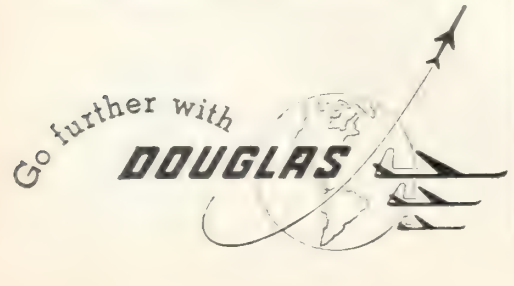
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His final statement on the high cost of air freight is not necessarily so if all costs are considered. The rates . . . are higher than truck or rail, but the total cost is in many instances lower than surface transportation if the savings in packaging, field inventory and warehousing and invested capital are considered. . . .

PAUL J. MACKENZIE
Riddle Airlines, Inc.
Miami, Fla.

Mr. MacKenzie is right that air cargo means *less* boxing and crating, if he means less than rail shipment. But in my article, just preceding this statement I had been talking about trucking, and, in the majority of instances, air cargo calls for more boxing and crating than trucking does. . . .

He says my illustration of a shipment from Cleveland to Louisville does not apply to "the large bulk of shippers" who ship in less than truckload lots. He is in error. On less-than-truckload shipments the truck lines offer second day delivery. . . . American Airlines offers exactly this same service. . . .

He notes that the cost of transportation includes a lot of other things than rates. . . . He is right, and it is the combination of all of these which explains the relative growth or decline of any mode of transportation. . . .

The sum of all this is that, for the reasons stated in my article, air cargo always has been a very small portion of the total transport load and, according to the best forecasts, always will be. . . .

MARVIN J. BARLOON
Cleveland, Ohio

Going Steady

TO THE EDITORS:

I read the article in the March issue, "American Youth Goes Monogamous," and I enjoyed it very much. I agree with its facts about the youngsters of today . . . especially the part about dances. Everyone does seem to dance with the same person all night and if they didn't it would be considered rude.

There is one statement, though, that I do not agree with. The article says that all teen-agers think these fashions and customs are right. I for one do not think so. . . . I would just as soon go back to the ideas of the so-called "past generation." . . .

I know many teen-agers who would agree wholeheartedly with the fact that American youth is going monogamous, but . . . they would just as soon go back to the "good old days" when dances gave people a chance to meet new friends and have a great time.

I hope more high-school and college students read this article so they can see what is happening to our youth. At eighteen we are acting as though we have to pick a mate or we will be old maids and bachelors. By reading this article I think we see what we are missing by not keeping the same social ideas of the past generation. . . .

ELLEN MOHAN
College of St. Teresa
Winona, Minn.

Form 1040

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading with amusement and approbation your remarks [on paying income tax] in the Editor's Easy Chair [April], I am compelled to call your attention to an aspect of the matter which may not be familiar to you. . . .

About three years ago, provision was made in the tax law to exclude from income moneys received from an employer by an employee absent because of illness. As stated on Page 6, Column 3 of the instruction pamphlet, "this amount may not exceed a weekly rate of $100." . . .

Thus if *Harper's* is paying you $85 a week . . . you can enter this whole amount on Line 6, Page 1 of Form 1040 and it is excluded from your reportable salary. But if you are getting, say, $200 a week, you can exclude only $100 a week of it. You and I, being third-grade arithmetic types, would calculate this for a six-week illness by multiplying $100 by six weeks. . . .

Oh no you don't! Mr. Harrington's writers say that "in cases where the payments exceed a weekly rate of $100, the exclusion is figured by multiplying the amount received [$1,200] by 100 and dividing the result [$12,000] by the weekly rate of payment [$200]. This, as you will discover, brings you to $600, the same point you would have reached if you had walked to the left instead of to the right when you stepped out of the barn door. . . .

ROBERT W. WHITE
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Heart Surgery

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Leonard Engel's article on cardiac surgery [April] is tops.

As one of the hundred thousand or more beneficiaries of heart surgery, may I use your pages to extend the article's usefulness by pointing out that it was money given for heart research that made possible all these miracles of surgery and will bring about even greater miracles in the years to come. If sufficient money were available today to train all the needed personnel and to

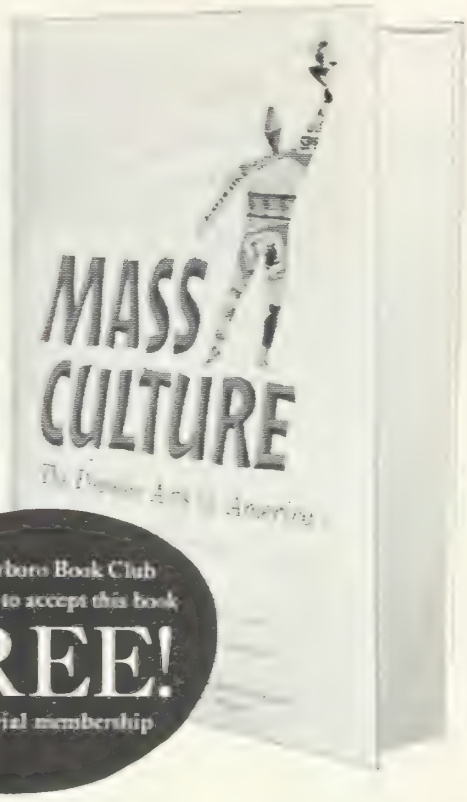
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L'il Abner Psychoanalyzed

L'il Abner's mother over-protective and asculine? (And if so, why did Al Capp me her Pansy?) Why do "naughty" girls in ollywood films turn out to be "good"? (And hy do good girls in French films turn out to naughty?) Was it just a coincidence that illane and McCarthy happened to the same untry at the same time?

o aspect of American popular culture is glected (or spared). The hagiology and monology of Madison Avenue... the "cul-re-pill" therapy of the self-help books and e digest magazines... Hollywood's contri-tions to theology... the rage for "nearly-assical" music... the almost clinical por-ayal of advanced schizophrenia in a popular song called *Paper Doll*... the bizarre "Orwell-esque" implications of *Person to Person* and *This Is Your Life*... these are just a few of the other mass-phenomena studied, diagnosed, and dissected with delightful erudition (and with utterly fascinating results).

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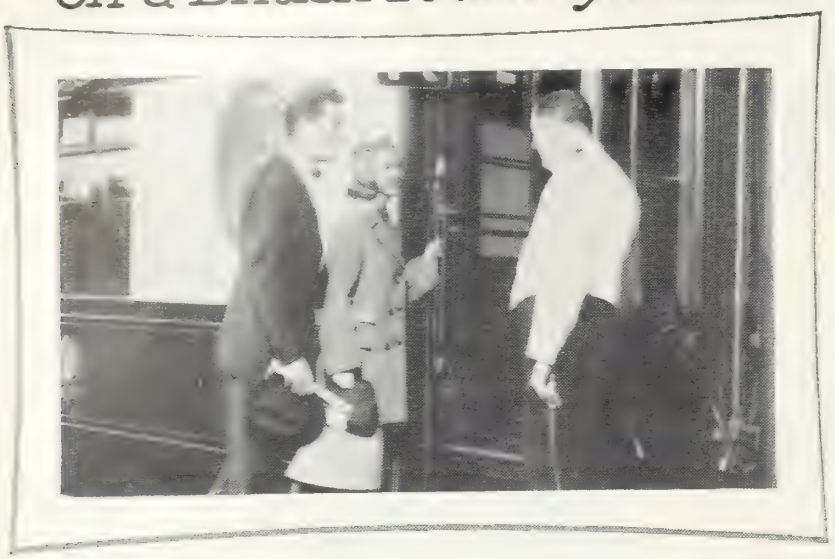
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provide them with the necessary facilities, heart disease might be practically conquered in ten years. This is the opinion of workers in the field. Think of what happened with polio, whose research program collects $957 per victim annually.

If the moneys collected for heart research can be advanced from $1.20 per victim annually, which it is today, to $957, perhaps we will lick heart disease too. . . .

GEORGE LAWTON
New York, N. Y.

Correction Noted

TO THE EDITORS:

We wish to correct the observation Marion K. Sanders made about our Service in her article ["Social Work: A Profession Chasing Its Tail," March]. She said, in reference to "recording," that the "Arthur Lehman Counseling Service . . . has not yet been induced to record summaries instead of memoirs of their cases."

For one year, from April 1954 through March 1955, Mrs. Sanders was associated with us as publicist. We are indebted to her for her contribution to us in those beginning days. Had she made her comment at that time, it would have been somewhat more accurate. However, in the two years since, the situation has changed. We have been able to define what information needs to be recorded to insure our clients sound service. These notes are brief and contain only such data as a client would have a right to expect us to retain.

RITA FIZDALE, Exec. Dir.
Arthur Lehman Counseling Service
New York, N. Y.

Worse Than Vaudeville

TO THE EDITORS:

I simply love Gypsy Rose Lee's "Stranded in Kansas City" [April]. I have read and reread it. The humor and pathos in it are something we can do with more of these days. . . .

LAURA SMITH
San Jose, Calif.

I am only an old retired clergyman nearing seventy-six, but I can remember when *Harper's Magazine* stood in a marked manner for culture and uplifting reading.

What a pitiful drop from these high standards of taste I find in the magazine today. . . . What is the feature story in the April magazine? The sordid story of the experiences of an ecdysiast. You can cancel my subscription and keep the change.

CHARLES K. IMBRIE
Penney Farms, Fla.

In previous Public Interest Advertisements, Aluminium Limited, independent Canadian aluminum producer, has told the story of aluminum, its properties, the expansion here and in Canada, and the future of the metal. Now, it reports on four typical American enterprises which have helped make aluminum the "world's fastest growing metal."



Aluminum ingot for American customers starts on its way from Canadian smelter.

Aluminum:

a modern success story

LIKE many other servicemen, Milton Smith wanted to set up his own business when he got out of the Navy in 1945.

He had one advantage many veterans didn't have: He had built up a successful venetian blind manufacturing company in Youngstown, Ohio, only two years after getting out of college.

After the war ended and Smith moved to Boston, he became convinced there was a big future for aluminum in New England. His own survey had shown that there wasn't a manufacturer of aluminum trim in the region. So, in 1946, at the age of twenty-eight, he founded Trim Alloys, Inc.

Success didn't come easily. Milton admits that if in those early years he had taken as much as $20 a week for himself, he probably would have bankrupted the business.

Up until 1951, Trim Alloys bought their extrusions—the shapes formed by squeezing preheated aluminum, like toothpaste, through a die—and turned them into trim for table and stair edging, sink frames, and other products. But by 1951 business had grown enough for Smith to think about making his own extrusions. (Diagram, next page.)

Using a knowledge of hydraulics he had picked up aboard submarines during the war, plus a set of borrowed blueprints, he did something most extruders wouldn't attempt—he built his own extrusion press. The machine took more than a year to put together. But after a few kinks were ironed out, it ran smoothly. Later, as business continued to prosper, Mr. Smith bought two other presses.

Today, Trim Alloys has more than 100 employees, an annual payroll of more than $370,000, and annual sales of better than $2,000,000. Its products are shipped as far as Kansas City and

Dallas. Among other things, the Boston concern does a brisk trade in gold-colored "anodized" aluminum trim for kitchen table edges and other uses.

As to the future, President Smith has big plans: Possibly a new plant, equipment to remelt the metal scrap from his plant, and he may start casting his own billets from the primary ingot he buys from the aluminum producers.

Looking back, he says: "Our whole program was undertaken with more nerve than anything else." But a report written recently for a Boston



Plant engineer Sidney Hamel, left, and President Milton Smith discuss a production problem at Trim Alloys, Inc., Boston.

bank said the case of Trim Alloys proved there was a big potential for New England in aluminum fabricating. It commented that this potential was realized at Trim Alloys by "competent, aggressive management—despite little formal training or experience. . . ."

There are hundreds of other success stories in aluminum fabricating, one of the fastest growing industries in the nation. They're made up of many elements: daring, imagination, good business sense, and a growing public appreciation of aluminum's qualities—lightness and beauty, strength, corrosion-resistance, conductivity. One of the most important elements of all is a steady supply of primary ingot from aluminum smelters in this country and Canada.

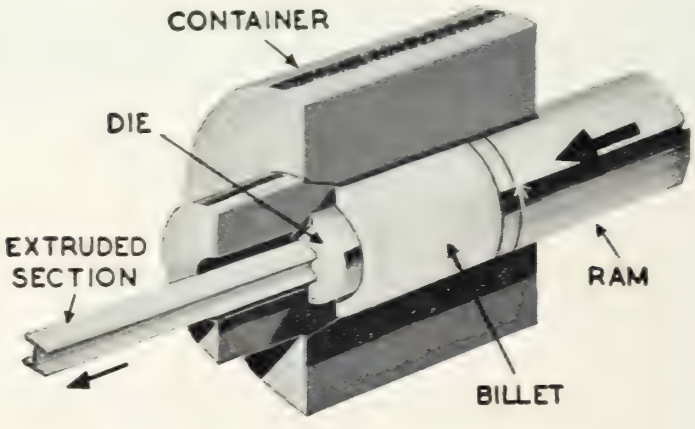
Another success story that combines all these elements is to be found in Carrollton, Georgia, a pleasant, quiet farm community southwest of Atlanta. This used to be one of the nation's leading cotton growing regions but the cotton industry has largely died out. Now, aluminum and its growing use in electrical transmission wire and cable are shaping men's lives in Carrollton.

Seven years ago, an alert Carrollton businessman, Mr. Roy Richards, aware of this trend, set up the Southwire Company. It opened for business in 1950 with a handful of employees housed in one small building. Sales that year amounted to about a half-million dollars.

Today, Southwire has nearly 300 employees, working in a half-dozen aluminum-clad buildings with the latest equipment, including a unique "continuous casting" machine. Last year, they turned out more than fifteen times as much as in 1950—33,000,000 pounds of wire and cable—and gross sales rose to $12,000,000.

Southwire's output in its first year represented only 1 per cent of the U.S. cable business. Now the company is one of the leaders in its field. And, following the nation-wide trend toward replacement of copper and other metals with aluminum, Southwire has turned more and more to the light metal. Aluminum wire and cable made up almost two-thirds of Southwire's production last year and copper's share was down to a third.

Even though his company has increased its plant facilities and sales volume 50 per cent each year since it opened, Richards sees even more growth ahead. "We think the South will more than double its consumption of electricity by 1965, and thus need more and more wire and cable," he says. "We're not afraid to expand to meet this demand."



The Extrusion Process

While the use of aluminum in electrical equipment has been skyrocketing, so has its use in building and construction. One of the most successful companies to capitalize on this development is the Michael Flynn Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, another independent fabricator which looks to Canada for a growing part of its primary ingot needs.

An old-timer in this young business, Michael Flynn was organized in 1935 to make steel windows. By 1949 the company management saw that aluminum windows were the coming thing. That year they made their first window of the light metal. Company officials soon learned, just as Milton Smith had, that it's cheaper to make extruded sections than to buy them, so a year later Michael Flynn put in its first extrusion press. A second was added in 1954.

Today, although steel windows still are an important part of Michael Flynn's business, more than half its windows are made of aluminum. The company now produces 10 per cent of all the aluminum residential and industrial windows made in the country. Last year gross sales of its "Lupton" windows and doors, and many other products, added up to $15,000,000. From an old plant and a handful of employees, Michael Flynn has grown to a modern factory in North Philadelphia employing 750 people.

One need only walk through the plant to sense the growth of aluminum in building and construction. The company is turning out big "curtain wall" sections, like those it installed in the 300 Park Avenue Building in New York and the Mall Building in Philadelphia. And it's extruding big sections and making castings for twenty bridge and highway projects under way around the country. Michael Flynn bridge railings are going into the Hampton Roads, Virginia, tunnel project, the Fitzgerald Expressway in Boston, the Walt Whitman Bridge in Philadelphia, and many others.

Michael Flynn officials see a tremendous potential in bridges and highways, and feel the market for aluminum in the building field is relatively untapped.

Variety of Products

It's a long way from urban Philadelphia to rural Bellefontaine, Ohio, but you'll find the aluminum fabricating business prospering there, too.

Bellefontaine, a pretty town of 11,000 population some sixty miles northwest of Columbus, is the home of National Extrusions and Manufacturing Company. National's story is that of a small company with a wide variety of quality products and an unusually strong technical background. It has shown solid growth since its birth seven years ago.

Joseph Schwerak, former chief engineer of a large aluminum company, struck out on his own in 1950. He founded National and put Jim Emmons, his former assistant, in charge as president. Schwerak, now National's board chairman, recalls that the company got under way with thirty employees, and that its first job was to make a batch of aluminum storm windows.

Today, seventy-five people work for National, gross sales run about $1,500,000 a year, and the company manufactures refrigerator parts, windows, bodies for model trains, license plate attachments, air conditioner louvers, stair treads, aircraft parts, and a hundred other items. During the Korean War, 80 per cent of National's output consisted of jet aircraft parts, but military business is now only 10 per cent of the total.

Schwerak's and Emmons' engineering backgrounds have paid off in several ways: The company is able to cast its own extrusion billets from primary ingot and it has the technical know-how to analyze its customers' products and give them valuable help.



President Roy Richards, shown here with employee Render Turner, has built the Southwire Company into one of the nation's leading wire and cable manufacturers.

What of the future? Schwerak sees almost unlimited opportunities for aluminum.

"We see a great potential in the automotive business, especially," he says. "We believe that a tremendous amount of aluminum interior trim will be used in cars—just as it's being used widely now in ambulances and other vehicles."

National Extrusions is a strong booster of Canadian primary aluminum as a supply source for independent fabricators like themselves. When National went into business in 1950 a shortage of primary ingot supplies—which has now eased—was just beginning. In its early years, although primary ingot was hard to come by, National was able to buy enough from Canada to keep going.

The story of these four companies symbolizes the boom in aluminum fabricating which began just after World War II. Now, the industry has grown to where there are nearly 200 companies like those described here, which make sheet, foil, extrusions and other "wrought" products. In addition, there are several thousand other concerns which remelt, cast, and work with aluminum in other ways.

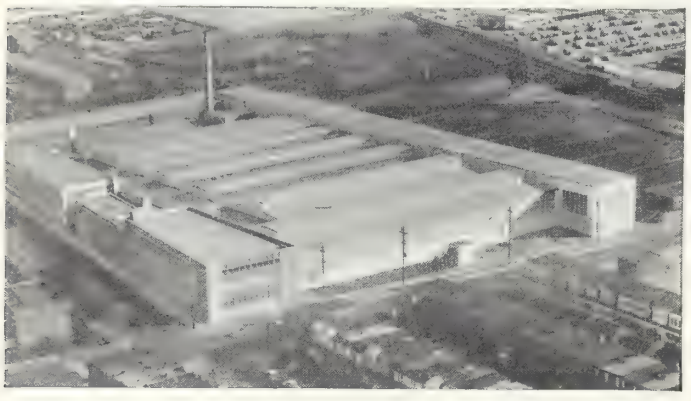
Known in the industry as the independent non-integrated fabricators, these companies supply the tens of thousands of aluminum users throughout all of industry. In 1955, these independents bought an estimated 470,000 tons of primary aluminum. Last year their purchases were up to 560,000 tons. This year they'll need even more.

Aluminum is such a versatile metal that it is worked in many different ways. For example, in die casting, molten metal is pressure-molded into car and truck parts, kitchen utensils, appliances, instruments, and the like. In extruding, sections are squeezed out for car trim, doors, store fronts, trailers, airplanes, and a thousand other items.

Thick extruded tubing is drawn through a series of dies and made into light-gauge tubing. Similarly, rod is pulled through dies and comes out as wire.

Airplane propellers and landing gear, truck wheels and other parts which have to stand a lot of stress are forged. In this method a piece of aluminum is hammered or pressed between a set of hard steel dies.

And aluminum sheet—used for roofing, siding, aircraft skin, and truck bodies—is made by passing a huge heated aluminum slab back and forth between rollers until it's squeezed down to the correct thickness. Familiar household foil used to wrap and protect so many products today is made by rolling sheet still thinner.



From small beginnings, the Michael Flynn Manufacturing Company has grown to where it now operates this modern plant in North Philadelphia.

A few figures gathered from government and trade sources show how the independent fabricators have developed over the past few years, and how they're likely to grow in the future.

Growth and Trends

The figures show, for example, a spectacular growth in extruding since World War II. Just ten years ago there were only eight extruders in the nation. But today, as a result of the boom in aluminum storm windows, doors, and other extruded shapes, there are nearly 150 of them scattered from coast to coast, many operating more than one press. These companies turned out nearly a quarter of a million tons of products last year.

The figures also show that the output of aluminum sheet, foil, and cable by independent fabricators doubled from 1950 to 1955. The production of aluminum cable by independents jumped 53 per cent from 1955 to 1956—the biggest single increase in aluminum fabricating by independents in that period.

While aluminum fabricating has been growing in the postwar years, Canada has been supplying more and more primary ingot to the industry.

Back in 1946, Aluminium Limited's shipments to independents in this country amounted to only 1,600 tons. Shipments have grown, with some ups and downs, to the point where last year the company supplied 100,000 tons of ingot to these fabricators, representing nearly 18 per cent of their total ingot supply.

This trend represents a conscious policy on the part of the company. Aluminium Limited's principal role in the United States is that of a supplier of aluminum ingot. It sells no end products in this country and, hence, does not compete with its own customers. The Canadian company also is able to give customers valuable technical help in fabricating and in developing new products and processes.

Last year a House of Representatives Small Business Subcommittee looking into the aluminum fabricating business said: "On balance, Alcan (the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., chief Aluminium Limited subsidiary) remains as potentially one of the most dependable sources of supply of small business in the United States."



President James Emmons, left, and Board Chairman Joseph Schwerak, surrounded by their products, talk shop at National Extrusions and Manufacturing Company.

All indications are that Trim Alloys, Southwire, Michael Flynn, National Extrusions, and other independents will consume more and more primary aluminum in the coming years.

Aluminium Limited is now investing $3,000,000 a week to expand smelter facilities in Quebec and British Columbia and ore resources abroad, in addition to putting a great deal of effort into research and new product development. It looks forward to supplying more of the needs of these independent businessmen and helping them to expand the market for products made of aluminum —the world's fastest growing metal.

JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Mystery Island

AS YOUR plane circles for a landing, you can't see anything peculiar about the place. From the air it looks much like any other tropical island—a clump of mountains, surrounded by a skirt of green plain, with a yellow, palm-shaded beach all the way around, like a fringe on the skirt.

If you catch a glimpse of the old forts, you may remember that it is a blood-soaked scrap of land, long fought over by such eminent cutthroats as Drake, Cofresi, and Hawkins; but they left no buried treasure or other mysteries. (These were sensible pirates, who promptly spent their loot on rum, women, and gunpowder.)

When you step out of the plane, though, you are likely to be startled: the airport is spectacularly modern. In comparison La Guardia and Idlewild look like shanty-towns; its only rival, in architectural loveliness, may be the new field at Zurich. What is it doing in this out-of-the-way corner of the world?

On the drive into the city, you may note something equally unexpected. The cartoonists' familiar symbol of Latin America—a peon dozing against a wall with his sombrero over his eyes—is missing. So are the beggars and shoeshine boys who lounge in droves on the sidewalks of most Latin cities. In these streets hardly anybody lounges; they bustle.

Energy is, in fact, the most obtrusive characteristic of the island. The pile-drivers and bulldozers start at 7:00 A.M. Houses, hotels, factories, schools, and highways are a-building everywhere you look. (And some of them are architectural gems.) The people walk as if they were going somewhere; and they are.

Even if you go to Puerto Rico (as I did) strictly for a vacation, within a couple of days you are likely to find yourself spilling over with questions. For nobody can escape the fact that this is a peculiar place—an island of several mysteries.

Its vigor is the hardest to explain. In climate, resources, and racial stock, Puerto Rico is little different from its neighbors. Yet none of them has produced a similar outburst of vitality. The Dominican Republic, a few miles away, gives the impression of a well-tended graveyard inhabited by zombies; in Haiti even the revolutions are conducted in a stroll; Cuba, Trinidad, the Virgin Islands, the Central American republics—all within a few hours' flight—drowse along much as they have for generations. Only Puerto Rico has exploded suddenly into the twentieth century.

It may, indeed, be moving faster than any other country in the world. No other, so far as I can discover, has doubled the living standard of its people in a single decade. In the same ten years it has increased the average span of life from 46 to 68 years (so that it is now a healthier place to live than the United States) and has changed itself from a one-crop rural slum into a booming center of industry.

How did the Puerto Ricans do it? Curious visitors are coming from all over the globe—especially from Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East—to look for the answers. Here (they hope) may lie the key to their own problems—a magic recipe for transforming the other overcrowded, underdeveloped, and hungry lands which now hold about 80 per cent of the earth's population.

THE first explanation they get invariably is a personal one: Governor Luis Muñoz Marin. The islanders love to tell how this one-time poet came home from Greenwich Village to organize a revolution—peaceful, but nonetheless genuine. His Popular Democratic party led the country to self-government, wiped out the remnants of Spanish feudalism, split up the big estates, and established an administration which is rare (Puerto Ricans usually say "unique") in its hon-

esty and competence. But the most important thing Muñoz offered was hope. He told his people it was not necessarily God's will that they should live forever in rags, and he described precisely what they must do to be saved. They believed him—so the story goes—and shook off the despair and lethargy of four centuries. In 1948 they made him the first elected Governor, and apparently will keep on re-electing him for as long as he wants.

No doubt all this is true, but it is not a complete answer. It does not explain, for example, how the country happened to produce this quality of leadership at this particular moment. Nor does it explain why the Puerto Ricans were willing to accept it with such enthusiasm.

Dr. Jaime Benitez—the head and chief builder of a university which many states might envy—reaches a step further back. He suggests that fifty years of American occupation prepared an indispensable seedbed for the revolution. The last shots of the Spanish-American war had hardly stopped echoing when the Yankee *conquistadores* started building public schools, the first the island had ever seen. These provided a common experience, and thus a new sense of community, plus the first lessons in democratic tradition. Moreover, the Governors sent out from Washington—notably the last of them, Rexford G. Tugwell—trained a corps of able and idealistic young administrators. (Many, like Muñoz himself, were educated in mainland universities.) So when Muñoz launched his movement, the tools were ready and a post-Spanish generation was eager to move.

If this explanation is valid, it entitles Americans to some feeling of pride. Perhaps it is not just coincidence that when our two "colonies" became self-governing, one of them produced a Muñoz and the other a Magsaysay—and that both have become thriving democracies. Like the British legacy to India and Ghana, this argues that the history of colonialism is by no means wholly black. (Though practically nothing can be said for the Spanish variety. In Puerto Rico, as elsewhere, it produced only stagnation; there is no record that any inhabitant has ever suggested that the island should revert to Spanish rule.)

But it offers little encouragement to those people of Africa, Asia, and the Middle East whose colonial experience has been entirely different. Neither does it completely explain the emergence of Muñoz Marin. For such a man—as for a Washington, a Lincoln, a Churchill, or a Gandhi—there may be no really satisfactory explanation. Maybe they just happen.

In other ways, too, Puerto Rico had a long lead over most other undeveloped lands.

Because its past relationship with the United States had been reasonably happy, it never produced the fanatic nationalism which makes so many newly-independent countries almost impossible to live with—Egypt, Syria, Ceylon, and Indonesia, to mention only a few. (The Puerto Rican Nationalists who shot up the House of Representatives a few years ago, and tried to assassinate both President Truman and Governor Muñoz, are no longer a serious problem. They probably number less than two hundred, and their influence is negligible. The Governor described them to me as "a psychiatric, not a political, phenomenon.")

The Puerto Ricans do, of course, have national pride in plenty, and occasionally they compare their culture with the United States' in terms that sound a bit fanciful. But they do not look on outsiders (or outside capital) with mistrust. Quite the contrary. Not only do they welcome both; they go hunting for them, with the eagerness of a setter pup in a quail thicket.

THE result has been a massive injection of overseas money into the Puerto Rican economy—$428 millions in five years. Much of this came from U. S. federal housing and other agencies, or from the sale of island bonds; but more than one-third of it was invested by private business. For the bait which the Puerto Ricans dangle under the nose of the American businessman is remarkably enticing. If he wants to start a new industry there, they will build a factory to his specifications and rent it to him cheap; they will train workers to handle his special machines; and they will give him a ten-year exemption from local income taxes. In addition, he pays neither federal income taxes nor customs fees—because Puerto Rico's peculiar status as an independent commonwealth voluntarily associated with the United States lets it enjoy the best of both worlds. It is inside the United States tariff wall, but out of reach of her Internal Revenue Service. Under these circumstances, it is not altogether surprising that Fomento—the island's Economic Development Administration—has been able to promote some 470 new factories.*

But some of these circumstances obviously can never be duplicated anywhere else. Consequently many a hopeful visitor from India or Bolivia goes home in gloom, convinced that the example of Puerto Rico has little meaning for his people.

Perhaps this conclusion is too pessimistic. While it is true that the island has a unique pipeline to American markets and capital, it is

*The islanders were much irritated by a recent editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* which suggested that many of these plants had failed, and more were losing money. Apparently that paper made one of its rare mistakes in interpreting statistics. Actually the rate of failure is lower than it is for comparable firms in the United States, and the average rate of profit is greater.

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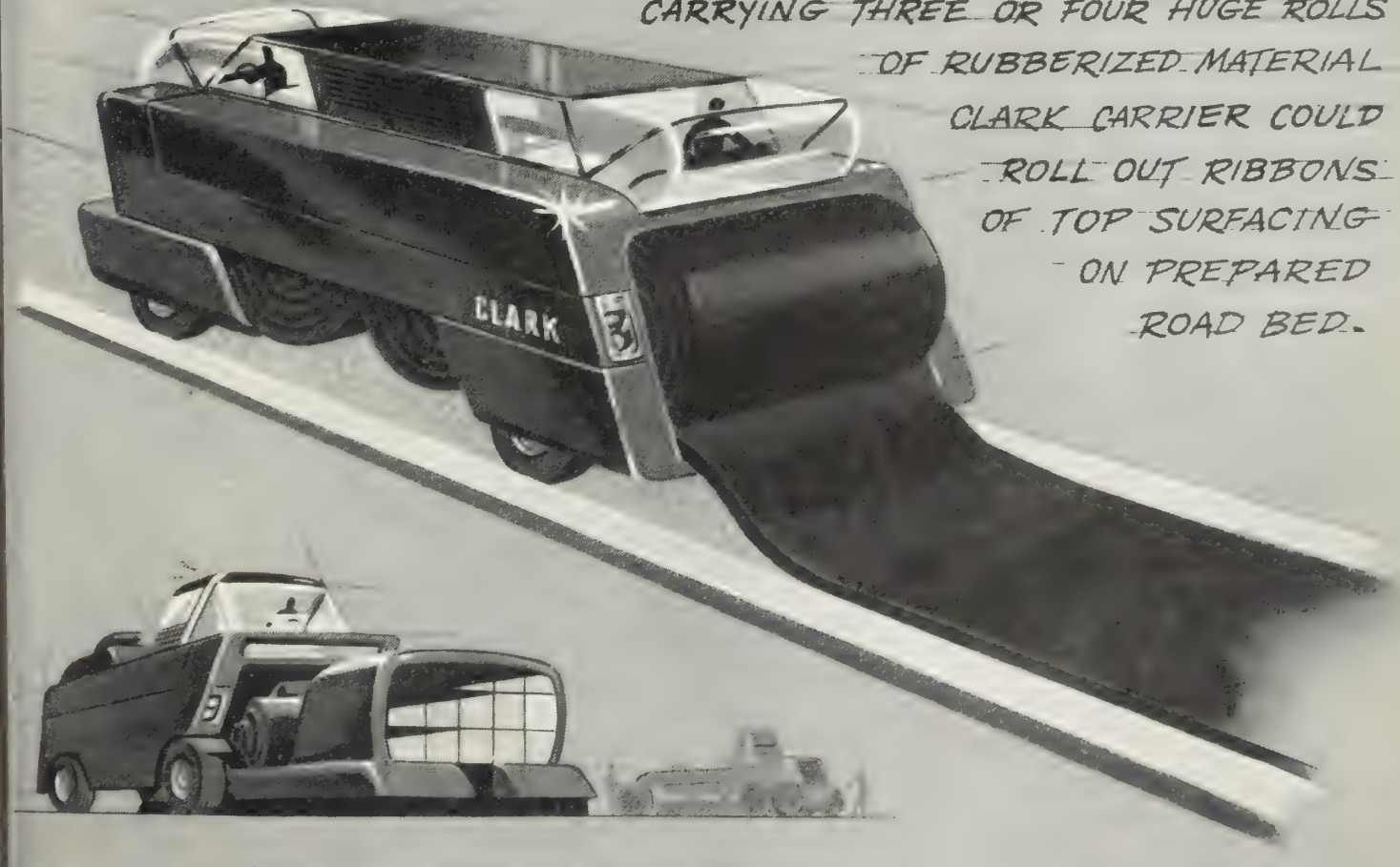
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also true that it lacks a lot of things which are common enough in other places.

It has no oil like the Middle East and Latin America, no iron and manganese like India, no uranium and copper like Africa—practically none of the raw materials, in fact, which are normally regarded as an essential base for industry. So its special advantages and special disadvantages just about balance off. It has made up for its lacks, to an astonishing degree, by creating an attractive economic and social climate for overseas investors—and this is something no other undeveloped countries have yet seriously attempted. Until they do, nobody can honestly say how much the Puerto Rican experiment is worth to the rest of the world.

IN LIKE fashion, some other fascinating questions can only be answered by the future. For example: Will the experiment work?

Governor Muñoz and his earnest young planners know precisely what they want it to produce. They have set three main goals: (1) a minimum income of $2,000 for every family; (2) decent houses and schools for everybody; (3) enough jobs to go around.

The schooling and housing already are within distant sight. If the present rate of gain holds up, the $2,000 minimum income may be reachable in ten or fifteen years. But the jobs are still an open question. In spite of all that has been accomplished—and Fomento has created more than 30,000 new industrial jobs—unemployment is even higher today than it was in 1940.

For Puerto Rico is racing against the stork. Already one of the most overpopulated spots on earth, it also has one of the highest birth rates. Since public-health programs have cut the death rate in half since 1942, the island now records about 60,000 more births than deaths every year.

You might think that these figures would discourage even a congenital optimist like Teodoro Moscoso, who runs Fomento. You would be wrong. One of these days, he hopes, he may be able to make jobs faster than the Puerto Rican women make babies; and he bases this hope on two assumptions:

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And that's not all. Cockneys often drop the last rhyme completely. Hat is *titfer* (short for tit-for-tat). Feet are *plates* (short for plates-of-meat).

If you're still puzzled, don't give up. Why not get on your plates, grab your titfer and see your travel agent?

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(1) That about 50,000 to 60,000 anders will continue to migrate to e United States every year, thus eping the total population roughly balance. (For so long as our boom sts, this probably is a reasonable pectation.)

(2) That the birth rate eventually ll fall to a manageable figure. his is a lot more doubtful.)

It is true that in most countries aller families seem to go with ris- incomes. It also is true that the erto Rican birth rate has been rinking slightly ever since 1947—ough not nearly as fast as the ath rate. Moreover, birth-control formation is now being distributed ough eighty government health nters.

How this can happen in an over- elmingly Catholic country is one the minor mysteries. The hier- hy denounces the birth-control gram, of course, but the voters n't seem to pay much attention. ither do they seem to mind the t that both the Governor and his e have had previous marriages: orce doesn't handicap a Catholic litician here as it would in, say, ssachusetts. The only explanation ould get was that Latins have a ferent tradition from the Irish o so largely set the tone of the erican Church. They claim a re relaxed attitude toward sex, l more independence in their itics.)

EVERTHELESS, I suspect t the top government people may placing too much hope in birth trol. A distinguished physician at University, who is working on ter and cheaper birth-control thods, takes a more sober view. He airly confident that the medical l scientific problems will be ved, and soon—but he is by no ans confident that they will stop explosive growth of population. The trouble," he said, "is that erto Ricans *like* big families. All our surveys indicate that the typi- married couple wants at least r children—or twice as many as y need to keep the population le. Neither their income nor ir knowledge of birth control ms to have much to do with the . Can this attitude be changed? body knows."

And until somebody finds out, it is impossible to guess whether Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap will end in success or failure.

Within perhaps ten years, however, some answers should begin to emerge—and there is at least a reasonable chance that they will be answers of enormous consequence to a billion poor people in other lands. If the Puerto Ricans can learn, somehow, to limit their numbers . . . if they can keep on doubling their national income every ten years . . . if they can make the great leap into modern industrial society without resorting to the short cuts of dictatorship—then Asians and Africans may begin to look at this little island with the same curiosity they now devote to Russia and China. It could —just possibly—turn out to be a pilot plant for dozens of other restless and undeveloped countries. And if that should happen, the Puerto Rican experience might prove to be one of the most useful gifts the New World has yet made to the Old.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Last year between ten and fifteen million Americans took one or more of the so-called "tranquilizing pills." The results varied from enormous relief to no effect whatever. Psychiatrists were both heartened and chastened. One of their number, **Dr. Ian Stevenson,** sets down exactly what we know about the usefulness of such drugs today—both for patients in mental hospitals and for those holding high-pressure jobs.

One of the unnoticed changes in the quarter of a century between 1932 and 1957 is an upheaval in the class structure of America. What, for example, became of the power of the upper class to set standards of taste? **Russell Lynes,** Yale '32, draws a composite picture of his classmates (based on a study of 450 questionnaires) who represent "the transition from an old order to a new one."

Young men of the new order can, on the other hand, now choose among thirty different ways to work off their military obligation to Uncle Sam in the Army, Navy, Air Force, or Marines. For the first time, these are summarized and compared, by Washington correspondent **Cabell Phillips.**



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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

The Making of a Writer

A HALF-DOZEN or more plays by Eugene O'Neill are now on stage in major theaters here and abroad—several of them never seen by O'Neill himself. To the growing record of this complex artist, **Stark Young,** his friend for three decades, contributes "Notes from a Critic's Diary" (p. 66).

Stark Young, who was born in Como, Mississippi, in 1881 and has made New York his home since 1921, began his writing career as a poet—he had wanted to be a painter and painting has been his chief recreation. Professionally, however, he became a playwright, a drama critic, and a novelist, and he has written a small shelf of good books. His most recent was a reissue by Scribner's of *The Flower in Drama* and *Glamour.*

From 1921 to 1947 he was on the staff of the *New Republic,* with a year out in 1924-25 when he was drama critic of the *New York Times;* for most of that time he was also associate editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly.* He directed the New York production of O'Neill's "Welded" and saw several of his own plays on the stage. One of his novels, *So Red the Rose,* was an immediate best seller in 1934, was made into a movie by King Vidor, and has been in print and circulation ever since.

To the Young family of Mississippi, in Stark's boyhood, "the war" was always the Civil War. In *The Pavilion* (1951) Young tells about his Aunt Rose—among many other characters who appear also in *So Red the Rose*—who was pretty, with features like a cameo and fine blue eyes. In summer, when the busy day was over—she had charge of the chickens and turkeys on the plantation, hundreds of them—"she used often to bring her guitar out on the porch, with the tall white columns, the two magnolia trees, and the long box walks, and sing very sweetly the songs she learned in her father's house."

After the death of his mother, the boy and his sister lived for a time with their Uncle Hugh, and their father, who was a doctor, went to Oxford, Mississippi, to practice. Uncle Hugh McGehee "thought that children, if they were such as to be loved, should do exactly as they wished to do, and nothing they did not wish." There was, consequently, an irregularity about the boy's early education that left behind in his conscience "the feeling that my knowledge is slight and slipping, a sense of grim ignorance sticks in my craw." (Among other accomplishments, Mr. Young translated plays by Chekhov, Machiavelli, and Molière, and some of these were produced in New York.) Later when he spent summers in Oxford with his father, he met young Bill Faulkner and felt it "futile that anyone so remarkable as he should be thus bruised and wasted" and suggested that he come to New York. Eventually, through Young's friend Elizabeth Prall and her husband Sherwood Anderson, Faulkner was put in touch with Horace Liveright and got his first book contract.

When a pig fell in the cistern of a private school in Oxford—to which the boy Stark was sent because the public school found him hard to place—an epidemic of typhoid closed the school. His father contrived through friends to get him admitted to the University of Mississippi at fifteen and so he missed acquaintance with some high-school stand-bys and never read "Hiawatha." But later, on his own, he met the great classics of fiction and read through Fielding and Balzac ("which I would hardly do now"). He found himself alienated by the tendency toward patter and formlessness in most fiction: "A talkative goose, it would seem to me, could write the general run of novels."

Graduated at twenty, Young asked his family for a year at Columbia University, mostly for the music and theater and other arts of the great city. He got an M.A., and from 1907 to 1921 taught English literature at the University of Mississippi, University of Texas, and Amhe where he attained the rank of p fessor. *Encaustics* (1926), a collect of pieces from the *New Repub* has many sketches from the Te years that are too good to leave the library. Here are one or two ends, for example, about a yo couple he saw on a train:

"An artist fifty feet away from would say that she had beauty; average man would call her a be tiful woman; and most Texas a pretty girl all right. It is a va face full of strut. . . .

"He will not grow tired of because she has what he wants woman, a certain effect of pretti and affection; because she keeps conscious of how splendid she is how generally admired; and bec she wastes his money. . . . And it be satisfying to her inmost sou have a man who is not small picayunish like a woman and always around the house. . . ."

There is vastly more to S Young than can be suggested h or than appears in his incisive re tions on his friend O'Neill. It satisfactory returns to look him

. . . Like Mr. Young, **Robert Heilbroner,** who surveys the fiel public relations in the lead ar (p. 23) this month, began by b something other than a writer Harvard graduate in economic 1940, he spent the first years o college, inevitably, working for OPA and then in Army Intellig —interpreting for Japanese priso of-war in New Guinea, the Ph pines, and Japan. On his retur the peacetime world, he was ployed for a while by a New import and trading firm, and lished a few technical articles o side. He broke into general lancing with an article in *Har* in 1947 on "Our Foreign T Crisis."

Mr. Heilbroner has written vigorous and informative book the general field of economic and history: *The Worldly Ph phers* and *The Quest for We* both published by Simon and S ter, and was president of the M zine Writers of America in 1955

. . . The thousands of nor sober citizens who were seized



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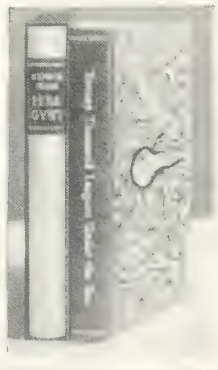
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uncontrollable desire for a drink while watching that movie sermon on the evils of alcoholism, "The Lost Weekend," will probably find themselves rushing out to guzzle a glass of the red juice that goes plop-plop, while reading **Hugh G. Foster's** diatribe, "The Tyranny of the Tomato" (p. 32). Mr. Foster calls himself a former editor of trade publications who now, upon retirement, "fulfills a long ambition to write rather than rewrite."

. . . An especially interesting "Special to the *New York Times*" printed on February 15 reported that U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia U. Alexis Johnson and Communist Chinese envoy to Poland Wang Pingnan met in Geneva for the 64th time in nineteen months to conduct secret talks on the questions of freedom for Americans imprisoned in Red China and the right of American reporters to go there. These meetings, which constitute the only formal diplomatic contact between the two countries, are held in the Palace of Nations, UN headquarters in Europe. Neither representative speaks the language of the other, and no announcements are made by them other than the date set for the next meeting. "The most faithful spectator for their entrances and exits is Pierrot, the United Nations pet peacock. . . . Pierrot has gone through two sets of his splendid plumage since the talks began in 1955."

This vignette might symbolize the state of relations, or non-relations, between "two of the three great powers in the world"—as described by **George Steiner** in "A Better Way to Deal with China" (p. 34). Mr. Steiner is a Member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, and was formerly on the editorial staff of the London *Economist*. An American born in Paris, he is trilingual; he has an M.A. from Harvard and was a Rhodes Scholar in 1950-52.

Mr. Steiner has lectured widely this year under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations, and he is working on a book in comparative literature and the history of ideas.

. . . "The Morning of the Bride" (p. 41) is by **Neil S. Boardman,** author of a novel *The Long Home* and of several short stories in this magazine He is a librarian at Indiana Uni versity and, with his wife and tw children, spends as much time eac summer as can be managed at thei forty-acre farm in Northern Minn sota.

. . . The question of genius i America—and its prospects fc growth—gets a friendly treatmer from the distinguished Scottish the retical physicist **Lancelot Law Why** (p. 46). Mr. Whyte served Britai in two world wars—in the first as field artillery officer and in t second as director of statistical i quiries in the Ministry of Suppl He has had a most varied career bo as a writer and thinker on the uni cation of science, and as an indu trial and financial entrepreneur. H was creator of the firm of Power Je Limited which enabled Frank Wh tle to develop his invention of propulsion before World War II.

Mr. Whyte has written seve books, including *The Next Develc ment in Man* and *Accent on For* In many trips in the United Sta he has lectured widely, and in 19 55 he held a Rockefeller Traveli Fellowship in this country in th retical physics and bio-physics.

. . . **Laurence Lafore,** an Americ traveler of uncommon enterprise a scholarly temperament, made an dependent visit to Iran two ye ago. His report in "The Touri Persia" (p. 51) presents some of charms and drawbacks of a coun which, for better or for worse, not yet made a strong bid for tourist trade.

Mr. Lafore is associate professo history at Swarthmore College. received his Ph.D. at the Fletc School of Law and Diplomacy Medford, Mass., and served in L don and Paris for the OWI.

. . . **W. S. Merwin** came home to United States last year after a longed absence, during which wrote "After Some Years" (p. His third book of poems, *G With Beasts,* was recently publis by Knopf, and he now holds a Ro feller Playwrighting Fellowshi the Poets' Theater in Cambri Massachusetts.

Richmond Lattimore ("

omes," (p. 74) teaches Greek at yn Mawr, is co-editor of the Chi-go Series of Greek Tragedies in anslation, and will have a book of s poems published in the fall.

. "California's Dedicated Detec-e" (p. 57) is by **Keith Monroe,** o has contributed to *Harper's* and ny other magazines. He went to llege at Stanford and the Univer-y of California and has done a riety of jobs, including public re-ions for an aircraft plant. He ote the piece on the Adoption In-tute of Los Angeles in our Jan-ry issue.

. The professional slick of public ations has no place between pupils d teachers—or should have none, s **Sally Carrighar** in "Murder in e Schoolroom" (p. 60). Not a cher herself, Miss Carrighar took her brief career partly for the fun it and partly to get ammunition her discussions with teacher-ends.

She went to Alaska on a Guggen-im Fellowship to study the arctic imals, and about them she wrote *bound Summer* (Knopf, 1953). ce then her play, "As Far as They uld Go," has been produced at e University of Alaska; she is now ishing a book about learning to e in "this insidiously beautiful d." Miss Carrighar's earlier books re *One Day on Beetle Rock* and *e Day at Teton Marsh.*

. Three of the most prized awards the magazine field went this year writers in *Harper's.* On May 16 e judges of the Benjamin Franklin agazine Awards announced their oice of **George F. Kennan's** "Over-e Changes in Our Foreign Policy" ugust 1956) as the "best interpre-ion of the foreign scene or of our eign relations"; and of **Wyatt assingame's** "Man's Courage" pril 1956) as "the best short story blished in an American maga-e." The Sidney Hillman Founda-n announced on April 30 that **hn Fischer's** "The Harm Good ople Do" (The Editor's Easy hair, October 1956) had received e Sidney Hillman Prize for an out-nding editorial in the field of in-vidual civil liberties and related oblems. Each of these prizes was r $500.



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Harper's MAGAZINE

PUBLIC RELATIONS

the Invisible Sell

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

A candid report on our fastest growing industry—what it can do, and what it cannot . . . the kind of men it makes rich . . . and what it is doing for better and for worse to American business and society.

MIXED up in the affairs of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Institute of Boiler and Radiator Manufacturers, Elvis Presley, and United States Steel; welcomed into the inner sanctum of church, corporation, and cabaret alike; as indispensable to a modern hospital as a surgeon and to a big labor union as an organizer, you will find the representatives of one of the newest, fastest growing, and certainly most significant professions of our times. These are the members of the public relations fraternity—a brotherhood of some 100,000 whose common bond is its profession, and whose common woe is that no two of the practitioners can ever quite agree on what that profession is.

Whatever it is, public relations is the wonder child of our age. Turn back to the Manhattan classified telephone directory for 1935 and look up the listing for public relations: you will find ten names. Go through the catalogues of the universities twenty years back, and you search for a course on public relations in vain. Investigate the public relations staff of General Motors for 1931, and you will discover one man, Paul Garrett, who had just been hired.

Today the listing in the telephone directory runs on for seven columns and over seven hundred names—in Manhattan alone. Last year 653 colleges taught something called "public relations"; eleven (including such pillars of respectability as Columbia and New York University) offered it as an undergraduate major; and one, Boston University, had a School of Public Relations which gave an M.S. degree. And last December when Paul Garrett retired from General Motors as a full vice president (to set up his own public relations firm), his staff numbered some two hundred people, exclusive of clerical help, and cost well over $1,000,000 a year.

That is, however, only evidence of public relations' meteoric rise. Even more impressive is its present extent. According to *Fortune* magazine, nearly five thousand corporations now support public relations departments or engage public relations counsel. An already outdated report by the Bureau of the Budget lists 5,211 full-time "information officers" for the federal government. Add in the labor unions, the private welfare organizations, the charities, causes, and

not least, the celebrities who also buy what public relations men sell, and you arrive at the not unimpressive figure of at least half a billion dollars spent for PR hired help alone. How much is spent not for the hired hands, but on public relations itself, nobody even hazards a guess.

And what is this thing called "public relations" on which all this money is expended? It is not one thing, but many, for the practice in which the brotherhood engages is indeed a motley one. In the name of public relations you will find the boys "institutionalizing" a TV comic, "personalizing" an institution, or just plain peddling a product or an idea. Public relations includes such virtuous aims as making the public "aware" of muscular dystrophy and such dubious ones as putting pressure on a legislature through phony consumer fronts. It runs the gamut from philosophizing on social trends before a board of directors, to advising that same board on how best to pulverize the opposition in a proxy fight. It takes in the planted item in the gossip column and the artfully contrived mention of a client's product in a magazine article ostensibly about something else. It embraces the cozy corporate brochure "About Us Folks," and the hard-breathing advertisement of the "facts" concerning a strike. In a word, public relations covers a lot of acreage—blurring out into advertising, slopping over into selling, dipping down into publicity, and touching—or at least aspiring to—the "making" of public opinion itself.

And what, one may ask, after reading this ill-assorted catalogue, *is* public relations? Perhaps we can sum it up by calling it the business of the Invisible Sell. Public relations is Dale Carnegie writ large: it is the professional winning of friends and influencing of people—only not for oneself, but for one's clients, and not by glad-handing or overtly campaigning for their favor, but by creating "situations of reality" in which their acquiescence and approbation are spontaneously aroused. The public relations man is the stage manager of real-life dramas which contain not a hidden moral, but a hidden commercial. In the arresting, if chilling, phrase of Edward L. Bernays, a pioneer in the field, public relations is "the engineering of public consent."

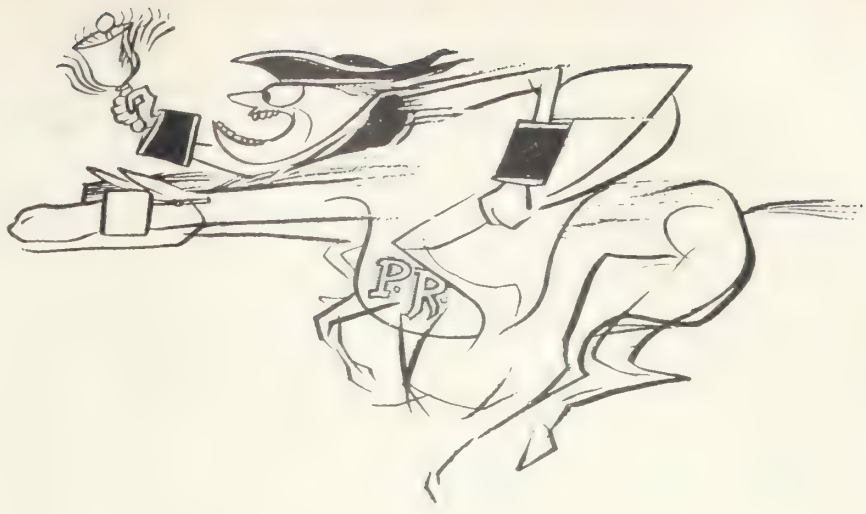
And this makes the brotherhood somewhat more interesting than just another bunch of guys out to make a buck. For we are all of us to some extent hooked by the Invisible Sell—enthusiastic about people we have never met, persuaded of the virtues of products and institutions with which we have no direct contact, contented captives of ideas we are scarcely aware of having picked up. If the public relations men are capable of *manufacturing* these enthusiasms, persuasions, and ideas, it would not be too much to claim that they practice the most important occupation of our day. Or perhaps one should say the most portentous. Or perhaps merely the most pretentious. Whatever the final verdict, it would certainly seem worth while to meet the fraternity members themselves.

UP FROM BROADWAY

THIS will not involve us immediately in a series of high-level conferences in paneled board rooms. On the contrary, a Cook's Tour of public relations land begins far from the fluorescent eyries of Madison Avenue, in the hole-in-the-wall offices of another, even dreamier avenue four blocks west: Broadway. For whereas it makes a public relations counselor (and how the trade does love that orotund title) cringe to be told so, he did not spring, full-formed, from the brow of Jove. He crawled up from a lower form of life called the Press Agent. And there on Broadway the evolutionary process can yet be witnessed, as small wriggling things hitch themselves up on the terra firma of respectability, take their first tentative gulp of air, and—if they are still alive—declare themselves to be public relations men.

Back in the primordial ooze itself are the press agents whose "offices" are often only the stuffy phone booths around the corner from Lindy's. At his wilder extremes the press agent is the man who says to his client cuties, "Now when you get turned down for the part, you just walk over to the window and jump. I'll be waiting down below with a net," but in his more prosaic moments he lives off plainer fare called Client Mention. And client mention is still an indispensable part of public relations, even at its most stratospheric. Ben Sonnenberg, for example, who is one of the best-known public relations men in the country, has a special literary knack for leaving his clients' imprints on the sands of *Time*. Even Edward Bernays, who is today about as far from a press agent as one can get, rode to fame on some particularly gorgeous client mentions. One of them involved the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the electric light, for which Bernays staged a Golden Jubilee at Dearborn, Michigan. Quite by chance, the President of the United States contributed his presence to the shindig and the Postmaster General issued

a special stamp in its honor. In the stamp, the Jubilee, the posters, and the news releases, the Mazda bulb quietly glowed, reciprocally lighting up and lit by the luminaries provided by its master PR.



Today the public relations counselor disapprovingly frowns at the mention of the press agent whose motto reads, "Anything goes, so long as you spell the name right." Nonetheless he owes much of his imaginative vitality to his rude forebears. Indeed at the lower echelons of public relations you will find the direct descendants of the press agents, who have learned that a quick and agile mind and some good publicity ideas can be quickly parlayed into cash.

Of the 700-odd public relations firms in New York and the 2,000-odd in the nation, a very considerable number—perhaps as many as two-thirds—represent the ventures of bright young men, who start with a general background in publicity, a client or two, and a few hundred dollars in cash. This is where enterprising youth goes these days, instead of West. A career in point is that of an ex-publicity man named Alan Brandt. Good-looking, voluble, and an absolute garden sprinkler of ideas, Brandt took the plunge sixteen months ago from a well-paid position as publicity director of station WNEW in New York, for which he had gained nation-wide notice with shows such as a disc-less disc-jockey program (calliopes, music boxes, player pianos), a 2:00 A.M. feeding show for parents up bottling their infants, and Esoterica, A Program of Frankly Limited Appeal (Ethiopian music and Gertrude Stein).

"I just got tired of working for someone else," says Brandt, "so I went out and got myself a room with one window, one desk, one phone, one size of stationery, one girl—and one client. I was in business."

The client was the producer of Captain Kangaroo, a TV kiddies' show, and Brandt publicized it as the children's show that *parents* would like. It was a good pitch and made several magazine breaks, and thereupon the phone began to ring. A hair-products firm wanted to know if Brandt could think of some way of publicizing buns and chignons: Brandt got a TV hair styles contest started. A Boston radio station showed up looking for a publicity idea: Brandt printed records which fitted the new Chrysler car-phonograph and which interrupted their music with, "Are you missing the news? Tune in on station WHDH." A TV morning show wanted to be talked about: Brandt put Salvador Dali on to explain that the cauliflower was the basis of all art, and had an art dealer choose between six masterpieces worth over $100,000 and six fake copies worth less than $100, by slashing the fakes —while Brandt quietly perspired behind the camera. A book publisher wondered if something could be done about a novel set in a small New England town. Brandt got an item in the Associated Press about a book that would blow up Gilmanton, New Hampshire, and *Peyton Place* was a best seller before it even reached the bookstores.

It is now sixteen months later, and despite the fact that Alan Brandt is successful enough to need a personal tax lawyer, he sometimes worries about where he goes from here. For if the publicity end of the public relations game is a rich one (at least for those who make the grade), it is also rugged.

"Here I am," said another energetic hustler, "working like a beaver to get my client, call him Bill Blick, into the columns. He's a dog of a client, but finally I get something worth printing. Then I hear it's going to run in a big name column. I call my client's secretary and we all rush out to buy the early edition. And what does the item say?—'What ever happened to Bill Blick?' "

Equally baneful to the publicity man is the fact that his client, a modest soul who just happens to have a few good pictures of himself in case they're needed, is usually blissfully unaware of the writing, the phoning, the glamorizing that have been done to make his pedestrian life fit to print. On the morning when months of patient work finally pays off, he cheerfully calls

his PR and says, "Say, did you see what the *Times* wrote about me?" And worst of all is the call that comes on the day when a national break of great importance has finally been landed. The client phones and enthuses.

"Great job! Just what we needed! Thanks a lot! Of course you understand that we won't be needing you any more now."

HOW TO CATCH A WHALE

HENCE those PRs who cultivate the flowers of publicity raise a lush but quick-wilting crop. It is not surprising therefore that the next step up the evolutionary ladder is to the less spectacular but hardier perennials of Product Promotion. Here is where you will meet nine out of ten PRs who have graduated from the publicity game, tirelessly plugging away for products the majority of which are hardly such as to inspire soaring flights of the imagination. Typewriters, for example. Or wool. Or dog food.

Now since there are very few magazines or newspapers which would be interested in running a story about typewriters, wool, or dog food, and still fewer which would give free advertising to Underwood, the Wool Institute, or the Gaines Dog Food Company, the public relations man must disguise his hook with fancy feathers. The Underwood people therefore prepare "5 Sprightly Stories" on such themes as *How To Keep Your Boss Happy,* or *The Girl With The Halo* (your secretary); the Wool Institute offers *How's Your AQ?* (Appearance Quotient) and *Wool in History and Legend*—"the fascinating story of the thousands-of-years-old romance of the use of wool"; and the dog food people establish the Gaines Dog Research Center—"a research and educational institution created as a public service." These are offered free to editors.

Needless to say, the mortality rate of such PR productions reaches epidemic proportions, but since the birth rate is high, a certain number of brain-children survive. A considerable number as a matter of fact. No PR firm of any stature cannot boast of having "placed" stories in *Life, Look, Saturday Evening Post,* or *Reader's Digest,* not to mention the *New York Times*—although many is the chagrined PR who, having finally inspired a story on his client's industry or interest, reads it with fading smile to realize, at the end, that the goddam magazine never mentioned *his* client once.

One of the most successful product promoters is the firm of Ruder and Finn, which began like Brandt Public Relations, on a shoestring. Not quite ten years ago Bill Ruder, a young publicity man for Sam Goldwyn, and David Finn, a hopeful painter, decided to put their curiously diverse talents together in public relations. They took a room in the Hotel Lombardy—the size of which can be judged by the fact that it is now the hotel linen closet—and landed that essential First Account. It was a promotion job for Perry Como's records, and they performed it so artfully that Como thanked them publicly in an ad in *Billboard.* Then *their* phone began to ring. And they began to think.

"We didn't want to be just publicity boys all our lives," says Finn. "And while we were beating our brains to think of a way not to be, Bill remembered the nation-wide publicity network that Goldwyn used. We decided to try the same deal for product promotion." By writing to independent PRs around the country, Ruder and Finn established a gossamer-thin tie-up with small out-of-town public relations firms, and this they then hawked as the Ruder & Finn Field Network. Into its flimsy meshes promptly swam a whale. A major soap company was about to launch a new soap and it wanted just such point-of-sale promotion. The soap brass descended from its glassy heights to the brownstone basement into which Ruder and Finn had moved their operation (and where they had spent the previous twenty-four hours frantically adding twenty-seven men to their "network"), and—perhaps with suds in its eyes—approved of what it saw.

After that it was easy. Today, with seventy employees, a Field Network of over 190, and a gross take in excess of $1,200,000, Bill Ruder and Dave Finn run one of the six biggest PR firms in the country.

Walking through the pastel-tinted Ruder and Finn offices is not unlike walking through an advertising agency—a resemblance which makes both PRs and advertising men edgy. There is a writing department, a TV and radio department, a magazine department, an art department, and a long string of offices for account executives, supervisors of executives, supervisors of supervisors, and so on. For R & F does a great deal more than publicity for its clients. In fact it does public relations for them.

What is public relations at the R & F level? Of course it includes product promotion via the Invisible Sell, as witness a technique used to push Skotch Koolers, a picnic carrier. R & F sent samples of the Koolers to professional photographers and TV studios, merely suggesting that they might be used as studio props. They were. You may have noticed the Kooler along

side the man with the beard in a Schweppes ad, or next to a bathing beauty extolling skin cream. Without spending a nickel on advertising, R & F dangled its product before the eyes of several million people, a pleasing number of whom swallowed the bait.

But the public relations bait does not consist of products only. Indeed, the publics to which R & F professionally relates its clients tend to include fewer and fewer customers, and more and more groups such as stockholders, employees, or even bankers. For these publics Ruder and Finn will design a client's annual report and compose dignified but warm letters to his shareholders, will edit his employee newspaper, or make his name known among the Wall Street community. Or, in the jargon of the trade, they will create and sell his "image."

For example, in the early months of 1956 Orr & Sembower, a vigorous but relatively unknown firm of boiler manufacturers, came to Ruder and Finn eager to tell the world—that is, the very small world concerned with boilers—that it was "a real forward-thinking company." How do you make a boiler manufacturer look real forward-thinking? The table below shows part of the R & F evaluation of their job nine months later.

Comments Ruder and Finn: "We have begun to create in the minds of the various publics the image of Orr & Sembower as a leading manufacturer of packaged heat transfer equipment."

It is not by coincidence that our Cook's Tour of public relations land has taken us from publicity through product pushing to the creation of corporate "images," for the higher up the ladder of public relations you go, the more grandiose becomes its purpose. Indeed, when you arrive at the summit, you can hardly see the customer any more at all. The bait which now dangles from the invisible line is no longer personalities and merchandise, but institutions and ideas.

Thus at the powerhouse of public relations maintained by General Motors, only a fraction of the PR effort is aimed at making people like GM *cars,* and whereas this fraction packs a mighty wallop (the whole idea of Motorama was originally a PR flash of genius), it is hardly central to the company's public relations program. For General Motors—or any large corporation, for that matter—has a more important task for its public relations than the pushing of Chevvies, Buicks, or Cadillacs: Sales Promotion does *that.* What public relations must do is the far more difficult job of selling General Motors itself—as a community asset, a helpful company, a corporation with solid ideas, a big business with its heart in the right place—in a word, as a great institution, and by implication, one which should not be meddled with.

When Paul Garrett arrived in Detroit twenty-five years ago to begin General Motors' public relations program, the first question fired at him was: "How do you make a billion dollars look small?" Garrett said damned if he knew, and furthermore damned if he thought that was his job. Public relations, he argued, was not an "act," but a continuing effort on the part of management to win the confidence of the people with whom it came into contact. Hence you will find General Motors engaged in a host of activities in which altruism and self-interest come together in a creamy blend. Plant City and Field Relations, for example, stimulates local GM participation in the community affairs of the sixty-eight cities where it has factories, thereby helping both the community and itself. Educational Relations works with the schools, providing them with such useful educational material as films on safe driving, and providing itself with

What We Programmed	What We Accomplished
Minimum of two speaking engagements for Fred Klein, the president	Speeches delivered at two important conventions
Article in *Harvard Business Review*	In the works as the story of a small company in foreign trade
Articles in *Fortune* or *Business Week*	No soap on one; the other now in development
Important newspaper story	Interview in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*
Articles aimed at management, engineers, architects, and heating specialists	Stories in *Factory Management & Maintenance, Power, Progressive Architecture,* and others

Evaluation of a Public Relations Program for a Boiler Manufacturer

a flow of applicants for jobs. The Speakers Bureau is glad to send a company-sponsored lecturer to your club or association to edify it with an inspirational talk—or to educate it with a "sound" economic one. Institutional Advertising tells the story of GM's role in supporting some twenty thousand suppliers, and leaves you with the pleasant impression that what's good for General Motors is good for small business, too. The billion dollars may not look any smaller as a result of these efforts. But it looks much, much nicer.

THE IMAGE-MAKERS

THIS same kind of quiet winning of friends and influencing of people is practiced by the biggest public relations firms. At Hill & Knowlton, for instance, which runs neck and neck with Carl Byoir & Associates as the largest PR outfit in the country (H & K's minimum fee $36,000; Byoir's, $50,000, but H & K has more accounts), only 6 or 7 per cent of the firm's effort is spent on publicity. The rest is largely concentrated on showing corporations how to do Good Works and how to present their side of the story—which is always known as The Facts.

Thus for its biggest account, the American Iron and Steel Institute (which is incidentally the biggest PR account in the country), H & K provides a whole panoply of services, none of which is calculated to sell a single ton of steel, but all of which are calculated to sell the steel industry and its point of view. It publishes *Steelways,* a magazine which is sent to 100,000 key people, such as editors and educators, who pass along interesting bits of information to an audience estimated at 12,000,000. It puts out booklets on "timely topics of importance" such as the industry's lagging profit rate. It runs a field service which counsels individual companies on such matters as how to conduct plant tours, or how to work with the local school board, or who should go on the Institute's mailing list.

And it runs such interesting services as the Community Resources Workshop. This is a project to acquaint teachers with industry and its potential helpfulness in providing educational material. It also aims at giving teachers an insight into the problems of steel—not on a "propagandistic" basis, but just the way steel executives honestly see them. Dr. Albert L. Ayars, the educator who heads the Workshop, has stated that he would resign if his project were ever used for the propagation of distorted facts. "I suppose you could say," he admits, "that as a result of these experiences the teachers will be more receptive to some legislation which would be of benefit to industry and the public. But again, not because they have been coerced into it. All that we would have done from the standpoint of our client, American Iron and Steel Industry, is to have exposed them to the facts."

For those who picture public relations at the summit as the cunning manipulation of minds, or the subtle exercise of devious techniques, the actual practice of Big PR must look tame indeed. That it is often transparently self-serving, under the guise of serving the public, is perfectly true; and that the motives which prompt it are not entirely spiritual, needs hardly to be pointed out. It is the Invisible Sell on a huge scale, but whereas one may not always particularly like what is being sold, it is hard to get much worked up over the salesmanship.

That goes for nine-tenths of Big PR. Of course there is also the tenth tenth. Witness, for example, the public-relations tactics in the Pennsylvania railroad-truckers fight in 1952. The client here was the Eastern Railroads Presidents Conference; the PR firm was that of Carl Byoir & Associates (Hill & Knowlton's big competitor); and the issue at stake was a bill increasing the size and weight limits for trucks on the state roads. It was not by accident that Byoir was chosen for the task of beating the bill. As the company explained in a letter to one of the railroad vice presidents (in charge of public relations), it was good at that sort of thing, modestly mentioning a chain-store bill it had licked in New York State for the A & P, and a tax reduction it had secured in Louisiana for the Freeport Sulphur company. And so, for a fee of $150,000 it got the job.

And brought home the bacon. In due course the bill was vetoed by the Governor.

Not that the Governor acted out of any but the best interests. He had before him, for example, an early report of the Maryland State Roads Commission containing very unfavorable data on road damage. He was faced at every turn by newspaper and magazine articles on the evils of trucking, and across his desk passed a succession of interesting studies by institutions such as the New Jersey Citizens Tax Study Foundation. Certainly not absent from the Governor's mind was the opposition of the State Association of Township Supervisors, which had mailed out thousands of postcards protesting the truck bill, and of the State Grange, a politically powerful organization.

When Governor Fine vetoed the bill, it

must have seemed to him that he was only expressing the will of the people: but how much of this will of the people was the result of the activities of the Byoir agency who spent several hundred thousand dollars in their campaign?

There is now pending in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania an anti-trust action entitled *"Noerr Motor Freight, Inc., v. Eastern Railway Presidents Conference et al."* In support of their position the Plaintiff-Truckers introduced through their briefs and supporting affidavits, and by the testimony of witnesses, evidence to the effect that the Maryland Commission's public relations man constantly visited the Byoir offices and later was given a job by the defendant, the Eastern Railway Presidents Conference; that newspaper and magazine articles were planted by the Byoir agency or based upon material supplied by them; and that the New Jersey Citizens Tax Study Foundation was founded and supported by the Byoir agency. Evidence was also introduced that a Byoir man set up headquarters in the Grange and used the Grange stationery and that the postcards mailed in the name of the Township Supervisors were prepared by Byoir.

It is incidents such as this which give rise to alarm over the power of public relations (although it is worthy of note that not a single client left the Byoir firm, and that the Public Relations Society of America—the "standards-setting" organization of the trade—did not suggest that Carl Byoir & Associates should withdraw). But if within the profession most eyes were delicately averted, outside it voices were raised. In a brilliant exposé by Robert Bendiner in the *Reporter*, the question was posed: "Is this what is meant by the engineering of public consent?"

The indignation was natural, and yet the Byoir episode is not a case by which the power of public relations must be judged. For one thing, as is often the way, the success backfired: Byoir and the railroads are now both entangled in the $250,000,000 suit filed by the truckers. And for another thing, no one has ever denied the power of public relations, in careless or overeager hands, to gain selfish advantage, or to exert legislative influence, on behalf of its clients—whether they are business, labor, farm, or foreign.

All this, however, is aside from the crucial point. It is not the excesses, but the run of the mill of big PR, not its faults but its very virtues which need examination. The basic question is not the power which resides in bad public relations, but that inherent in *good* public relations; not the ability of public relations to subvert, but its capacity to convince. The really important question about the power of public relations is whether it can influence what men *think*.

WHERE THE DOUBT BEGINS

THIS brings us to an impressive demonstration concerning the making of public opinion that took place in Cincinnati in 1947.

For six months Cincinnati became the focus for an unprecedented crusade—a powerful, well-planned, and well-financed attempt to teach it what to think. Specifically, Cincinnati was the target of an all-out effort to make a typical American city "United Nations conscious."

The crusade was a thorough and intelligent one. It was launched at every level of city life. On blotters, matchbooks, streetcar signs, and billboards, Cincinnatians read "Peace Begins with the United Nations—the United Nations Begins with You." Local radio stations broadcast UN facts and news daily—one of them on 150 spots a week. The newspapers played up the theme. Every schoolchild in the city was given literature about the United Nations to take home; the PTA, the Council of Churches, and the Catholic Church all climbed enthusiastically aboard the bandwagon. Club women rallied round with letters and telegrams pledging their support to the American delegation to the UN. In the last three months as the campaign reached a crescendo, 225 meetings were held; hundreds of documentary films shown, 59,588 pieces of literature distributed.

Then they took a poll of the results.

At the end of six months only *half* as many people considered the United Nations a means of preventing war as thought so at the beginning.

There was almost no change in the number who thought that the United States should take an active part in world affairs.

There was a drop in the number of those who were in favor of having the United States join an international police to keep peace.

Fewer people thought there should be some sort of international control of atom bombs.

There was almost no change in the numbers who knew what the main purpose of the United Nations was, or who had heard of the veto power, or who knew how the UN worked.

In a word, the campaign was a gigantic frost.

Why? The answer may be shocking, but it is simplicity itself: people in Cincinnati just didn't give a damn about the United Nations. one way

or another. For all the matchbooks and the meetings, the UN was something far off, vague, abstract, unconnected with daily life. Hence the propaganda went in one ear and out the other, and save for the pleasant friction stimulated in transit, it left no imprint at all.

And the moral, for public relations, seems to be that most people don't give a damn about most things, unless those things are part and parcel of their concrete lives. They just don't listen. For many years, Hill & Knowlton has sought to put across such simple (and true) messages as that the steel industry is not a dangerous place to work, or that steel's profit margins, by comparison with other industries, have been low. The results: slightly *more* people thought steel was dangerous in 1955 than in 1946 or 1943, and there continues to be "considerable belief" (in Hill & Knowlton's own words) that steel's profits are too high.

Or take the case of General Motors. For nearly twenty years, along with seven other large corporations, GM has tested its popularity by means of a continuing opinion poll called the Link Audit. On the face of it, results were excellent: the proportion of people who "liked" General Motors (and all the other companies) rose from less than 60 per cent in the late 'thirties to over 80 per cent today. The only trouble is, no one quite knows what "like" means. Every time there is a strike in any *one* of the eight companies, the popularity of *all* of them goes down. For some unfathomable reason all the corporations are more popular in fall than spring. And every time there is something to get mad about, the Link Audit "liking" doesn't seem to prevent people from boiling up: when Harlow Curtice, GM's president, testily denied to a Senate Committee last year that there was anything wrong with General Motors' dealer relations, something akin to a whirlwind of angry protest materialized out of the blue. Chastened, Mr. Curtice appeared again in a more conciliatory mood. The whirlwind disappeared. And the Link Audit once again showed that everybody "liked" General Motors.

Hence the public-opinion researchers are, to put it mildly, skeptical about the ability of public relations to engineer the public's consent and dubious about the depth of the affections it arouses. "Give the PR something real and specific—a personality, a product, or even a precise enough idea—and he can usually make an impact," says one professional public-opinion measurer. "But ask him to sell a big fuzzy thing like a 'nice' company or a 'sound' doctrine, and the result is usually an absolutely monumental indifference."

Or worse, skepticism. One opinion researcher, Douglas Williams, measuring the effect of a company's effort to "sell" its employees on Free Private Enterprise, found the net outcome to be an increase in hostility and suspicion. "Those people knew about free enterprise in terms of their own jobs and incomes," he explains. "They didn't like having those realities 'justified' with fancy abstractions. Instead they asked, 'What's really the matter, that they have to sell this thing to me?'"

The wiser public relations men are well aware of these facts. "Make no mistake about it," says Earl Newsom, who counsels, among others, Ford and Standard Oil of New Jersey, "a corporation does not win the confidence of the American people by trying to 'educate' them to its point of view." A case in point is Newsom's client, "Jersey," which has long ago wearily resigned itself to living with the popular opinion that it is still part of the oil trust which broke up some forty years ago. It just doesn't bother to argue any more—because it realizes that it probably wouldn't do any good if it did.

But whereas the public relations men themselves have salutary doubts about the efficacy of their efforts to sell those nice big ideas, their clients share no such hesitations with them. For if there is one part of the public which is really a patsy for the power of public relations, it is that hard-headed pragmatic character, the American big businessman himself. Not content with using public relations to publicize or promote his wares, or to cement his relationships with his employees or stockholders—all of which it can do very well—he is convinced that it can serve to get his "message" across to an eagerly attentive public, and to enshrine his corporation, as well as its products, in their hearts. Nor does he, curiously enough, demand proof of this conviction, for he has swallowed the Invisible Sell hook, line, and sinker.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

IF THE public relations brotherhood is not quite so powerful as its enthusiastic clients think, neither can it be shrugged off as just a collection of publicists, pitchmen, and commercial philosophers. Public relations is more than just an occupation or a bunch of occupations: it is a social force—and as such it has left two indelible marks on our world.

The first mark is its part in the general debase-

ment of communications from which we suffer. It is only a banality to point out the need for effective public communication in today's complex society, but communication has become more of a fetish than a function. Science has a technical term which describes the result of forcing more messages along a carrier than it can accommodate: it calls the result *noise*. We live in a noisy society: one in which everyone talks and few say anything; one in which the spurious, the insincere, the meretricious, and most of all the *empty*, crowd out the meaningful, the useful, the important. People who live in such a society learn not to listen—or worse, when they do listen, they learn to disbelieve what they hear.

In this process of the debasement of communication, public relations must bear its share of the blame. No one can quarrel with the essential function that public relations fills as the purveyor of genuine ideas and information. No one denies that many public relations men, working for corporations as well as for colleges or causes, honestly communicate things which are worth communicating. Nor can anyone absolve public relations for loading the communications channels with noise. We read the news and suspect that behind it lies the "news release." We encounter reputation and ascribe it to publicity. Worst of all, we no longer credit good behavior to good motives, but cheapen it to the level of "good public relations."

It is not *that* bad, of course. But if we step back to view that whole big thing called Public Relations and then attempt to weigh what it has meant to our values and beliefs, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the net effect of the Invisible Sell has been to further a cynical judgment of the motives behind human behavior.

That is one side of the coin, but there is another, and shinier. If public relations has cheapened the face value of good conduct, at the same time it has enormously increased the prevalence of good conduct. For regardless of its motive or its incessant self-advertisement, good conduct *is* more prevalent on the business scene, and public relations can rightly take much of the credit. The reason is a curious one. It is that something called Good Public Relations has come to be regarded as an indispensable attribute of business—as much a sign that a business is "modern and progressive" as a shiny new glass office building (which is also, of course, a good public relations move). Quite simply, business has sold itself the bill of goods it originally intended to sell the public.

"If you ask me," said one shrewd public relations man, "the aim of a big corporation should be invisibility. But no. It insists on being as visible as possible. Its directors get nervous unless people say what wonderful public relations the company has. So it has to *have* wonderful public relations. It has to *act* lovable. It has to *be* progressive. It has to *become* socially responsible—not because the management necessarily thinks that way, but because that's what Good Public Relations is."

Hence by an unexpected twist, public relations has become a weapon whose recoil is greater than its muzzle blast. Good Public Relations has come to be something very much like the corporate conscience—a commercial conscience, no doubt, but a conscience none the less. If the public relations profession can bolster this role, if it can become the corporate conscience openly, fearlessly, and wisely, speaking not only *for* business but *to* business, then it will have more than redeemed its name.



Public Relations..... a sheep in sheeps clothing!

Hugh G. Foster

the tyranny of the TOMATO



IN 1812, when the first tomatoes offered for domestic use appeared in the New Orleans market at an extortionate twenty-five cents a bushel, and were snapped up as fast as the farmers could unload, there was something more than Creole sauce in the wind. It was defiance of the two-hundred-year old Puritan ordinance against the love apple—that scarlet sister of the virtuous potato and other chaste vegetables—the Devil's own antipasto.

Such conduct was to be expected of bayou epicureans. But in the rest of the country the libel on Satan's berry died hard. It was not until the 1870s that the tomato was allowed in a decent kitchen—on probation—as something to spice up an invalid's broth.

That did it! The tomato today is the undisputed mistress of the American larder, with hegemony over the family shopping list, dominion of the public pantries beyond the home, and a firm colonial grip on the drinking-bar. More tomatoes are consumed now in the United States than in the rest of the world combined.

A more modest statistic, however, may serve to show the extent to which the tomato has overwhelmed the national appetite: In a New England city of 75,000, the place where my wife trolls the shopping cart can hardly be called a supermarket; not even a "food center"; just a little old chromium-plated "mart" barely one-fourth the size of Pennsylvania Station. Here, aside from the irreducible ton of fresh tomatoes-under-cellophane, the display of canned tomatoes is 21 feet long and 6 feet high; not including the sauces, purées, juices, and ketchups, which have an entire section to themselves.

Few shoppers, with the exception of the bachelor girl or the two-burner dilettante, bear off less than six cans at a crack. Swoops of a dozen are the rule in a land where that quivering hoop, the Tomato Ring, has become standard fare at every table from the merchant's lunch to the church supper.

Though by gross tonnage the white potato is still America's leading vegetable, it is sinking under the mighty crimson tide. In an era when every man wants to fit trimly into an Ivy League set-of-threads; and every woman aspires to hips like an adolescent boy's, the noble tuber is giving ground. Is there a meal served today that does not glow redly with the flesh of the raw, or the oozy pulp of the cooked tomato? Our tables groan with condiments and relishes of the same. We encounter it morning, noon, and night.

At breakfast it seems that nobody can face the world—especially those who viewed it blearily the night before—without knocking back an eye-opener of tomato juice. Juice indeed! The tomato yields no juice; merely a trickle of brackish serum. What they call juice is actually *tomato espresso*—the entire fruit liquefied under tremendous hydraulic pressure.

The midday salad could be a happy assortment of cool greens. But that's taken care of by the addition of a few wedges of tomato to weep into it—nothing like it to kill the nutty flavor of crisp lettuce, or flatten the tang of the finest dressing. For the between-meal snack, the drugstore counter has canned soup; tomato plain, with vermicelli, or rice; ready to be steam-heated and served with Tomato (*The Flavor's Baked In*) Crunch.

Now, before traintime, the citizen drinks an infusion of tomato juice and vodka called a Bloody Mary, and wonders what's for dinner. At the same moment his consort lifts the lid of the dutch oven to see how the chuck roast is doing. Beautifully! The carrots tender and glazing nicely; the pearly baby onions and the diced turnips bobbing in the gravy; the halved potatos browning just right. It all looks and smells so—MMM-mmm!—that she has half a notion to serve it as it is. But she doesn't dare—John and the kids like to *know* what they're eating. So, snip-snip, whoosh!—in go the contents of a No. 2 can of solid-pack tomatoes, to the last dregs. Instantly the kitchen fills with the sharp, almost tactile

odor. But nobody notices. It is the aroma of culinary America.

The ketchup bottle stands sentinel over the grill. And the palate numbs as everything that comes off it, from the blue-ribbon porterhouse to the roadside hamburger, is sluiced down. Nor does sea food escape similar baptism. The Cotuit oyster, the Cherrystone clam, the Gulf shrimp, and the princely leg of Dungeness crab—all are dragged through a swamp of chili sauce.

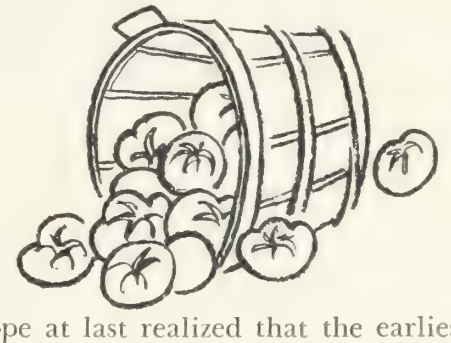
It is amazing how people sustained themselves in the days before the red manna. Here, for example, is one way they managed—"A Complete and Simple Sunday Family Menu," circulated by a Chef Filippini in 1881:

> BREAKFAST: Eggs Aurore, Boiled Haddock Cream Sauce, Lamb Chops Maison d'or, Potato Croquettes, Prunes General Dufour, Wheat Cakes.
>
> LUNCHEON: Stuffed Deviled Crabs, Chicken Sauté Marengo, Sweet Potato Soufflé, Macaroni au Gratin, Maraschino Pudding.
>
> DINNER: Blue Point Oysters. *Soups:* Cream of Asparagus, Consommé Royale. *Hors d'oeuvre:* Radishes, Olives, Timbales Ecossaises. *Relevés:* Sea Bass Régence, Fillet of Beef larded Parisien, Saddle of Mutton, Currant Jelly. *Entrées:* Sweetbreads larded Colbert, Potatoes Windsor, Terrapin Maryland. *Sorbet:* Kirsch Punch. *Rôtis:* Canvasback Ducks, Celery-mayonnaise Salad, Artichoke Bottoms, French Peas, String Beans. *Sweet:* Martha Washington Pie, Boiled Apple Dumpling, Fruit, Cakes, Pistache Ice, Coffee.

Italienne, Portugaise, Andalouse, and *Provençale* are the only group utilizing tomato among the thirty-eight True Sauces developed in five centuries of civilized Western cookery. The controlling authority, the venerable Saucier's Guild in France examined the tomato carefully and decided that no atmosphere of *élan* was possible with it in the kitchen. Then, too, there was its smoky name and reputation—in Latin *lycopersicon esculentum*—the edible wolf peach; and the term wolf had the same connotation in the eighteenth century as it has today.

The plant came from Peru, carried to Italy and Spain by the Conquistadores between 1550 and 1560, and travelers brought stories back to England and France that the Italian dandies made high carnival with it. They braised it in olive oil with garlic and ate it with their macaroni to spur the carnal appetite. Seeds and cuttings were smuggled to England and cultivated by wealthy rakehells in hothouses. But the saucerers of France held out against it. If, they argued, the vegetable was indeed an aphrodisiac, then the place for it was in the apothecary's jar.

Some notable Italians—Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti among them—pleaded with Dumas to give his imprimatur to spaghetti and tomato sauce. But, according to *King of Paris* by Mr. Guy Endore, Dumas publicly denounced both the spaghetti and the sauce as "a dish of wet laundry . . . and all Italy reacted with fury and tightened her teeth on the dagger."



Europe at last realized that the earliest claim for the *pomme d'amour* had been recklessly overstated. When it did not turn men into "wolves," and nobody rushed into the streets to engage in orgiastic riots, that was the first Tomato Surprise.

The tomato must have been an ugly berry, hard as a marble and no bigger, when it was first cultivated in this country as forage for the livestock. Thomas Jefferson toyed with it in his conservatory at Monticello and developed a strain which could pass muster in a Philadelphia Pepper Pot if the field hands weren't too finicky.

At any rate, it could have been nothing like the Ponderosa Prince which shimmers on Page 144 of last year's seed catalogue in traffic-light red. But the Prince is only a pale cousin of the flaming Turk's Turban on the next page. The plump, rouged Marquesa Borghese farther on is "early ripening, good for soups and stews." The Monarch Beefsteak "slices well" and the French Breakfast, "firm and hearty." And now, the nurseryman's masterpiece—an immensity! Almost the size of a cantaloupe, its portrait takes up most of the page. Beautiful as an autumn sunset, no name could be devised to describe it; so the seedsman calls it simply No. 27 and qualifies it as "The Big Number for Roadside Sale—Will Stop the Motorist!"

Buy this jewel if you wish. Have it stuffed by a taxidermist, or preserve it in alcohol, but in the names of Brillat-Savarin, Vatel, and the Seven Sisters of the Skillet, don't eat it!

If you must—one last caution—don't wash off the insecticide spray which is what gives it, at least, some kind of flavor.

George Steiner

A BETTER WAY TO DEAL WITH CHINA

Why a cold-eyed, practical approach toward Communist China might yield bigger dividends—in terms of America's long-range goals—than our present emotional policy.

FOR the last six years the largest country in the world—with a quarter of the earth's population—has been a blank space on the map of American foreign policy. For many reasons, political and moral, our government has steadfastly refused to recognize the government of Communist China. That refusal has been strongly supported by both political parties, and almost certainly reflects the emotions of most Americans.

Yet many responsible people concerned with foreign affairs—including President Eisenhower—have expressed uneasiness about this situation. Does our present policy, they have wondered, really serve the best interests of the United States? Are there alternatives which might be more effective in promoting our security and long-range goals?

The basic case for recognizing Red China was clearly stated by President Eisenhower in 1953. His view, as expressed at that time in meetings with his staff and Republican leaders, was recorded by Robert J. Donovan in his semi-official history, *Eisenhower: The Inside Story,* a book based on Cabinet minutes and similar White House documents. The chapter on "Eisenhower and Red China" contains this passage:

> The President was not convinced that the vital interests of the United States were best served by prolonged nonrecognition of China. He had serious doubts as to whether Russia and China were natural allies. . . . Therefore, he asked, would it not be the best policy in the long run for the United States to try to pull China away from Russia rather than drive the Chinese ever deeper into an unnatural alliance unfriendly to the United States? Likewise the problem of keeping the Japanese economy alive weighed heavily upon him, and he felt that in part at least its solution must lie ultimately in trade between Japan and China. The alternative, he feared, would be endless subsidization of the Japanese economy by the American taxpayer.

Mr. Donovan noted that "the hostile conduct of the Chinese Communists and the intense antipathy to Red China among the American people" made it impossible for the President to change the nonrecognition policy at that time. But, he added, "the President strongly and successively resisted being maneuvered into a rigid, uncompromising, unalterable position with respect to future relations with Red China."

The reasons for this view were strong in 1953, and have grown stronger with each passing year. A combination of 200 million Russians and 600 million Chinese would confront us with an array of military manpower which we and our allies could never hope to match. Moreover, Red China's contribution to the hostile alliance is no longer merely people. The country is making a back-breaking effort to industrialize, and within the not-too-distant future it may be able to join Russia in fighting a modern war.

This year, for example, Communist China expects to produce four million tons of steel, or more than twice its 1952 output. It has made small arms for some time, and this year plans to make 4,000 trucks as well. If the statistics available can be credited, its total industrial production has risen by about 14 per cent annually for the last four years.

Even if war is avoided, an alliance between Russia and Red China becomes more dangerous to the free world with every gain in Chinese economic power; for that power will increase the economic, political, and diplomatic pressure the partners can bring to bear on the uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa.

Obviously, then, it would be to our advantage to loosen the ties between China and Russia whenever an opportunity arises.

CHINA'S VIEW OF POLAND AND HUNGARY

BUT is there, in fact, any evidence that such a policy could succeed? Have we not spent endless patience already over an increasingly stale and irritating dilemma? Is there any realistic evidence for supposing that we could ever drive a wedge between the two empires in the Communist bloc?

Last autumn's events in Poland and Hungary have thrown some light on these questions. Gomulka and his associates have insisted that the success of their anti-Soviet revolt in Poland last October was due to firm support from Communist China. The Poles conferred with Peking shortly before the rising and claim that the Chinese emphatically endorsed Polish "efforts toward national independence." Polish and Yugoslav experts believe that Peking adopted this line for three reasons:

(1) The Chinese genuinely consider co-existence to be the best solution for a divided world and were not prepared to see Russia exasperate its satellites and the West to the point of war.

(2) Peking places a high value on the opinion of the uncommitted nations of Asia. To them, Soviet policy looked very much like naked colonialism.

(3) Observers in Warsaw and Belgrade are persuaded that China views Russian successes with mixed feelings. A Soviet Union with trouble on its hands is an altogether more tractable ally.

What, then, is the explanation for Peking's support of Russia's infamous intervention in Hungary? The reasons, as they have been reported, are extremely interesting.

When the Budapest revolt first broke out, the Chinese government appears to have regarded it as similar to the Polish rising. The *New York Times* later confirmed reports that the Chinese were preparing to issue a statement in support of Hungarian aspirations. Then news came that Hungarian rioters had attacked the Chinese legation in Budapest and injured eight Chinese officials, one of them very gravely. Basil Davidson, a British journalist and witness of the revolt, has stated that this news was true. It convinced Peking that the Soviet interpretation of the Hungarian situation was accurate: openly anti-Communist forces were about to take over and wrench Hungary out of the Eastern orbit. This was a possibility that neither Russia nor China could accept.

But Peking's stand on the Hungarian question does not signify unequivocal support for all Russian policies in eastern Europe. Gomulka's experiment reflects China's own revolutionary tradition, and the satellite countries interpreted the Polish-Chinese negotiations in January as a mark of support for their attempts to lessen the weight of the Soviet yoke.

There are, moreover, areas of friction between China and Russia that go beyond foreign policy. The death of Stalin provoked a struggle for doctrinal leadership within the Marxist world. To a Communist, the question of who shall interpret Marxist writ is of tremendous import. The Chinese leaders deferred to Stalin, but after his death they deemed themselves to be the senior apostles in the Leninist succession and hardly disguised their contempt for the new men in Moscow.

Then came the Twentieth Party Congress and Khrushchev's massive onslaught on Stalin and "the cult of the individual." The Chinese were caught entirely off guard and for a long time did not even report to their own people the cataclysmic re-writing of history being carried out in Moscow. When Peking finally noted the new era, it was with obvious distaste. In an important statement issued in January of this year, the Chinese flatly asserted that Stalin's achievements far outweighed his "alleged crimes."

They did not say this out of affection for the dead tyrant. Stalin betrayed and reviled them during his long alliance with Chiang Kai-shek. Mao Tse-tung, whose wife was executed on Chiang Kai-shek's orders, hated the Russian for it. But as G. F. Hudson, one of the foremost Western students of Chinese affairs, put it, Peking is "not moving out of a Stalin era but into one." The cult of the individual leader is precisely what Mao is counting on to carry China through its first, crucial decades and the "de-Stalinization" process in Russia came at an embarrassing time.

But differences over foreign policy and rivalry for the first place in the Marxist hierarchy are relatively minor issues. There are between Russia

and China potential antagonisms of an historical and geographical nature. The two nations share a vast and ill-defined border. In Outer Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Afghanistan, there is a long tradition of conflicting interests and mutual pressures. On either side of the border, in the immensities of Central Asia, the two governments are trying to settle as many of their nationals as possible. In that race China is almost certain to win by sheer weight of numbers. No one is more imperialistically minded than the Chinese, and the Russians know it. In 1947, Stalin confided to a Western diplomat that nothing could be more dangerous to the Soviet Union than an expansionist China, and at the Geneva Conference Molotov seems to have dropped some extraordinarily frank hints about the ultimate threat of the "yellow peril."

It is worth bearing in mind that the perils of Chinese expansion are apparent not only to us.

A number of officials in London and Paris go further. They argue that American foreign policy is the main element of cohesion in the Russo-Chinese *entente*. They believe that Russia is highly pleased with America's refusal to deal with China, and that the last thing Moscow genuinely wants is a reconciliation between Washington and Peking. They argue that a change in American attitude might encourage the "Titoism" latent in the relations between China and Russia. History and the traditions of power politics tend to support this view. But we lack solid evidence for it. If anything, military and economic realities suggest that the two Communist partners are trying to minimize their problems and areas of friction in the interest of an alliance from which—at the moment—they both derive great profit.

What we can safely say is that there *are* potential grounds of disunity between Russia and China. It should be an aim of United States foreign policy to widen and exploit them if we can possibly do so—and if we will not in the process imperil our own self-interest. In the light of this, are there any changes worth considering in our present China policy?

THE PERSPECTIVE OF HISTORY

THE answers fall under four main headings: (1) diplomatic recognition; (2) Formosa; (3) admission of Red China to the UN; (4) a modification of the embargo on trade. The two first issues are the most important to the United States, and for several reasons the question of a seat for Communist China in the UN should be considered separately from all the others.

But before we can even discuss these four issues, we must rid ourselves of certain assumptions and *clichés*.

For example, the theory that China was "betrayed" into Communist hands by a small group of foolish or evil men in the State Department reflects a dismal ignorance of the nature of the Chinese revolution. Every recent traveler to China has reported that the Peking government enjoys the disciplined support of a people who realize that they have become a world power after centuries of dormancy and corruption. Senator Knowland recently told me that he based his hopes for the future "on the seeds of decay" within the Chinese system and that he regards "an upheaval from within as in the realm of possibility." Over the very long run this may be true. As a basis for a contemporary foreign policy it is wishful thinking.

Another assumption that is frequently made is that the Chinese have done nothing to relax tension in Asia or to meet some of our terms. The Chinese sincerely do not see it that way and most Asians, led by Mr. Nehru, agree with them. Now nothing is more difficult than to understand the perspective in which another country sees a situation about which we have definite views. But the Chinese feel that they have toned down the dangers of war in the Formosa straits, Korea, and Indo-China and that they have freed all but a handful of their American prisoners. As we see it, they are holding captive eight Americans—whom they repeatedly promised to release—and are using them as a bargaining counter. The Chinese probably are genuinely puzzled by the importance we attach to this point; they do not count human lives in the dozens. Moreover, they seem to believe that the United States is preventing a number of Chinese students—particularly physicists—from returning to their homeland. We have asserted time and again that no one is being held against his will.

Another factor that stands in the way of a re-examination of our policy toward Peking is the view that most Americans take of Chinese internal affairs. Senator Douglas told me that he considered "the restoration of civil rights" inside China as a pre-condition to a change in our policy. That is an attractive notion, but does it not ignore Chinese history and Chinese beliefs about the role of the individual? When were there civil liberties in China? We resent, for example, the thought-control exercised at present over Chinese intellectuals; yet historians tell

us that the ideological and stylistic codes under which most classical Chinese thought and literature developed were even more confining than those of today. And certainly Chiang Kai-shek never pretended that the Chinese enjoyed much in the way of civil rights under his dictatorship.

The need for historical perspective is equally great in our attitude toward Chinese inhumanity. Unquestionably, the civil war and the revolution were attended by grave cruelties. But Chinese standards are radically different from our own and they do not weigh individual lives as we do. Bestiality is endemic to their history. As Malraux unforgettably recorded, Chiang Kai-shek's troops burned Communist prisoners alive after the Canton rising. And if it is true that peasants killed thousands of landlords in the wake of the Communist armies, it is equally true that forms of near-slavery endured in agriculture as late as the 1930s.

So too in its efforts to industrialize the country in a hurry the Peking regime is using methods which strike us as barbaric—but such methods were not introduced into the country for the first time by the Communists. Forced labor and police-state cruelties are part of the Chinese tradition, running back for thousands of years. (Many Americans who served in China during the war can remember vividly how "recruits" for the Nationalist armies were seized by police in the villages and marched to the front with iron collars on their necks, shackled together on a long chain.)

This kind of violence, therefore, does not upset the Chinese as much as it does Westerners—particularly when it produces visible results. Such results have been reported by even the most skeptical of Western visitors. For example, two French journalists, the Gossets, who went to China with distinctly hostile inclinations, wrote in *Réalités* that:

"People are well clothed and apparently well fed. Order is established everywhere. Money is stable, finances are sound. The government is honest. There is an immense effort to bring literacy."

Even though all this may seem to us to be purchased at too high a price, why should the domestic habits of the Peking government determine our foreign policy?

Senator Knowland has stated that he is not prepared to admit China into the community of nations until she makes good for her crimes. But what does "making good" mean? If Senator Knowland is hoping to punish the present Chinese rulers for their misdeeds and to compel them to behave more humanely in the future, he can only be thinking of war. For short of defeating China and imposing our conceptions on her, it is hard to imagine how we could make the Communists repent and behave as we would like.

Moreover, there are plenty of other nations whose philosophies and behavior we deplore—for example, Saudi Arabia, which still practices slavery. Yet we deal with them when and if it is in our interest to do so. Often (as in the case of Saudi Arabia) the Administration must take the risk of offending a considerable number of American voters in order to pursue its long-range goals. In all such cases, the President and his Secretary of State must weigh their domestic political hazards against the national interests involved; and no doubt this kind of delicate balancing of liabilities in relation to China has long been going on in Washington. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that, once all American prisoners are released, President Eisenhower may decide that public and Congressional opinion will then permit him to re-examine our whole China policy.

At that point the first question will be: Would we gain or lose by recognizing formally the existence of Red China?

WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?

SENATOR Knowland asserts that American recognition of Peking would be "a disastrous blow to the rest of the free people of Asia." Why should this be so? Outside of the Philippines, South Korea, and Southern Indo-China, America's China policy has found little support. The vast majority of Asians, particularly in India, see in non-recognition a vestige of Western colonialism and a sign of the white man's unwillingness to come to terms with the new Asia. In practice, moreover, the United States government *has* already recognized Communist China. The plain fact is that we already are carrying on diplomatic dealings with Red China in Prague and Geneva but still deny ourselves the advantage of opening an embassy and consulates in China itself.

Such outposts could prove extremely useful. To take it at the most cynical level, non-recognition is denying us an invaluable chance to get some intelligent observers inside what may prove to be our most dangerous foe. The British have a finely-staffed legation in Peking and that is one of the reasons why their information about China is better than our own. Naturally, all this would

also apply to the presence of a Chinese Ambassador in Washington. But, in the nature of the case, China has far more to hide from us than we do from China. Freedom of access would work strongly to our advantage.

Directly dependent on recognition, moreover, is the possibility of resuming journalistic and scholarly exchanges with China. On August 6, 1956, Peking invited a group of American newspapermen to visit the mainland. The State Department refused to go along with this on the ground that "the Chinese Communists have created a special impediment to the travel of Americans in the area which they control." This was somewhat ingenuous, for the "special impediment" is the absence of normal diplomatic relations. Later on, in fact, three American correspondents chose to defy the ban and received the nearly unanimous support of the American press. The whole issue was well summarized in an editorial which appeared in the *New York Times* on January 9, 1957:

> It is childish to suggest that a search for knowledge implies any friendship with the Chinese Communist Government. It is equally childish to believe that by sticking our heads in the sand we are going to make that Government go away.

To put the matter at its lowest value, therefore, diplomatic recognition and the consequent access to China would not damage our interests. And there is a chance that it could lead to major opportunities.

HOW TO SAVE FORMOSA

FOR instance, it might open the door to a settlement of the Formosa dispute—a settlement which would save a good deal of manpower and money.

Our aim is to keep Formosa out of hostile hands. This is our historic position, and there are sound strategic reasons for it. It was from Formosa that the Japanese mounted their attack on the Philippines; if the Communists held it, they too could use it as an offensive base to threaten Australia, America, Japan, and the South Pacific. Furthermore, we are honor-bound to see to it that those Chinese soldiers who were loyal to Chiang Kai-shek and the 30,000 captured Chinese who chose to go from Korea to Formosa should never fall into Communist hands. The question is: Does our present policy best achieve these ends, and at the lowest possible cost?

Formosa is at this time protected mainly by the American Seventh Fleet and by a considerable force of United States military advisers. Chiang Kai-shek's army is rapidly growing too old to fight, and—as it becomes increasingly clear that it has no prospect of reconquering the mainland—its morale is falling. Recently, in fact, the Red Chinese seem to have given up their plans for a direct assault on the island, in favor of a more subtle scheme of subversion. Apparently they think they have some chance of hatching a revolt against Chiang—or, perhaps, of wooing Chiang himself (or his son and heir-apparent) into a reconciliation. Against these tactics, the Seventh Fleet offers little protection.

Presumably with these facts in mind, the United States has indicated in the negotiations at Prague and Geneva that it would like to make a stable settlement concerning Formosa. We have made it plain to the Chinese Communists that we would be willing to consider recognition and neutralization of the island, in return for the release of the American prisoners and a guarantee that Peking would renounce the use of force in the straits.

The Chinese have refused this bargain—so far, at least. Perhaps they want to try a while longer to get Formosa by subversion. Or perhaps they feel that they ought to get control of the little off-shore islands—Quemoy, Matsu, and a few others—as part of the deal. Here they have a good case. These islets are not essential to the defense of Formosa; and, unlike Formosa, they have historically and ethnically been a part of the Chinese mainland. We, too, might consider the presence of a hostile force on Staten Island as intolerable.

Consequently, it might be worthwhile to sweeten our offer. If the Chinese would be willing to accept the permanent neutralization of Formosa, perhaps under some form of international trusteeship, then it would seem to be to our advantage to let them have the off-shore islands. Such a bargain would enable us to cut our naval and military commitments in the area—a real consideration in view of the size of our defense budget. It would align our policy with that of most of our allies; and withdrawal from the off-shore points would resolve what one expert has described as "a potentially explosive situation which might precipitate a major military conflict."

Formosa would then be defended, not merely by the Seventh Fleet and the doubtfully valuable troops of Chiang Kai-shek, but by an international agreement backed by world opinion.

Such an arrangement would imply, of course, that the United States would openly dissociate itself once and for all from Chiang Kai-shek's hopes of reconquering the mainland. To most Americans such hopes appear unfounded and our attitude is clear. But seen from Peking, even a suspicion of American support for Chiang's ambitions signifies a refusal to accept the revolution and the constant threat of military intervention. Those are precisely the beliefs that Peking sought to communicate to us via India before the Red armies intervened in Korea. They are still uppermost in the Chinese mind.

Thirdly, there is the perennial issue of Peking's admission to the United Nations. This was discussed in detail by William Howell Wells in *Harper's* in November of last year. It is a complex technical problem which should be kept separate from recognition and an attempt to work out a *modus vivendi* over Formosa. Most Americans feel that the Chinese regime has violated the Charter so flagrantly that it is unfitted for membership in an organization ostensibly dedicated to international morality. Stated in that way, the argument is irrefutable.

Senator Knowland admits that the objections to China's presence in the United Nations apply equally well to the Soviet Union's membership or to that of the Kadar regime of Hungary. But he points out that we cannot exclude Charter members and that China's admission would merely increase the divergence between the professed ideals of the UN and the actual policies of those who belong to it.

There is, consequently, no good reason why the United States should change its policy or allow the question of diplomatic recognition to be confused with that of United Nations membership. They are separate in fact and in law. But what we should realize is that the matter is not entirely in our hands. Sooner or later, we are likely to be outvoted on this issue in the General Assembly.

THE PROBLEM OF TRADE

THE fourth outstanding problem in Sino-American relations is the embargo on trade. This is not an urgent concern to our own economy. Contrary to what a good many European economists believe, America is not particularly eager either for new markets overseas or for marginal and long-range investment opportunities. It is true that China, 85 per cent of whose vast mineral resources are as yet untapped, will one day be an economic and commercial force of the first magnitude. But the American economy has nearer and more attractive room for expansion.

To our allies, however, the matter looks very different. To European manufacturers, anxiously seeking outlets in an increasingly competitive world, China beckons like a promised land. Europeans probably overestimate China's capacity to pay, but they believe nevertheless that Chinese demand could fill many of their order books. Moreover, a good deal of trade is already taking place under the counter—mostly via Germany—and those firms in England and France who remain loyal to the embargo experience a sense of frustration.

For the Japanese, this problem is even more urgent. They must increase their exports sharply if they hope to live without American subsidies, and China is their natural trading partner. When their new Premier, Nobusuke Kishi, took office in February, one of his first announcements was that he planned to visit Washington this summer to talk about loosening the restrictions on Japan-China trade. "History and geography demand that the trade between these two countries should be increased," he insisted—and he is likely to get at least part of what he wants. The *Wall Street Journal* quoted "a high State Department official" as predicting that "The U.S. probably will have to give in some."

But this faces America with a very complicated puzzle. What the Chinese want from Japan and from other potential suppliers are machine tools and industrial materials. It is not in the best interests of the United States to accelerate China's industrialization and to increase its war potential. On the other hand, there is every evidence that China is getting around the embargo. The Soviet Union is assisting in the construction of more than two hundred major projects, involving two billion dollars' worth of Russian equipment.

Do we want to keep China entirely dependent on Moscow at this transitional stage in world affairs? Are we willing to see Japan negotiate with Peking behind our back, or would we rather see her arrive at an economic arrangement with China within the larger framework of our policy?

The questions really boil down to this: How can America best use the embargo on trade as a weapon in diplomatic negotiation, before Chinese ingenuity and the impatience of our allies make it totally ineffective?

In considering possible adjustments in our policy toward Communist China, it is important to keep in view exactly what we hope to gain.

We need have no illusions about getting the Chinese Communists to like us or our ideas. As George Kennan has pointed out repeatedly, the present generation of Chinese leaders hates the United States and distrusts our every motive. It sees in us the only force capable of threatening their national ambitions and it associates American influence with the worst abuses of the pre-revolutionary regime. But the men in Peking are realistic and they will come to terms with American policy if it does not conflict with their essential aims. But what are those aims?

That is the most difficult question of all, and on it depends our own future course.

WHAT THE CHINESE WANT

THE best evidence suggests that the Chinese want first of all to reshape their country in the classic Marxist image. They plan to muster an industrial army of twenty million, led by native engineers, technologists, and scientists. Within each of the next five years they hope to increase the gross national product by 15 per cent. In the same period, they aim to reclaim vast tracts of eroded land, to control the Yellow River, to build hospitals in every province, and to pierce the deserts and mountains of West China with modern roads. To accomplish even a fraction of this dream, Communist China needs peace.

Probably there are men in Peking who put expansion and ideological control over the rest of Asia above China's domestic development. Such men may even consider a military showdown with the United States inevitable. But they do not now appear to be in the majority or in the lead. On the contrary, Chou En-lai has reiterated the need for conciliation and for a better understanding with America. We cannot tell whether he is sincere or whether the peace faction in Peking will continue to shape policy. But it is worth taking some small risk to find out.

Our hopes should be modest and our propositions concrete. The Chinese like to try to sell the same horse several times over, and we must learn to bargain warily and patiently. But there are definite possibilities eventually that the Pacific situation could be stabilized to mutual advantage. In Korea and Indo-China, both parties have accepted a *status quo* that neither enjoys, but which is imposed by the realities of force. A similar tacit arrangement might be extended to cover Formosa, once the Chinese Communists are convinced that we do not seek to undermine or overthrow their regime.

For good moral and psychological reasons, many Americans, exemplified by Senator Knowland, are unwilling to re-think their assumptions about China. This leads to continuing a policy which is tenable, but increasingly obsolete and unimaginative. In the future it may become very costly. China is no longer isolated or even attached solely to Russia. It is the leader of the Bandung countries, that immense alliance of colored peoples united by dislike of the white man and fierce nationalism. French soldiers fighting in North Africa have found pictures of Mao Tse-tung on Arab walls and Nasser is, in many respects, a creation of this "Bandung mentality." To millions of colored people, from Indonesia to Casablanca, Communist China foreshadows their own destiny.

This alone makes it exceedingly important for us to attempt to separate Chinese interests from those of Russia. Moscow is ever eager to claim a natural alliance with the anti-colonialist and nationalist passions in Asia and Africa. That claim is a vast fraud—but our present policy toward Peking is helping the Russians get away with it.

Perhaps our efforts to wean China away from its total concord with Russia will fail. Nevertheless, so long as it costs us nothing more than recognition, the attempt seems well worth making. Moreover, even if we should fail in this maximum aim, we would still profit by a settlement of the Formosa issue and by a chance to get our diplomatic observers inside China. Much may depend on our ability to get a clear picture of what is going on there, and to influence—however slightly—the development of Chinese policy.

When President Eisenhower was discussing the visit of King Saud he told reporters:

"Let's get this clear in our minds: You don't promote the cause of peace by talking only to people with whom you agree. . . . You have got to meet face to face the people with whom you disagree, at times, to determine whether or not there is a way of working out the differences and reaching a better understanding."

He might have added one more uncomfortable truth. Today there are only three great powers in the world. As of now, two of them are allied against us. An Administration which ignores this fact—and is unwilling to tell the public what it means—may avoid some political squabbles for the moment, but only at the risk of gravely damaging our long-range national interests. Peace-at-any-price is a bad rule in domestic politics, too.



A Story by Neil S. Boardman

Drawings by Randy Monk

the morning of the Bride

NOT more than two hours ago I woke up and the sun was shining through the pair of faded yellow curtains. I could hear the robins scolding just outside the window, and imagine the scent of the lilacs I had seen dimly the night before. Already the house, even in its quietness, seemed less strange, because I had slept with him, and his pillow, indented, was warm to the touch. I thought he had slipped away while I slept out of delicacy, or embarrassment, or both—because he was capable of both—or perhaps, more mundanely, only to surprise me by making coffee in the shiny modern kitchen below. So I lay trying to forget certain things and to remember others, and all the while the robins scolded: I thought there must have been a cat prowling around, though I heard nothing except the voices of the birds, and somehow, blotting out even that, the rising voice of silence that I had noticed the night before—God! without realizing, I had noticed it all the nights before, back, back, over the stretch of years, but if you haven't the ears to hear such things, what is the good of their telling you? I was really listening for him, wondering why he didn't come, and then I remembered, he must have gone to see her. And that was something I'd have to get used to, for years to come.

Somewhere in the house a door was gently opened, and more gently closed. Slipping out of bed, I turned to the window that looked out over the garden behind the house. And there I saw him, wearing a faded sports jacket and an old felt green hat I had never seen on him before, going down a flagstone walk that was overrun with weeds. This was my first glimpse of the open country against which the house stood, facing as it did the gaunt streets of the little suburb. Even in the midst of bewilderment I noticed the loveliness beyond the fence: first the apple orchard, its trees thick and broken and barren, and beyond that a meadow, and then a little woods. He lingered once in the orchard to kick, meaninglessly, the exposed root of a dying tree: then he went on, picking his way through the tall grass until he reached the jagged line of trees beyond.

When he was out of sight the room in which I stood, my bare feet on the hardwood floor, went suddenly cold. But I had the opportunity—the first since we were married at the minister's house—to think. Except that my mind wouldn't work right: it turned to unimportant things, like wondering what the girls at the office were doing, what they were talking about, if they were talking about me. If they knew something, even now, that I didn't know.

We had gone together for nearly thirteen years. We met during the war, one autumn when he was in the city on furlough: and I suppose that was the time I ought to have cornered him, except that a young girl hasn't the advantage over a man six years her senior, especially when their backgrounds are so different. But I think he would have married me then, if I'd insisted: only I was against those hurry-up war marriages, and for that matter, still am. The trouble was, we never talked things through, all the way, I

mean. My roommate told me *I* was that way because I was an orphan, and took the "uncommunicability of others" as a matter of course.

As for him, I supposed it was his upbringing, from all I'd heard of it; the fact that he lived way out here in the country, the only son of a widowed mother; and—yes, there's no use dodging it, I've known the truth all along, even when I tried to shut my eyes to it—the fact of the mother herself. When he came back from the war he was the only one she had, he said; and that was the crux of the whole matter. He wouldn't so much as introduce me to her, yet I always felt she was with us, even on our gayest times together; and love, the kind of love that leads to intimacy or marriage or both, doesn't bloom when there's that kind of interference. But maybe I speak only by hindsight after all, because I can't say I realized so much that was the matter at the time.

I DIDN'T realize anything. It was just a kind of shy optimism, hope-with-the-eyes-shut-tight that actually amounted to stupidity. I don't know what I thought I was waiting for; I don't know what I thought *he* was waiting for. We just "went together," a pale, week-after-week romance, while he "took care" of his mother and I went to night school in order to better myself. It's hard to see now how I endured the years because I look back on them as a whole; somehow, I inched through them, growing steadily shyer, pushing the world farther to one side. Sometimes we quarreled and were apart for months at a time; but loneliness, that special loneliness peculiar to the unaccepted, would invariably drive us together again. And I would ask: "How is your mother?"

"I don't see how I can leave her," he'd answer, as if anybody had asked him to. It sounded so odd, coming from a big, square-shouldered man, and one who spent most of his time in the city, away from home anyhow. "She depends on me; I've got to guard her against shock."

I came in time to understand that by "shock" he meant marriage: *his* marriage, certainly his marriage to me. But when he talked about her, it was always out of the past: their companionship when he was a child; how they used to read and play games and go to the theater together; her dependence on him once his father was dead.

"Most of the time, now, she keeps to her room," was all of a contemporary nature I could get out of him.

So I came to picture her in my mind as a white-haired, poker-backed woman, using her grief, real or imagined, to hold him forever in her grip, perhaps not even suspecting that I existed or could exist. I hated her and feared her and yet there were days when I did not even think of her. Only once did I summon up the courage to take the bus out to where they lived and visit her—privately, as I supposed; determined that though she might despise me, she should at least hear the sound of my voice. I think that in my secret mind I hoped for the happy ending, hoped that once we actually met she would like me and want me for a daughter-in-law.

She did not answer the door. I imagined—I feel now that it was my imagination—that a curtain stirred at one of the windows. When I told him about it he was neither angry nor surprised.

"She was sleeping," he explained, quietly but positively, as if certain of his facts.

And yet we had fun together in those "middle years," so that even at this moment I can look back on them as the happiest of my life. We went to decent little night clubs, had a few drinks, and danced. In the city time can slip by; the years follow one another, until at last you open your eyes—perhaps it is the bitter day when you turn thirty—and you ask yourself, What has happened? But it's too late, or you think it's too late; so why not go on as before? If I were to write a column for the lovelorn, I would throw out all the letters from adolescents and concentrate on those who are in their twenties, especially their late twenties: for if you have problems then, your last chance for happiness has come, and the one great danger is that you will not be warned.

I was warned, if you can call it that, by remarks made by friends.

"Ditch him," or, "Don't marry a mama's boy."

I did ditch him, but he always came back, and I hadn't anybody else, I couldn't seem to interest anybody else, you can't go up to any man you happen to know and say, Won't you please go out with me? And yet I always had the feeling that he sincerely wanted me to marry him, that somehow I could "save" him—from something, I didn't know what—if I did marry him.

THEN it happened, and I'm not sure this confused, insane moment, how it did. Unconsciously I must have been studying him, knowing his weaknesses and the essential rhythms of his life. That was something he had taught me to do, because in all ways except that one way he was so normal and human—yes, and kind—and on top of

everything he really was a smart businessman. He often discussed with me his methods, how everyone in the world was a "prospect," and could be "sold," if only you studied him long enough and learned how to take your advantage when the time came.

That's what I did with him; and it wasn't by trickery, either—moonlight and roses, or ten-dollar perfume, or even by getting him to take a cocktail too many. At the time, I felt as if I had been inspired: I mean, that I was being moved by some force outside myself, so much so that I went out and bought myself a stunning brown suit with pumps to match, just for the occasion, and gave two weeks' notice at the office. That was the kind of faith I had in what I was doing. I took out the license, too, five days in advance, as the law requires; and when yesterday came, I put it up to him at the dinner table—no soft lights there, either, it was at Fox's, where everything is blazing. I let him know what I had done, that the time had irrevocably come for him to make the decision, that we weren't going to be married next year, or next month, or even next day. It was either now, this very night, or not at all, forever.

There's nothing sissy about him in his manner, or in the steady gaze of his warm, brown eyes. He smiled, and put his hands, with the shapely fingers spread, on the cloth. The instant I had spoken, panic took hold of me; I knew him to be a prize, and the conviction came to me that his mother was only an excuse—that no woman, or man either, could ever have kept him from what he really wanted. And I was ready to break down, give everything over, forget that half my life was wasted and done for, when he seized my hands in his and—

I don't remember what he said. I only know that his words were gay as bubbles, and as hard to capture. But I had won! That was the wonderful thing, the big thing, and it had been so easy after all! Outside the restaurant a warm, gentle rain was falling; enough to ruin my hair, but I didn't even care about that. . . .

I can't recall the minister's name, or where he lived, or anything about that whirling quarter of an hour, except the face of the minister's wife, all gray, like cold ash, the eyes watery and constantly seeking mine. I think she must have gone on watching me from the window as we left the house and got into the car, but I refused to look back; I remember saying something silly as we drove off, something about not being a Lot's Wife.

"What? What are you talking about?" he asked, slipping an arm around my waist; but I wouldn't answer. I only kissed him and told him I was delirious and not to be listened to, except when I said I loved him.

So we came here, to this house, and he showed me the clean, white kitchen—the rest of the rooms weren't too orderly—where we had waffles and bacon and the most wonderful coffee, just like the coffee he used to make on our campfire trips, because he himself so often said, and I believe him, that making coffee is a man's job. And then when I asked, "Aren't you going to tell her?"—artlessly, too artlessly, because I had studied so hard to make it so—he gave me a vague smile, and nodded, and that was all. I had been going to insist on meeting her that night, but now I lost my nerve. Going up the staircase, with its threadbare carpet and oak bannister, I lost my nerve again. I couldn't even speak.

"Take light steps," he said, "and she won't wake up." At the head of the stairs, where the upper hall was lighted by a single amber bulb, he lingered; and I don't think it was weakness then so much as fear—not personal fear, either, but something like a racial dread—that etched itself briefly on his face, and was gone. He pointed a finger.

"That's her room there," he said. I didn't want to breathe; something inside me whispered, Here is your enemy, she hates you: and I couldn't bear the thought of anything, tangible or intangible, coming between us now. It was my belief that he wanted to go to her; to tiptoe into her room, chancing she would not wake up, and kiss the thin, proud, commanding lips.

HE DID not go. In our own room, that had been his so long and was beautifully kept, in which I imagined still the touch of her hand, full of remembrances, perhaps of suffering, childish tears, and childish happinesses too, the long boyhood cut now so sharply off, I dared not suggest the meaning of its change. He stood at the back window facing the garden and orchard, both lost now in blackness; then he drew the shade and turned back to me, his face smiling, all but his eyes, that I don't think ever smiled. Some time deep in the night I awoke sensing that he too was awake: a clock downstairs had just chimed the hour. I wanted to ask him, Are you happy?, but hearing his heavy breathing again, I shut my eyes.

Standing, then, early this morning at the same window, I tried to guess why he had slipped so quietly out of the house. It was early; there were still wisps of haze clinging to the

trees. I wanted to follow him, but held back. What if *she* should hear me or meet me on the stairs? Even come to this room and open the door? In a frenzy, I got into my clothes and, turning the knob, stole out into the hall. There were noises, the flapping of some drape at an open window, but nothing like a human step or voice. I couldn't bear it. I wanted to talk to her, to see her, not to hide myself any longer: above all, some courage, born of the night, told me I was no longer afraid. I walked to the head of the stairs and beyond. Her door was closed: silent, but penetrable. Going to it, breathing against its cracked, varnished surface, I knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again, distinctly, three times. I don't know what I felt most for her at that moment, love or hate; it could have been both. Because whatever might threaten to come



later, every woman looks forward to meeting at least once the mother of the man she loves. That was why I opened the door and took one step into the room that had been closed against me so long, and that even now would not answer to my knocking.

It was empty. I mean, I knew instantly, without seeing or hearing, that there was no person there.

It was larger than our room, but dark; the shades were drawn, and you had the feeling that a flood of sunlight would have disturbed something there, possibly destroyed it. Opposite the door was a fireplace, with a thick rug in front of it, and a clock on the white mantelpiece that was ticking but that had been set wrong: its hands were at half-past four. The bed was made, its coverlet tightly drawn; and there was a bolster at the head.

I must have stood where I was a full minute—a long time in that quiet room, where the windows were closed, and the air was not musty but dry and still, motionless and without sound—staring at the bed, my eyes becoming accustomed to the twilight that was reminiscent of sick rooms and closed rooms everywhere, sensing, in spite of what I saw and the pervading silence, that she was not far away, almost as if she were standing behind me, or were at the door ready to come in, to surprise me and accuse me of spying on her or of stealing her things. Now I could see colors as well as shapes: the pale green wallpaper figured with designs of ivy, a tapestried easy chair; a wardrobe; a dresser with a marble top; and a writing desk. What she slept in, kept her clothing in, sat at while she wrote her letters or made out "accounts." I walked from one to another, touching them. The marble top was wiped clean, and nothing was on it, not a pin, not a fleck of powder; but a coat of dust lay on the desk. There was a calendar there, too, showing the day and date of the month—yesterday's day and date—but no year; and on a stand beside the bed I caught sight of his picture, a familiar photograph mounted in a small gold frame.

I had had the same picture, only a larger print, on my own dresser in my room. It had been taken a long while ago, while he was still in uniform; he looked too boyish in it now, but I had got so used to seeing it that I had been scarcely aware of the fact. Now, in this setting, on this table and in this room, the face that stared at me—queerly smiling, asking more than it answered—was like a stranger's. I wanted to cry. Turning away, I walked twice around the room, stopping both times beside the bed, looking at it, trying to discover what was wrong with it, what was out of focus and untrue. I wanted to peek inside the wardrobe, too, but held back, because I was afraid; I couldn't bear the thought of turning around and seeing her in the doorway, her cold gray eyes (I couldn't imagine them as anything but gray) meeting mine for the first time while I was snooping through her things. And yet, catching sight of a key in the lock of the desk drawer, I thought nothing of going to it and pulling the drawer open.

Yes, I ought to have been afraid of the room, and run away from it; but what fear there was in me was overwhelmed by curiosity.

THE drawer was stuffed with papers—mostly receipts and old bills marked "Paid" and used check books and bundles of canceled checks held together by rubber bands. There was a Japanese fan, too, the kind you can buy

at any novelty shop; and beneath the fan a pasteboard box, full of cheap rings. Underneath the rings, flat on the bottom of the box, was a large, square envelope, unsealed, with my husband's name written across it in a bold hand. The sight of it excited me terribly, I couldn't have told why; I only know that I lost all sense of where I was and of the silence of the room, and my fingers shook as they lifted the flap of the envelope, reached inside, and drew out a handful of papers. I spread them out, fan-shaped, and read what was on them—in a single glance, not in detail, I didn't need to.

They were sympathy cards, edged thinly in black, and a newspaper clipping. The clipping was brittle and beginning to crumble; it carried —coldly, as all newsprint must—the death announcement. June 2, 1945. Just twelve years ago.

I heard him then; perhaps unconsciously I had heard him on the stairs, and my mind was only now reacting. He had come back from the meadow, or woods, or wherever he had been, still wearing the sports jacket that looked so incongruous on him, and with his shoes wet from the morning grass: standing in the doorway, his hands in his pocket, a queer smile on his face, his eyes searching not my face but my hands, my trembling hands, from which the scraps of paper dropped noiselessly to the floor.

AFTER SOME YEARS by W. S. Merwin

I HAVE been a long time in a strange country.
The natives have been kind, in their weird climate,
Receiving me among them as one of themselves.
Their virtues are different from ours, and in some ways
Superior. I have lost the sense
Of absurdity regarding many of their odd customs.
I get their wry lingo tangled up with my own.
Maybe you have to go far away
To learn where it is that names you. The fruits here
Are excellent; better than at home.
I can no longer taste them. I would be glad
To be standing in a drab city of my recollection
Where no one but newsboys would name this place
And they mispronouncing. I hope I may
Before too long. Before the speech here has become
Natural to me, even more so
Than the tongue I was born to, before these
Sights cease to be foreign and are more familiar
Than any I can recall. And while I
Can still clearly remember that at home too the world
Is made of strangers. For I do not wish
To head back into an expectation
Of anything better than is there, and struggling
With some illusion, find my own place
Is as far away as ever. But it should be
Soon. Already I defend hotly
Certain of our indefensible faults,
Resent being reminded; already in my mind
Our language becomes freighted with a richness
No common tongue could offer, while the mountains
Are like nowhere on earth, and the wide rivers.

Lancelot Law Whyte

Can we grow GENIUSES in Science?

A British philosopher of science, after a year in America, reports on what he found—concern lest our colleges can produce only technicians, and no great, original minds.

GENIUS mocks all explanations. Language rests on analogy and everything that can be said about originality is slightly absurd, missing the point. One could only smile when *Life* soberly asked: "Can we produce an Einstein?"—but the challenge remains, even if it is only to understand better the boundaries of our understanding and of our ability to stimulate the imagination.

Within a few weeks of my arrival in New York in 1954 I had learned that *Life* was expressing a practical problem, one that disturbed many minds in the universities and foundations. They are concerned about the position of basic inquiry in mathematics and physics. A statistics of genius is silly, but here is one striking fact. During the past hundred years Europe produced some fifteen or twenty men of high originality in theoretical physics, who evolved new ideas, not merely better mathematics, but the United States only one: J. Willard Gibbs (1839-1903), the great physical chemist, a lonely figure who did not found a school. Several friends expressed their anxiety to me in terms which implied that an increased responsibility now lay with America, but that they felt little confidence regarding the outlook. I wondered, could anyone, anywhere?

This special concern about the American situation took me somewhat by surprise, for I doubted whether it was appropriate to consider such a theme on a short view or in national terms. There is no reason to believe that the imagination in any realm is exhausted or that the human mind takes notice of the Atlantic. The European universities hold no patent on scientific genius; if they once did, it has long lapsed.

But such conscious worry seemed to me very significant, a kind of touchstone for the cultural future of America. For here there was none of the American's traditional self-confidence, but instead the awareness of a problem which teased the mind and baffled the will just because it could not be solved in a hurry by frontal attack, and conceivably could not be "solved" at all. Moreover, this problem lay at the heart of science, the realm of reason, rational foresight, and practical achievement.

Could it mean that science, to guarantee its own further advance, would have to call on the help of the practitioners of the imagination? This was as though Freud or Jung had to be invited to join the Atomic Energy Commission as a representative of the imaginative unconscious. Or, to be more practical, that the National Science Foundation, which had made fundamental inquiry one of its special concerns, should appoint an advisory panel of artists, poets, and dreamers. Indeed this kind of thing was already happening, for one of the most successful American firms of chemical consulting engineers was employing just such a panel of the Muses to help it to produce new ideas for almost anything, from can openers to contraceptives and means of taking trees out of the earth intact.

So why should fundamental science be too proud to do the same, unless it took its specialisms too seriously? Europe had perhaps been fortunate—in the past it had done the job of fundamental research while scarcely thinking about how it should be done—but now America had to act consciously and deliberately. What steps could be taken to encourage originality, short of calling in the poets?

One of the country's ablest scientific adminis-

trators put it in a sentence which I shall never forget: "As you go around you will experience no doubts regarding the energy, devotion, objectivity, ingenuity, and analytical capacity of our younger generation of scientists, or of the material assets at their disposal, but [and here his voice fell from resounding confidence to a scarcely audible whisper of regret] as yet they show little capacity for the elegant synthesis." Another senior figure stressed the difficulty of encouraging intellectual nonconformity: "I tell my trustees that I should be happier if we had a smaller percentage of successes."

BETTING ON VITALITY

IN 1835 De Tocqueville suggested that the spirit of America "does not seek theoretical discoveries." But that is no longer true. An immense volume of theoretical work is now being done, particularly in the psychological and social fields where theory is least firmly based. My friends were not concerned with the absence of theory, but with its weakness where they felt it to be most important: in fundamental exact science.

On a superficial view there are many factors in the U.S.A. on both sides, favorable and unfavorable. The sharp contrasts between different regions, the many ethnic groups, the intense vitality and curiosity, the belief in science (perhaps somewhat prejudiced by recent events), the increasing wealth and leisure, the eagerness to accept any challenge—these and other conditions may be favorable. But the adverse factors are considerable: as yet Willard Gibbs stands alone; the talented immigration of the 1930s can so far show no intellectual progeny of top quality; there are no schools of theoretical (*i.e.* not merely mathematical) research comparable with, say, Berlin, Göttingen, or Copenhagen when led by Einstein, Born, or Bohr—for the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study does not train students. Moreover, the prevailing emphasis on quick results, the strident new specialisms, the high academic mobility, the frequent absence of some of the best minds for conferences in Washington or Geneva, and other external pressures threaten the inner calm often thought necessary for a slowly maturing originality.

If one had to weigh up these pros and cons, I would bet long term on the side of vitality, for I like to think: without enthusiasm, no genius. But this whole analysis is perhaps misleading, and may look foolish in a generation. Newton, Heisenberg, and Dirac all made their first major contributions before the age of twenty-five; they had not required Kepler's seventeen years of persistent search. Anyhow, most of these apparently adverse factors are now present in some degree everywhere; the problem is universal, and our concern should be also. Finally, the urgency of the doubts expressed to me on the East Coast may be partly the measure of an American temperament which prefers to see a solution quickly.

My feeling that this was so gained support from a fortunate encounter in Chicago with a Russian-born scientist who had been in the United States thirty years and knew the dilemmas of originality. I put the matter to him in the terms that others had used in putting it to me. He exploded with laughter. "How absurd! The whole idea of the universities cultivating research is quite recent. It probably began in Russia [!], and has been steadily moving westward. Even in Europe it only became widespread in the late nineteenth century, and it reached America from Europe. What matters is that fundamental education in the U.S. has improved in the last thirty years. Put the question again in 1980!"

Where he was serious, he was right. University experimental research in the physical sciences began with isolated French examples, was taken up in Germany around 1850-60, in England in 1874 with the opening of the Cavendish Laboratory under Clerk Maxwell, and in the United States during the 1880s. But the movement only became of recognized importance toward the end of the century. Even then its significance was not generally realized; try to find the words "research" and "laboratory" in the thirty pages on "Universities" in the 1910 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* The history of theoretical research is more complex, but in the United States few graduates made this their career until well into the present century, and until 1933 the best went to Europe for their advanced training. Thus, even allowing for the increased tempo of the time, it would be foolish to assess the American prospects for at least another generation.

As I moved westward something unexpected happened. I entirely forgot about a problem which had been brought to my attention continually in the East. There the question had been, to put it bluntly: could Princeton and Harvard and MIT, if necessary, carry on the European tradition? Such self-doubt was hardly conceivable at Pasadena or Berkeley. Here a new world was developing, self-confident and immensely successful in its own fields. In this climate the old problem faded, replaced by the

excitement of something I had never seen before: a community fully occupied with the making of its own future. They told me that the East Coast was peopled by refugees from Europe, and the West by refugees from America. Well, in the westward move they had successfully inhibited some at least of the old anxieties. I discovered how the weary European could easily accept Taoism; how much better than fretting!

But the teasing question remained unanswered. Granted that high genius is a sport, and that the question can only be usefully considered (if at all) in a universal and long-term perspective, what can the American administrator do *now* to nourish the pool of second-order originality which certainly is available?

Life ended its article with this passage: "What is required of our young scientists is a sacred curiosity about nature's great unanswered riddles —not to conquer and exploit, but simply to understand. What is required of the rest of us is a similar respect for the power and beauty, not just the utility, of unrestricted human thought."

That is what is required. But the practical question is: What can be done? In an age of teams, technology, and administration, which—with frightening irony—can make a nuclear bomb without real theoretical understanding of the nucleus, how to encourage respect for theory and love of ideas?

UNITY'S INWARD ROOTS

IN theoretical science the creative imagination rests on more than intense disinterested curiosity. The essential is the desire to understand multiplicity in terms of a single idea, to achieve insight by discovering a simpler order within the apparent complexity. No one will undertake the effort of major discovery unless he is carried by an unquestioning ardent belief, admitted or latent, that a simple underlying order exists or can be created. There must be the impulse to "argue from unity," to use a phrase employed by Sir W. L. Bragg in portraying the mind of Faraday. Moreover, this inward sentiment of unity must spring from deep roots in the personal character.

In Kepler, Faraday, and Einstein this root was an explicit belief in the singleness of a divine principle immanent in nature. In Newton it was an esoteric, even occult, conviction of the omnipotence of one God, and he valued his work mainly for its support of revealed religion. In the other great creators of synthesis the root was a transmitted form of the same Keplerian passion, either experienced as the direct expression of a religious attitude or evoked by the example of reverenced scientific predecessors in whom it had been consciously religious. Boscovich, the great Jesuit atomist, left it on record that his aim was to recognize in the new synthesis, by an intuition at once cognitive and poetic, the work of God. Thus in all these minds the ardent search for unity was either directly or by proxy "to the greater glory of God."

The art of science, the role of intuition in the scientist, has increasingly been recognized. Yet it still needs to be emphasized that this intuition is not wayward, but always seeks order. All science springs from a latent conviction of unity, which is not itself in the strict sense rational or scientific, but pre-rational, the rational justification only coming later. The philosophical anthropologist concerned with the growth of human culture might say that all the creative drives—religious, aesthetic, intellectual, and scientific—spring from one common source, a biological *élan* in the human brain-mind to establish order in experience.

This raises challenging questions. Does our culture still nourish this quasi-religious conviction or any adequate substitute? How can this biological ordering impulse be focused on tasks of scientific synthesis so that the progressive disintegration of knowledge may be overcome? Are there today in the expanding universities enough teachers whose active example can evoke this synthetic *élan* in a few exceptionally gifted individuals scattered among thousands of students? At a time when scientific methods are dominated by the statistical manipulation of myriads of single "atomic facts," why should anyone who believes in the adequacy of reason take up the rationally ridiculous search for not-known-to-exist simplicities?

The contemporary "passion for facts" is often regarded as ethically harmless (at least in certain realms) and scientifically praiseworthy, as providing the indispensable basis for future advance. Yet each discovery of a new simplicity involves a *re-interpretation* of the "facts" and their statement in a new language; whereas the prevalent activity, at least in some departments, consists in an obsessive accumulation of data, none of which represent completely valid facts. The results of even the most rigorous experiments are prejudiced by the employment of concepts already known to be in some respect misleading. These comfortable obsessions are often well financed and they relieve the scientist from the painful questioning of his own assumptions.

The pride of the true scientist lies in humility, in awareness that his own knowledge is faulty, that he can seldom describe anything without some element of bias or prejudice or error which still has to be identified and eliminated. Language is the depository of past discoveries, but it is also a hypnotic, blinding the mind to its own concealed, redundant, and often erroneous assumptions. To use words at all is, philosophically, to skate on remarkably thin ice. Science, alas, does not begin with "facts," but with a mistaken description of them—an old doctrine, well understood by an undeservedly neglected American philosopher of physics, J. B. Stallo, who wrote in 1885: "The language spoken and 'thought in' by a given generation is to a certain extent a record of the intellectual activity of preceding generations, and thus serves to perpetuate its errors as well as its truths."

This semantic principle is honored today by the philosophers and linguists, but relatively ignored by those scientific specialists whose theories could most benefit from it. The main weakness of the dominant scientific doctrine of logical empiricism lies in its tendency to encourage an anti-theoretical bias. It rightly distrusts inherited metaphysics, but does not know at what point to attack or where to find guidance in revising the accepted descriptions of facts. Only the conviction of unity can suggest *which* metaphysical purge is timely.

These reflections lead to this seeming paradox: science is a non-rational search for unity in "facts" which are not facts. The improved description of the facts only becomes possible *after* the simpler vista has been recognized. The passion for unity is not scientific and respectable until *after* a fertile marriage to the chosen "facts." This passion is latent in a proportion of mankind, and it flows freely into religion and art. So the problem is really this: How can we ensure that basic theoretical science gets an adequate share of this human ordering fluidum?

ASK THE RIGHT QUESTION

A POSSIBLE answer lies at hand. The passion becomes scientific when the ordering *élan* is focused on a particular objective problem. We can therefore try calling the attention of young minds to timely and challenging problems. It is a commonplace that fertile scientific activity results from the posing of the right questions. But they must not only be posed, the attention of the young must be called to them as a deliberate policy.

At the age of eighty-four Sir Arthur Evans, in an open lecture in London, mentioned the challenge of the undeciphered Cretan script on tablets discovered at Knossos thirty-six years before. Michael Ventris, then a boy of thirteen, was intrigued, made this his hobby, and seventeen years later solved the problem, his persistence and success thus equaling Kepler's. Only the best teachers, with the imagination to recognize more problems than they can solve and the generosity to share them, possess this magic. Yet this is how great schools of research are created.

James Clerk Maxwell said that a necessary antecedent to discovery is a clear awareness of ignorance. This is an improvement on Francis Bacon's *Citius emergit veritas ex errore quam ex confusione,* for it suggests what can be done. Those who are aware of ignorance should call attention to it. Instead of indulging, as so many still do, in those betraying hypocritical flourishes: "It can easily be shown that . . ." or "It is well known that," the authors of textbooks should insert an Appendix for the Young, beginning: "Here are some shabby points which my generation hasn't yet been able to clear up."

We talk of the disintegration of knowledge and the tyranny of specialisms. But re-integration is a task for the synthetic imagination and its unifying vistas, and we have not yet troubled to call the attention of the oncoming generation to what should be possible and must be achieved if the progressive disintegration is to be overcome. The situation is new—no civilization has previously had to face the challenge of scientific specialization—and the response must be new. The prime duty lies with the older scientists.

Those who believe that science is a system of specialisms for specialists alone, and that experiment is self-sufficient, will repudiate the modest suggestion I have to make—as redundant and irrelevant. But some scientists are rightly concerned about the improvement of fundamental theory. Where little can be done it is all the more necessary to do the little that is possible. We cannot produce genius at will, but if it is there we can provoke it. We cannot say whether America will produce an Einstein tomorrow, but we can at least plant flags in the unknown. For the single unpredictable figure who can solve a major problem there are twenty who know beforehand that he is necessary, that a particular major problem has emerged and is growing ripe. Such growing points in the unknown, both major and minor, are unmistakable to all imaginative scientists. But they often keep them to their own private group.

This worked well enough in the more stable past when the continuity of tradition ensured a sufficient development of great schools of inquiry, and some may consider it still adequate for Europe. But there are now in the United States some three million students in colleges and universities, 40,000 in the University of California alone, and there is a grave prospective shortage of teachers with background, imagination, and a vocation to bring out the capacities of their students. No one can doubt that new methods are necessary. Here is one idea.

THINGS WE DON'T KNOW

LET there be put up on each faculty notice board at the opening of the academic year a statement of ten unsolved fundamental problems lying in the broad field of each group of faculties. Let these problems be proclaimed and explained at special inter-faculty meetings of research students attended by all the teaching staff. And let these problems be collected in a master *Book of Problems,* lying open to all on the Reference Desk of every scientific library. Isaac Newton's rhetorical "Queries" hidden at the end of his *Opticks* must be replaced by an open book of straight questions. From the millions of students we can thus create an invisible college of fundamental research.

Before the second world war the Polish group of mathematicians at Lvov used to keep what was called the "Scottish Book" (so called because it was kept by a waiter at the Scottish Restaurant) in, which unsolved problems were recorded by the group and by visitors. This book has survived the war and has been re-opened at the new Mathematical Institute at Wroclaw. The idea is wide open. We must not constrain the future of science by excessive planning, but we should provoke the young imagination more vigorously. Our age emphasizes communication; let it communicate problems as well as results.

Here are two examples from the pages of the proposed *Book of Problems:*

"What does the cosmologist mean when he says: 'The Universe is 4,000 million years old'?" *The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science* recently held a prize essay competition on this theme, but this strange "scientific" assertion is not yet adequately clarified.

Here is another, nearer home. Many branches of science seem now to be converging on "the problem of life." How do the constituent parts of living cells and organisms act together so as to maintain life? There must be some co-ordinating principle (or biochemical property?) which "ensures" that all the various processes occur normally at the appropriate times and places so that the characteristic properties of organisms are first developed, then maintained, and finally reproduced. This principle of biological co-ordination is still obscure. So one should put this question in the *Book of Problems* and on the agenda of all faculties from logic and mathematics to biology:

"What characteristics must any theory possess which is to account for biological co-ordination in the light of contemporary physics, mathematics, and bio-physics?" It may be necessary for this question to be answered before we can be certain that a fundamental understanding of cancer has been gained.

There are many other topical problems in fundamental science suitable for the *Book.* "You cannot make a man want you," runs the feminine adage, "but you can attract his attention." So with the imagination. You cannot create genius, but you can attract its attention to problems that matter.

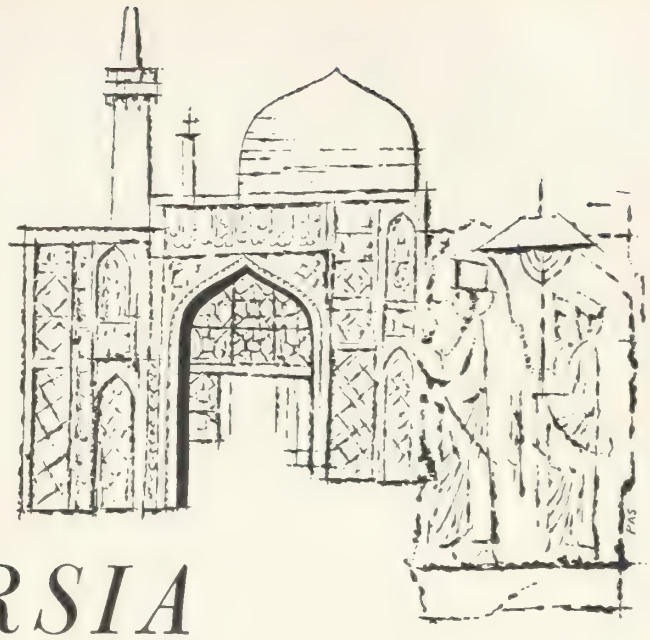
MENS SANA IN CORPORE CHIC

THE rumor (unconfirmed) is that the Mental Health Association will inherit the world's most famous fashion show—the March of Dimes. With polio vaccine going great guns, it looks as if the overwhelming talent—theatrical, social and fashion—that has put over the M. O. D. should switch to another cause. . . . Lilly Dache's marvelously extrovert personality makes her an inspired choice to design new uniforms for the Mental Health Association's volunteer workers. They will be wraparounds. Dache will also do the sleeve insignia, and she plans to institute service stripes. . . . Psychologists will be consulted for color.

—Eugenia Sheppard in the New York *Herald Tribune,* March 29, 1957.

By LAURENCE LAFORE

Drawings by Paul Sagsoorian



the tourist's PERSIA

One of the most magnificent sight-seeing attractions on earth is practically unknown to Americans . . . and the local innkeepers can hardly tell a tourist when they see one.

THE whole world has become a tourist resort. In Istanbul not long ago, on a Cook's tour of the city, I met two middle-aged ladies from the Middle West who were working their way back from their annual winter in Cairo. Until recently, they told me, they had wintered in Central America, but there had been an unpleasant experience. During the revolution in Costa Rica a few years back they had been shut up in their hotel room for several days with a battalion of soldiers firing machine guns out the window. It had spoiled Costa Rica for them, they said. They had decided to spend their winters in less unsettled areas and had agreed on the Middle East.

In view of the Suez troubles and the recent bandit murders in Iran, this decision sounds pretty ironical. But even before them few American tourists went to Iran. There are, to be sure, large numbers of Americans there—diplomats, archaeologists, people advising on how to train the air force, people advising on hybridization, people teaching policemen to read and write. But there are extremely few, if any, old-fashioned tourists. The consequence is that an American traveling in Iran for pleasure finds himself in a situation paralleled in few other places outside of Afghanistan and Nepal: he is regarded as a curiosity. Most Irani don't know what a tourist *is*. Although Iran contains one of the most magnificent sight-seeing attractions in the world, tourists do not flock to it; even among the Americans in Tehran many had never seen, and some had never heard of, Persepolis.

I had never heard of it either, except as a name in ancient history and a word used in literary metaphors. I was only dimly aware that it was in modern Iran. I went one spring to the Middle East simply because I had always wondered what Persia (as most people still call it) was like, and because some friends who live there had asked me to stay with them. I found the status of an almost unique example of the tourist genus to be on the whole agreeable.

There are, to be sure, disadvantages. A certain amount of red tape is involved in getting into the country. Formalities which are regarded as mere decorations in experienced places like Italy are taken dead seriously in Tehran. The customs people at the airport actually count your money—they count it several times, along with your traveler's checks. To get a visa, you have to present a bank reference. Once in Tehran, you have to get a travel permit to go anywhere else, and this involves five small pictures (*not* of passport size) which show the hands and arms distinctly. You must pick up the travel permit at the police station in Tehran, where there is nobody who speaks anything except Farsee (this is what Irani, or Persians, speak). When you have finished your visit you will require an exit permit, which takes twenty-four hours to procure, although nobody tells you so until you arrive at the airport at plane time.

Another thing which might daunt the average tourist in Persia, as in many Eastern places, is the danger of infection. Take the water supply. The streets of Persian cities are edged with ditches, called "jubes," which combine the functions of gutter, sewer, and water supply. Barefoot Persians walk in them, apparently to cool



their feet. Donkeys stand in them. Housewives wash plates in them, and also lettuce. (Later the Shah announced the inauguration of Tehran's first piped pure water system, but when I was in the country it was still in the future, and the situation in other Persian cities remains unchanged.)

Fussy people buy their water from dealers who distribute it by donkey cart, but Westerners regard even this as untrustworthy. Fruit, vegetables, and dairy products are also said to be fraught with danger. But although I disregarded warnings about everything except water, I never suffered any ill effects.

Another problem, of a different and more intractable sort, is the language. It is singularly baffling to travel in a country where road signs (when there are any) are in a totally strange alphabet and where cops and passers-by (even when they can read and write) are unacquainted with Latin letters. You can't write out the address you want and show it to a policeman. With a little concentration, you can learn the numerals —from which our own are distantly descended— so that it is possible to tell how far away you are from the place indicated on the milestones. But you cannot tell what that place is. Persians also found it difficult to understand my accent. (Tehran is especially difficult to pronounce; Isfahan and Shiraz are much easier, but Qum is the most difficult of all.)

One meets a number of other oddities in touring Persia. Jubes, for example, present a menace more immediate than their insalubrity. They border every major thoroughfare in every town, and they are not separated from either street or sidewalk by any sort of curb or coping. Being in many cases several feet deep, they constitute a first-rate menace to ankles—and axles. One Embassy wife told me that her husband's secretary had broken both ankles and a differential during her year's tour of duty.

"She didn't care much for Tehran," the lady added meditatively.

The tourist won't care much for Tehran either. It has a magnificent setting, rather like Denver's, against snow-capped mountains, but the lure of the East is wholly lacking. Some of the women do wear veils, and polygamy is legal, but the veils are not very noticeable and the polygamy is not noticeable at all. In other respects, the capital is remarkably devoid of interest or charm, having been built mainly in the last twenty or thirty years, mostly in the form of petrifyingly modernistic two-story buildings of yellow brick, separated from each other by vacant lots occupied by donkeys. The public buildings resemble early Sears Roebuck retail stores.

It is said that in the 'thirties the old Shah sent a delegation to Paris to find out what Paris had that Tehran didn't. The delegation reported that Paris had an opera house, trees on the boulevards, and no camel caravans. Camel caravans, the story goes, were immediately banned from the main streets, trees were planted in the jubes, and an opera house was started. (It was later abandoned, half-finished, owing to some technical hitch.) But Tehran still doesn't look much like Paris. It looks more like an outlying section of south Chicago, and travelers in search of local color will search a long time. There are a great many stores selling refrigerators, stovepipes, and Chevrolets, and a number of others called things like The Christmas Art Shop, or *Beauté de Paris*. (The latter had a rather grubby window display asking, I was told, in Farsee, "Which Twin Has the Toni?") There is a bazaar, but it reminds one of a vastly expanded and inferior five-and-ten, specializing in cheap Japanese and Czech manufactured goods and featuring, in addition to unwholesome-looking candies, a vast supply of oil stoves.

THE OPEN DESERT

THE lure is in Isfahan and Persepolis, several hundred miles to the south, inconveniently separated from Tehran and from each other by several hundred miles of desert. And

the roads are not good. Sometimes in fact the desert looks a good deal smoother than the road, from which it is separated by a deep ditch. There are other hazards as well. Bridges wash away quite often. The standard way of indicating danger (such as a nonexistent bridge or a stalled truck) is to place two small stones immediately in front of the danger spot. So the motorist must be constantly alert, especially at night.

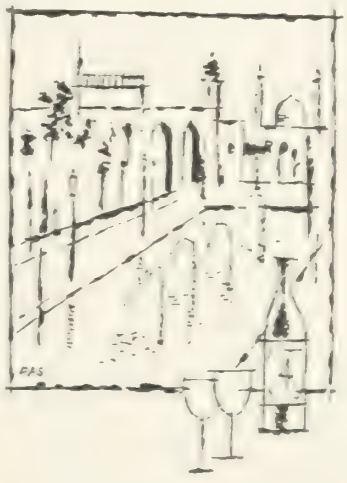
Yet despite the unpromising character of the highway system, traffic abounds. Persians are great travelers, and their requirements are accommodated by huge numbers of busses, which proceed at breakneck speed across the desert. An American passenger car—if its driver has the sense he was born with—will not go more than thirty-five miles an hour, but the busses go up to seventy. There are also a good many trucks, most of them carrying oil and highly inflammable.

It is not, however, the traffic so much as the solitude which makes motoring an adventure. There is no place along the road where a breakdown could be repaired. There are gas stations every hundred miles or so—neat new buildings, each topped with a tiled dome like a small mosque—but they do not have service facilities. I whiled away some of the long hours of the trip wondering what would happen if the motor dropped out, or even if more than one tire was punctured. To get parts, you would probably have to go back to Tehran, which might be as much as twenty-four hours away on the bus. By the time you returned (always assuming you had the stamina to walk to the nearest bus stop, which might be fifty miles away), the car would assuredly be gone. (Even in Tehran, you daren't park a car for ten minutes without taking off the windshield wipers, which are a favorite article of commerce.) If you left someone to stay with the car, he would have two or three days' wait, without food. Even if passing busses or trucks stopped, there would be nothing they could do and no way of communicating.

With these encouraging thoughts, my friends and I covered some 1,200 miles to Shiraz and back with no mechanical defects that could not be remedied by a pair of pliers and a little nervous tension. When I go again I think I'll take a plane; the domestic air service is reported to be very good. But I would not like to have missed one trip by car across the Persian desert.

These desert expanses, unbroken for spaces of several hundred miles, are the principal feature and for many visitors the principal attraction of central Persia. It is remarkable country, comparable in its bleakness and aridity to Nevada and in its magnificence to New Mexico. For something like three hundred miles between Qum and Shiraz, you traverse a high plateau, broken once or twice by watercourses in chasms, occasionally undulating toward the southern end but for the most part dead flat. On either side, at deceptive distances, it is bordered by mountains, unwooded and unwatered, and an occasional butte or needle or mesa rises from the floor of the plateau. The mountains are snow-capped for most of the year, of dramatic outline and even more dramatic color. As in the Grand Canyon, one passes by degrees from a yellow-and-black landscape to a red-and-blue one, and then back again. The effect, especially after eight or ten hours of driving, is sometimes lunar and sometimes infernal, but never earthly.

As one moves south, off the plateau and into the mountains, the resemblance to the American Southwest increases. There are rocky chasms and sudden patches of towering black monoliths and occasional bits of verdure along the waterways. The villages which cling to the edges of the rare streams or oases are built of ruinous mud, similar to adobe but unpainted, so that they merge into the monochrome foreground. The population here does not wear the Western clothes, or vestiges of them, which are universal in the towns, but highly colored native costumes. The women have no veils but instead a sort of turbaned topknot, vaguely Navaho in effect.



THE DELICATE ART OF GETTING A ROOM

HOTEL accommodations and food provide another form of local color for the tourist and a marked change for anyone who thinks of traveling as a ceaseless round of Ritzes, Bristols, Palaces, and Excelsiors. For one thing there is the problem of reservations. This involves a good deal of time and energy; it may,



on occasion, involve high politics. My host in Tehran had begun negotiations for rooms at the Saadi Park Hotel in Shiraz, reputed to be the best in the country, some months before my arrival. He was informed that no rooms would be available—unless they were taken for at least one month—since our visit would coincide with the celebration of Now Ruz, a sort of combination Christmas and Fourth of July in Persia. He then invoked the assistance of a highly placed official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and was almost at once informed that suitable rooms would be available for any desired period. Shortly before my arrival, however, the highly placed official was removed from office for malfeasance (you have to practice malfeasance on a pretty massive scale to get removed from office for it in Persia) and my host concluded (correctly) that the reservations would be canceled.

Accordingly, on my arrival, we went to call on an important businessman in Tehran whose brother had recently contributed a municipal hospital to the city of Shiraz, which he represents in the Senate. The businessman, an acquaintance of somebody who worked in the Embassy, received us in a deeply carpeted office in the newest building in Tehran, and served us tea. For some hours we discussed the weather, the state of the skiing in the mountains, and other subjects. By devious routes the conversation was led round to tourism in Persia and thence to the need for rooms at the Saadi Park. The businessman said that He Would See, and the meeting instantly broke up. On our arrival in Shiraz, two enormous bedrooms awaited us, each accompanied by an even more enormous bath complete with hot water and sanitary installations to meet both the Western and the Islamic taste in such matters. For each room we paid about twelve dollars a night, American plan—although a family of four slept (and ate) comfortably on the account of one room and a single person on the other's.

Both the Saadi Park and the Irantour Hotel at Isfahan (said to be the second best in Persia) are installed in former palaces. Anything which has both a garden and electric light is described as a palace in Persia, but these were good examples of the genre. The gardens were really handsome, complete with irises, roses, pansies, marigolds, and peach trees, all in full and simultaneous bloom, orange trees bearing heavily, and large pools. The pools, always impressively surrounded by ordinary street lamps, are a standard feature of palaces, whether used as hotels or privately owned. They are essential for watering the gardens. The long buildings, reminiscent of Louisiana mansions, had two-story pillared porticoes in front and were impeccably clean.

The food in these moderately Westernized caravansaries, while presumably not typical native fare, was certainly not what one would call international either. But it was, in a rather specialized way, good. I noted down one menu as representative: Course one, a chicken broth, strongly flavored with something which we agreed was *like* lime juice, but probably wasn't lime juice. Course two: a sort of chicken-burger, fried in oil and similarly flavored with putative lime juice, with hashed brown potatoes. Course three: rice and mutton kebob. Rice appeared in every Persian meal I ate. It is quite different in shape from rice in America—shorter and fatter. In this case it was cooked with some elusive vegetables, possibly collards, chopped fine, and flavored with lime juice. For dessert we had a rather gelatinous custard, clearly English in inspiration. Along with all this went Nun, Persian bread which is like large plate-shaped sheets of limp rye crisp. It is good and no doubt nutritious since it seems to be composed of wheat so whole as to be virtually unmilled. There were no fruits or green vegetables.

The meal was accompanied by Persian wine. In Persia, aversion to the grape is less marked than in Arab countries, and wine is produced

on a large scale, bottled, and sold by number, not name. The visitor soon learns to order a bottle of either Number 6 or Number 12 (these numbers come in both red and white, and they are both good). Unfortunately, the Hotel Saadi Park was all out of Numbers 6 and 12, so we had to take the 4, which was all they had. Number 4 tastes like grape jelly dissolved in vinegar. There was also something called beer.

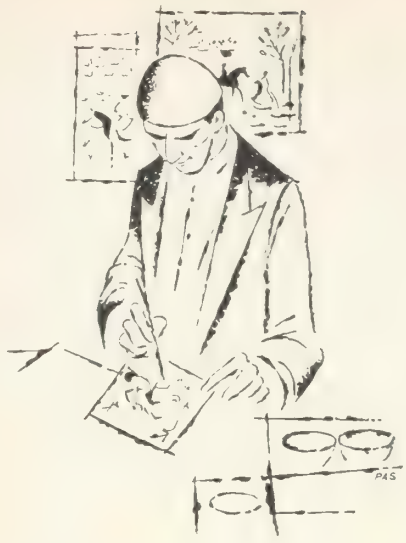
MOSQUES AND BAZAARS

FOR most tourists, the experience of drinking a refreshing glass of Number 6 in a Persian garden ought to be enough to justify the trip, assuming a few camel caravans and mud villages and several million heavily laden donkeys thrown in. But there is also Isfahan. It is near the center of Persia and was the capital until 150 years ago; this fact of history is important, for it means that Isfahan flourished during the greatest period of Islamic Persian history and then escaped the modern improvements which have spoiled—from the tourist's point of view—its successor, Tehran.

Isfahani are not unaware of the attractions of their city and have provided a helpful guidebook in English—written by someone identified on the cover as "The Old Head of the Iranian Historical Buildings Department," who ought to know his business. The main features to which the Old Head draws our attention are the various mosques—which have the particular advantage of being the only mosques in Persia open to Infidels.

The mosques are genuinely splendid, with their tiled interiors like some vast, florid bathroom and their exquisite proportions. What is most striking to the visitor is the really amazing resemblance the older ones bear to European monastic architecture of the Middle Ages—halls of monolithic columns, Gothic arches, and stone vaulting, structurally ingenious and artistically flawless. Moslems, of course, do not approve of the representation of natural objects so there is no iconography; instead, there is the tile work, skillfully if rather luridly inscribed with readings from the Koran. The tiles are alien, but many of the architectural forms are as unnervingly familiar as Saint Patrick's in New York.

Isfahan also has an excellent assortment of imperial palaces and a remarkably beautiful theological school, built in the form of a tile-lined quadrangle, whose brilliant blues are reflected, along with the softening addition of plane trees, in a reflecting pool. There is a fine



boulevard, lined with trees and antique shops, and an extremely handsome public square. There is also the bazaar.

I don't know quite what I had imagined a bazaar to be before I went to Isfahan, but it was certainly different from the reality. Isfahan's bazaar is a very handsome building, consisting of a long series of vaulted aisles (Gothic arches again), enclosing a number of courtyards. The aisles, which seem to add up to several miles, are thickly tenanted by shoppers, bicyclists (the bazaar occupies so much space that ordinary traffic saves time by going through it instead of around it), donkeys, camels, beggars, holy men, merchants, and loafers, and are lined with dimly lit stands, or shops, grouped according to the merchandise purveyed. This may be anything from solid gold dinner sets and Royal Bokharas to Home Permanents. (Home Permanents seem to be very popular in Persia, especially among men.)

In the courtyards are manufactured the native wares sold within: textiles, rugs, Persian prints (a room-sized Persian print costs about five dollars), opium, candy, tinware, jewelry, and virtually everything else which requires nothing but simple raw materials, skill, and unlimited manpower. Miniature-making seemed to me the most edifying creative process. I watched, and bought—from a miniaturist painting on ivory—portrayals of antique matches of polo, a game which allegedly originated in the square outside the bazaar. He gave me his card:

POPULAR MINIATURIST
CALLED FAKHRE EMAMI
BRAND 880
Please do not forget
Address:
Isfahan—Saray Malek
Emami Naghash

I don't know what Brand 880 means, but I advise you to look up Fakhre Emami the next time you find yourself in Isfahan.

Like everything else in Isfahan, the bazaar makes one understand at once why people who have visited the East never quite recover from it. One could spend endless amounts of time there, gaping and buying miniatures, or prints, or rugs, or other Persian specialties like mosaic cigarette boxes, brass candelabra, silk shawls, and a kind of candy called (though only by me) Persian Delight. But the best product of Persia is not to be found in the bazaars; it is found against a mountain on a plain near Shiraz, and it is called Persepolis.



THE BEST REAL ESTATE

PERSEPOLIS was a palace-city of the Emperor Darius and his successors, a sort of fifth century B.C. version of Versailles, and it is the most impressive ruin I have ever seen. Angkor Wat or Cusco may be more startling, but neither the Acropolis nor the Roman Forum can compare with it. It is the leading *must* for any sight-seers in that part of the world. Considering its remoteness from tourist centers, it has attracted a considerable number of sight-seers in the past. Most of them have carved their names on the gate of Entrance Hall and there you can see the distinguished lineage of the world's brotherhood of monument-defacers. The largest defacements are the names of noblemen of the early nineteenth century, scribblers who were Western ambassadors to the court of the Qajars.

Darius, whose empire included regions as distant as India, Greece, and Ethiopia, chose the best piece of real estate in his homeland for his capital. Against the brown mountain cliffs, the vast flat bluff on which Persepolis stands surveys a flat valley, some fifteen miles wide, relatively well-watered and extremely fertile, broken on either side by oddly shaped and colored buttes. On this platform he and his successors built a large variety of palaces, public buildings, and residences. When Alexander the Great conquered the Achaemenian Empire something over a century and a half later, he burned such parts of its capital as were combustible and carried off such as were portable. The remains were considerable, for most of the buildings were made of great stone blocks.

Time and Islam, which was at pains to obliterate all carvings of men and animals, also went to work on the ruins; fortunately the great pillars resisted both, and even more fortunately the mountain washed down over the foundations, saving the carvings of the lower portions from the attentions of the Moslems. There remain thirteen columns, some seventy-five feet tall, of the great hall, together with a vast array of marble remnants of several dozen other buildings and a selection of sculpture which would have made Lord Elgin white with envy. Around the foundations, up and down the monumental staircases, and across walls march an endless procession of Medes and Persians, goats and camels, Scythians and Egyptians, horses and cows, all coming to honor the Emperor, all carved with great intricacy and finesse in low relief in black marble.

The best things from the old city have been taken away to Tehran. There remains enough to make Persepolis the largest, and certainly the most stirring, museum of ancient sculpture in the world.

A few miles away, across a negligible desert track, at Naqsh-i-Rustam (this improbable spelling seems to be correct), the Achaemenian rulers cut their tombs in a cliff, high above the desert floor and inaccessible except by ladder. Here again the dimensions are staggering and the carvings magnificent.

Bouncing back from the tombs toward Shiraz, you see distant Persepolis around a mountain spur, its thirteen columns standing in gaunt and mammoth silhouette. It would justify four stars if the guidebooks ever get around to covering Persia.

Keith Monroe

California's dedicated Detective

Because he volunteered to help innocent people keep out of jail, Ed Bliss—a former streetcar conductor—has become the pioneer member of a new profession: Private Eye for the Public.

AT 2:05 A.M. one night last year, a burglar was heard emerging from a window of a house in Venice, California. He got away. But at 2:20 police stopped a young man (let's call him Fred Baker) at a nearby street corner for routine questioning. He seemed uneasy. They searched him. In his pocket was a significant item: a box of eye shadow. Eye shadow of that same brand had been stolen in the burglary.

A neighbor came forward to say she had seen this young man dropping from the window of the house. He had no alibi. He was walking home alone from a late movie, he said—but admittedly had left it before two o'clock. Police found that he had recently finished a prison term for burglary.

Baker had no money for legal counsel, so his case was assigned to the Los Angeles County Public Defender's Office. A lawyer from that office questioned Baker in jail. Baker said the witness who claimed to have seen him must be mistaken, and the eye shadow in his pocket was just a coincidence. He'd happened to buy it as a little surprise for his sister-in-law, he insisted.

Such a feeble story left little doubt of his guilt. He probably would have gone back to prison, had not a detective named Edward N. Bliss Jr. been on the county payroll. Bliss has a strange job, first of its kind in the nation. He is paid to keep innocent people out of jail.

As chief investigator for the Public Defender, Bliss set out to check Baker's story. Whenever Bliss discovers defendants are lying, the Defender shows them how their story will collapse in court, and works out a guilty plea with them, concentrating on extenuating facts. This happens in two of every five cases.

But this time Bliss eventually advised a plea of not guilty. By days and nights of searching he had located a clerk in an all-night drug store who remembered selling Baker the eye shadow. Thus his incredible tale was partly verified. Still —as an ex-convict—he needed stronger proof of innocence to convince a jury.

Bliss visited Baker's brother. "I honestly think the kid is innocent," the brother said. "He took courses in prison so he could get a job when he came out. Always talked about how he'd start life over. He got a job, and he's been happy."

Bliss tried to help Baker himself dredge up some memory that might clear him. What route had he taken from the theater to the corner where police stopped him? Had he seen or talked to anyone? "I can't remember," Baker said sullenly. "It was six weeks ago."

Undaunted, Bliss went to Venice every night and walked each of the possible routes Baker might have taken. One evening he came to a pastrami stand and showed the manager several pictures. One was of Baker, and the manager recognized it. Baker had been eating there at the very minute of the burglary. "I remember because he came in just as I was closing," the manager said. "He kept me open till 2:10." It was a solid alibi—which Baker had completely forgotten. He was acquitted.

This case was an example of the new kind of detective work which prevents many miscarriages of justice in Los Angeles County. Bliss pioneered this work. In fact, he did it for ten years without pay, though he was far from wealthy. For years after that he drew such a small salary that he had to piece it out by washing dishes at night. Only in the last few years has the county paid him normal wages.

Bliss doesn't care much about money, so long as he can hammer away at the idea to which he has dedicated his life: A person accused of crime may need to find facts or witnesses to disprove the accusation. High-powered criminal lawyers employ private investigators, but if a defendant can't pay for private detectives, why shouldn't there be public detectives to help him?

Until 1948 Bliss was the world's only public

defense detective. Now there are others in Chicago, Memphis, San Francisco, Stockton, and Philadelphia. No less an authority than the Chief Justice of the United States has lent his name to Bliss' crusade to establish the system in additional cities.

SLEUTH FOR THE INNOCENT

THE concept of a public defender to counterbalance the public prosecutor is an old one. Decades ago William Howard Taft advocated it to implement the Sixth Amendment, which says: "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall . . . have assistance of counsel for his defense." The Public Defender's Office in Los Angeles was opened in 1913, apparently the first of its kind. Legal journals wrote articles about it, and Omaha opened a similar office in 1915, Columbus in 1916. By 1920 there were seven such offices. Today eighty-eight cities and counties maintain Public Defenders; ten have been established in the last year.

The concept is spreading fast now, probably because more and more instances are coming to light of innocent men in prison. In most of these cases the accused had no money to hire counsel, and there was no public defender or legal-aid system available. So the court simply appointed a lawyer—whose only contact with the defendant might be a hurried parley in the courtroom before the trial started.

Most felony trials are hurry-up, run-of-the-calendar cases. There are dozens a week in every big city. Even if a lawyer tries hard, he is alone against the armories of the police department and district attorney, with their big budgets and swarms of investigators. Consequently most defendants are quickly convicted if a court appoints their lawyer. In effect, poverty deprives them of a fair trial.

The public defender system gives them well-qualified lawyers. "When we prosecute a client of the Public Defender we assume we're up against the best criminal law office in the county," a Los Angeles D.A. once said.

Yet the best lawyer can be stymied without investigators to hunt facts; he has neither time nor talent to do his own detective work. It took Los Angeles a generation to see this weakness. Los Angeles had public defenders for thirty-two years before it hired an investigator to help them. It might never have hired one, if Bliss hadn't proved the work was valuable by doing it without pay.

In 1934 he was driving a bread wagon in Los Angeles and studying criminology in his spare time, for he yearned to get into police work. One of the customers on his route was Hatch Graham, a deputy public defender. Bliss got acquainted with him, and through him met William B. Neeley, another deputy who defended criminal cases. In 1936 Neeley asked if he'd like to investigate a few cases for experience.

Bliss jumped at the chance. He uncovered facts which helped Neeley win several acquittals. This gave him such pleasure that he kept at it, taking a night job as streetcar conductor in order to leave his days open for unpaid service to the defender. Eventually the streetcar company made him an investigator, but he still found time for eight hours a day of public-defense sleuthing.

Every year Public Defender Frederic H. Vercoe asked the county board of supervisors to vote funds to pay Bliss. They always demanded, "Why pay detectives to put people in jail, then pay other detectives to get them out?" Vercoe argued that an innocent man in jail is supported by taxpayers, whereas he earns his own living if he is free. But the supervisors, like the police and the district attorney, didn't think many innocent men were in jail. (Not one felony defendant in a hundred is acquitted in most cities. Yet in Los Angeles, court verdicts have found two of every twenty-five innocent in the years since Bliss went on the job.)

In 1946 Bliss had enough, and went to Saudi Arabia as security officer for an oil company at $390 a month plus room and board. But he had been there only a few weeks when Vercoe cabled that the county had at last okayed money for an investigator. Bliss returned to Los Angeles to take the job. On arrival he learned it would pay $37 a week. So he found a night job again, and resumed his day stint as defense detective.

The present Public Defender, Ellery E. Cuff, credits Bliss and his assistant investigators with playing a large part in saving the lives of eighty-four murder defendants since 1936, and in exonerating at least 925 clients charged with lesser crimes. The odds were heavy against all these people; the police and the D.A. were sure of their guilt. Some of them had confessed. Many had been positively identified by witnesses. But eyewitness identifications are notoriously fallible. A Los Angeles Police Department survey of identifications of suspects in a line-up once indicated that 28 per cent are later proved false. Who can say how many others are false but never proved so?

In a book called *Convicting the Innocent*—a

collection of sixty-five cases of wrongful execution or imprisonment—Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale wrote:

> Perhaps the major source of these errors is an identification of the accused by the victim. Juries seem disposed more readily to credit the reliability of the victims of an outrage than any amount of contrary evidence. These cases illustrate the fact that the emotional balance of the victim or eyewitness is so disturbed by his extraordinary experience that his powers of perception become distorted. . . .

SURPRISING THE POLICE

RECENTLY an ex-convict was caught with a bundle of clothes stolen from a laundry truck and told a lame story of seeing them thrown from a speeding car. Other people had seen the incident, he insisted, but he didn't know them, and they had strolled on before the police car roared up. By tramping streets and knocking on doors for several days, Bliss located the people and verified the story.

Such surprises have made Los Angeles authorities slow to presume the guilt of an ex-convict, and careful in weighing every suspect's story. It isn't often nowadays that a Los Angeles detective gives voice to the old-time police boast, "I never arrested a man who wasn't guilty." Bliss has kept too many innocent men out of jail.

Every metropolitan detective has an overwhelming case-load, with too little time to check each case thoroughly. In the early years policemen sometimes resented Bliss, but now most of them are glad to have him around as a corrective. The Los Angeles County Peace Officers Association has elected him secretary-treasurer for three terms in a row.

"Theoretically we could do all the checking Bliss does," a police officer explained recently. "In practice we haven't the time or temperament. When we find the obvious suspect and collect damning evidence against him, it's just not human nature for us to turn around and comb the city for facts in his favor."

Bliss now has five assistants. Together they investigate 2,300 cases a year at an average cost of $25 per case. They are on a miserly expense budget. If an investigation keeps them away from home at suppertime they pay for their own supper. If they buy somebody coffee or a drink to get him talking it is at their own expense. Yet investigator Fortue Kelly dropped in at a bar almost daily for five months, buying wine for regular customers, in order to worm out information which acquitted a murder defendant. Civic accountants estimate that the Public Defender's Office saves the county $300,000 a year by disposing of many cases through dismissals or pleas of guilty.

Bliss was born in 1913 in Middletown, Rhode Island. He took correspondence courses in hotel work and fingerprinting, and during the depression he landed hotel-clerking jobs on Cape Cod and in Texas. While working in Los Angeles as a busboy, he studied every police textbook he could borrow. Before the streetcar company made him a special agent, he had scored eighth among 2,100 applicants in an examination for deputy sheriffs, only to be rejected for lack of a high-school diploma.

He and his wife Irene now have a young son and daughter. Sometimes Bliss gets anonymous threats: "We'll fix your family if the verdict isn't right." At times he is reviled for aiding someone pilloried on front pages. He merely shrugs. After he tried and failed to save a man accused of child-murder, an explosion blasted a patch out of his front lawn. Bliss laughed it off.

The den of his small home is crammed with keepsakes from humble people who would be disgraced or dead if he had not helped them. There also are gold keys to various cities, and a warm "Dear Ed" note from Chief Justice Earl Warren, who has also contributed a foreword to a new book Bliss is writing, *Public Defender USA,* a history of public defense work in this country. His first book, *Defense Investigation,* is a manual for attorneys and detectives. He spends evenings, and his own money, to put out a monthly *National Public Defender Report,* through which he hopes to build a national association. Last year he made 162 unpaid talks, including his annual two-hour lecture at the FBI course for peace officers in Los Angeles. The national convention of the Legal Aid Society, which he addressed last October, created a new branch, called the defender unit, with headquarters in the American Bar Center in Chicago.

Bills for state public defenders are pending in four legislatures, and J. Lee Rankin, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, is advocating a measure for a federal system.

"The worst thing that can happen to anybody of small income is to be arrested for a felony," Bliss often tells audiences. "If he goes blind or crazy, if he gets leprosy or cancer, there are charities and foundations to help him. But who helps the little guy accused of crime?"

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

Drawings by Gil Walker



MURDER in the schoolroom

A disconcerting glimpse of what children really think about certain grown-ups—and why they believe that "teachers aren't people."

"LET'S have a teacher be murdered." That suggestion was made instantly when I told my small class in creative writing that we would compose a story. These were preadolescents, from nine to twelve, and this was only the second time we had met. As I had planned the course, they were not ready to write individual stories, but I'd thought we would spend one session discussing a plot, chiefly to give me a chance to see how their minds were working. I would not guide them in this, I said: the story would be all theirs—and would someone propose a subject? The murdering of a teacher came out at once. The class accepted it with enthusiasm.

I was startled but tried not to show it. I simply said, "It's your story, and how are you going to work it out?"

But I wondered why, of all possible subjects, this was the one that had burst from their minds. The time was June and their regular school had closed two weeks earlier. Why weren't they thinking of baseball, of swimming, camping, the annual pet show, or their vacation reading?

I assumed that their choice was not accidental. Since I am a writer, I know something about the connection between one's subconscious turmoil and the creative expression that springs up most spontaneously. There might be a clue here to some disturbance. . . .

These were children, from different grades in all parts of the city, who had been especially invited to join a "creative workshop." They were supposed to be high in scholastic rank and to have shown signs of creative talent. Their teachers had made the choices. It therefore didn't seem likely that there had been any personal animosity between the teachers and these particular pupils. Those who might stir up behavior problems had been ruled out specifically. Yet all of these youngsters were willing—eager actually—to imagine a teacher murdered. Why? I would not probe for the answer. If there were any distressing emotion here, other hints of it would come out, I thought, without prompting.

They did come out—not as hints but as bald statements of the way teachers seem to these children who had been processed in modern schools. It is such a distorted view that at first I could not believe the children meant what they said. I protested, I argued, but I could not change the children's opinion. They know their teachers, they said, and I don't, and this is the way it is.

The words they used were wrong, their interpretation was wrong. And surely something is wrong in their schoolrooms too, or these children would not see their teachers in such a fantastic light. With the stark, honest view

of the young, they may be sensing a situation that needs correcting. It is nothing that they can reveal to the teachers themselves, for the relationship as they see it makes frankness impossible. Meanwhile they go along with an impression that damages the learning process, and perhaps could damage a child's whole development. But if pupils did have their say, they might surprise the adults.

Our creative workshop included instruction in drama, art, puppetry, modeling, papercraft, and writing. The leaders were not all professional teachers; I was not. If any person was practicing an art or craft with some success and had an interest in children, he was considered qualified. Therefore the workshop had no schoolroom atmosphere.

The children could choose whatever class, or classes, they wished to join. Most of those in the writing class were, surprisingly, boys. They were youngsters, it turned out, who enjoyed reading and who already were conscious that writing requires a technique. We met one morning a week for eight weeks. I knew there would not be time in eight sessions to train them in grammar, nor did I think it important for them to do much writing themselves. I had only one objective: to leave in their minds a hint of what good writing is, and also what it is not. It is not writing produced for money. Nor is it an egotistical exercise, worked out for the purpose of showing the writer's cleverness. Good writing, I told the class, is communication: a thought, an experience, an impression that somebody wishes to share with others. The quality of the thought is what matters.

Our discussions took us at once into essentials, into honest appraisals of our experience. At the end, the children's remarks about teachers and schools seemed the most significant, but I want to mention other ideas their minds were playing with, in order to show what good minds they were, and what good emotional balance those particular children had—that is to say, why their comments deserve a hearing.

PLOTTING THE KILL

TO GET the class outside the routine of thinking conventionally, we spent one session on words, on their origins. We asked ourselves how people communicated before there were words, and we tried to decide why one sound in the mouth, instead of another, was used—as examples—for *clap,* and *dog.* The children were quick at suggesting onomatopoetic words, to realize how the sound of the happening itself had been used for *clap, thunder, patter, murmur,* and *crackle.*

We discussed the word *dog,* which came into the language late and is a puzzle to linguists. I believe one of the boys had the answer. I mentioned that once I had stood at one end of a corridor while a woman talked at the other end to a newsboy about his dog. The only word I could catch was *dog,* again and again, although all the rest remained a jumble.

"*Dog* is a sound that carries a long way," said this boy. "Early people probably named their pets *dogs* in order to call them."

That boy has a talent for analyzing.

I asked the children to write down a list of their favorite words. Their choices would be almost universally pleasing: *flame, throne, delicious, quiet, xylophone, sincere, shimmering, sparkle,* and *filmy;* also, surprisingly, *bundle, sandy,* and *eight.* I told my own favorite words and sounds and explained why I liked them, and the children later brought up the fact that I had. Teachers, they said, never express what they themselves think.

By the second meeting we were well down in the level of consciousness from which a writer's, or artist's, creativity rises. That was the time I said that the class should make up a plot. The boy who had analyzed *dog* suggested the subject, the murdered teacher. In the following discussion everything but the subject was a matter of controversy. As incidents were considered, they were put into the story, or rejected, on the basis of realism: "It wouldn't happen that way," or, "What they really would do is this."

Besides the children's concern with the truth of the situation, I was impressed by the decency with which most of the characters were supposed to act. The criminal was made an automobile salesman. Everyone else in the story was courteous, honest, and in the case of the young people, courageously loyal. Six high-school pupils confessed to the crime because each of them thought that his best friend had done it and wanted to save him from punishment. Girls were allowed to share in the sacrifice. The boys in the class assumed that even girls had fine feelings.

Aside from this youthful mass-martyrdom, the final plot was a good little mystery story, tight and logical when it was finished, and it was worked out entirely without my help. I said I was pleased with it—praise that had a surprising effect, but that fact, again, I did not learn until later.

When the plot was completed one boy said,

"Of course this is nothing but a whodunit." His remark started off a lively criticism of movies, radio, TV, and much of the literature now being produced for children. The class, they made clear, felt contempt for most of this fare, not only because many books are poorly written, as they could recognize, but because the subjects did not impress them as realistic. They did read the books, but one of the boys said:

"You can hardly find anything written for children that isn't about space ships or else detectives. In these books children act as detectives. Even girls do. Everybody knows that children can't be detectives."

All through the course the children expressed a conscious distaste for anything phony, and an eager acceptance for everything honest.

I told them my own definition of the best literature: writing that takes a common experience and describes it in such rich detail that we, as readers, begin to lead our own lives more fully. We begin to look for what we have been missing. That thought was immensely stimulating. It was something new to be conscious of sounds, tactile sensations, sights, and odors, and the children examined the room where we worked, smelling the curtains, the concrete walls, the furniture, trying to find the words that would best capture their qualities. Their environment seemed to be something that they were discovering for the first time. Their enjoyment was brilliant, and their means of conveying it often startled me, it was so expressive.

Our talk ranged over many subjects. Someone thought that we must seem very slow to squirrels. He described a man under a tree, heavy and labored, as a squirrel would see him. "I think that time feels entirely different to a squirrel from the way that it feels to us," said this boy. At the end we came back to the feeling in words themselves.

"*Dread,*" said one ten-year-old, "has a deep, mournful sound, but if you say *dreading,* the *ing* kind of levels it out. It isn't as bad then."

TEACHERS, NOT PEOPLE

ALL through the workshop sessions I had been surprised by the children's perceptiveness. Their honesty had that fearlessness which is exciting wherever found, and more: in their limited frame of experience, these children had good judgment. I believed them, therefore, when one of the boys said:

"We have been talking about the way you have praised us. Teachers never praise."

"Would you all say that?" I asked. They all nodded. They were a little uncomfortable and they told why:

"Maybe you praised us just to encourage us."

I protested that I had not done that—that people who do creative work, like writing, enjoy flashes of creativeness wherever they find them. It had given me personal satisfaction when the class talked poetically about chimes and clocks and squirrels. Had it been wrong to show feelings of pleasure? Many times they had shown me their pleasure at subjects I had brought up.

"It isn't wrong, but teachers don't," I was told. "Teachers never praise anybody."

"They never do?" I persisted. The children thought hard. One said that when he was in the fourth grade he met his first-grade teacher and she told him that he had done good work when he was in her class three years earlier. That seemed like belated encouragement. Another boy said that sometimes, on the last day of school, if a teacher had a chance privately she might tell a pupil that he had been pretty good.

"Why do you think they don't praise you during the school year?" I asked.

"If a teacher praised one, that would make the other pupils all jealous." The class agreed.

This, I thought, shows from the children's side the current attitude that the slowest must not be made to feel inferior. It is called democracy. How many, who could do superior work with encouragement, are sacrificed so that the dullest can have the illusion of being smart? I remembered what one of my friends, an English teacher trained several decades ago, had told me: that she had been taught to find something to praise in every theme turned in by a student. I said to my class,

"But everyone could be praised for something. If a boy is not good at his studies, he could be praised for wearing a nice clean shirt. At the very least one could say, 'Well, you were a nicer boy today than you were yesterday.'" I let them absorb the thought and continued, "I am not suggesting that there should be teacher's pets. But I, frankly, believe in praise. When I was a child, I needed it, I worked hard for it, and I got it. And when someone does something that seems excellent to me now, I wouldn't be real if I held back my approval. To me that would seem like a kind of aloofness."

"But you are talking like people," said one of the boys. "Teachers are never people."

Now I was the one needing time to absorb a thought. I asked,

"How do you mean, they're not people?"

"Well, you know what people are. Everybody knows." He said this with an inclusive gesture. "But teachers are different. Teachers aren't people."

I asked the class if they knew what he meant. They all did. They responded so quickly that I was sure they had discussed the subject.

"Teachers *are* people," I told them. "They have headaches. They run out of money. They own pets, some of them. They have relatives. They are people the same as you and I are."

"Why don't they act like people then?"

"Don't they ever?" I asked.

"Not in school. They don't act like people or talk like people." That was the statement of one boy, but all agreed. I asked:

"Didn't any of you ever have one teacher who seemed like a human being?" These children had gone to school individually in several states and altogether they must have known between twenty and thirty teachers. A boy finally answered,

"I did have one teacher who kind of acted the way people do. She was the only one." Another boy said,

"If you meet a teacher some place away from school, and nobody else is around to hear, sometimes she'll say 'hello' almost the way people would."



They brought up another angle:

"You have told us the things you like. Teachers would never do that. They never say what they think."

I did my utmost to explain teachers, to defend them, but I was too baffled just then to do a good job and at the end the youngsters were not convinced. When we separated they still were protesting that teachers "aren't really people."

I never would so have described any teacher I had. All my teachers seemed live human beings.

In this they were aided, I'll admit, by the outdated custom of Having the Teacher to Dinner. When a teacher would sit at our dining table, unexpectedly beautiful in a silk dress I never had seen before, the conversation would fill in unknown details. The teacher perhaps had a brother who was a doctor; she was born in Kalamazoo; she liked apricots; she lived with her parents; she had a cat. With all of that miscellaneous information—the kind children consider important—the teacher became more a person, an individual.

She was learning too about us. Now she knew that my father was born in Canada, that we spent our vacations there, that we liked sailing, that my brother's hair came in curly after he had typhoid fever. She was certainly told that I was studying music seriously, practicing several hours a day, and perhaps she could sense any other stresses that there might be. In any case, now the teaching and learning process had taken on depth. It had been put on a natural basis. I know, at least, that I thought of my teachers as no different from neighborhood women or friends, and I'm sure that those dinners were not the whole reason. In school and out of school they were like anyone else, except that they were especially concerned with helping me to grow up.

There were four, however, who were so instrumental in helping me find myself that I can't imagine what my life would have been like if they had been any less human.

One was my second-grade teacher, a cripple. She was very strict and she seldom smiled, but in some way she made us know that she loved us. We returned the love with protective tenderness; it was the greatest privilege when one was allowed to get her crutches or move her chair. She was the first cripple that I had known, and naturally her deformity made an impression, but the thing that gave her so great an influence was her character.

I once heard a physician speak of his five-year-old son's "fine adult reactions." In my second-grade period I didn't have many fine adult reactions. I was just a small girl, afraid of the dark, afraid of thunder, afraid of fires, and afraid of some large, vague menace—a child's first intimation that there is unfriendliness in her universe. What I wanted in any adult was what I believe that most children want: nobility, an absolutely dependable goodness on which the immature, aware they are vulnerable, can lean. Perhaps only a cripple who had surmounted her problems could have had goodness in the degree Mrs. Paine had. To remember her still gives me a sense of security.

The next of my stellar four was my fifth-grade teacher. By most parents' standards she was a strange one, a gaunt woman who lived in a small

dingy room in order to spend her money on summer trips to outlandish places. Most of the people our family knew who went "abroad," followed a well-worn route: to England, Germany, France, and Italy. The Scandinavian countries and Spain almost marked one as unconventional. It is different now, but my teacher did not wait till the farthest outposts became respectable. She had gone to Mongolia, Burma, New Zealand: she had sailed around the Horn and visited Lapland and a place with the fabulous name of Zanzibar. She was no longer young but she went on some lengthy trip every year, coming back with her eyes more remote than ever, but with something wonderful in them.

When our geography lessons made it appropriate, the traveler would tell the class something about the countries that she had seen. But with me and two or three of the boys, she would share the whole story of her adventures. On occasional Friday afternoons we would go home with her. She would invite us to dinner, a simple meal cooked on her two-burner gas plate, and she would show us her souvenirs. There were bright, peculiar-shaped shoes, weird masks, stone weapons, gourd cooking utensils, a shrunken human head, and exotic jewelry. We would hold these things in our hands and the countries from which they came would rise right up before our eyes.

And then, as we ate the teacher's bean soup and bread pudding, she would describe the leaky, small boats in which she had sailed, the primitive families with whom she had stayed, the food, the smells, the sounds—tales that showed us that there were other worlds besides this prosaic one with the Superior School at its center. *Anybody could go to them.* Eventually I found my own way to Alaska and learned that the North is my heart's native land. It is possible that I would not have made that discovery except for this teacher-friend.

NO PETS

THOSE visits to teachers' houses never gave advantage at school. I know that the boys and I who were shown the traveler's treasures had to work harder than other pupils to make our grades. There was never any suggestion that we were the teacher's pets, and certainly never any Aunt Susan kind of familiarity. Children have an innate sense of fitness, and most of them can be trusted. Given a privilege, I believe they would not overstep—so long, that is, as the teacher remains an adult. If she plays with them on their own level, I have been told that the relationship may become confused.

But no one could say that all teachers should adopt pupils as friends. Most teachers probably have more than enough of the company of the young by the time the day is over. It is their modern classroom relationships that seemed sterile as they were analyzed by my writing class. Those boys soon will be in high school—will they find there today men like the two who complete my foursome of outstanding people?

One taught chemistry, or, more than taught: he implanted chemistry in our minds, so forcefully nobody could resist. Yet he was not aggressive. I'd guess that he'd grown too fast, for he still had the tall-boy's loose, languid motions. He would sprawl over his desk, with one hand in his wild, thinning hair, and say whatever came into his mind with exciting candor.

Those were the days before do-it-yourself became popular. He had painted his own house and one of the school board, passing on Saturday, had seen him up on the ridgepole and complained that he was undignified. The teacher reported this happening to us without comment, but with a wonderful merry smile. All pompousness was demolished with it. He often would discourse, wholesomely but realistically, about the relationships between men and women. The word *sex* never was introduced, nor any physiological detail, but emotional sanity was discussed and I learned much more from him than from the inhibited woman botany-teacher who was assigned to the task of giving the girls' gym classes some of the facts of life.

And finally the Latin teacher: unknown to our parents, of course, he was an alcoholic—or as the boys in those days said, "he drank." Possibly I never saw him when he was entirely sober. But he had a passion for classical literature that he could impart to even the dullest child. Meanwhile there was time in his classes to talk about many things, especially the ideal civilized human being. From him I got the first impression of the part that intelligence should play in a moral life, the first inkling that hard thought should precede any stand that one takes. He too was sometimes informal in class: I remember how wittily and instructively he discussed relatives-in-law, for example. His mind was always discriminating, although on some days it was not very clear. His secret was jealously kept by his pupils. We would not even mention it to our friends, out of loyalty to this man we respected.

What would a school board today think of these four: the cripple, the wanderer, the house-

painter, and the alcoholic? Could they even get jobs? Probably not, for I doubt that they'd had any teacher-training courses, any drilling in theories of education. If they had had, their treatment of us would have been less direct. It would have been modified by techniques for approaching the young.

In their schoolroom manner was no suggestion, ever, of any formula. They were completely accessible to us as human beings. Their concern was with subjects, which they loved and therefore imparted to us with contagious enthusiasm. If we ever were discipline problems, they handled us with their human wisdom.

THE TECHNICAL CURTAIN

THESE are times, today, when many relationships between people are being formulated into techniques. Managers, salesmen, politicians, radio announcers, also physicians, preachers, and teachers are all instructed in smooth ways of producing effects on people. Even the Eskimos in Alaska now are being urged to be "jollier" with the tourists. (Otherwise tourists are disappointed, because they have heard that Eskimos are a jolly people.) To some extent, indeed, all of us are becoming aware of the possibilities in our personal public relations.

Perhaps the techniques are necessary. In a competitive culture it might be impossible to survive in some lines of work without a formula that breaks down resistance. And with some, such as doctors and teachers, the techniques are mostly designed for the benefit of those worked upon. But let's recognize what all such techniques are on the human level: insincerity. An unreal situation. An approach that is not what it seems. The Eskimos are merry companions but only normally after they have known someone well enough to feel safe when they are off guard with him. Any jolliness that they show to tourists will be strictly phony.

Phony too, in spite of their motive, are the bedside manner of doctors and the teachers' studied handling of children. Excellent in intent, yet these methods cannot escape being, to some extent, artificial.

All deliberate methods in human relationships do some harm no doubt, though perhaps not too much when informed adults are involved. But in the case of children, must their honesty be affronted so early? Must there be this attack upon the priceless, clear view of the young? What they want is the blazing truth in all the adults that surround them. Anything else they can recognize as in some way false. The teacher may be convinced that a certain theoretical method will be most effective in dealing with some particular situation; the books said it would—and it well may be—most effective at any one time. But the final result of too much technique may be an impression that teachers "are never people."

I recently talked to one of my friends, a mother of four, about what the writing class said of their teachers. She told me an incident that appears to confirm their impression. A schoolteacher moved next door to her and a few days later said to her with regret,

"I guess I can't sit on my steps any more. Three of the neighborhood children are in my class and today when I was relaxing out there in the sun, they came over and talked to me."

My friend misunderstood. She asked,

"Did they bother you?"

"Oh, no," said the teacher, "but I couldn't talk to my pupils outside of school. That would be a mistake."

I think of that teacher, alone and silent behind her curtains, and I think of my teacher-traveler, holding her favorite souvenir, which was a braid of stiff black hair. She said that it came from the tail of a horse, a horse in Mongolia. "His owner said that he probably was descended from the horses of Genghis Khan when he conquered China," she told us. "I guess he was. That horse was the wildest thing on the Mongolian steppes."

A flash lighted her aging dark eyes.

"I rode him," she said: and I gasped. I had been a child without very much physical courage, but from that day I had such a fervent wish to be brave that I even got myself into some situations of actual danger.

In casting about for reasons why juvenile delinquency rates are rising so rapidly, critics blame parents, TV, radio, movies, comics, but seldom teachers. If teachers are dropping a curtain of technique between themselves and the children, perhaps they too should take some responsibility for the fact that many children today do not seem to be growing up, they only seem to be growing older.

My writing class did not complain in so many words that anything less than a human approach to them is not fair. They don't have enough experience yet to do that, not enough understanding. But when they composed a story, they spoke from subconscious sources, and the wish they expressed was to murder a teacher.

Stark Young

EUGENE O'NEILL

Notes from a critic's diary

*The pages given here hope only to add a few values to the record of Eugene O'Neill and his works. I met him first in 1920–21, and our contacts varied according to the distance between us, with him in one place and me in another; though it was not the kind of friendship that depends on the amount of time two people manage to be together. My impression of Eugene O'Neill was that, almost regardless of how much or how little you may have seen of him, you either knew him very well—as few people did—or you did not know him at all. My sense of our long friendship was that it was without reservations, and deep and candid.**

FROM MY JOURNAL

September, 1923

I WAS looking at Eugene O'Neill's face today while I sat there with him in the apartment on Grove Street that belonged to Eleanor Fitzgerald. She was the manager and practical mind and inexhaustible friend of the Provincetown Playhouse, and had telephoned me that O'Neill had not been well and had asked her to tell me that he wished I would come and see him.

A handsome face on which for the moment there was a certain shade of brutality, which seemed to change immediately into a kind of delicate and fierce withdrawal—or shall I say a proud shadow?—and also a kind of covered entreaty. The mouth was both sensuous and hard; but when he smiled the effect was boyish and fresh—a stretch of white teeth—curiously candid and shy at the same time—the sudden engaging air of a child. As was usual in his case I felt vaguely an emotion of pity and defense. Though there was nothing particularly to defend him against, I wanted to defend him, to take his part.

I dwell on this for the simple reason that the more I have thought of the matter the more assured I am that some such similar feeling is behind what many of those who champion Eugene O'Neill's work bring to him. Among his plays at times the story limps, or the texture of the style is flat and barren, or the thought is creaking; but at the heart of it we sense a pressure, a spasm of desire and sanity or torment and madness that leaves us defending the play, swearing by the author, going to his aid with whatever glamor or common sense we can muster: and meanwhile with a half-subconscious admission, deep down in ourselves, that, even if awkwardly, he can feel compassion where we feel only some tragic situation.

You heard of harsh times with him, violent even, especially when he was drinking. As to

* Eugene O'Neill, 1888-1953. The son of a celebrated actor, James O'Neill. Studied (1914-15) at Professor George Baker's dramatic workshop. In 1916 became associated with the Provincetown Players, for whom he wrote "Bound Eastward for Cardiff," "The Moon of the Caribbees," and other one-act plays. In 1920-22 came productions of "Beyond the Horizon," "Anna Christie," "The Emperor Jones," the expressionist piece, and "The Hairy Ape." Later followed "The Great God Brown," "Lazarus Laughed," "Marco Millions," "Strange Interlude," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Ah, Wilderness," "The Iceman Cometh." He won three Pulitzer Prizes during his lifetime and a fourth posthumously this spring, for "Long Day's Journey into Night." In 1936 he won the Noble Prize for literature.

this drinking of Eugene O'Neill's there were plainly earlier years when he seemed to have gone to it with a vengeance, and in these later years there had been scenes, ructions, ferocities not easy to forget; but it happened that I never saw him in the worst of such spells, and the time came presently when he was not drinking at all, strictly nothing.

I have sometimes on second thought wondered whether he was dramatic enough, shrewd enough as regards his own legend to let it stand his being a drunk, a wild drunk, just as he let stand the legend of a poor young artist, though he spent a good deal of money in his time. (His father had something of a fortune, and his brother, who was said to have died of drink, must have left him something.)

As to shrewdness, I remember once at dinner with Robert Edmond Jones, the leading stage designer of his time, that I said something in praise of shrewdness. Bobby went straight into a horror at the mere thought, a good Puritan conscience objecting. On a higher plane, if you like, it reminded me of the good man who said he was going to Boston to get drunk, and oh, how he dreaded it! But what I said was that to be shrewd did not mean that you had to be crooked; the highest use of shrewdness was, if you believed in something, to use the very best of your brains in its behalf. But that semi-dishonest Puritan morality of Bobby's refused to yield an inch. Later on I told Gene about this conversation—it had been a strangely long argument, futile on my part. All he said, drily, was, "If you want to know how shrewd Bobby is ask him to tell you how to put something over."

THERE was always a kind of sweetness or young quality in Eugene O'Neill's relation to me, though far back of it I could feel at times a core of resentment at the world as people live it, a touch even of hate. But this I got from the plays perhaps, rather than from himself directly. It belonged to some crisis in his mind or to some play he was working at rather than to his habitual temper. A certain sense of helplessness had something to do with it, I thought. He had to summon his fiercer will, had to violate himself as it were, in order to create that effect of emotional power that the best remembered passages in his plays afford.

More than any other of our playwrights he was concerned, as he said himself, not with plays about man's relation to man, but with man's relation to something larger than man and beyond him. On the one hand it could be said of Eugene O'Neill, as Gide said of himself, that the idea of death followed his thought as the shadow follows the body. In various plays, on the other hand, there seems to be a debate as to whether this suffering and aspiration toward something larger than man and beyond him is justified or whether it is merely his own desire and rage. Vergil in the *Aeneid* has a like thought when Nisus, the young soldier, says to his friend Euryalus: "Do the gods put this ardor into our hearts, or does his own fierce longing become to each man a god?"

October 1924

AT DINNER that night on the first day of my visit to Eugene O'Neill in his Provincetown house by the sea, he gave me the script of "The Fountain" to take to bed with me and see what I thought. It had been written a year or two before and was to be produced the coming season. I took it to bed and lay awake reading it through, and even then could not go to sleep because of one thought that was troubling me, one realization as it were. I must have long before sensed it often enough, but somehow it had never been so strongly impressed on me as it was now reading the pages of "The Fountain" manuscript. I mean the uncertainties and variations in style. For a time, reading the manuscript, I had the impression that this was a first copy, to be worked over later. But I soon saw that the lapses and differences in the writing were so frequent and varied that one could only despair; the lack of taste or security in the style seemed incurable. One speech might be rich and eloquent, another banal and commonplace, and now and then one was even tinged with vulgarity. A kinder way to put that last might be to say that at such moments it was not writing at all.

This was doubtless more of a surprise because of the fact that up to that time in the plays of his that I had read or seen acted I had usually taken the words—or let them pass at least—as belonging to the characters speaking, and to that extent convincing. But here in this recent play the dramatist was aiming at a quality of distinction. "The Fountain" was a long jump from "Anna Christie," for example, or the earlier one-act pieces. It was meant to be poetic, on a noble plane; and that would require a profound unity of style. In such a play as this, then, the lack of such a unity would be all the more apparent and would serve to underscore the possibility of these lapses in style that the O'Neill plays none too

purely exhibitionist in appalling line, for instance, as we find later on in "Days Without End": ". . . with all that was Elsa rotting in her grave behind you!"

At breakfast next morning I could not go into all that of course: I spoke only of the elevation of the play's theme, the richness of the legend, the high passion of the hero's dream of those waters of eternal youth, and of the introduction of the romantic love motif. I asked Gene who could be found for such a role. He said that Walter Huston had already signed for it, and asked what I thought of the idea.

I said that Walter had the temperament and the technical skill for such a role as Ponce de León in "The Fountain." The qualities most needed in that part, I said, would, of course, be lyric force and eloquence—almost the same thing. Eloquence implies a heightening in the sheer volume of the voice, a rush and impulse of feeling, as if the lines were speaking themselves. If the actor pauses and appears to be thinking, the result is likely to be that, though the actor may seem natural and intelligent, the character he presents will seem ornate and stupid. There are lines that only violent feeling and rich elevation of temper can excuse, but that in their true vein are compelling and even grand. Walter Huston would understand that, for he had had the training of his brilliant sister, Mrs. Margaret Carrington, the same lady who drilled John Barrymore into doing his famous Hamlet. (Up to that time he had never even read the play before.)

If only, I said, one thing did not happen in Walter's case; and that was his friends' urging him not to overdo, to be more "natural." It was as if he were assaying some day to do Othello. He would have the cultivation and training called for by the part, with all its demands for breath-control and eloquent power, and for the right management of Othello's words, copious and strong like the sea. He would begin on that rich plane, but his friends would keep coming to his dressing-room to urge him to tone it all down and be more like himself; which he would do and thus end nowhere. Lynn Fontanne, in a like case, began her performance of Arkadina, the actress in Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," so superbly that Maria Ouspenskaya of the Moscow Art Theater said that it was better than the original creation of the part under Stanislavsky; but before long friendly advice took most of the starch out of it. On just such a basis does our theater tend to lack style.

Then Eugene O'Neill made one of those remarks of his that go a long way, provided, that is, you spoke his language and were inside the subject. He spoke of James O'Neill, his father, who was a perennial favorite in "The Count of Monte Cristo," which he played for something like twenty years for 6,000 performances, in New York and all over the country—and of how when he was a boy he used to go along on tour with his father and with the company. He said, "Here's just the difference: the actors those days would not have understood my play but they could act it; now they understand it but can't act it."

A NORWEGIAN friend of Ibsen's said to me once how silly our conception is of some of Ibsen's plays. I must confess that I had read "The Pretenders," for example, or "The Pillars of Society," and had taken them as heavy with provincial dead-earnestness, full of improving zeal, and, so far as the characters went, tedious and prone to holding forth.

But on the contrary, it seems from what this gentleman said, they were meant to be full of lively point, impish almost at times, and aiming somewhat at an Aristophanic quality. Which only means that to get anything like their true style and effect into a translation would be all the more difficult and unlikely. It need not mean, however, that the translations of Ibsen must be so flat, dull, and sterile for the theater as the translations into English have been.

Nor need we have accepted, and even admired, the change in Pinero when he went in for problem plays and strove to follow Ibsen, or at least Ibsen as brought to us in English. And we took reverently many dramatists who were bent on saying important things importantly. Our own George Kelly, for example, graduated from the gaiety and skill of his comedies like "The Show-Off" and "The Torch-Bearers" into the flat timeliness and social meaning that he chose for his later plays.

Most people grew familiar with that self-conscious meaningfulness in the dramatists and no doubt often respected it and ourselves the more for accepting it. For example the young girl in "The Sea Gull" tells her adored author that he works too hard and has neither the time nor the wish to think how important he is. But what we had was Mrs. Garnett's high version of that speech:

"You are overworked and have not the leisure nor the desire to appreciate your own significance." And we accepted that as our Chekhov in all his subtlety and gloom.

Eugene O'Neill when he means to be serious often drops into colorless writing, with no style, no vigor. But the limitations here are by no means solely his own; it was all, shall we say, a part of the literary scene.

When he writes: "Our life is to bear together our burden which is our goal—on and up! Above the world, beyond its vision—our meaning!"

or: "He is resolved into the thousand moods of beauty that make up happiness—color of the sunset, tomorrow's dawn, breath of the Great Trade Wind—" and so on—he suffers not only from second-rate taste but also from bad models, a bad dramatic climate.

But whatever the result, the intention behind it and the dark center of it single out Eugene O'Neill from a great many writers in our theater, however adroit or smooth; and so whatever his faults and limitations he breaks your heart.

1923

ON THE top floor of an old brownstone structure that has long harbored the Provincetown Playhouse, there is an odd room with a skylight, empty of everything but clothes-racks and a table. Some old costumes hang there and various bits and pieces left by those who come in and out of the theater. Today it was found that thieves had entered by the skylight and robbed the place. Eugene O'Neill had some books there, a sweater and silk muffler, and I had left an overcoat that had been made for me in Venice. I met Eugene O'Neill coming out of the door.

"Look here," he said, "the underworld is taking this art theater too seriously."

1924

DORIS KEANE was persuaded by the two leaders at the Provincetown Playhouse, Robert Edmond Jones and Kenneth MacGowan, to do O'Neill's new play, "Welded." She was given to understand that I was to direct it.

She had returned from her London triumphs and often repeated tours in the provinces playing the great Cavallini, Edward Sheldon's singer in "Romance," and was now settled in a luxurious New York apartment. Managers were eager to engage her for one play after another. Her choice of "Welded" was both high-minded and characteristic. Such a play could not hope to provide the glamor and exciting appeal that had kept "Romance" running for so many seasons in America and abroad. I have known people who had seen Doris Keane's "Romance" as many as eighty times, and found that all too little; and I have seen a trunkful of letters to her, by every sort of devotee from a British admiral to soldiers in the field. And now and then some soldier dying far away willed her his helmet—one of these helmets was with the letters still in the trunk.

She took all of it in her stride, valued it, and then withdrew to her own life. At the same time she was eternally the prima donna. That did not come from any mere vanity or egotism entirely; it arose also from some brooding, solitary depth in her nature that was protected, shadowed, and illuminated within the private mysticism that she lived by, and that was based on Hindu thought and various associations with psychic experience and much reading of poetry.

Such things in her were not suspected by most of her audience or even by her friends. And if I have gone now into all this at some length it is to say that, except technically, she could not have been farther than she was from the heroine of "Welded" as written in this play that she had agreed to do.

She had an almost painful tenderness toward any suffering in human beings, but these two people in "Welded," with their wrangling violence and what she would have taken as squabbling, belonged to another world from hers. She had a physical horror of a row and almost as much of bad taste in one's conduct.

Ben Ami brought a kind of rabbinical intensity to the role of the dramatist-husband; but this wild and passionate battle between two such people was not within his range.

"Welded" opens late at night with Michael Cape's return, unexpected by Eleanor at the moment, from an absence working on his new play. The two are enraptured to be together again. But presently there is an argument, then moments of passionate confession, reproaches, and the strain inevitable for these two human beings in so violent and intense a relationship. After a little comes a knock at the door. Michael "frantically" begs Eleanor not to answer it. In the end she does answer and John comes in; he is her manager and has long been in love with her, and is also Michael's producer. The visit at this hour et cetera, et cetera, adds to the strain, and presently when John has taken his leave, there is a bitter exchange of words, which ends by Michael's leaving the house, slamming the door behind him.

In the next act Eleanor has gone to John's apartment meaning to offer herself to him; she

will give Michael some real cause to storm and wound. But John, seeing that she does not love him, gently declines to help her in her revenge on Michael and goes out to get the car and take her home. The next scenes opens with Michael following a prostitute into her room and locking her door behind him. He is hatless and dishevelled and has been acting, the girl says, like crazy, kissing her in the street and all that. In the end he finds that he cannot go to her or spend the night. He no longer thinks of her as his revenge, but pities her, gives her some money, and to her astonishment leaves.

Act Three brings Eleanor and Michael together; they have learned through pain and rage and passion that from now on they can never be divided again. As they go up the stairs for the night their outstretched hands touch, making for a moment the sign of the cross—an example of the symbolism that Eugene O'Neill has a taste for, but here, as often with him, not far from the obvious.

AT LENGTH after a week of rehearsals Doris Keane wanted to withdraw from the play. So far as she was concerned that was a wise conclusion; but Kenneth MacGowan and Bobby Jones persuaded her against it, not without appealing to her generous attitude toward their theater and toward Eugene O'Neill. Meanwhile she still insisted that when she first read the manuscript she had thought it was a scenario, not by any means the full play as it was to be given on the stage. This was not a perfect excuse, however, since she might have taken warning from various other plays of O'Neill's.

Her next remark was more to the point. What the play needed, she said, to come off convincingly was to be done by those young people downtown. They would take it all in good faith, and act it without any misgivings. She read one of the speeches. "Listen to this," she said, "could we imagine taking it seriously?

" 'Not for us the ordinary family rite, you'll remember! We swore to have a true sacrament —or nothing! Our marriage must be a consummation demanding and combining the best in each of us! Hard, difficult, guarded from the commonplace, kept sacred as the outward form of our inner harmony!' "

This might well have been hopeless; but, as constantly happens under theater conditions, the rehearsals went on nevertheless. She was too fine an artist to disdain a script from a sincere creator, no matter what she thought of the quality displayed. And I knew that in her tender heart she discerned the torment that underlay the lines themselves, and sensed that the words were a misplaced travesty of some genuine feeling, the results of an uncertain taste and an uncertain sense of the banal, along with a semi-adolescent ambition toward the literary—ink perchance for blood.

But feeling is one thing, expression is another. What Eugene O'Neill said and what he felt were often two different matters. *"On est quelquefois aussi différent de soi-mēme que des autres"*—one is sometimes as different from oneself as from others. La Rochefoucauld never said anything truer.

I knew that Gene's personal life in the period that "Welded" came out of had not been all smoothness, not between two such vivid temperaments as he and Agnes, his wife, for all the love between them, and I felt that this play was in the nature of a confession and a benediction. I can see them now at some of the rehearsals sitting side by side there in the third row and listening to every speech, good or bad, and taking it all as *bona fide* and their own. At least for love of them I could wish that the mild success the play had when it was produced had been greater.

PIRANDELLO is in town and has asked me to bring Eugene O'Neill to see him. He does not read English, but one way or another seems to be highly interested in the O'Neill plays. Gene does not read Italian, but he knows something of Pirandello's writing through the Arthur Livingston translations.

The irony here is that these Livingston translations are all too often anything but Pirandello. Sentiments, dramatic motifs, and a multitude of words are added to an extent that nothing short of at least direct quotation could make believable. We may take an example from *Vestire gl' ignudi,* known to our stage as "Naked." Ludovico, the novelist, speaks to Ersilia, the governess, of unexpected happenings; a child fallen from the terrace. Then Mr. Livingston takes over:

> *Ersilia:* Oh!
> *Ludovico:* You think of something and a hawker barks, out in the street, or a newsboy comes along—and your ideas—good-by! It's as though two fingers were stretched out into space to catch the lark by the tail just as it is soaring to the sky to greet the sunshine in its joy . . . and pull it back to earth again!

The ironical part of it is that nothing could have been less to Eugene O'Neill's taste than

this mushy banality, and that none of it is in Pirandello's play. For those six lines Pirandello has one word—*"Pause."*

And it is very likely true that whatever O'Neill plays Pirandello may have come upon in Italian might follow the traditional manner of Italian drama and be warmer, more glowing—to some of us at times, gushing—and just so much they would be less to Pirandello's taste. In both cases then whatever elements of simplicity and even starkness there were that either of these dramatists might have admired in the other would have been partially lost through the medium of translation.

Nevertheless, their contact was without any doubt worthwhile. This visit with Pirandello led me to realize more than ever one of the most striking aspects of the O'Neill plays: more than any modern plays I know they are capable of the quality of fable. There can be no doubt that one of the things that have carried him farthest into people's memories is the capacity that his plays so often possess for effective recounting. In many instances the theme or central idea sounds endlessly suggestive and fruitful as one recounts it to others or as a newspaper story hands it on; and upon it the imagination builds and weaves onward to dazzling possibilities and infectious meanings. Whereas the play when we see it in the theater is not nearly so good as we had thought it might be. What we projected for it promised more than what has been created or accomplished.

"The Hairy Ape," for example, is only fair; it is effective as a subject and for the first seeing may come off well enough. But the fable is capital—the Man with the Hoe, reduced to beast, returning to the beast's cage, finding no place for him even there; a few lines can say it, and the sheer theme of it remains unforgettable. In "Dynamo" a young man leaves his old faith and turns to science and the machine. He worships a dynamo for his god, renounces the flesh, and in the end finds it all vain. He kills the girl he loves and thrusts his hand into the dynamo's current and dies. This is an instance of a fable that is brilliantly outlined, but that has not in it the wherewithal that will stretch to a fuller extension and content, such as we find in the great and deathless fables that have outlasted time. Finally an actual prayer to "dear dynamo"—the machine we see there before us on the stage—contracts it all into what seems merely silly. I am sure that with such an O'Neill play as this Pirandello may have formed a conception that went far beyond what it would have proved to be had he known it more completely. At any rate it is worth noting here that the sheer talent for fable is rare and impressive in itself.

1928

A LETTER from Eugene O'Neill suggesting that I come over for a little visit. He has married for the third time; it is the beautiful Carlotta Monterey and they have leased a Richelieu chateau not far from Tours. The noble ladies of the family, he writes, have not been in their kitchen for three years, and it has taken a good deal of water, scrubbing, and whitewash to bring it to terms. The sewage tank, or cistern, is inside the walls of the great salon, and you can tell when it is full and needs the men to come and empty it when the stains down the tapestries begin to spread.

There is a green courtyard whose hedges Auguste, the old gardener, keeps in fine shape, and an *allée* of chestnuts. And there are several pigs that make themselves at home wherever they choose, each with a French name.

This is all a long jump from Gene's Provincetown once upon a time. And how different it is indeed from Ridgefield, in that rambling old stone house that he had once on the edge of town, when in the midst of various outlines and sketches for plays, he was sunk in some nervous mood and heard footsteps outside during the night going round the house, and during the day when he was writing he would feel someone looking over his shoulder.

1946

I HAVE been seeing the Old Vic production of "Oedipus Rex," and it set me to thinking of Eugene O'Neill, not of the play so much as my association of it with him. I remember how we sat talking of it one day in my study, and how he expressed a depth of admiration for this Sophoclean tragedy that I had never heard him express for any other. I must say here that there was nothing involved in this interest that dealt with that well-worn cliché of the Oedipus complex; we both knew, of course, that that has been attached to the play by mere chance. The young Oedipus in an altercation with a stranger on the highway had killed him, and gone on to Thebes, where he married the queen, and years afterwards it turned out that the stranger was his father and his wife was therefore his own mother. It was the grandeur and completeness and the



People's Capitalism:

Business with pleasure: General Electric's President Ralph J. Cordiner (left) Board Chairman Philip D. Reed, and Secretary Ray H. Luebbe enjoy a share own er's comment at the Annual Meeting. From as far away as California, about 4,00 people come each year to Schenectady, N. Y., to meet the men who represent ther on the board of directors and to get acquainted with the managers of their company



From all walks of life: General Electric owners are typical of America's capitalists. Many of them are also customers, supplier dealers, or neighbors in our plant communities. In addition, 129,000 General Electric employees are also owners, or becoming owner



Owners get a close look: So they can participate more fully in company affairs, share owners have an opportunity to meet General Electric people and review current and future plans. Above, share owners are fitted with safety glasses before a plant tour (*right*).



The 370,000 owners who have savings invested in General Electric are typical of America, where nearly every citizen is a capitalist



ners disagree on a point of interest: n though the young lady is counting on eral Electric for part of her future, her ntion can wander during the meeting.



Vomen capitalists: The ladies' viewpoint is gnificant: half of General Electric's owners re women — and to many, their investment an mean security now or in the future.

If a visitor from abroad had been able to sit down with the men and women at the General Electric Share Owners Meeting in April, he might have discovered a good deal about capitalism in this country.

The visitor could have learned, for instance, that millions of people from all walks of life—not just a wealthy handful—own America's businesses. There were about 4,000 men and women at the meeting. Some were housewives, some employees of the company, some businessmen, some retired folks—the kind of people you meet every day.

They are typical of the 370,000 men and women who have chosen to invest part of their savings in General Electric . . . of the 10 million Americans who own "a piece of the business" in other corporations . . . of the millions who have a stake in the small family businesses in every community . . . and of the 100 million capitalists who indirectly own shares in companies like General Electric through their insurance policies, mutual savings-bank accounts, pension plans, mutual funds or other forms of investment.

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mounting power of "Oedipus Rex" that had so taken hold of Gene's imagination.

Thinking of all the hobos, drunks, prostitutes, saloons, brawls, and so on that figure so often in his plays, and of the general plainness of his words, you may well wonder at this response on Eugene O'Neill's part to this Greek classic. Thinking of some of the visual patterns in "Mourning Becomes Electra" and of the magnificent, inevitable movement toward its conclusion, and remembering here and elsewhere that brooding of his on the tragic lot of man, you may feel, perhaps, less wonder and surprise. He had never seen "Oedipus" performed, and I described for him as best I could something of what it had been like at the *Comédie Française* with the great Mounet Sully in the part.

I tried to quote for him the lines that open Sophocles' play; but we do not know enough, alas, of how the Greek should really be spoken to make it convincing; and so I repeated Mounet Sully's opening speech, trying at least to keep the even emphases of the French. More than once afterwards he asked me to repeat it. I will not try to explain that, and we may let it go as part of a man's mystery.

1956

"LONG Day's Journey into Night" is being praised to the utmost, one critic vying with another, and all of them topped by a criticism from Stockholm, where the play had its world première last February: "the world's last dramatist of the stature of Aeschylus and Shakespeare." Mostly in private conversation, a good many who have seen it have expressed to varying degrees less enthusiasm.

"Long Day's Journey into Night" presents a hopeless situation among four people, all of them clearly seen, each of them taken singly a drama. The play as a whole has a haunting intensity of mood, starred with passages of great dramatic power. Certain moments and scenes seem longer than they need be. The writing itself, though less so than in much of Eugene O'Neill's work, is now and again graceless. All through the play the patterns of emotional reaction, and even the words and thoughts, give too often an effect of repetition. At its best moments "Long Day's Journey into Night" has an eloquence and a poetry that arise from the pressure of the dramatist's own emotion as he writes of matters so close to his own life, for the four characters so lost in this tragedy are his mother, his father, his brother, and himself, under the name of Tyrone.

"Long Day's Journey into Night," as everyone knows, is having an immense success in Stockholm; and it is possible, from what I have heard of this language of Sweden and of Strindberg's drama, that this O'Neill play translated there may strike a high level of style in the sheer writing itself. As regards style, what might happen to his plays in general if worthily translated into French, or German, or Italian, or Russian, and so on, is a thought worth considering.

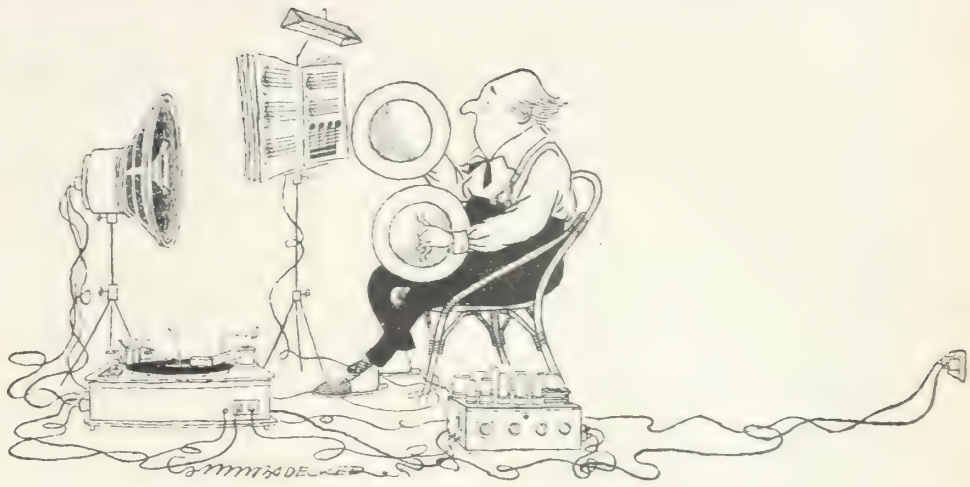
NEW HOMES by Richmond Lattimore

HERE where la belle lay dreamy in the bois
dormant, carved in the slumbers of a thousand years,
the figures of our sleepless nights invade
under green choirs spring's sleeping incunabula.
So the barbarian beast now paws and tears,

gobbles and chews green splendors and gray boles
through gouge of ground, scooped underbrush, and murdered trees.
So the dark memory of the wood is made
a dream of brick to house a thousand souls
in parcels of split-level domesticities.

Where are the slopes that leafed and shaded young delights,
where is the sorrel, and the ferns where lost we stood,
the footpath through the bracken where we stopped and played,
except where still, disturbing wiser nights,
the angers of the forest mutter in our blood?

After Hours



MUSIC MINUS ME

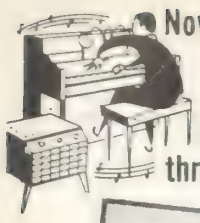
AS previously promised, we now turn to the subject of the phonograph records with one part left out so that you can sing or play an instrument along with them. Undoubtedly many people, like myself, would like to share the gratifications of the Amateur Chamber Music Players (described here in March) without undergoing the ordeal of exposing one's incompetence to others. Friends, you too can enjoy musical togetherness all by yourself, in the privacy of your home. No salesman will call. This offer is extended to amateurs who want to feel like professionals without losing their amateur standing. It represents the triumph of technology over the torture of practicing; it is probably antimusical, conducive to laziness, and injurious to the finer sensibilities; but it is also powerfully enjoyable and I am completely sold on it, myself.

The idea apparently originated in Europe, before the war, and it was then taken up over here by Columbia Records, which brought out some "add-a-part" string quartets and art songs at the old short-playing speed of 78 rpm. With the advent of LP there was obviously an opportunity to improve immeasurably on this device by eliminating the frequent interruptions, even more annoying when you were trying to keep up to tempo than when you were only listening. A buyer at Sam Goody's, the big discount record store in New York, seems to have been the first to notice how many customers were asking when LPs would be made with parts missing—and, moreover, he did something about it. He suggested to a small but aggressive record company named Classic Editions that they branch out in this line of work, and they promptly did so. For their series they chose the splendid title of Music Minus One.
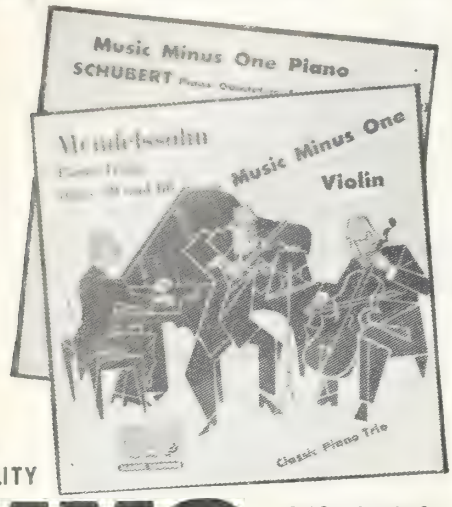
Music Minus One has been going for several years now and is without doubt the leader in the field, though some others have entered it. One of the anomalies of the record business is that a company operating out of someone's hip pocket can successfully compete with the giants—provided it becomes known for a definite specialty. Music Minus One is not quite that small, but it is small enough to fit into the slot-like space of a street-level store at 719 Tenth Avenue, New York, where its youthful staff packages records and where I interviewed its even younger-looking president, Irving Kratka. He assured me that to this hole-in-the-wall come customers from all over the world, whereupon he had to excuse himself, proving the point, to serve a French couple who had just come in. "I would lack to know," said the man, "wot disc you 'ave wizzout piano, exactly?"

MUSIC Minus One began with chamber music, and with the most surefire piece of chamber music they could think of—Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, with or without piano, violin, viola, cello, or bass. To this they have subsequently added piano and string quintets of Schumann and Brahms; the piano and woodwind quintets of Mozart and Beethoven; piano trios of Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Beethoven; string quartets of Mozart, Hadyn, and Ravel; the complete Mozart piano music for four hands; and violin concerti of Bach, Handel, and Sibelius. They have a series of folk songs and early music—motets, fantasias, *ricercares*—for the tenor, alto, or soprano recorder; and in my own instrument, which is the clarinet, they also have those two faithful war horses, the Brahms and Mozart string quintets. For a small company, this would seem to be doing fine.

As a matter of fact they are, now, but not because of their "classical" list. Mr. Kratka and his associates soon made a number of interesting discoveries—unfortunately among them the fact that a classical MMO library alone was not going to be very profitable. They found that they had a unique product. For one thing, a surprising number of patrons would buy everything offered for a given instrument. In addition these records, unlike most on the market, had a steady and reliable long-term sale: one of them might sell several hundred when issued, instead of the normal thousand or so, but instead of disappearing from sight it would then settle down to a regular fifty a year. The problem was how to last long enough to take advantage of this, and of the highly favorable publicity the first ventures received. "You know, you may not be selling records," Mr. Kratka said, "but if enough people in the public press say you've got a good idea there, you just keep on bringing



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them out, hoping they'll catch on."

"It's gratifying," he added, "whether you make a dollar or not, to have 100 per cent acceptance for what you do. In this business people *never* write to a company about a classical record, but we've got hundreds of letters from MMO users, asking what else is available."

Then came the answer to their problem: jazz. MMO now has three "rhythm" records that are doing well enough to carry the entire program. In fact, these latest three have mysteriously increased the market for the earlier classical records; classical clarinet sales have tripled since the jazz line was introduced ("apparently there are more jazz clarinetists than we thought with a secret yen to play Mozart"). Shortly there will be two more jazz releases —one called "Gershwin, Anyone?" and the other, "Do-it-yourself: the Music of Cole Porter." One of the reasons for their success so far is MMO's careful selection of personnel; for example, the line-up on the Gershwin album—Max Roach, George Duvivier, Mundell Lowe, Hank Jones, and Joe Wilder—would be welcome on a regular LP, just to listen to. Another is the fact that they play from two to six choruses, allowing time to build up momentum. Still another reason is the suitability of a single recording, essentially a rhythmic base, as background to any solo you want, with merely a separate record sleeve printed up with the musical notation for the various instruments in their varying keys. You could say, if you wanted to be mean about it, that what they're doing is to sell one record in fourteen different jackets.

THE competition can be quickly summarized. Vanguard ("Add-a-Soloist") has entered the classical field with six concerti—three for violin (two Bach, one Mendelssohn), three for piano (two Beethoven, one Grieg) —which cost less than MMO but do not include scores. The violin pieces have been tested—according to Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times,* who has covered this subject assiduously—by the concert violinist Joseph Fuchs. The latter's verdict: Bach A minor, "Marvelous! . . . I'm very much impressed"; Mendelssohn, "Not accurate. . . . They should pay attention to the spacings. But what an idea this is!"

The jazz arena is more densely crowded. Two contestants (Ad Lib and Signal) have apparently retired from the fray, and Columbia has made an entry so weak ("Add-a-Part Jazz") that I will comment on it no further. The newest additions come, however, not from record companies but, astonishingly enough, from music publishers. Two of them (Melrose and Robbins) have brought out essentially similar books: piano part, plus solo part, plus accompanying record of ten pieces for $1.50. Melrose has four ("Play or Sing") books —two of standards, two Dixieland— with seven-inch records (of something less than high fidelity) at 33⅓ rpm. Robbins has one ("Play Along") of standards, with a record (somewhat better) at 45 rpm. Both have a disadvantage in common: the records give each piece only one chorus, though the books give both an "original" melody and an "improvisation" (fairly tame). The musicians don't get much chance to warm up, and neither do you, on any particular song. On the other hand, for purposes of really elementary practice in improvising (I speak as one who can use it), you are able to repeat the record as many times as you please, after all, and you get quite a bit of music for the money (like MMO, these are available in E-Flat, B-Flat, C, or bass clef). It should only be added that the MMO records are frankly more pleasurable to play along with, or at least trail after, in spite of their greater expense and skill required.

One thing you should be wary of is pitch. Some turntables are way out of tune, like my ancient Garrard RC-80, which is (along with most of its kind, so I'm told) deplorably sharp. With string instruments this is not an irremediable defect, but with a clarinet (which can only be raised in pitch up to a point) it offers difficulties; with a piano, of course, it becomes quite serious. If you are at all in doubt about this, you should check your own record-changer before spending money on the records or, still better, convert to one of the modern turntables with a variable adjustment for pitch. Clarinet players who love the Mozart

quintet, but wish the master hadn't written it for clarinet in A, will discover an unexpected bonus in speeding up the record. They will find—as I did, to my great delight—that they can now play it, without shifting key or investing in a new instrument, on a B-Flat clarinet. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

MANNERS

A FRIEND of mine was recently driving his son back to school after a weekend and they stopped at a diner near a lumberyard.

"I don't think I'd go in there," the son said. "Look at all the kids in there."

My friend saw no reason not to stop. He parked his station wagon and they went in for a hamburger. At one end of the counter there were a dozen or so teen-agers, boys and girls, being noisy. A couple of the boys went out and came back in a few minutes. One of them said to my friend, "Mister, your station wagon just went down the hill."

My friend went out to look. The kids had pushed it away from the curb and given it a shove. It nestled against a pile of lumber. He couldn't back it out without help, so he asked the kids who had pushed it to give him a hand. They did.

"What do you make of that?" he said to me, and added, "I think they were just showing off to their girls."

But he had found out something more about the kids. They worked in a factory nearby at good pay (about $75 a week) and had nothing much to do either with their money or with their spare time but throw their weight around. If they lost their jobs, they could get others.

"What a hell of a way to live," my friend said. "How can you help feeling sorry for those kids?"

My friend is obviously a man of generous spirit. Most people are less patient and less curious about why people behave as they do. Manners, one hears again and again, are going to pot.

"Nobody has any consideration for anybody else these days," one hears. "Why do salesgirls call everybody 'dearie'?" Kids on public conveyances at the rush hour roughhouse and make life miserable for everyone

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What, for example, did God's angel mean when he said:

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women..."?

Was she to be "full of grace" only temporarily—and "blessed amongst women" only during her life on earth?

This is not reasonable in view of Mary's unique role as the earthly mother of the Son of God. Nor can we discard and forget Mary if we believe Holy Scripture, for there we find Mary's words (Luke 1:48); "...henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Where, excepting among Catholics, does anyone honor Mary as did God Himself?

"But," you may insist, "show me a miracle! And prove that the Blessed Virgin had anything to do with it."

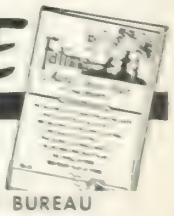
We might, of course, recall that Christ's mother appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes in France, and that scientifically-authenticated cures have been occurring there ever since. Or we might cite similar apparitions to the three children at Fatima, Portugal, and the subsequent awesome spectacle of the sun spinning and dancing on its axis and then seeming to plunge toward the earth ... a spectacle witnessed by 70,000 persons. And we could mention Mary's prophecies concerning the conditions under which Russia would be converted.

But Catholics don't require earth-shaking supernatural demonstrations to attest Mary's love, nor to prove her influence at the throne of God. It's the little "miracles" that take place in their daily lives when... in faith and trust ... they pray: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee...."

Catholics pray for one another. They also ask the saints in Heaven to join them in prayer. "I believe," says the Apostles' creed, "in the communion of saints." And Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is in Catholic hearts the greatest of the saints. So we ask her to intercede for us with God... and God has often performed miracles in answer to her prayer.

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else. Bus drivers snap passengers' heads off. Waiters gossip in the corner while you wait for your food. Children have no respect for adults and adults none for the aged. Porters refuse to carry your bags. Filling-station attendants glower at you if you ask them to wipe the windshield. And so on and on.

Some of it is, of course, true. It always has been. Americans have been complaining about the manners of other Americans, about their being uppity and inconsiderate for a very long while. There is nothing new in this. But some of our present scratchiness is attributed to the "anxiety" of our age. (It would have been attributed to individual dyspepsia in an earlier time.) Some of it is blamed on prosperity or, more specifically, on full employment. Why do a job well when you can always get another if you are fired? It is no longer a question of "the customer is always right." Everyone today is a customer. The price of economic prosperity is a general sense of social equality. When everybody is as good (or as secure) as everybody else, some people are going to throw their weight around. In the past it was just the rich who could afford to be imperious. Some of them believed in (and practiced) *noblesse oblige,* but it takes time and practice to be decently rich, and our present prosperity is only a decade old.

But there is a contradiction built into this explanation of what has happened to American manners. This is, we are told, the age of conformity, and conformity means to most people a knuckling under to accepted modes of behavior and the acceptance of the authority of the group for how one should live and act. It would seem logical that if we are, indeed, in an age of conformity then manners ought to be generally more rather than less acceptable. We hear a great deal about "adjustment to the group" from educators. Presumably when everyone is adjusted to the group, harmony prevails.

It is the emphasis on adjustment that has brought about the very considerable change in the conventions of manners. Those little ruffians who bang around in subway cars are not juvenile delinquents (though you may want to wring their necks); they are just adjusting like crazy to their own group. They have been taught the importance of their group and their relationships to it. They have been taught group reliance, how to get rid of their inhibitions and meet their contemporaries more than halfway, how to forfeit their privacy in order to become identified with others and to stifle their eccentricities in order not to seem off-beat. Individual boys in subways don't make trouble; only when they are in groups do they show off by being obstreperous.



The snippy-seeming salesgirl who calls the customer "dearie" instead of "madam" (how old-fashioned it sounds!) is trying to adjust to the customer's group and be part of it or let the customer into her group. She is not, in her own terms, being insolent and certainly not unfriendly. The same reasoning applies to the convention, which some people resent, of calling everyone by his first name as soon as you meet him. It is an attempt to make the new acquaintance part of the group and to let him feel welcome and well-adjusted. If he resents or resists it, he is thought to be snooty. Harold Nicolson in *Good Behavior* wrote: "This engaging habit derives, I suppose . . . from the belief cherished by the citizens [of the United States] that all men as all women are created equal and that the gambits of intimacy form part of the pursuit of happiness. . . . It is an inflationary, and therefore vulgar, habit nonetheless."

"Vulgar" is not a word that often finds its way into the American vocabulary. Our manners are, as Nicolson also said, "mass manners" and adds "which, as I believe and hope, will in the end set the tone for the whole free world." Their essential quality, as he points out, is a universal hospitality, a concept of "service" and helpfulness. If respect for station has never been an essential part of American manners, consideration for others has been and, I believe, still is.

But something is happening to America which may in the long run change the pattern of our manners. We have been able to count in the past on plenty of elbow room, plenty of space to move around in, plenty of people to do what needed doing. We are using up our space and our elbows are now being rubbed. We are becoming more and more urbanized. Quarters are becoming closer, and when this is so the easy give and take of casual relationships can become an invasion of privacy.

It is for this reason that urban manners in America have always been somewhat more formal than country manners and that Eastern manners are by comparison with Midwestern manners downright stuffy. When there is no distance between people, the only way that anyone can keep his distance is by a code of etiquette that has acceptance in a community. Manners are the antidote to adjustment to the group. They make social intercourse possible without any forfeit of one's personal dignity. They are armor against invasion of privacy; they are the advance patrols that report whether one should withdraw or advance into intimacy. They are the friendly but noncommittal gestures of civilized people. The manners of crowded countries are, I believe, always more formal than those of open countries, (as they are, for example, in Europe and Japan), and it may be that we are seeing a rising concern about American manners precisely because we encounter more people in closer quarters than we ever have before. We feel the need to find ways in which to be part of the group without selling out our privacy or our individuality for a mess of adjustment.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

THE ladies seem to have taken to writing their memoirs young these days. Within the last few weeks Gypsy Rose Lee and Mary McCarthy have published recollections of their not very remote youth, Miss Lee under the title **Gypsy: A Memoir** (Harper, $3.95) and Miss McCarthy under the title **Memories of a Catholic Girlhood** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). As anyone familiar with the public careers of these somewhat disparately talented women might suspect, the two books are not much alike, though an ingenious reader might be forgiven if he discerned a certain similarity in the authors' emotional situations as girls. Both grew up with little affection; both felt themselves pushed aside and unvalued; both developed powerful personalities and a strong will to be at the center of the stage; and both turned into very clever, extremely intelligent women.

EX-NEWSBOY

THE main figure in Gypsy Rose Lee's book* is not herself but her mother. Madam Rose, as she was known in vaudeville circles, was a charming, resourceful, ruthless woman who cured her matrimonial instincts young (by running through three husbands with unseemly speed) and then settled down to her true vocation—the devoted exploitation of her children. She had two: the elder grew up to be Miss Lee and the younger June Havoc. At the outset of their professional careers, when they were about four and two-and-a-half, June was decidedly the more exploitable, a fact that was not lost on Madam Rose, who rechristened the little blonde prodigy "Dainty June" and made her the star of the act, at the same time relegating the youthful Miss Lee to a supporting role as one of a row of newsboys—the others really were boys—who formed a background for the star. A good deal of time Miss Lee was dressed as a boy even on the street, in order not to detract from the sensational femininity of her little sister. Perhaps her subsequent career of undressing in public owes something to the wish to prove, as she has proved so conclusively, that she too is female.

In those early vaudeville days, the world revolved around Dainty June, but it was Madam Rose who provided the energy and unscrupulousness to keep it revolving. She fought everybody who stood in the way of making her baby a great star. Petty larceny, forgery skilled and unskilled, the deft sabotage of a rival act—they were all in the day's work for Madam Rose; for her the truth was whatever the situation of the moment required it to be. The girls had one age on trains, another age for the public, and a third age where child-labor laws operated. In fact, Miss Lee is still a little hazy on ages, but this deficiency may not now be entirely attributable to her unfortunate early training. She drops a hint that she was fourteen when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, which, for the benefit of those members of the audience who came in late, was in 1927. The earlier photographs illustrating *Gypsy* make that date at least likely, but accuracy as well as chivalry demands a report that the more recent photographs make it seem improbably early.

Madam Rose was determined that her babies would never grow up, but at thirteen, bitterly resentful of the prolonged infancy her mother had forced on her, Dainty June eloped with another member of the troupe. (The newsboys were growing up too.) Now the disregarded older daughter had to become the instrument of Madam Rose's relentless ambition, the ugly duckling had to be turned into a swan, and Miss Lee at last got her chance at the center of the stage.

But by this time talking pictures were coming along and vaudeville was dying; finally Madam Rose had to book her act in a burlesque, where an innocent diversion such as she provided was useful as insurance against police raids. Soon Miss Lee was helping out in other acts not so

* Two articles based on the book appeared in *Harper's* in April and May.

innocent, and in no time at all she was a burlesque star in her own right.

In the last part of *Gypsy* Miss Lee is living her own life in New York, with her mother off somewhere running a chicken farm. How this arrangement was arrived at is not disclosed; certainly Madam Rose was not one to take to chicken-farming voluntarily, and there must have been a Homeric battle before she surrendered control over her daughter's career. It should be said that her absence is noted; after she disappears the book greatly declines in interest.

In writing *Gypsy* Miss Lee is very much aware of herself as a public figure. She does not seize the occasion for soul-searching; instead, as might be expected from such a practiced hand at public exposure, she does a slickly professional job. She turns her career into a series of very funny, very glossy anecdotes, decidedly entertaining though probably a good deal less grim than the actuality was. No judicious critic would prophesy for *Gypsy* a permanent place in our treasury of autobiographical literature, but probably no one who finds himself in the neighborhood of the book will be able to refrain from reading it.

EX-CONVENT GIRL

IF MISS Lee's problem was too much mother, Mary McCarthy's was too little. Both her parents died in the great influenza epidemic of 1918, when she was six years old; and the two sets of grandparents who were thereafter responsible for her rearing were temperamentally unfit to give her much interest or affection. Her Irish-Catholic Grandmother McCarthy, who had charge of her for the five years she lived in Minneapolis after her parents' death, was a mean-minded, possessive, bigoted woman who farmed out the little girl and her three younger brothers to the care of some extremely dingy poor relations; and her Jewish Grandmother Preston, with whom Miss McCarthy lived in Seattle after she was rescued from the McCarthy poor relations, was a self-centered woman whose days passed in a ritual devoted to her fading beauty. Grandfather Preston, a Vermont-born Presbyterian lawyer, dealt justly and generously with his orphaned granddaughter according to his lights (and they were good lights), but even he seems not to have been able to show her much affection.

Over the years Miss McCarthy's reaction to this upbringing has changed. As a child she fought for her own against the general indifference of her elders the way most children do—by making various rather theatrical attempts to get some attention for herself, usually at school—and she dreamed of becoming an actress when she grew up. Later she turned her remarkable intelligence on the circumstances of her girlhood and judged them, her judgment falling with particular harshness on the McCarthys and their religion, though she is grateful for the education she received in Catholic parochial schools and convents.

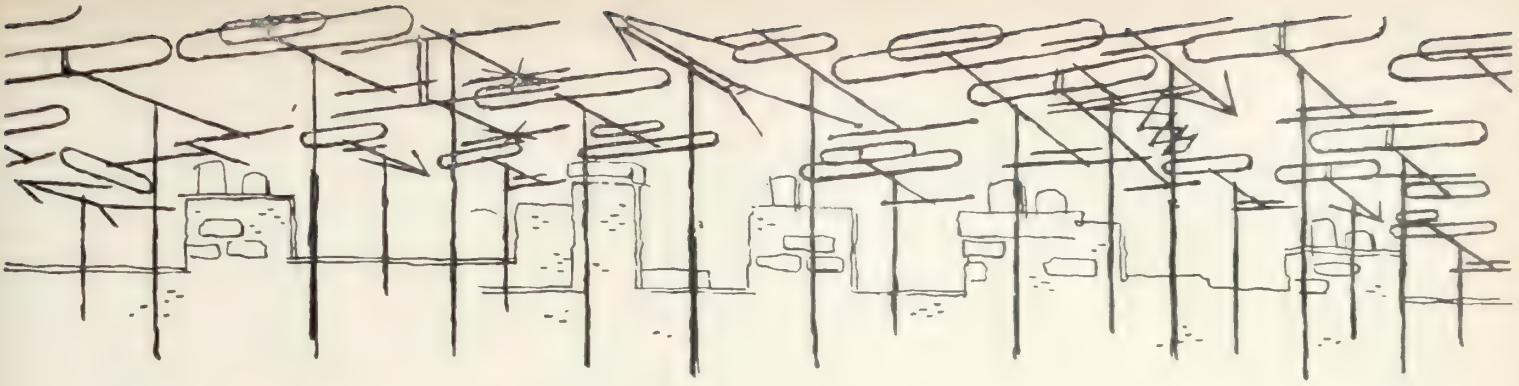
Now Miss McCarthy is more than anything else simply curious about her past. Her impulse for self-assertion and the severity of her judgments have not noticeably diminished, but they are surpassed by her passionate interest in what those remote, never-well-known figures that once dominated her life were really like. Many of the best passages in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* are explorations, attempts to square a child's impressions of people and events with an adult's sense of probability and with available records. Was Miss McCarthy's father a charming imaginative man of uncertain health, as she remembers him, or was he the alcoholic remittance man described by his surviving brother? Was the "tragedy" in Grandmother Preston's life the death of her only daughter or a bungled job of face-lifting that marred her famous beauty? What explains Uncle Myers, the baleful poor relation who ran the menage for the little McCarthys in the Minneapolis era? How is it that the McCarthy grandparents seemed so stingy when the financial records show that they were not?

Like all Miss McCarthy's work, *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* is brilliantly written, though some readers may feel that it tells them slightly more about Miss McCarthy's early years than they had been aware of needing to know. The form is a little unfortunate; the book is made up of separate sketches which, since they were written for independent publication, are a little more pointed and complete in themselves than the general messiness of life usually makes possible in the best autobiographical writing. But Miss McCarthy has tried to overcome this drawback by linking the episodes with a generous commentary pointing out any element of fiction that has crept into the sketches and providing additional facts or alternate versions of the story. This commentary is often the best part of the book, partly because it is less aimed at effect than the sections it links together, and partly because it is written in a more generous and forgiving spirit than some of the sketches.

SHE HAD WHAT SHE NEEDED

AFTER the struggles of Miss Lee and Miss McCarthy it is pleasant to read of a woman whose life fit her nature like a glove, and such a woman is the subject of Georgina Battiscombe's fine biography, **Mrs. Gladstone** (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

Catherine Gladstone had just about the best that life in nineteenth-century England had to





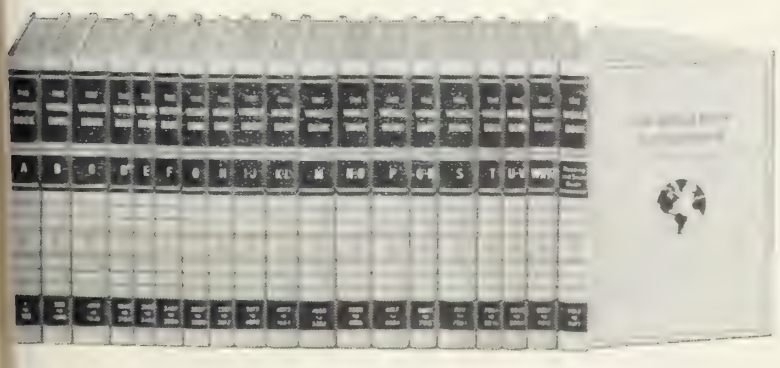
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offer, and very good it was. Beautiful, ardent, well-provided-for, and well-connected, she married one of the most remarkable men of the age, W. E. Gladstone, four times Prime Minister of England, and lived with him in nearly unexampled happiness for fifty-eight years. On his retirement she was offered a peerage in her own right (which she declined, being unable to imagine a title nobler than Mrs. Gladstone); at his funeral in Westminister Abbey the Prince of Wales stopped to kiss her hand; when she died two years later (in 1900) she too was buried in the Abbey.

After her husband, the center of her life was an enormous, talented, pre-Freudian family. She had eight children of her own and endless relatives for whom she was wholly or partly responsible. Yet her concern went far beyond the family circle. She helped her husband in his famous efforts to rehabilitate prostitutes—he picked them up in the course of his evening walks and brought them home to be straightened out. On her own initiative Mrs. Gladstone established nursing homes, orphanages, soup kitchens, and anything else she saw a need for. She was an excellent nurse.

She was also eccentric, untidy, unmethodical. Politics frankly bored her except when it touched her husband's career, and then it was no longer politics but the Will of God. She rarely read a book or newspaper; she seems to have confused Alabama and the Alhambra; her letters, written in a private language that bears occasional startling resemblances to American slang, were dashed off on any old scrap of paper; often she forgot to sign or mail them. She was not a successful or tactful political hostess, her housekeeping was peculiar, and her clothes were a fright. Though the Gladstones had what seems like a lot of money, they never had enough, and when Mrs. Gladstone was an old lady and wife of the Prime Minister she went around London by bus, on one occasion at least having to borrow her fare from another passenger.

Mrs. Battiscombe does not attempt to retell the story of nineteenth-century British politics or even of Gladstone's part in it. Her aim is both more modest and more unusual, as she indicates in the subtitle of her book, "The Portrait of a Marriage." It was certainly a marriage that deserves to be portrayed. On occasion Catherine could speak sharply to her husband; once she cried out, "Oh, William dear, if you weren't such a great man you would be a terrible bore." But that was an exception. Usually she spoke of him with extraordinary tenderness and affection: "I can look at him and be at peace."

Mrs. Gladstone was fortunate in the time and place in which she lived, but it is unlikely that a woman as loving, courageous, and self-forgetful as she was could have failed to be at home in the world, whatever the society she was born into.

NOW THE GENTLEMEN

The Turn of the Tide by Arthur Bryant (Doubleday, $6.95) is a long and fascinating account of British participation in the second world war, from Britain's entry into the war until the eve of the Normandy invasion. The primary source of the book is an extensive collection of papers assembled by Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who as Chief of Staff of the Imperial General Staff occupied a position in the British military hierarchy during the war comparable with General Marshall's in this country. Alanbrooke very faithfully kept a diary for his wife throughout the war; later he sat down and wrote an extensive commentary on it, revising his opinions, correcting his impressions, and pointing out the consequences of the actions recorded. The diary and commentary combined run to over a million words. They are not now publishable because of the frankness of the opinions expressed (in view of the opinions that *are* published in *The Turn of the Tide* those that are suppressed must be very frank indeed), and probably they will never be read in their entirety except by scholars.

What Arthur Bryant has done with these documents is something like what Robert Sherwood did with the papers available to him in *Roosevelt and Hopkins;* he has woven together selected passages in such a way as to make a continuous

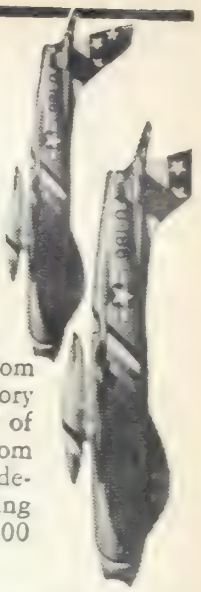
narrative history, with references to other accounts of the same events. It must have been a very difficult job, and Bryant, who is a fine writer, has done it well. The result combines the immediacy of the participator with the perspective of the historian.

The first part of the book, which deals with the period when Lord Alanbrooke (to give him his present title) was in command of troops in France during the "phony war" and the evacuation at Dunkirk, is perhaps the least interesting for a reader with only a moderate interest in military history, though the picture of the French Army, with its officers more interested in their splendid luncheons than in their considerably less splendid troops, is devastating. Since Alanbrooke was born and reared in France and speaks the language as well as he does English, he was able to assess the situation more accurately than many of his fellow officers.

Much the longest and best part of the book begins when Alanbrooke became Chief of Staff. In this position he was responsible, under the Prime Minister, for formulating British strategy and choosing the officers to execute it in the field. The great strategic question was when to invade the Continent. Alanbrooke was convinced that an early invasion would be disastrous; he advocated the plan, which was largely followed, first clearing the Germans out of North Africa, establishing bases there, moving on to Italy, and *then* setting up an Allied second front in France.

This plan was opposed by most American military leaders, by some with the backing of Secretary of War Stimson) because they thought it involved needless delay, and by others because they thought it diverted men and equipment from the true center of the war, the Pacific. It was also opposed by Stalin and his friends in the West, who wanted the pressure on Russian troops relieved as promptly as possible; and Churchill was constantly theatening to abandon or modify the plan in favor of schemes more intrepid and imaginative.

According to Alanbrooke, Churchill thought he had inherited in full the strategic genius of his ancestor



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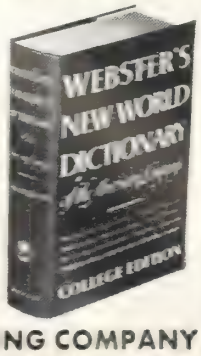
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the great Duke of Marlborough: for a long time he was enamored of a scheme to invade Norway, because Hitler had started rolling up the map of Europe in Norway and he would start unrolling it there—a kind of reasoning that apparently struck Alanbrooke as better rhetoric than strategy.

Yet Churchill's personality dominates *The Turn of the Tide*, and the book contains what well may be the most brilliant portrait of him anywhere. Because it is made up of many diary entries rather than being a set piece, it captures the incredible volatility, the endless inventiveness, and the inexhaustible energy of the man. Alanbrooke regards Churchill as the most difficult man to work with he ever encountered, and he repeatedly points out that he wouldn't have missed the opportunity for anything.

Alanbrooke appraises his fellow officers according to their abilities as strategists. He regards King as the ablest strategist among the American Chiefs of Staff, though King, with his interest concentrated on the Pacific, was also his bitterest opponent at international staff meetings. Alanbrooke rates MacArthur as the greatest general in the war on the strength of his strategy; there is no evidence in the book that the two men ever met. Though Alanbrooke's admiration for Marshall grew and he came to have great respect for him as a man, he seems never to have taken him very seriously as a strategist. Obviously he regards Eisenhower as a lightweight, though he praises his charm and powers of conciliation.

Quite a book. (A Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.)

STEPHEN POTTER is the Englishman who invented "gamesmanship," "lifemanship," and other programs for getting ahead in the world without really trying. As a consequence he enjoys a considerable reputation as a wit, though that reputation will hardly be enhanced by his recent account of his American travels. **Potter on America** (Random House, $3), which is a very dull book. There are two comic touches in it, one a quotation from Groucho Marx and the other a quotation from Albert Lynd. The rest is a thin trickle of commonplace observation and insipid comment, laced with some annoying little errors of fact. Perhaps the whole thing is meant as an example of "bookmanship," or how to write a book without really trying; it certainly couldn't have been very hard to do.

Another new book from England with no violent claims on your attention is a novel called **The Club**, by Andrew Graham (Reynal, $3.50). This isn't exactly dull; it is just extraordinarily mild. It is the story of a young veteran who takes a job as secretary of a men's club in London shortly after the second world war. He gets involved in the minuet of club politics, makes a misstep or two, resigns, and later learns that the club has folded up. That's all. The style of the book is graceful, there is a certain amount of very gentle but genuine humor, and the characterization is agreeable: but it is all the gentlest of breezes in a teapot. Recommended only in cases of incurable Anglophilia and stubborn insomnia.

THE COMIC SPIRIT

FOR a long time whenever English comedy has gone stale it has been revived by the Irish, and now a brilliant Irishwoman named Iris Murdoch is carrying on the tradition of Sheridan, Wilde, and Shaw by finding more possibilities for comedy in the English than they can discover for themselves. Her new novel, **The Sandcastle** (Viking, $3.95), is her third. The previous books were wildly unconventional both in manner and in the situations they describe; this time, as if to show that she can do anything, she takes a plot that would not have been out of place in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1922 and turns it into a highly entertaining book.

Miss Murdoch's central character is a middle-aged schoolmaster with a dull wife, two children he loves but cannot communicate with, a routine job, and unsatisfied ambitions. He meets and falls in love with a young girl. . . . From there on the story ought to be perfectly predictable, but it is not, because Miss Murdoch brings to the stale situation so much comic invention, so much intelligence and understanding and energy,

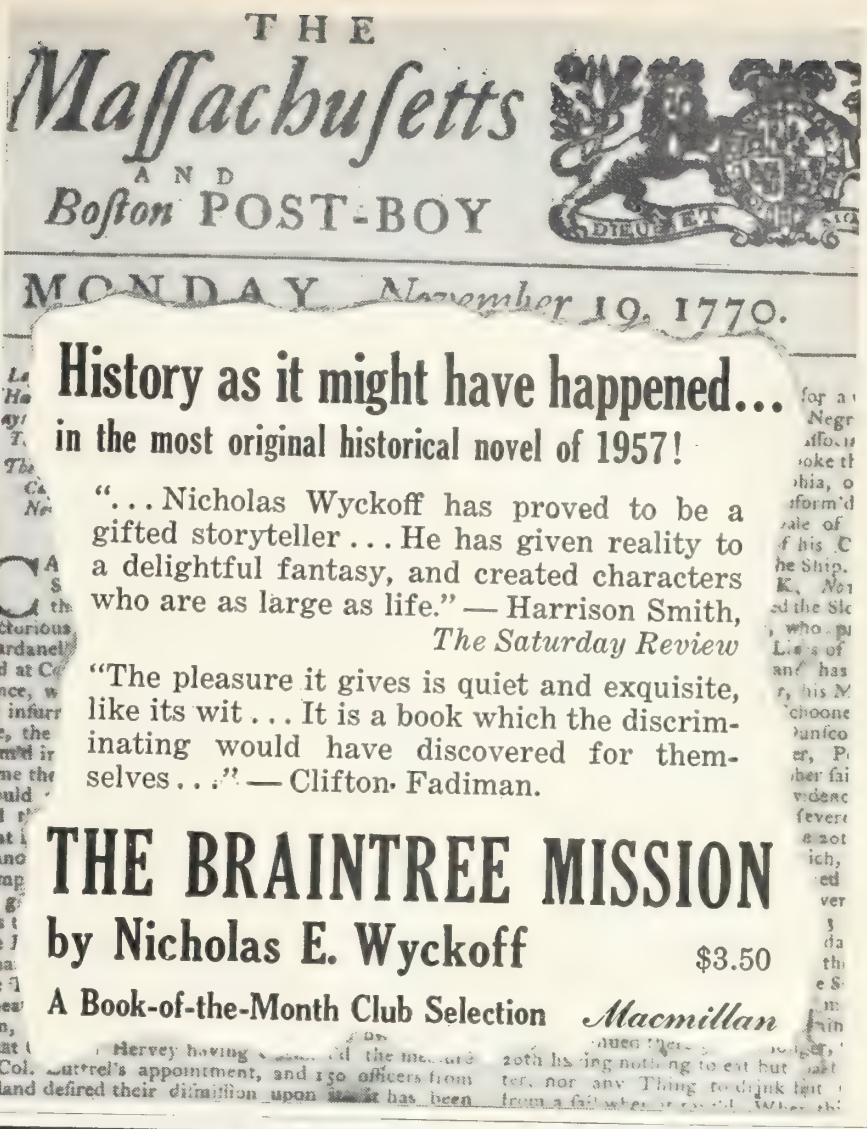
that she produces a first-rate novel.

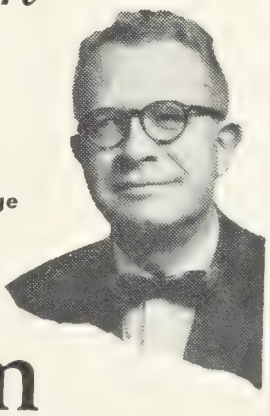
Another woman with a nice gift for social comedy in fiction is R. Prawer Jhabvala, author of **The Nature of Passion** (Norton, $3.75). Mrs. Jhabvala's milieu is the emerging middle class of India; in this book the main figure is a very successful self-made man, a building contractor who has made enough money to expose his children to modern (Western) ways of doing things but who himself remains firmly rooted in inherited customs.

The conflict of customs is always a good field for comedy, and contemporary India gives Mrs. Jhabvala an excellent opportunity. She has a sharp eye for pretentiousness and snobbery, whether among seedy Bohemians or "English-returned" government officials; she expertly depicts young people who are wildly unconventional in their own eyes, because they are breaking with the habits of their parents, but who are in another sense hopelessly conventional because they are so desperately afraid that they will fail to get their emancipated ways "right." In *The Nature of Passion* Mrs. Jhabvala has strung together her witty observation on a rather perfunctory story, but that does not succeed in destroying the liveliness of her book.

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S Snopes family, a collection of the poorest and trashiest poor white trash that ever infested a community or a novel, are a mean and ugly lot. Critics have found in them everything from a symbol of evil to a manifestation of the revolt of the masses. But, whatever else they may be, the Snopeses are also one of the great comic creations of American literature. Seventeen years ago Faulkner published the first volume of their epic, *The Hamlet*, one of his most brilliant books, and now he has brought out the second installment of the promised trilogy, **The Town** (Random House, $3.95).

Readers of *The Hamlet* will recall how Flem Snopes, starting from "what it would be a euphemism to call scratch," blackmailed his way into the employ of the magnate of Frenchman's Bend, Will Varner, and how he ended up by marrying (for a consideration) Varner's beautiful daughter Eula when she was preg-





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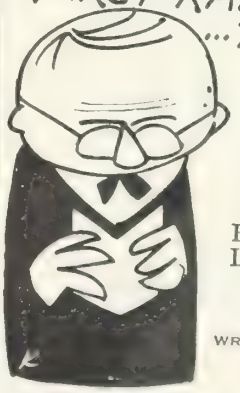
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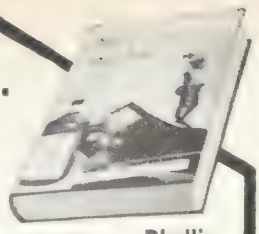
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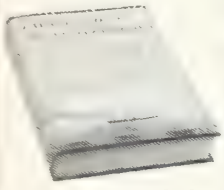


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nant by another man. In *The Town* Flem and Eula have left the pastoral simplicities of Frenchman's Bend for Jefferson, the county seat, and the story is essentially an account of how, over a period of eighteen years, in the shrewdest, most patient, and most despicable deal of his life, Flem swapped Eula for the presidency of a bank.

For most of *The Town* Faulkner uses as narrators Gavin Stevens and Charles Mallison, the uncle and nephew who are among the more forgettable of his characters, and the first half of *The Town* is not quite up to the mark of *The Hamlet*. But then there is a great comic episode as funny as the story of the spotted horses in *The Hamlet*—an episode involving I.O. Snopes, various mules, a widow, railroad damages, and the burning down of a house, all mixed up in an hilarious tangle impossible to summarize—and the concluding section of the book is wonderful.

The Town is in Faulkner's truest vein. It is a major addition to the mighty chronicle of Yoknapatawpha County that he has been building through many books, a chronicle unmatched in scope or in imaginative power by the work of any other living American novelist.

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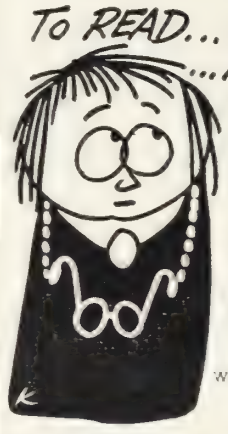
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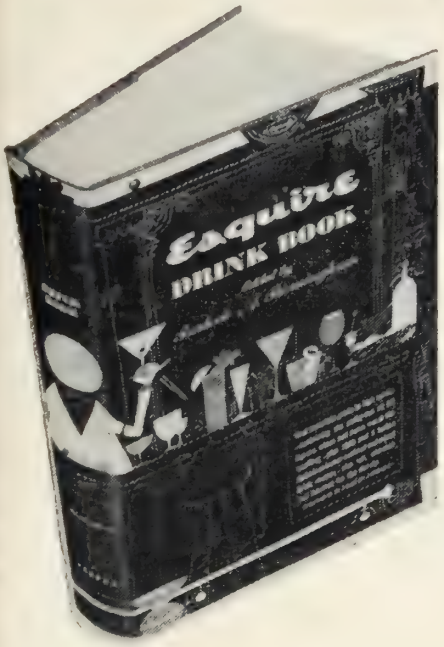
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bled (Putnam, $5), a book that combines much of the excitement of a detective novel with extensive social analysis. It is overwritten in places (books about Italy by foreigners have a way of being overwritten in places) and the reader impatient to get on with the more sensational aspects of the case may wish that Davis were a little less knowledgeable about its background, but *All Rome Trembled* is nevertheless both highly informative and absorbing.

Another book that manages to pack a great deal of information between its covers is **Tides of Crisis** by A. A. Berle, Jr. (Reynal, $4). Berle, a distinguished lawyer, economist, and diplomat, takes the whole globe for his province; he describes his book as "a primer of foreign relations," and that is exactly what it is. He starts off with an explanation of why the first concern of American foreign policy must always be the Western Hemisphere; as a former Ambassador to Brazil he might be expected to exaggerate the importance of inter-American affairs, but by the time he finishes his argument it is thoroughly convincing. Then he turns to two long melon-like slices of the globe that are particularly troublesome—one running down from the Baltic through Eastern Europe and on into the Middle East, the other the long strip of islands and peninsulas where Asia meets the Pacific. With admirable lucidity he gives the historical background and describes the present status of these two zones of unquiet between East and West.

There is nothing startling or sensational about Berle's book, but it is written from a wealth of information and a background of experience not easily matched. Berle's aim is not to be merely descriptive; he makes many suggestions about how the United States can improve its foreign relations. His suggestions are sensibly idealistic, as might be expected of a man who believes that "morality is frequently realism with a long view."

TWO recent books on criminal law for non-lawyers ought to be mentioned even though they cannot be adequately described. One is **The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law** by Glanville Williams (Knopf,



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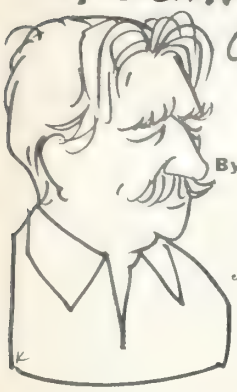
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Old Authors, Dept. HA-6 **Rowan, Iowa**

85), a decidedly enlightening and readable account of many areas where the law touches human life—chiefly abortion, contraception, sterilization, artificial insemination, suicide, and euthanasia. Williams discusses not only where the law stands on these matters but also where he thinks it ought to stand. Not all readers will agree with his conclusions, but they will certainly find the questions admirably clarified. . . . The other book is Arthur Koestler's **Reflections on Hanging** (Macmillan, $3.50), an indictment of capital punishment by a man who was once for three months, during the Spanish Civil War, under sentence of death. Koestler studies the subject chiefly in its English setting, but a Preface by Edmond Cahn relates the discussion to American practice.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Towers of Trebizond, by Rose Macaulay.

"'Take my camel, dear,' said my aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass." That is the first sentence of this continually surprising, continually delightful tour-de-force called a novel. It was in England that this happened, and shortly after, aunt Dot, her niece, Laurie, and Father Chantrey-Pigg embark on a trip to Turkey hoping to set up an Anglican mission and to bring emancipation to Turkish women. The book concerns itself throughout with the most serious ideas treated in the most light-hearted fashion, written so wisely, so refreshingly, so wittily, that it is only when the book is closed that one realizes one has thought and learned a lot. The trio had thought of going to Russia but—"Father Chantrey-Pigg thought it would be wrong to go to Russia, because of condoning the government, which was persecuting Christians. But aunt Dot said if one started not condoning governments, one would have to give up travel altogether, and even remaining in England would be pretty difficult." Reading the novel is a most stimulating experience, whether you read for Truth or Travel.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75

The Lady, by Conrad Richter.

No one has written better novels about the early history of our Midwest and Southwest than Conrad Richter. *The Sea of Grass, The Trees, The Fields, The Town* have all become classics of their kind and this may well become one too. The background is the ancient feud betweent sheep- and cattlemen, this time in a small town in the wide, lonely country of New Mexico in the early 1890s. It is a little book, as Mr. Richter's so often are; indeed after so many sprawling novels this seems a perfect jewel of a story, all in proportion and all sparkling with tension and excitement. There is a beautiful, fiery, half-English, half-Spanish heroine, and also a beautiful and fiery horse, and it's hard to know, when it's all over, which is the chief character. The narrative is so powerful, the people so convincing, the country so beautiful that one absorbs history with delight—even the sad history of the drought and depression of 1893 which plays so large a part here. And one swallows almost without blinking an eye the thesis that the Lady by her very nature will always confound her enemies and find someone to take care of her.

Knopf, $3

The Case of the Screaming Woman, by Erle Stanley Gardner.

Perry Mason once more sweeps his way superbly through red herrings—and a goldfish—in a case based this

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NON-FICTION

Three very different books, recently published, face up to the farm problem. One is concerned chiefly with politics and policies, a second with people and soil, and a third with the conflict between farmer and consumer.

Farm Trouble, by Lauren Soth.

In 1955 Mr. Soth won a Pulitzer Prize for his series of editorials in the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* promoting the exchange of farm delegations with Russia. Before that he had been an associate professor of economics at Iowa State University. In this book he sets out the social and economic problems that face the 13 per cent of our population still farming the land. He discusses (by chapters) The Continuing Debate, The Shibboleths, A Sick Industry, All Kinds of Farms and Farmers, Farmers in an Industrial Economy, The Neglected One-Third, Farm Education and Progress, The Surplus Problem, Too Many Farmers, Price Supports, Helping the Market Work Better, Ever-Normal Granary, Keeping Farm Income Up, Farmers and World Trade, The Soil, What is Ahead for the Farmers? . . . He starts by quoting in his first chapter our editor's, Mr. Fischer's, controversial Easy Chair on farmers in December 1955, with which he does not agree. He introduces the two conflicting points of view—government intervention and laissez-faire—and the people who support them in the farm bloc itself. He says: "Poverty in rural America *is* our number one farm problem." He says: "If the incomes of farm people are to be brought up more nearly on a par with the incomes of the rest of us . . . something besides price stabilization will have to be done." He says: "150 square miles of new farm land should go under cultivation each day to assure the world an adequate diet. . . . 'In the United States alone the annual loss of top soil from farms is placed at about three billion tons.'" And he advocates as a major part of the solution—in very brief: "that subsidies for genuine soil con-

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by Dexter Perkins

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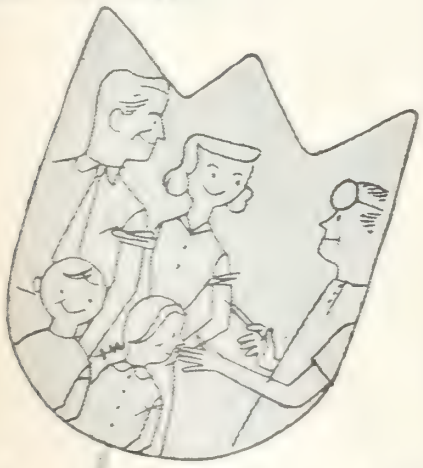


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servation be increased to replace parity price-fixing crop loans and government purchases." It seems to a layman that anything which would abolish the artificial and antiquated concept of parity would be a large step forward. Well written, comprehensive, and very informative.

Princeton University, $3.75

The American Oasis: The Land and the Men Who Work the Land, by Edward Higbee. Foreword by Fairfield Osborn.

Mr. Higbee, who is a full professor of geography at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, tells the history of our land from the beginning. He starts with general discussions of the dictates of Man, Climate, and Land. He then explores the characteristics of the people, climate, and soil of each section of our country, often with illuminating examples, like that of the Bruene family in Tama County, Iowa. It is readable and interesting and should inspire even the most unknowledgeable of landowners to get started in the correct ways of soil conservation.

Knopf, $5

The Farmer and His Customers, by Ladd Haystead.

This smaller book, concentrating largely on one aspect of the problem, is still full of interesting sidelights on what makes the conflict of interest between country and city; where the realities of the situation lie: and what can be done to ameliorate them. Yet in the discussion Mr. Haystead, who is a farmer, a farm consultant, and author of several books on farm subjects, touches on many of the other aspects of the farmer's problems. His book is a stimulating introduction to the complex farm situation.

University of Oklahoma, $2.75

The Small Woman, by Alan Burgess.

This is the amazing story of an uneducated English parlor maid, five feet tall, 110 pounds, obsessed with the dedicated notion of becoming a missionary to China. She earned the money "in service" during the 1920s. She crossed the continents of Europe and Asia, while Russia and China were at war. She knew nothing of the language when she finally arrived, yet she joined forces with an elderly lady missionary and in the wild mountain regions of Shansi they opened their "Inn of Eight Happinesses" and started their missionary story-telling among their clientele. She became government foot-inspector (trying to do away with the custom of foot-binding) of the province. She became a friend of the local Mandarin and converted him to Christianity. She helped calm a prison riot. She collected stray children and after the war with Japan broke out, in 1940, she led 100 of them on an incredible walk to safety across the mountains. It is a fabulous story, however you look at it, and has no need of the oversentimentalizing which it occasionally suffers here.

Dutton, $3.95

The Hidden Persuaders: What Makes Us Buy, Believe—and Even Vote—The Way We Do, by Vance Packard.

This is a lively and provocative book on how the advertisers and merchandisers have taken over some of the methods of brain-washing to sell us everything from soap to sailboats, cancer to political candidates. Horrid new words appear—"depth probing," "depth manipulating"—and the effect is heightened as one recognizes oneself as the dupe in many of his stories. Do you buy 35 per cent more than you intend when you shop at the supermarket? Have your children been seduced by box tops or TV? Have you bought a bigger car though you didn't want one? The author, who has been commended for his writings by the President of the Social Science Research Council, is a serious man for all his light touch. He believes there is hope: "In virtually all situations we still have the choice, and we cannot be too seriously manipulated if we know what is going on. It is my hope that this book may contribute to the general awareness. . . . It is this right to privacy in our minds—privacy to be either rational or irrational—that I believe we must strive to protect."

McKay, $4.

FORECAST

Novels: Summer into Fall

Any literary summer is a good one when it contains a novel by Ray Bradbury, especially when it, in turn,

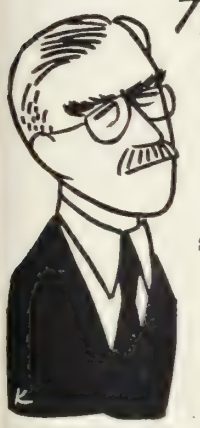
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

is a "rich, evocative story of a boy's summer in an Illinois town." *Dandelion Wine* is coming from Doubleday in August. Even earlier comes (from Houghton Mifflin) the Book-of-the-Month-Club July selection, *The Durable Fire,* a novel of the conflict between marriage and business, by Howard Swiggett. July will bring from John Day *Letter from Peking,* a short novel and unusual love story by Pearl Buck, while the news that, in August, Harcourt Brace plans to publish a new novel by James Gould Cozzens—*By Love Possessed*—is particularly pleasurable. Other July excitement is the Literary Guild Selection for August, *Pillar of Cloud,* by Jackson Burgess (Putnam) and a Hollywood novel by Al Morgan, the author of *The Great Man,* now a movie. The novel is as yet untitled but the publisher is Dutton. . . . For the fall we'll have another novel by another author of a distinguished current movie: David Walker, who wrote "Wee Geordie," is on Houghton Mifflin's fall list with *Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy.* C. P. Snow, who was knighted in the Queen's New Year's Honor List, has a new novel, *The Conscience of the Rich,* on Scribner's list for fall, while McDowell, Obelensky Inc., a new publishing house, announces *The Velvet Horn,* a novel by Andrew Lytle who has been silent too long.

History Now and Later

The Book-of-the-Month-Club Midsummer Selection is *Operation Sea Lion,* the story of Hitler's ambitious plan for the invasion of Britain, by Peter Fleming, author of *Brazilian Adventure.* It will be published by Simon & Schuster in July. In August, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy will publish *A History of France* by André Maurois. And still the work goes on. Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris of Columbia University have nearly finished a book on all phases of the Revolutionary War, called *The Spirit of '76* and its publisher, Bobbs-Merrill, has not yet scheduled it. In the spring of 1958 Rinehart hopes to release a book called *Civil War Blockade Runners* by Robert Carse, who wrote *The Age of Piracy;* and still farther ahead, sometime in 1960 Doubleday will publish Bruce Catton's three-volume history of the Civil War.

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the new RECORDINGS

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MONUMENTS

Mozart: Requiem, K. 626. Soloists, BBC Chorus, Royal Philharmonic Orch., Beecham. Columbia ML 5160.

It's just as well that this Requiem—the parts that Mozart wrote and those completed by Süssmayr—is generally accepted as a single work, where the Mozart C Minor Mass, similarly unfinished, is usually done in torso form or with varying insertions from other works to round it out. Beecham, following the accepted unity (and who can honestly say that Süssmayr stands out from Mozart?), does a dramatic and almost Verdi-like job of projection here. The movements follow one another with scarcely a pause for breath —an excellent idea and a powerful deterrent to that stolid "oratorio" feeling that so easily creeps into performances of works, such as this, that are known wherever there are choirs and choruses.

Perhaps the quick sequence is merely in the tape-joining (though it could, even so, have been Beecham's intent), but the rest is in character, and no nonsense about it. The music is all briskness and intensity, the tempi rapid and businesslike without the dwelling upon melodramatic moments that fascinates some conductors to the exclusion of continuity. It all adds up to a new sense of determination and a feeling of cumulative, over-all architecture that is surely all to the good. Competent, if conventional-voiced, soloists and a smoothly British choir complete the production.

It's strange that whereas Haydn's last great choral works anticipated Beethoven, Mozart jumps far beyond, straight toward Berlioz and Liszt and Verdi. He was, indeed, an early mid-Romantic colorist, more clearly than Beethoven.

Fauré: Requiem, Op. 48. Suzanne Danco, Gerard Souzay, L'Union Chorale de la Tour de Peilz, L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet. London LL 1394.

This is a lovely performance of the fragile, mixed-value Fauré Requiem, bringing out the very best in it, dignifying the less effective areas with a fine sense of proportion and restraint.

The work is utterly unlike the Mozart Requiem, emphasizing mainly the restful and quiet and, as the notes point out, avoiding entirely the trumpet of doom that is the high point of other works of the sort. It borders on the sentimental—unless, as here, the style is impeccable and the delivery tasteful. There are few loud portions, all is in mezzotint; but the melodic lines are sweet and lovely and the shy, almost innocent color-harmonies are unique in oratorio.

This is a massive performance with solid organ backing and sizable chorus. But the choral singing is alive and expressive, the orchestral portion plastic and sensitive, especially the playing of the muted strings. The only flaw is Suzanne Danco, who seems poorly suited to the brief music she sings here.

Brahms: A German Requiem. Mahler: Kindertotenlieder. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Eliz. Grümmer; Choir Saint Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin Philharmonic, Kempe. RCA Victor LM 6050 (2).

This recording of the Brahms Requiem has the same choir and the same orchestra (and perhaps the same recording location) as the recent Decca version, but the conductor and soloists are different and there is a big bonus in the Mahler songs with orchestra, sung by Fischer-Dieskau, who also sings the baritone solos in the Requiem.

Under Kempe this recording has the same fine spaciousness of choral and orchestral sound that is heard in the Decca set. This chorus is splendid, large but beautifully blended and wobble-free, as well as unusually responsive and alive for such a mass. Kempe's treatment is ultra-Romantic with a maximum of contrast in mood and tempo, much eloquent coloring of phrases—but there is no heaviness at all in spite of some very slow tempi, as at the beginning and end. The prize catch, here, is Fischer-Dieskau, who along with Kempe makes the baritone solo-chorus co-operation an extraordinary blaze of passion. Too often the part is sung in the stodgy "oratorio" manner, leaving the chorus to do as it sees fit as a sort of pallid background. The third and sixth movements have seldom been heard with as much Romantic excitement as this and I am sure Brahms would heartily approve.

The fine voice, splendid diction, and passionate feeling displayed by Fischer-Dieskau make the Mahler songs equally moving. My slight reservation is stylistic: these songs are from another and later time than the Requiem and out of a more complex mind; I miss a certain dark color and introspection that should be a part of this Mahler. It sounds here too much like the youthful Brahms. A minor reservation in view of the beauties of the whole recording.

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Tchaikowsky: Symphony #4. Leningrad Philharmonic, Kurt Sanderling (Recorded in Vienna). Decca DL 9883.

Beethoven: Symphony #6 ("Pastorale"). Vienna Symphony, Klemperer. Pantheon (Vox) PL 16070.

Chopin: The Etudes, Op. 10. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 9890.

Cowell: Set of Five; Hovhanness: Kirghiz Suite; Ives: Sonata #4 ("Children's Day at the Camp Meeting"). Anahid and Maro Ajemian, violin and piano, Elden Bailey, percussion. M-G-M E3454.

Delibes: Coppelia. Orch. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Irving. RCA Victor LM 2035.

Delibes: Sylvia. Philharmonia Orch., Irving. RCA Victor LM 2036.

Verdi: Aida. Arturo Toscanini (NBC Symphony). Nelli, Gustavson, Tucker, Valdengo, Scott *et al.* RCA Victor LM 6132 (3).

Stravinsky: Oedipus Rex (1927). Soloists, Société Chorale du Brassus, L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet. London XLL 1273 (boxed).

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creation, where others flounder in anachronisms.

I heard this soon after seeing the recent film, "Oedipus." Though beautifully photographed in color with very fine costumes and masks, the film was full of that self-conscious straining for classic effect that leads to overdramatics and anticlimax. (I'm sorry to say I burst out laughing when the old shepherd appeared dressed as a sheep.) The Stravinsky seems to me far more effective. It shows such a consummate mastery of style and effect—even though the text is artificial Latin, translated from a French version by Cocteau—that the great drama comes through with force and truth.

No use going into details—there are so many superb moments of restrained emotion, such a grand sense of dramatic architecture, that space fails me. The vocal technique of soloists and men's chorus is consistent with that in other Stravinsky works—the same angular forthrightness, the broken-apart rhythmic syllables, the seemingly ignored word-shapes (but they are not ignored, only set in a new way). Never has this technique come through more convincingly.

And there are extraordinarily subtle emotional tensions, in the voice lines and in the orchestra, worthy of Mozart—the sudden quiet agony with which Jocasta denies that oracles can prophesy rightly—*"Oracula mentiuntur"*—as she begins to realize the horrible truth; or the subtle sense of virtue and pride expressed by Oedipus, sure of himself at the beginning; the rising excitement and concern of the chorus of Thebes as expressed in the interjections by the male chorus. Even the appearances of the casual narrator, who tells the story ahead of time in French, are invariably in striking dramatic contrast to the music itself.

Truly a great work of musical drama, and this performance is no less than superb.

Beethoven: The Great Fugue, Op. 133; Quartet #16 in F, op. 135. Koeckert Quartet. Decca DL 9893.

This isn't an easy disc to judge, for one must take into account differences of taste and approach in quartet playing. This is one of Germany's leading quartet ensembles and Beethoven, after all, rates as German music. Yet those of us who were nurtured on the Budapest Quartet's earlier versions of this sort of Beethoven are bound to find a certain sweet tameness in this playing. It is sincere, careful, beautifully integrated, and on a thoroughly high plane. But there is, to put it plainly, an astonishing lack of drama and tension, in view of the

...ant quality of the actual playing itself. How can that be? I can only suggest that these players don't look for the ...lemoniacal quality in late Beethoven, ...nd its opposite, the extraordinary lyric ...tension. They play straight past the ...giant bits of whimsy, the deliberate ...violence, the startling changes of key, ...the suddenly feminine delicacies, as if ...the whole were so much healthy aca...demic counterpoint in four parts. Beau...tiful playing but oddly insensitive, in ...his special Beethoven way.

Which is not to say that the effect is ...in any way stodgy or incompetent. The ...physical expression is all there and, ...ndeed, the Great Fugue has a maximum ...of that scratchy, stringy harshness that ...s inescapably a part of the music—and ...unlike some playings, this one is always ...in tune, even to the highest squeaks.

Steinberg Conducts Wagner (Parsifal: Prelude and Good Friday Spell; Siegfried Idyll; Meistersinger: Prelude). Pittsburgh Symphony, Steinberg. Capitol P8368.

Wagner is not a composer to bend gracefully to modernization. Steinberg's up-dating of these works is highly musical and decidedly full of life, but for my ear at least, the faster tempi, the transparency and economy are both admirable and disturbing. This isn't quite the grand old man we used to know, and very far removed from the effulgencies of the Stokowski school!
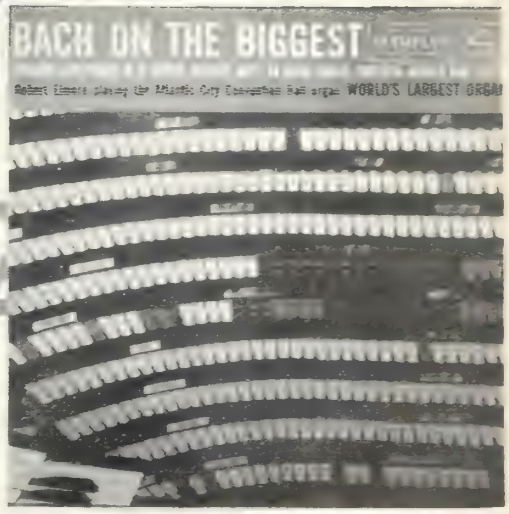
The best music here is the Idyll which, after all, was composed for an intimate ensemble and was first played at the foot of a staircase (though surely a grand one) as a birthday serenade. It has too often been performed with the pomposity of the biggest stage-Wagner, and the lighter touch here is highly suitable. It's nice to have it a bit shorter, too.

The Parsifal music avoids every bit of the lugubriousness of countless prewar performances. It doesn't sound tired and it isn't long-winded. On the other hand, a certain sweetness that used to shine through is now missing. The Dresden Amen is just a nice progression of conventional harmonies; the changes of key that used to be so magical don't seem now to provoke any special emotion in these players other than the proper desire to play them neatly and in tune.

As for the "Meistersinger" prelude, it is admirably restrained and very well tailored—which, alas, is to damn it with faint praise. The noisy old piece is here toned down and smoothed out, projected with no bombast at all. Well-bred, noncommittal. The middle section, for numerous solo instruments *concertante*, excellent—this is music that today's

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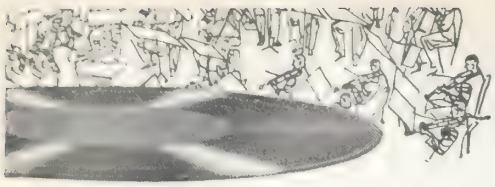


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players do well. But the big melodic lines and the gorgeous massed climaxes are—well, neutral.

The trouble with Wagner is that he's no longer near enough to us to sound modern and fresh, yet not distant enough to acquire the enchantment of another age, rediscovered. A painful limbo for any composer, but he's far from the first to go through it.

Synge: The Playboy of the Western World. Siobhan McKenna, Cyril Cusack *et al.;* Cyril Cusack Productions, Dublin. Angel 3547B (2).
O'Casey: Juno and the Paycock. Siobhan McKenna, Seamus Kavanagh *et al.;* Cyril Cusack Prod., Dublin. Spoken introd. by the author. Angel 3540B (2).

I celebrated Saint Patrick's with these two—you'd better try them next year if not sooner. Two marvelous performances, with the same company; the same salty, utterly natural but enormously refined technique, Irish from start to finish; and enough absorbing lyricism of language, enough drama and horror, to keep you away from your TV for a week.

The contrast between these two (the pair of plays best known to us from Ireland) is interesting. One is in the city, one in the country; one of them full of the timeless folk life of rural Ireland with all its poetry and simplicity, the other stark with tenement life and the revolutionary "troubles" of 1922, but, for all its sordid life, full of Irish humor.

I doubt if they'll ever be better played on records; more need not be said except that the recording technique is absolutely fabulous—not merely the fi, but the actual mike pickup. The speaking voices, utterly natural, are taken down against a constant background of incidental sounds, of comings and goings, of crowds, of general sociability, so natural that you soon will think you are right in the room with all these colorful people. To all intents and purposes there is no microphone, no electrical-mechanical medium between you and them. A matter of skillfully managed balance and liveness and volume level, this quiet engineering skill is particularly expert in the crowd scenes, where nearby "solo" voices are always exactly audible against the noisy background yet never so close as to seem to speak self-consciously into the mike. A triumph of microphone know-how.

The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse. Read by Padraic Colum. Westminster Spoken Arts 706.

Put this one in the Irish pile, while you're at it. Padraic Colum is a poet as well as an Irishman, a reader of a wide variety of poetry here, from Thomas Moore to James Joyce. His Irish speech is not exaggerated and he does *not* sound like a New York policeman, but the lyric quality is there nonetheless! The Colum delivery is of a pleasingly old-fashioned sort, the final words rising upward with an almost Churchillian sound. The numerous poems are set off by one humorous story, "Maeshaughlinn at the Fair," by Colum himself.

Weber Overtures. (Der Freischütz, Oberon, Preziosa, Euryanthe, Jubel, Peter Schmoll.) Berlin Philh., Bamberg Symphony, Fritz Lehmann, F. Leitner, Eugen Jochum. Decca DL 9906.

A well-played collection by two orchestras and three conductors, but the sound and style are unified enough so that no disturbing differences will be noted from one piece to the next. These are decidedly not quickie performances, like so many potpourris on records. The concepts are fresh and clean, the performing as accurate as you can ask, with never a slip or a sloppy phrase. Six Webers is a lot at one sitting but you'll have no trouble with two or three at a time, on a side.

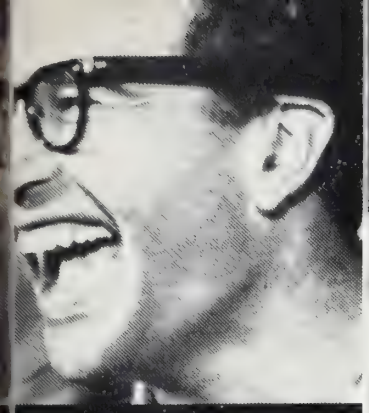
See also a new companion disc, "Concert Overtures," with Schumann's "Manfred," Schubert's "Rosamunde" and "Magic Harp," plus "Fingal's Cave" and "Calm Sea" of Mendelssohn (DL 9905).

Organ Music of Spain and Portugal. E. Power Biggs. Columbia KL 5167.

Mr. Biggs has been traveling again. Following his usual ingenious formula, he plays the interesting organs, mostly old, of a chosen region, and programs the music actually written for them. In the past this experiment in regional authenticity has brought the best out of Biggs, adding an enthusiasm and musical expression that, for some reason, were very much lacking in his earlier recordings.

The pickings in Spain and Portugal are on the slim side both as to organs and music, compared with the rich Northern territory—but there is a special feature here, the odd, fan-shaped trumpet (reed) stop popular on the Iberian peninsula, which adds a rakish touch of nasal, bagpipe sound to these recordings.

The music, from the eighteenth century mainly, with some items from further back, is not Spanish-sounding in the recent sense: for most ears it will simply reflect older styles already familiar in other countries. Scarlatti, who lived in Spain, haunts a good many numbers. No world-shaking music here, but most of it is entertaining, and comfortable as well, played on the indigenous organs.



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year by the Dave Brubeck
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open spaces and, finally,
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On the top floor of our building on upper Times Square, a handsome old gentleman sat listening to some tapes by Louis Armstrong, tears streaming from his sightless eyes. "I never thought I'd hear my blues like this," W. C. Handy said again and again. "Truly wonderful! Truly wonderful! Nobody but my boy Louis could have done it." Armstrong sat at his side doing quite a job of looking proud and modest at the same time. He kept saying what fun the sessions had been. "Ain't no work, making records like this! Them old-time good ones play themselves. We was just having a ball, that's all." Truth is, Louis has a ball every time he picks up that horn of his, and so does anyone within earshot. As supporting evidence we offer these recent releases.

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The American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island, owes its existence to a young couple, Louis and Elaine Lorillard, who decided a few years ago that what Tanglewood had become to longhair music in the summertime, Newport could become to jazz. In three short years the Festival has become the annual affair in jazz; jazz has moved into the Social Register (where else can you see a dowager chatting happily with Eddie Condon or J. J. Johnson); and Newport's salt air has resounded to performances by all but a few of the major jazzmen. Moments of inspiration have been frequent, and some, like Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" (on CL 934) have already become legends. This series, taken from the 1956 Festival, is the first and only recorded documentary to be released from this internationally famous event.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG and **EDDIE CONDON** at **NEWPORT**
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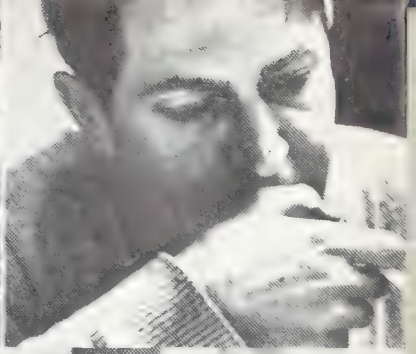
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In a recent general record catalog which lists some twenty-three different recordings of Beethoven's "Fifth" it is disturbing to discover how few contemporary American compositions are available in even a single version. Columbia's Modern American Composers Series was inaugurated a few years ago in an attempt to set things right. We were warned at the time that this was definitely thin-ice department for a record company. Since then we have been pleased (and frankly amazed) at the wholehearted acceptance of this project. Two composers whose music has been especially popular a· Leon Kirchner (above) an William Schuman (below). This latest release in the series, containing new works by both, could very easily add you to the ranks of modern music enthusiasts.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Credendum (Article of Faith)—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Cond. **LEON KIRCHNER:** Piano Concerto—the composer as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cond.
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